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note 6 W. 88<sup>th</sup> St - N.Y.

Oct 29, 1900.

My dear Hale.

Seeing your annotated list of Beethoven quartets brought back to my mind a promise to send you the Programme Book of the N.Y. festival of 1882. I send it today.

May I add a few notes to you for your information?

V. d. S. Ratcliff "Compound" 1879. 1<sup>st</sup> pub. in 1883 at Weimar. I think V. d. S. gave it here at an Ann. or for our concert soon after he came; but I have no record. Then he re-orchestrated (in fact re-wrote) it & then

Cin. meeting of the M. T. N. G.  
April 1899 (not 1890.) N.Y.  
Phil. Dec 8 & 9, 1899.



Nicodé Sym. Var. 1<sup>st</sup> performance  
N.Y. Phil. Jan. 10, 1885.

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J. Tacha. Quilt no. 2 "Mozartiana"?  
If it is it was given by T. T.  
Young People's Concert, Feb.  
4, 1885.

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Brockner Sym. in D minor.  
1<sup>st</sup> time, Sym. Society - Wall  
Dance Dec. 5, 1885.

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Liszt - Humenschlacht. Was  
performed by Phil. under Heun-  
dorf. Nov. 23, 1878. It is not  
mentioned as a first perfor-  
mance.

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By the way since you do not  
read the Tribune may I not send  
you the Phil. Prog. notes? Some-  
times they are useful for record.  
Love with you

A.E. Kuhlman



In these days, when honest criticism is unknown, when vague puerilities in musical composition and fringy nothings in the shape of stage plays are talked up, a critic like Philip Hale is a source of inspiration to all who have to endure the contradictions and superficiality of modern composers and writers. Mr. Hale, in the Boston Journal, referring to young M. Goldmark's overture to "Hiawatha," which opened the 12th symphony concert at the Boston Music hall, sums up the result of his sufferings in this way:

"I prefer to regard the overture simply as absolute music, for Mr. Goldmark tells me that he had no definite programme in mind when he composed the work. Another title would have served; and as a matter of fact, if the overture had borne no title at all, I doubt whether one person in the orchestra or on the floor would have ever thought of the Indians of

Longfellow, although an Indian hearing it might at once name the composer 'Young man who is not afraid of an orchestra.'"

"I enjoyed the music—in spots. There were pleasing passages of sensuous beauty, there were agreeable harmonic progressions, there were some delightful orchestral effects; but I am sure that Mr. Goldmark will write more firmly knit and more authoritative music. He is probably his own severest critic, and when he has the opportunity of hearing how his music sounds—where it drags—where there is suggestion of crudeness or padding—where there is much orchestra and comparatively little effect."

After gradually getting in a side stroke at some of the wood-wind sound composers who inflict Boston at the present time Mr. Hale threw a life line to young Goldmark by saying:

"I do not mean by this that the overture should not have been played; far from it. These concerts should not serve merely as a kindergarten school for young composers; but when a young composer writes as good music as this overture, he should be heard. This very overture, open as it is in some respects to adverse criticism, is a stronger work than are certain other overtures, signed by more familiar names, which have been performed within the last three or four years. I regret that it is not the custom here to perform a new work for two concerts in succession; it would be fairer toward audience as well as composer; but Mr. Goldmark, who was present, has no cause to complain of performance or reception."

The friends of Mr. Hale, who understand him and appreciate his kindly disposition, can realize the devotion to his calling which kept him a listener to this hodge-podge of scraps from Wagner's day dreams—meaningless, formless notation.

Referring to a familiar piece which will be recognized by all who have been afflicted by hearing pet pupils of technic piano teachers strum it out, Schutt's Concerto in F minor, says Mr. Hale:

Mr. Ludwig Breitner, who has left Paris, where he had lived for many years, to make New York his home, is an agreeable pianist. First of all he is a pianist, not a hypnotist, not a muscular, vain person who frets at the limitations of the instrument and insist that it should over-crow the orchestra. He plays with precision, elegance, brilliance, and with that supreme neatness that distinguishes many of the French school; for Mr. Breitner, although born at Trieste, and a pupil of Rubinstein, is now distinctly of the French school. He chose for his concerto the wretched thing by Schutt, the second concerto in F minor, a work that is insincere and heartless, wherein there is no real feeling or emotion. This music is inflated salon-music. A thin veneer of conventional elegance—or better yet, deportment—covers inadequately the rank vulgarity of the contents. Now undisguised coarseness is not necessarily inartistic; it is at times wholesome and refreshing; but this music of Schutt reminds me of musk and gaudy jewelry worn by a brass-voiced, thick-angled woman who is careless in the matter of soap and water."

The conquest of Persia by Alexander was nothing to this. "Musk and gaudy jewelry" should awaken American educators abruptly from the dream of security into which they have been lulled by the depraved taste for music which tickles the ear. The cold truth is, the ignorant catch-the-ear class of composers—grown bold because they object to come up to the standard which asks a critic his opinion. The zim-zam piano play and moaning, roof-cracking sub-bass organ player have got in their series of blows against correct methods when like Philip Hale are to be avoided.

## Talk of the Day.

### A SONG OF HAPPINESS.

The days pass and the nights, and the wind blows:

I have planted a tree of Happiness, and the tree grows.

The light comes and the dark, and the rain falls:

I have planted my tree of Happiness within high walls.

The North wakes and the South, and the spring's here:

I watch by my tree of Happiness and let none near.

The flowers spring and the grass, the hay is mown:

About my tree of Happiness a vine is grown.

The year dies and the leaves, and winter nears:

I have watered my tree of Happiness with falling tears.

The clouds lift and the mists, and a bird sings:

But about my tree of Happiness close sorrow clings.

We have received the following letter. As far as we are able to judge, it is a passionate cry straight from the kailyard. We referred the letter to our friend, Mr. Sandle Macleod, who claims to be in direct descent from the inventor of Kellbaigle whisky (see Burns's "Jolly Beggars" for a eulogy of this brand). Mr. Macleod assures us that the communication is written in "pure Scotch Doric":

Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 17, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

In yer offish ye keep a confunit lobster. I hinna been readin yer paper vera lang bit as I fin oot the day its mair nor sax weeks. Weel a wis jist comin tae like it, fin that chap wha signs himsel D. B. T. (maybe he means debt) began tae tell us he wis gaun awa tae fin oot the oreegin o the name Lobster. Ever sin a cam tae the country a've hard the name stuck on tae folk and cu'd never ken the rizin fou, so seein I wis begun tae get the Journal thinks I this lang heeded chap's

gaun tae fin out and tell's. Weel, weel, heres sax (as he says lang) weeks, gaen by and noo he comes back and gies us a lang story about Lobsters he'd seen playin goul and siclike and something about BEEGINS, fat they are a kenna and kerna, bit tae pit it fair tae ye, are we ony nearer the solution o the oreegin o the word Lobster. It's a perfect shame o im tae gang awa for information that thoosans were withn for and syne come back wi the fine story, an aff plitten wye he's got.

I'd a guid mind nae tae buy anither single sheet o yer paperle bit ane o yer awgents invelgled me into subscribin for an atlas o some kin, sae I'll jist wlrk awa, bit am depennin on ye to tell maister D. B. T. that am awfu dissapintit wi him, an at a canna possibly wite tae spring tae ken about the Lobster and mair nor that, a canna, by ony means, spen 10 Dollars for his bit beekie fin it cums oot, gln ever it daes, nae mair enoo bit jist look afeer him in the futer. Yours in a Rage,

NORMAN.

The lobster-hoggin correspondence is herewith positively closed. We refer any one who wishes to refresh himself at the fount of knowledge to a letter signed "Gil" and published in this column, July 24.

Mr. W. L. Alden and Mr. Le Gallienne are still busy putting ancient and modern authors in their proper positions, reversing long-established judgments, prophesying jauntily, as one leaps into the air and cracks heels together thrice. Mr. Alden asks: "Who among cultivated people would waste time today in reading 'A Woman in White' or 'Armada'?" And only the other day Mr. Le Gallienne, sniffing at W. E. Henley, reminded us of a tom-tit watching from a pump handle the swoop of a falcon. And, by the way, Mr. Alden, the title of Wilkie Collins's famous novel is "The Woman in White."

Nearly every day the newspapers remind us of the existence of the mephitite animal known among men as "a practical joker." This we read Monday of one who fin's delight at Fort Hamilton in fooling undertakers by telephoning or writing them that at certain houses bodies are ready for burial. There have no doubt always been practical jokers, from the days of the unfilial Ham. It appears that Tamagno, as Nero in Boito's opera, will make up after a celebrated bust of the Emperor. Now, Nero was pre-eminently a practical joker, and not only in his choice of living torches and in his incongruous solo performance while Rome was a-burning; for when he was a lad 'he would catch up a cap on his head, and so disguised, goe into tavernes and victualing houses; walke the streetes playing and sporting all the way, but yet not without shiewd turnes and dooing mischief; for he used to fall upon those that came late from supper and knoeck them soundly; yea, and (if they s'rog'd with him and made resistance), to wound and drowne them in the sinkes and towns ditches." Then there was that tiresome man, Theodore Hook, and there was a Mr. Bower, an irresistible humorist, who once on a boulevard in Paris pinched a strange lady's leg and ran an old gentleman "along the street for a considerable distance by the breech of the trousers and the scruff of the neck." French and English memoirs of the last two centuries abound in stories of such light-hearted, gallant fellows.

The Duke of Sutherland has accepted the Presidency of the Scottish Self-Control Society. Members of the society agree (1) not to drink intoxicants before noon or except at their regular meals; (2) not to "treat;" (3) not to give alcoholic drink in return for services rendered.

O. K. asks us the origin of the term "hunkidori." We do not know. Here is a billous note in Farmer's "Americanism": "Hunkey, hunkidori—both these strange words stand in 'The Great American Language' for 'superlatively good.'"

Any one of broad reading will remember the use of the word "hunky" (without an "e") by Artemus Ward at the Shaker service. "Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewardel him with a approvyn smille, and sed: 'Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!'"

The father of a young woman who got into trouble through wandering about the streets of London in male dress said only this: "See what comes of reading the novels of Mrs. Sarah Grand."



see 24. 1899

## CÉSAR FRANCK.

is Symphony in D Minor  
Repeated Last Night.

Work of Uncommon  
Beauty and Strength.

Paderewski Played a  
Beethoven Concerto.

the program of the ninth Symphony  
cert. Mr. Gerike, conductor, in Mu-  
Hall, last night, was as follows:

ture, "Iphigenia in Aulis".....  
to concerto in E flat.....  
Mr. Paderewski.

phony in D minor.....César Franck

rogram was well arranged. The  
tly tragic overture of Gluck led  
way effectively to the concerto of  
hoven, and the audience, which  
its conduct had evidently come to  
and hear a virtuoso, would have  
ly brooked a longer or more com-  
introduction. Nor did the music  
Beethoven, noble as it is, lessen the  
ngth or discount the beauty of  
k's remarkable symphony.

eed, the performance of this sym-  
ny was the musical feature of the  
ert. The virtuoso entrances, daz-  
stuns, and in a few years he is  
en out by another, and soon he is  
ely a tradition, a legend, and in a  
ury there may be dispute about his  
e. The concerto of Beethoven will  
ve many virtuosos. The symphony  
Frank will outlive even virtuoso  
ctors, as the coin and the bust  
al to us the Roman Emperor who  
uries ago was dust.

cannot understand the attitude of  
e who declare and deplore while  
declare that the music of César  
ack will never be popular. They  
ot mean, of course, the popularity  
Whistling Rufus" or a march by the  
ious Mr. Sousa; they speak of such  
larity as was enjoyed for some  
s by, say, the Lenore symphony of  
t. But how trite and how cheap to  
y of the younger generation is that  
applauded music; how incompre-  
ible that easily acquired populari-  
it is true that to the musician there  
ertain characteristics of Franck's  
le that at first perplex. His system  
building harmonic progressions on  
matic basses suggests the thought  
perhaps he heard and had con-  
tly in mind another scheme of to-  
y than that which is taught in the  
ole as natural and inevitable.  
re are composers who hear such ex-  
scales.

the chief obstacles to genuine  
larity of music with audiences  
have for years been accustomed  
e best are dullness, against which  
the gods contend in vain—dis-  
ed vulgarity, which will always  
and insincerity. Now if there is  
music that is pure, serious, noble,  
to the verge of mysticism, free  
earthly dross, it is the music of  
Frank. This must be apparent  
everyone to whom the names of  
Beethoven, and if you wish  
ams are something more than  
ess. I confess I do not see how  
reproach can be justly brought.  
symphony is fascinating through-  
out account of its wealth of un-  
stated natural melody, its rich  
onic structure, its strongly defined  
hmic feeling, its sonorous and well  
rafted orchestration. There are  
ages in the first movement that  
of elemental grandeur, music that  
it accompany the shifting of worlds  
nd divine plan. There are pages of  
ant melancholy that is neither  
nor pessimistic. And in the finale  
is the hint of mighty prepara-  
there is the authoritative,  
sible advance of rejoicing thou-  
Throughout the symphony is  
constant testimony to a strong,  
sympathetic soul, a master  
and organizer, a master musi-

Paderewski was welcomed most  
y. He gave in many respects  
t agreeable and I may say ele-  
performance of Beethoven's heroic  
to. For in connection with his  
retation the term "elegant" may  
ly used. Whether this elegance  
Beethoven's music is another  
on. Mr. Paderewski's tone in  
ges of delicate beauty and mod-  
strength was, as of old, delight-  
in passages that demand robust  
th, his tone was inclined to be  
and harsh. To praise his general  
to dilate upon his use of the  
at this late day would be an  
injustice. Occasionally there was  
agant elasticity in rhythm, so  
here was for the moment little  
rhythm. It is needless to say  
e was tumultuously applauded.  
ended to the demand and played  
ard by Rubinstein in such en-  
tion that the piece was hardly  
recognized.

Philip Hale.

PROBABLY the oldest piano virtu-  
oso died lately at St. Petersburg;  
for the Chevalier Anton de Kont-  
ski was born at Cracow, Sept.  
26, 1816, and he played in con-  
cert only a little while ago.  
He was the second of four broth-  
ers. Charles was a piano teacher, Stan-  
islaus a violin teacher; and Apollinary  
(1825-1879) was in his time a celebrated  
violinist, as infant phenomenon and as  
man, and he founded the Conservatory  
at Warsaw, of which he was director  
until his death. Anton was a wanderer.  
He studied at Paris under his brother  
Carl, appeared as a boy, and lived in  
Paris, traveled over Europe, lived in  
Berlin, where he was Court pianist,  
and then settled as a teacher in St.  
Petersburg for some years. There he  
founded a society for the performance  
of classical music. He afterward moved  
to London, and then to New York. He  
lived in this country some time, but, an  
old man, he would fain see more of the  
world, and he went on a concert tour  
throughout the Orient. He wrote two  
operas, "Les de ux Distracts" (London,  
1892) and "The Sultan of Zanzibar"  
(New York, 1886). And he wrote much  
piano music of a salon nature. One of  
these pieces, "Le Reveil du Lion," was  
world-famous.

The newspapers announced Friday  
that "Jean Lamoureux, the celebrated  
musical conductor," died at Paris the  
day before. They meant, I fear, Charles  
Lamoureux, whose influence on the  
musical taste of Paris has been marked,  
and whose enthusiasm and devotion to  
the best, in art were worthy of all  
praise. He was born at Bordeaux, Sept.  
28, 1834. He studied the violin, and  
took the first violin prize at the Paris  
Conservatory in 1854. For some years  
he was first violin at the Opéra and he  
studied composition diligently. He  
taught, formed a string quartet of  
which Colonne was second violin, travel-  
ed in Germany and England as a  
virtuoso, became second conductor of  
the Conservatory concerts. He then  
determined to make Parisians acquaint-  
ed with works by Bach, Handel and  
others. In the face of many obstacles  
and at his own expense he organized  
a chorus and orchestra and led the first  
performance of "The Messiah" in Paris,  
Dec. 19, 1873. He afterward gave per-  
formances of Bach's "Passion" and  
Handel's "Judas Macabaeus." He also  
brought out Gounod's "Gallia" and  
Massenet's "Eve." He afterward con-  
ducted at the Opéra Comique, and then  
at the Opéra from 1877 to Dec. 21, 1879.  
In 1881 he founded his celebrated "Con-  
certs Lamoureux," which were aban-  
doned for a time in 1897 and afterward  
resumed under the direction of his son-  
in-law, Camille Chevillard. A man of  
fine and catholic tastes, he respected  
that which is good in ancient music,  
was sympathetic with that which was  
best in contemporaneous music, and a  
warm friend of young composers of  
talent. He espoused the cause of Wagn-  
er and did valiant missionary work.  
He led the first performance of "Lohen-  
grin" in Paris, May 3, 1887, at the Eden  
Theatre, and the first performance of  
"Tristan" this last fall. His orches-  
tra was celebrated throughout Europe  
for technical accuracy and polish.  
Wherever it went, it excited hearty  
tributes of praise and admiration. Per-  
haps as a conductor Lamoureux was a  
little cool—some might say he was  
unemotional—but his readings were  
distinguished by extreme thoughtfulness,  
care, authority.

I read the other day in a Belgian  
newspaper of an operatic tenor at The  
Hague, "William Castleman, a rich  
American, who devotes himself to the  
theatre for love of art, and is en-  
dowed with a phenomenal voice in the  
upper register, for he plays, without  
the slightest effort, with high-chest Cs  
and Ds. As an actor he is utterly un-  
experienced; if it were not so, he would  
be at Paris or London, and not at The  
Hague. An artist of a brilliant future,  
if he will apply himself seriously."—  
Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Fiancée du Roi,"  
a new opera, met with extraordinary  
success at Moscow.—Ysaye repeated at  
Frankfort his favorite compliment of  
insisting on playing among the violin-  
ists "Under such a leader!" during the  
final piece of the concert at which he  
appeared as soloist.—Brahms's First  
Symphony was played the first time at  
a Conservatory concert, Paris, Dec. 3.—  
A little opera-bouffe, in one act, by  
Chabrier, "Une Education Marquée,"  
was performed in Paris, Dec. 4. The  
music is said to be delightful.

An ex-ballet dancer, and a teacher of  
dancing, who taught Joseph Chamber-  
lain, died at Birmingham, England,  
Dec. 1. When he was lessee of the  
Theatre Royal Crescent, Jersey, he in-  
troduced E. H. Sothern to the stage  
under the name of Stuart.—Music  
schools in London are ambitious. Pupils  
lately gave Gounod's "Mireille" and  
Mozart's "Magic Flute."—The "M.  
Clarence," a bass, who made his début  
last month at the Opéra-Comique,  
Paris, la Mr. Clarence Whitehill, who  
had already sung in opera at P...ssels.

He is said to have a beautiful voice.  
Mr. Ernest Sharpe, a Canadian, who is  
well-spoken of, made a step in London  
to put an end to the dead-head  
nuisance. "He announced through his  
agent that he had no desire to sing to

a paper-filled hall, and the tickets is-  
sued for his third recital bear the rea-  
sonable price of five shillings, instead  
of the too frequent half-guinea, which  
by this time one would think had ceased  
to deceive even the most simple of  
concert-goers."—Mr. Busoni spoke as  
follows to a London reporter: "I re-  
gret that my opinion of English com-  
posers was not reproduced exactly by  
the interviewer of the Musical Stand-  
ard, which must be attributed to my  
insufficient command of the English  
tongue. The meaning of my words  
was that English music seems to be in  
a condition of flourishing development,  
and that, therefore, important results  
can be expected in the near future. The  
interviewer omitted to report with what  
satisfaction I related that the 'Scandi-  
navian' Symphony of Cowen was re-  
ceived with enthusiasm when Dr.  
Richter brought it to Vienna, and that  
it was produced in over thirty Con-  
tinental cities during one season. Final-  
ly I look up with true reverence to En-  
gland's musical genius, Henry Purcell,  
and venture to presume that English  
music would, perhaps, have developed  
more rapidly and more independently  
on the basis of Purcell's work if Han-  
del had not intervened."—Scalchi is  
singing in small Western towns.

Estelle Lieblich, an American  
soprano, who has just completed her  
studies abroad, has been engaged as  
coloratura soprano at the Dresden  
Opera House, where she will remain  
for three years.—Wider has gone to Ber-  
lin to give organ concerts there and to  
direct an orchestral concert at which  
works by him and Emile Bernard will be  
performed.—They did not care for Asger  
Hamerik's bombastic and meaning-  
less works in Berlin. Emile Sauer,  
Teresa Carreno and Josef Hoffman have  
been playing the piano in St. Peters-  
burg.—Humperdinck has been seriously  
ill with pneumonia.—Marconi, the Ital-  
ian tenor, made his first appearance in  
a German opera house, early this  
month, at Berlin, and they said that his  
voice was "etwas passé."—Doeber's  
opera, "The Cricket," founded on  
George Sand's play, failed at Berlin.—  
Klughart's oratorio, "The Destruction  
of Jerusalem," is meeting with success  
throughout Germany.—The exportation  
of German pianos in 1898 amounted in  
value to \$24,000,000, and it is reckoned  
today at \$27,250,000.—Figaro (Paris) says  
that Calvé is such a favorite in this  
country that she is cheered whenever  
she appears in the street.—Offenbach's  
"La Belle Hélène," revived in Paris, is  
"as fresh and witty as though it were  
of today."

The Handel and Haydn will sing "The  
Messiah" this evening in Music Hall,  
when Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will make  
his first appearance as conductor of  
this society. The quartet will be Mrs.  
Kileski Bradbury, Mrs. Tirzah Hamlen  
Ruland, Barrop Berthald, Myron W.  
Whitney, Jr. The performance will be-  
gin at 7.45.

The Handel and Haydn will sing "The  
Messiah" Monday evening with this  
quartet: Mrs. Patrick Walker,  
Ms. Adele Lacie Baldwin, Herbert  
Johnson, Joseph S. Baernstein. The  
concert will begin at 7.45.

The program of the Symphony con-  
cert Saturday evening will be as fol-  
lows: Moszkowski's suite No. 1; H. W.  
Parker's "Northern Ballad" (first time  
here); Beethoven's Pastoral symphony.

Mr. Paderewski will give his first re-  
cital in Music Hall, Wednesday at 2.30  
P. M. He will play Schuman's fantasia,  
Beethoven's sonata appassionata, pieces  
by Chopin (Ballade in A flat, mazurka  
op. 33 No. 4, nocturne in D flat, three  
etudes, polonaise in A flat), Strauss-  
Tausig and Liszt.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet  
concert in Association Hall, Jan. 1, will  
include Beethoven's quartet in E minor,  
op. 58; Dvorak's trio for violins and  
viola; Brahms's horn trio. Messrs.  
Whiting and Haeckebarth will assist.

The Journal acknowledges the receipt  
of a song, "Our Brave Boys Who died,"  
words by Chas. S. Gerritson, music by  
Grace Parker Gerritson. I quote a  
verse:

"Twas in the springtime fair we parted, and  
he said: 'We'll meet again,  
When we've freed that suffering people from  
oppression's cruel chain.  
'Tis humanity that calls me, and I cannot  
stop away;

Good-by, my love, my own sweetheart, I'll  
come to you home some day;  
When the harvest moon is shining o'er the  
fields of golden rod,  
I'll claim you for my darling bride, as a sol-  
dier boy's reward."

Refrain:  
"Good-by, dear land of freedom, good-by,  
dear childhood's home;  
Good-by, dear hills and valleys, where so  
happy once we roamed;  
If among the slain I'm numbered, let me rest

neath free men's sod,  
Where Old Glory ere shall guard my sleep  
in our land of the golden rod."

They have been hearing several dis-  
tinguished pianists in London, and M.  
Vernon Blackburn spoke of them as fol-  
lows:

"Busoni has now given his final piano-  
forte recital for the present season, and  
one is able to reckon him as a man of  
extraordinary artistic, with fine mu-  
sicianship, fine accomplishment and sin-  
gular conscientiousness. His Chopin  
playing is extraordinarily sensitive and  
fine. It has a kind of atmosphere which

is rarely personal and individual. So  
great is his facility that he can even  
afford to ignore it, and to pass beyond  
its claims to the simplicity that lies on  
quite the other side of elaboration. That  
is his peculiar distinction. Not so great  
as Paderewski, he reminds on even less  
than Paderewski of the greatness of his  
technical accomplishment. For some  
reason or another, in his recital of a day  
or two ago, Paderewski chose to appeal  
to his public from a sheer technical  
point of view. He seemed deliberately  
to shine as a mechanical prodigy; and  
so far he had his reward, although the  
judicious did well to grieve. This is a  
mistake which, so far, Busoni has never  
made. Perhaps he may make it some  
day, when he reaches to the popularity  
of Paderewski; at present he chooses to  
shine without enchainning your attention  
to his own extremely fine mechanical  
powers. He allows you, by a personal  
effort of your own, to make the dis-  
covery; he does not insist. Indeed, for  
these extremely satisfactory qualities  
we are fain to rank Busoni higher  
than that very fine young pianist, Doh-  
nányi, who played at the popular con-  
cert at St. James's Hall on Saturday af-  
ternoon. Dohnányi plays extremely  
well. We place him in the first rank of  
pianists; but he is far more delib-  
erately self-conscious, far more assertive-  
ly technical than is Busoni. He is giv-  
ing his last recital of the season this af-  
ternoon, so that it will be possible to  
discuss him more exhaustively after  
that event; but we are inclined to think  
that the reason which differentiates the  
art of Busoni from that of Dohnányi,  
lies in the apparent paradox that Bus-  
oni is probably the more interesting in-  
terpreter of music, because he is the  
original musician. Busoni assimila-  
tes and reproduces with a perfect  
sense of detachment, where Dohnányi  
is inclined to struggle with a more purely  
creative instinct. He resents, so at times  
it seems, the meaning of a composer;  
and in consequence he is capable of  
coming to utter grief, as in a nocturne  
of Chopin he did so fail, outrageously  
and hopelessly, in his recital of a few  
days ago. Oddly enough, he loses this  
resentment more completely and with a  
freer fancy when he leaves his moder-  
nity behind, and when he frankly  
steps into the shoes of another gener-  
ation."

Patti sang in Albert Hall Nov. 22, and  
Mr. Blackburn remarked that "with  
the curious fatality which usually be-  
sets the choice of songs on these occa-  
sions, she sang far better in the encores  
than in the set pieces. In Donizetti's  
'O luce di quest' anima,' for example,  
we did not care for her more than one  
cares at any time for singing which  
might once have been good, but which,  
as a matter of fact, is not good now.  
For an encore she gave 'Pur dicesti,'  
and here she sang exquisitely, as if at  
a stroke all the hardness disappeared  
out of her voice, and the warmth and  
color with which she invested the song  
were quite wonderful."

Mr. Blackburn praised highly Sir  
Frederick Bridge's setting of Kipling's  
"Ballad of the Clamphedown," per-  
formed at a Royal Choral Society Dec.  
7: "The thing swings along in just the  
straight and simple flight for which  
such a ballad clamors from the first  
note to the end, and the pauses, the  
dips of the flight, are really brought off  
with an unerring sense of the right en-  
thusiasm, of the proper tenseness of  
feeling. He has not, of course, even  
begun to attempt anything like poetic  
feeling or delicacy of phrase. With  
such a ballad as this any such attempt  
would be doomed to the most inevitable  
failure. But the setting must be de-  
scribed as perfectly appropriate. The  
broad patriotic feeling has been won-  
derfully, one might almost say boister-  
ously, caught. And nowhere does Sir  
Frederick Bridge prove himself in his  
composition to be anything less than  
an excellent musician. In point of fact,  
we desire more of this sort of work  
from his pen. He has the broad, rhet-  
orical sense of musical composition,  
which, in these days of insincerity and  
finicking art (insincerity rather in crea-  
tion than in critical appreciation, as a  
certain general desire for the revival of  
the finer things of older schools of  
music amply demonstrates), is extreme-  
ly satisfactory and healthy. We quite  
foresee the time when this composer  
may look to be held as the musician-  
laureate of the country."

Plunket Greene, it seems, is not sing-  
ing well. The Pall Mall Gazette re-  
cently said of him: "Mr. Plunket  
Greene sang Bach's aria 'Beglückte  
Heerde,' and sang it with a strange  
and sleepy manner, as though he took  
small care of his voice, as though,  
indeed, it were not worth his while  
to take particular care of his voice.  
It was a little sad to find an artist  
of such distinguished thoughtfulness  
and carefulness as Mr. Greene making  
mere repetitions of musical phrases



beautiful, distress, in themselves), but without taking the least opportunity of securing any such exquisite variety as they deserve, a variety which in the hands of such an artist, might have been reasonably expected from him."

"Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony we are all content strongly to admire, alike under Richter, under Henry Wood and under Lamoureux conditions of resentment. But we have heard it so extremely often under all these conditions, particularly the Henry Wood variety, that it is becoming like the hypothetical meals of the Duke in 'Patience.' 'I like toffee extremely,' says that aristocrat—or words to that effect—but how would you like to have toffee for breakfast, toffee for luncheon, toffee for tea, and toffee for dinner? Apply the same spirit to the Tschalkowsky Symphony, if you will. The sting is, as it were, taken out of its significance by the repetitions. Those grand final phrases which used to be so poignantly unendurable now seem to pass over one with an uninteresting familiarity. You could not endure 'Tristan' on such terms."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Philadelphia Inquirer published lately a sketch of Padreczewski's new opera as described by the composer: "It is a lyric subject, 'musical in its character throughout and it is not especially Polish. There is something of the Slavonic about it, but most of it is gypsy. No national airs, of course, only color. And it is, generally, in the new style of music drama, so that the principal interest is concentrated in the orchestra. On the other hand, do not forget that it is really musical, the dramatic is not dominant, and I think that those who love the tuneful will not altogether be disappointed. Now there is a ballet in the first act, and of course a ballet must be daint—wild dances like the csardas. If you have been along the Danube you must remember those passionate dances of the people—not the tourist-appealing exhibitions of the Budapest taverns, but the real thing. Then the ballet is not merely thrown in. It is not independent of the dramatic action, but much connected with the development of the story. The ballet will last more than half an hour. The story is of the conflict of two races—the Slavonic people and the gypsies. The hero is a gypsy, while the heroine is a Slav. The story ends happily, tragically, and the scene is in the mountains, between Galicia and Hungary, in the Tatra Mountains. It is a wild country, though the English are beginning to penetrate it. You get, however, a good impression of it going down the Danube—that is now a regular tourist trip—where you see great droves of pigs and cattle, lonely mills in the river, lonely castles on the mountain crags, with the silence all around you, broken only by the splashing oar or far-off strain of gypsy song."

The Musical Courier in a review of Miss Mabel Wagnall's "Stars of the Opera" thus refers to Emma Eames: "It was at the Hotel Marie Antoinette where the authoress called on Emma Eames, and we are told it is very exclusive. The maid at the hotel is soft voiced and removes fur wraps. 'She gives us tickets for the opera,' says the maid; 'we all here just love her.' That accounts for some of the physiognomies we encounter at performances. How bitter must the ticket speculator feel when he sees the waiting maids, butlers, coachmen and cooks going to the opera on tickets he cannot get hold of to sell at the front door at two to five dollars profit apiece! You pay eight dollars for a seat, or fifteen dollars for two, and next to you is the elevator boy of the Marie Antoinette and the laundress, who got their seats from Emma Eames. No wonder they applaud and you don't. What did Emma say when the authoress found her (page 53). 'I always give great thought to my costumes.' Sure, sure, and then she also says: 'If by any chance I forget a word on the stage I know my health is run down, and I then at once take a rest for several days.' Is that all? It will interest the music people that Emma Eames thinks 'the love music of "Werther" is beautiful.' Massenet will be delighted to hear of this, for he has been in agony to get a definite opinion from Emma Eames, as she never sang it so as to induce anyone to suppose that that was her opinion of it; rather the reverse, we should say."

Philip Hale.

Dec 25, 1907  
There cannot be a doubt that when the political crimes of kings and governments, the sores that fester in the heart of society, and all "the burden of the unintelligible world," weigh heaviest on the mind, we have to thank Christianity for it. That pure light makes visible the darkness. The Sermon on the Mount makes the morality of the nations ghastly. The Divine love

makes human hate stand out in dark relief. This sadness, in the essence of it nobler than any joy, is the heritage of the Christian. An ancient Roman could not have felt so. Everything runs on smoothly enough so long as Jove wields the thunder. But Venus, Mars and Minerva are far behind us now; the cross is before us; and self-denial and sorrow for sin, and the remembrance of the poor, and the cleansing of our own hearts, are duties incumbent upon every one of us. If the Christian is less happy than the Pagan, and at times I think he is so, it arises from the reproach of the Christian's unreach ideal, and from the stings of his finer and more scrupulous conscience.

When you read with an envious sigh that the late Duke of Westminster owned real estate in London worth \$150,000,000; that he also owned 30,000 acres in the country, and had an income of \$3,750,000, remember that he smoked medicated cigarettes for asthma. It is better to be without real estate, to have a sure income of \$3000 a year, and to be able to smoke real tobacco in a pipe of briarwood or clay.

The pit of the Braznell mine "was not considered gaseous, and was worked with open lamps."

Our friends in New York already know operatic disappointment. Saléza, Van Dyck and Ternina have not yet sung on account of sickness, and Saturday Calvé was obliged to send word that she, too, had a cold. They have discovered that Alvarez is a baritone; that he does not know how to sing; that he is a too passionate Romeo. They prefer the genteel, middle-aged apathy of Mr. Jean Romeo de Reszke, and already is the Macedonian cry raised by Mr. de Reszke's friends.

They have also discovered that Emma Eames now acts with warmth, that she has temperance. But where did she obtain this article? Probably at a New York hardware shop, for she was beautifully impassive in Boston.

But Mr. Henderson's tribute to Mr. Paur, who made his first appearance there as an operatic conductor last Saturday night in "Lohengrin," is worthy of quotation: "In the first place Mr. Paur is thoroughly acquainted with the score, and he knows just what he wants. His reading of the music last night was intelligent, sympathetic and enthusiastic. The nuances which he restored to the orchestral part of the work, and those which he introduced, were musically beautiful and dramatically significant. He brought out the climaxes with splendid force, and generally led his forces with inspiring vigor."

Neither will Mr. Dithmar bow the knee to idols before whom audiences in Boston have swung censers of thick pungent incense. Reviewing a performance of "Tiss" (as Hervieu's "Les Tenailles" is absurdly entitled in English) Mr. Dithmar, not having the fear of the Boston Transcript before his eyes, refers to Mr. Blair and Miss Kahn as "two young players who have not yet mastered the rudiments of dramatic expression, and who are both, it is to be feared, in imminent danger of being ruined by flattery."

Here are Mr. Dithmar's pen portraits: "Mr. Blair moves and talks, in every part he undertakes, like a man under the influence of a narcotic. As a fervent and amorous young poet, a pollee spy of deadly craft and vile passions, a stolid, brutal French husband, he walks talks, gesticulates in the same monotonous way and exhibits the same striking lack of variety of facial and vocal expression. Yet slow and methodical as his acting always is, he never conveys an idea of strength in response."

"Miss Kahn has something more of the magnetic quality than her vis-à-vis. Her voice is something better, too, than merely pleasing. It is a voice that may fairly be called remarkable. She has perceptible dramatic instinct, and in the one striking situation of Hervieu's piece she produced a coherent effect. But otherwise she simply floundered through the text of her part, sometimes imitating the manner of Mrs. Pike, which is no fit model for any young actress, sometimes whining and wailing for no perceptible theatrical reason at all. Miss Kahn needs good practical instruction, and above all she needs practical experience. A year or so under the rigid and quite unsentimental discipline of Richard Mansfield's company would do her a world of good."

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Klokner, a florist of Milwaukee, is growing green carnations. The chemically prepared flower has unpleasant, unsavory associations, and we should not like to see it worn by any estimable brunette, or any blonde—that is not chemical.

For the green carnation, as described by Mr. Hichen's hero, is "like some exquisite painted creature with dyed hair and brilliant eyes. It has the supreme merit of being perfectly unnatural."

Apròpos of green things, Dr. Jaquet, who has been investigating the spread of alcoholism in Paris, declares that out of 474 cases personally studied in the hospitals of that city, 1405 or 29.61 per cent., were persons who habitually drank to excess, and whose malady "if not directly ascribable to alcohol had been greatly aggravated by the abuse of stimulants." "The increase in the consumption of absinthe among the working classes is appalling." Many workmen now drink it with their meals, as well as when they get up in the morning and before luncheon and dinner. To the habitual use of absinthe, Dr. Jaquet ascribes much of the morbid irritability of the French of today.

## EMIL MOLLENHAUER.

### His First Appearance as Conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society in "The Messiah"—A Choral Performance of Unusual Merit.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave "The Messiah" last evening in Music Hall. The concert was the first of the 85th season, and the 79th concert of the society. The performance of this oratorio was the 100th. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer made his first appearance as conductor of the Handel and Haydn. The solo singers were Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, Mrs. Tirzah Hamlen-Ruland, Mr. Barron Berthald, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr. Mr. Tucker was organist. The orchestra was made up of Symphony men with Mr. Otto Roth as concertmaster.

The choral performance under Mr. Mollenhauer was worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Mollenhauer, a musician by birth and inheritance as well as by study and experience, showed conclusively that his reputation as a choral conductor in other cities, far and near, was well deserved. And, indeed, it might have been said of him before last night, as it was said years ago of another Bostonian, "His reputation is strictly national, not local." But Mr. Mollenhauer is not by nature greedy nor is he an intriguer. He has waited patiently for his opportunity, and his triumph must therefore be the more gratifying to him and his friends.

It would have been easier for him if the Handel and Haydn had chosen a new work for the first exhibition of his abilities. "The Messiah" has suffered here the fate of other famous works. Sung repeatedly, it was supposed to be known thoroughly by the chorus, and of late years rehearsals of it were as a rule few and perfunctory. The result was too often jaunty indifference, slovenly attack, slipshod treatment of phrasing, neglect of any genuine attempt at dynamic contrasts. Nor was this always the fault of the conductor. I know of at least one occasion when the conductor, relying on the prestige of the society, found to his surprise and just before a performance that many of the chorus were not acquainted with even the precise notation of certain roulades. This was not a fault on the part of the conductor; it was a crime. Piano teachers have remarked that when a pupil makes a mistake at a first reading it is extremely difficult for the teacher to correct that mistake when the piece is comparatively well learned. Choir masters tell the same story. Now let a huge chorus be once established in a rut, and you can hardly free it with ozen and ropes. Even after faithful and intelligent rehearsal there will be a marked tendency to slip back again in the excitement of performance.

The choral singing last night was by far the most musical and the most effective that I have heard at a Handel and Haydn concert for 10 years. Before 1880 this society was known to me only by name.

The chorus was at last alive. The attack was precise, decisive. The parts were well balanced; for once the altos took an equal share in the heat and burden; and there was at last contrapuntal singing in which the walk of each part was clearly and dynamically defined. There was musical phrasing. There was vocalization. There was no longer an irregular, slap-dash beginning followed by a faint-hearted performance of several pages, then a tumultuous roar of the final cadence. Each chorus had been studied musically. There was no attempt at extravagantly new reading; there were no experiments in tempo; but a skilled musician of knowledge, experience, taste, exerted his authority. He thought for the chorus, and chorus and orchestra obeyed because they knew that he was right and because they were cheerfully under his control. Thus there were effects of contrast; thus there were climaxes; and thus did the music of Handel rise triumphantly above the reproach of formalism.

The audience was quick to note and appreciate the difference, the marked improvement. The applause was frequent, hearty, spontaneous, deserved.

The chief soloist was the chorus. Mrs. Bradbury's clear, pure voice, admirable legato, and general technical skill have before this given pleasure to our concert-goers. Mrs. Ruland has a voice of beautiful and impressive quality, and she sings with ease and with vocal understanding, but alas, like many contraltos she is inclined to take a gloomy view of life in general andatorio texts in particular. She sang the recitative "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped" as though she were singing in an asylum for deaf.

blind and dumb and were overcome by emotion. And she would not follow in "He was despised" the judicious tempo given out by the conductor, but she grew slower and slower until she was singing at the common phrase "with great expression," whereas she was merely killing the beauty of Handel's air. Mr. Berthald was out of place and at times "out of tune." Mr. Whitney's voice is perhaps a little light for "The Messiah" in Music Hall, but he sang well, especially in "Why do the nations," in which noble tune his roulades were worthy of any celebrated mistress of colorature.

The orchestra played exceedingly well.

Philip Hale.

Dec 26, 1907

Let no man awe thee on any height Of earthly kingship's mouldering might. The dust his heel holds meet for thy brow lieth all of it been what both are now; And thou and he may plague together A beggar's eye in some dirty weather When none that is now knows sound or sight.

We have received a letter which praises indiscriminately the poem which appeared at the head of this column Dec. 23. The author signs himself "An Old Pod"—or is it "An Old Poet?"—for the writing is indistinct.

Whether he be a pod or a poet, we wish that he had had the frankness to sign his name.

We mention this praise without any false modesty—because we did not write the said poem. We have no time for mirror verses. Yet we announce the fact—and for the first time—that we have been at work for seven years on an epic poem, entitled "The Apartment House." The poem is in six cantos. The first canto bears the sub-title, "The Cave Dwellers," and it will be chiefly of an amatory nature. The second, "The Physician," will contain, by way of digression, an Ode to Appendicitis and a tribute to the Boy Operator. The third is entitled "Israel"; the fourth, "The Musician"; the fifth, "The Velled Lady," and the sixth, "The Roof." We finished last week the basement—we mean the first canto; the fifth canto is nearly complete, and there are elaborate sketches of the remaining divisions of the work.

This poem will probably be completed in August, 1907. There will be 100 copies printed, at \$25 a copy. Subscriptions, which we are prepared to receive at once, must be accompanied with cash, a money order or a certified check.

Yes, there are still Christmas waits in Boston. They sing in the courtyards from 7 A. M. Christmas Day till 5 P. M. But they no longer sing of "Old Joseph" and "Sweet Mary" and her joys. They shout German tunes with Italian voices, or tell of "Whistling Rufus."

The Rev. Samuel G. Shaw objects to the celebration of Christmas because "no one knows on what day our Saviour was born." He forgets that Joseph Scaliger proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the birthday of our Lord fell in April.

But we know, at any rate, the feast that King Arthur ordered for his Royal Christmas held at Carlisle. They served up salmon, venison and wild boars

By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores. Hogsheads of honey, kildekins of mustard, Muttons, and fatted heaves, and bacon swine;

Heron's and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard.

Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine, Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard.

And herewithal they drank good Gascon wine.

With mead, and ale, and cider of our own; For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

Mr. Low beat Mr. Smith at golf. We do not understand this—for Mr. Smith's first name is Willie, while Mr. Low's first name is George. We thought Willie always won at this game.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that "A History of State Coaches" would be an interesting book to write, "and, in times less crowded than the present, might be even a paying book to publish." But does not the Pall Mall Gazette know "Paris qui roule" by George Bastard (Paris, 1889). There is much entertaining matter therein, from a description of the coach of the Empress Messalina to that of the dunnet which bore President Carnot to the Exhibition, May 6, 1889.

The same correspondent writes that the Comtesse de Castiglione of whom we told lately several pleasant stories suffered, like Italy, from the fatal gift of beauty, and that these tales were cruelly untrue. We are sorry to learn this.

The coachmen of our upper classes should be more carefully drilled. There should be uniformity in the holding of whips while the carriages wait. We were pained to see the other day in Boylston Street, near Arlington, one



man with whip in perpendicular position, another with the whip across knees, and a third holding the whip though he were fishing off a wharf. In order these things better in New York.

Ferguson—he gives a sharp accent to the second syllable of his name. Out a few miles last Saturday night a friend who had written "I'll see you at the station with my automobile." Host and automobile were promptly there. The machine had gone the way, when the propelling power went out. Host and guest dismounted. Host said: "You don't mind helping me push the thing." And they pushed for a mile or so. The road was hilly up hill. They arrived at the large gate. "It would never do to let servants know this." The road was stable as a gently down grade. A good push, an upward scramble the machine rolled triumphantly to stable door.

regret to see that Mr. Thomas Lawson in his masterly essay on Present State of the Market uses word "proven" instead of "proved." Lawson's style is, as a rule, vigorous and sound. No wonder that his contributions to the press are gladly read.

curves of Mr. Tolman, an excellent handwriting who gave testimony at the Molinoux case, were interesting, but did the jury get on to

quoted some time ago from a "The Psychology of Woman," by Laura Marholm, who is evidently a man. Here is an excerpt from the one in which she considers "The Question":

we stand before the school houses empty and look at the growing boy, we see already in the boys the fleshy bodies, the puffy pale cheeks, the loose cheeks, the dull gaze, the burdened childhood, the unhealthy, open and obstructed sex—the signs of the large city, the generalization and compulsory school attendance from the sixth year."

this is still more damaging to good opinion that the weak creature should have of himself:

ow does the man appear? One only stand where the trains pour their Sunday loads into the country to two groups of men. There are all, lank, narrow-shouldered ones, dull eyes and weak legs, which suggest an estrangement between the walking or standing. And there are the bulky, goggling, round-backed with their womanish legs and rudeness. These are the two types, as this century of freedom, liberty, and free competition have them. . . . They all dress in fashion of the day; the long and short, the thick and the thin; in sacks, without seams or shoulder-ings, which fall away loosely from neck, and below the sack divides two other sacks, which hang down and flap. And thus they are anou, round-shouldered, with-shoulders, without calves, without sign of age or sex—living illustrations of the revenge of Israel upon the plished Germans, beaten in the market and in the fashions."

or up Laura. All men are not those to whom you are unfortun-accustomed.

dec 27. 1894

renowned Pittacus, who got him so a Name for his Fortitude, Wisdom, justice, when he was entertaining his is at a noble Banquet, his Spouse in gay Humour came and over-turned the His Guest being extremely disordered he told them. Everyone of you hath ritual Plague, and my Wife is mine, e is very happy who hath this only.

Charles West of Ohio was playing ame, and his last dollar was at The Cincinnati Enquirer gives illing account of the scene. "As ards were being dealt out he re- d: 'If the queen of hearts turns ain I hope to God that I may speak again.' To his consterna- he fateful card turned up. He pted to utter an oath, but found he could not articulate above a er. He has tried various remedial s, but up to the present time he of regained his voice. Many of lends of Mr. West look upon his on as a visitation from God."

case of Mr. West is not a soli- ne. Some years ago, either in or Kansas, a man who took the of the deity in vain, and in a id, was struck by lightning, and his companions raised the dead they found "Thou shalt not" written on the tail of the un-ate's shirt.

e was John Peter, son-in-law to e, a cruel keeper of Newgate, ible swearer and blasphemer. ed commonly to say, "If I be e, I pray God I may not ere I

die"—and as good Dr. Thomas Beard adds, "Not in vain, for he rotted away indeed, and so dyed in miserie."

Dr. Beard also quotes a story told by Martin Luther: "Divers noblemen were striving together at a horse race, and in their course cried, 'The devil take the last.' Now the last was a horse that broke loose, whom the devil hoisted up into the air and took clean away. Which teacheth us not to call for the Devil, for he is ready always about us uncalled and unlooked for, yea many legions of them compass us about even in our best actions to disturb and pervert us."

Then there were the five drunken blasphemers in Bohemia (1551) who sat quavering together, and as they sat they caroused healths unto the devil, whose picture was on the wall. The next morning they were found dead, "their necks being broken, and quashed to pieces as though a wheel had gone over them, blood running out of their mouths, nostrils, and ears, to the great astonishment of the beholders."

Yet it may be urged in defence of Mr. West that the Queen of Hearts is a peculiarly irritating card. This Queen is Judith; either the woman who was the daughter of Merari, the son of Ox, the woman who ate and drank and made merry with Holofernes, and then when he was filled with wine smote twice upon his neck with a fauchlon and took away his head from him and put it in her bag of meat and went up the mountain of Bethulia—for which she was punished by several painters who have represented her as a scantily clothed woman of doubtful reputation; or Judith, the wife of Lewis le Débonnaire, not Lewis XI., who, according to some, first taught the French the use of the bath (which so many of that nation ignore today), a fine woman perhaps in her time, but one that in 1899 or 1900 would surely be brought before the Cadi and then lodged for a term within stone walls. Furthermore when cards had a symbolical meaning during the French revolution the Queen of Hearts represented Liberty in Religion, and who was a sitting woman, badly dressed, and with bare legs; she held a pike crowned with a red cap; the Talmud was between her legs, the Koran rested on them, and the New Testament leaned against a knee. And, again, the Queen of Hearts stands for jealousy.

The severely accurate Sun speaks of the failure of "Chrysis," a play "made from Huysman's 'Aphrodite.'" "Aphrodite" was written by Pierre Louys, although Huysman in his early books frequently spoke of her.

Do not worry about the health of friends in Rome, and do not stay away from the Eternal City because you hear sad tales of its sanitary condition. The death-rate is less than that of Paris, Vienna, or even Nice. The death rate in 1898 per 1000 inhabitants was 17.3, and "the percentage of deaths during that year from small-pox was only 0.05, from measles 1.45, from scarlet fever 0.65, from typhoid 1.92, from diphtheria 0.34, from influenza 1.14, and from malaria 1.89. The population has increased from 248,208 in 1871 to 500,610 in 1898, and the town has expanded to keep pace with the increase. What were once the suburbs of Rome are now thickly populated quarters."

A mulatto woman of St. Louis wished to kill herself and she therefore drank indelible ink. Could this be said to make an indelible stain on her?

We read Christmas Day—ah, Merry, merry Christmas! (we wondered as we read whether little Emily had yet broken her new doll and whether it was time for Tommy to be sick from eating candy and to sulk because his presents did not suit him). we read Christmas Day of a Russian who killed himself in San Francisco because he feared that he should be killed by his fellow Nihilists on account of his disinclination to assassinate the Tsar, although the lot had fallen to him at a social gathering. Now, only two months ago we were assured by a prominent Nihilist—the Secretary of the late Stepiak—that there was at present no Nihilistic organization or movement in Russia or among Russians; that Nihilism existed only in Poland. Perhaps our friend took a too gloomy view of the situation; and then, again, perhaps she was a-guying us.

Villagers are often delightfully lenient in their judgment. We once inquired of a patriarch after an old school-mate, "O, Jake? Jake isn't here much now; to tell you the truth he's in State Prison. You see, Jake's manners was always easy."

This reminds us of the description of Jerem Cardan by the ingenious Mr. Bayle: "He took a pleasure in rambling all night about the streets; nothing was more delightful to him than to speak on such subjects as might vex the company he was in; he spoke on all subjects, but whether properly or improperly, he minded not; he was so passionately fond of giving us to spend whole days in playing at hazard, to the great prejudice of his family and

reputation, for he even staked his furniture and his wife's jewels. He himself relates these particulars and several others in the most unaffected manner. Nevertheless, had we his life accurately written by another hand, I do not doubt but we should have found a great many more ignominious particulars in it than in this we are speaking of. In which there are, however, several passages that testify still plainer than what has been related above that Cardan was of a particular cast of mind."

dec 28. 1894

## PADEREWSKI

### Music Hall Crowded With an Audience That Applauded Indiscriminately the Eminent Polish Pianist and Hypnotist.

Mr. Paderewski gave his first piano recital this season in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Fantasia, Op. 17.....	Schumann
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 47.....	Beethoven
Ballade, A flat major, Op. 37.....	Chopin
Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4.....	Chopin
Nocturne, B flat major.....	Chopin
Three Etudes.....	Chopin
Polonaise, A flat major, Op. 53.....	Chopin
Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal".....	Strauss-Tausig
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....	Liszt

There was a great audience. Only a few seats in the whole house were empty and many hearers stood. It is needless to add that there were frequent exhibitions of acute hysteria.

It would be foolish, it would be unjust to deny the many attractive qualities of Mr. Paderewski as a pianist when he is at his best. His polished and dazzling technique, his art as a colorist, his exquisite tone, his singing of a melodic phrase have rightly given him a prominent position among leading pianists. Then you must admit an indefinable personal quality, call it temperamental, magnetic, hypnotic—what you will—which sets him apart from his colleagues. Then ingenious and indefatigable advertisement must be taken into consideration.

It is not to be wondered at, it is not to be regretted that halls are crowded when he appears.

It is to be deplored that he, Mr. Paderewski, however, plays, as he did yesterday, deliberately to the gallery, for the sake of exciting applause by the cheapest means, viz.: speed, noise, and a general exhibition of sensationalism that is of close kin to charlatanry.

I prefer to take this charitable view rather than to believe that Mr. Paderewski is now a confirmed nervous who stammers in rhythm, cherishes petty musical effects (and at the same time extravagance in every form), and delights in violent and incongruous contrasts between a thunderous noise and an inaudible pianissimo.

Now a pianist of his natural and acquired and unusual equipment cannot always forget his better self, and it is not surprising that even yesterday, when he made so many irritating and exasperating attacks on nerves, there were delightful moments, which recalled the pianist of true poetic feeling and faultless taste, the master of color and rhythm, the Paderewski who first visited and enthralled us. Thus the last eight pages of Schumann's Fantasia were played with wondrous beauty of tone and with ineffable feeling. Thus there were pages in the sonata by Beethoven, and there were passages in the last of the group of Chopin études, that gave inexpressible delight. But these pages, these passages were the exception.

Mr. Paderewski apparently has lost a keen sense of rhythm. I do not mean by this that he should play to the inexorable tic-tac of a metronome, but it is not too much to ask that a flow of melody should not be interrupted for the sake of some uncalled-for and trivial effect; that there should not be constantly recurring ritardandos, indicated neither by the composer nor by the spirit of the music; that measures expressing one musical thought should not be played alternately with rhythmic capriciousness, when the thought is one of suave length, and there should not be the mad restlessness when calmness is the mood of the composer.

There was extravagance in tempo as well as in rhythm. The first of the group of Chopin études was taken at such riotous speed that the figuration was blurred, and the opening measures of the third étude at so slow a pace that the back of the melody was broken. And how distorted, how affected was his reading of the mazurka!

There was a time when Mr. Paderewski was a master of nuances. Now he shows poverty and extravagance in nuances. He runs to extremes. His forte is so loud that when he wishes to employ a fortissimo he loses all sense of sound. He beats the piano as a madman beats a drum. Witness passages in the Fantasia, in fact wherever there was a demand for strength. But strength in art is not violence; and there must ever be the suggestion of reserve force. His performance of the polonaise by Chopin—I speak in cool blood and with profound sorrow—was a cruel, brutal, unmusical exhibition on the part of a pianist of established reputation, who, perhaps spoiled by absurd flattery, perhaps suffering from a disorganized condition of the nerves, seemed willing, yea eager to throw that reputation to the winds.

It is true that few men can withstand the slobbering adoration of infatuated worshippers. Mr. Paderewski has been put for some years to the severest test. He, undoubtedly, is not responsible for the incredibly silly actions of hysterical persons who go to hear him as they would take a potent

and dangerous stimulant. Nor are those who admire his art, as they admire that of d'Albert or that of Pachmann, with enjoyment and at the same time with discrimination, to be blamed for the neurotic performances of their neighbors. I yield to no man in my admiration for the Paderewski of former years. No man is more delighted today than I am when Mr. Paderewski reveals his former self. But woe to him who calls good that which is evil! To me, Mr. Paderewski in the act of playing to the gallery is not a pleasant or a profitable spectacle.

Philip Hale.

In the life-drama's stern cue-call.  
A friend's a part well-prized by all;  
And if thou meet an enemy,  
What art thou that none such should be?  
Even so! but if the two parts run  
Into each other and grow one,  
Then comes the curtain's cue to fall.

They say in New Jersey as well as France that goat lymph will restore mind, youth and health. But does it not also superinduce an unquenchable thirst for bock beer?

The Philadelphia Ledger is investigating "what Shakers eat." We have always supposed that they lived exclusively on Shaker applause.

Her fate was, indeed, terrible. She moved to Jamaica Plain; and she sank still lower and lower, until she was seen one Sunday afternoon wearing a shiny blue plush cape. (To be continued).

You walk toward dinner briskly across the Common, and when you reach the wide open space and see a goodly distance away the lights of Boylston Street, your breast is enlarged with joy. It is a pretty sight contrived for your amusement. The buildings are like children's toys, and yet within them are all manner of men and women, struggling, rejoicing, sorrowing, scheming, cheating, doing good. You think of them with no more intimate regard than if you were at a puppet-show or watching an ant-hill. If a building were on fire and things were jumping from windows, it would add a little to the brilliance of the scene, nor would you be moved to more than well-bred pity. You would be too far corporeally as well as mentally from the tragedy. And thus you account for the complacency of old theologians who described minutely the everlasting torments of lost souls; who saw themselves safe within the battlements of heaven hearing piteous shrieks and demonic rejoicing.

Mlle. Azara sues a New Yorker to the tune of \$10,000 for breach of promise. She is known as "The Human Chameleon." How can she hope for constancy in man?

Mary Fox, an elderly and poor woman, had a dinner on Christmas Day that was perhaps a little better than her usual fare. She said to a friend, "It is the best dinner I have eaten in a long time, but I haven't had much to eat for some time," and she dropped to the floor, dead from heart disease. Some may shake their heads disapprovingly and talk of death in the pot and deplore such a "wretched ending," remembering the beasts that perish. To us the death is heroic. She died thankful on the field of battle.

The Referee (London) praises the pluck, perseverance, and common sense of the late Wallace Ross, the oarsman. "As a sculler he was just under first class, as that degree was to be reckoned while he was at his best, and perhaps rather too fond of trying experiments with his beats and gear. Some sculls that he used once or twice, made so that the centre line of the blades did not exactly follow the line of loom or shaft, were admirable in theory, but abominable in use because of the uneven strain on the wrists which they entailed. He had an idea for remodeling rowlocks which seemed all right, but was never adopted by our boat-builders, and had generally some alteration in mind for constructing new and improved boats."

We wonder what his sacred Majesty the Emperor William thought of the delightful impudence of Richter, the old Radical in the Reichstag. "Has not the value of a great navy been demonstrated so far back as the Deluge? Just fancy what would have become of the world if Noah had not had a fleet!"

A correspondent writes: "Don't let servants make tea. Have the kettle brought up; let the water boil well. I do not like strong tea, but let it stand six or seven minutes, and then pour the liquor off into another pot; this involves a little trouble, but it will pay. I have been a tea expert for nearly 30 years."

Three women were arrested by Policeman Quackenboss of New York. Mr. Quackenboss wore, according to the New York Sun, "a silk hat (bell top), a white ascot tie, fastened by a dainty scarf-pin consisting of a small silver night stick resting on a tiny skull with



(beams—  
emerald eyes; a long frock coat, light  
point gloves, one worn and one carried,  
light walking stick of dark wood with  
a bit of silver on the crook, Nile  
green waistcoat with flower-de-luces  
embroidered in baby blue, trousers with  
a suggestion of lavender stripe,  
and hair cut and creased so perfectly  
that they rested in perfect triangular  
on the gaiters of burnt-brindle felt.  
The shoes had cloth tops and were not  
too pointed.

No wonder the women were arrested.  
Even our friend the sartorial editor of  
the Providence Journal would have  
stopped and stared in a state of speech-  
less ecstasy.

What gives one the livelier impression  
of desolation? The smokless chimney  
of an abandoned broken windowed fac-  
tory? A crumpled woman at this  
season of the year alone in a wind-  
swept, hill-side cemetery? Or a drip-  
ping wood-pile seen as the train rushes  
through rain by a flag-station?

Aglavaine says in Maeterlinck's play  
"There is nothing more beautiful than  
a key, as long as you do not know  
what it opens." But there are col-  
lectors who are still more liberal in their  
admiration of keys. Mr. G. R. Sims  
speaks of one who has made a collection  
of keys connected with murders  
and robberies, and he recalls the case  
of Elizabeth Denham, who was tried in  
1838 on a charge of stealing keys that  
belonged to the Governor and Company  
of the Bank of England. In one room  
of her house were over 4000 keys labeled,  
keys of the College of Physicians,  
Royal Exchange, Guildhall, Church  
Missionary Society, the Council Cham-  
ber, etc., etc. Each label bore the date  
of abstraction. Poor Miss Denham!  
Instead of saying proudly "I'm a col-  
lector," she declared that she took the  
keys to compel the Government to do  
justice to her and her country. They  
sent her to a madhouse. The courts are  
now more lenient to collectors.

alc 29. 1899  
A decent gravity is commendable in old  
age, but all sourness is to be avoided. But  
in my retired thoughts I cannot but lament  
the condition of mankind, who does not suf-  
fer so much by the calamities incident unto  
his nature, diseases, pestilential agues, fires,  
foundations, as by those which he brings  
upon himself by his own folly and madness.

When in doubt—assign.

Both Mr. Kid McCoy and Mr. Peter  
Maher are serious men and to be con-  
sidered seriously. The fight on New  
Year's Day will be only a stepping-  
stone to higher things. Mr. McCoy  
proposes to open a School for Physical  
Education with a Department of Slug-  
ging. Mr. Maher proposes to wallop  
Mr. Sharkey and then lambast Mr. Jef-  
fries. Sic itur ad astra! to use the  
language of the ancient Romans in  
connection with the hopes and aspira-  
tions of modern Greeks.

#### SANTA CLAUS.

She awoke suddenly and sat up and  
drew the bedclothes up about her  
knees and chin. It was cold in the  
dark room, and the rain slashed against  
the unseen window. There was the  
sound of heavy breathing from the  
next room, and in the wall a mouse  
was gnawing steadily. The little girl  
talked to herself with a chattering of  
teeth, although her cheeks burned with  
a fever, and her slight body and thin  
long arms and legs were trembling.

"I am so glad that I awoke," she  
whispered, "for it is very late and  
perhaps after all I shall see Santa  
Claus. Daddy said he would not come  
tonight, but poor daddy was drunk  
today, and he does not always get  
things straight when he is drunk. Santa  
Claus came last year, and before  
that, and always since I can remem-  
ber. He will come again. I know, and  
perhaps this time he will bring me a  
bracelet or perhaps a ring. He'll find  
my stocking on the chair, and if I had  
not been sick all day, I'd have mended  
it. I'll sell the bracelet—no, I do not  
want to sell it, even if daddy does  
want the money. He would get drunk  
till it was all gone. No, I want to wear  
the bracelet. Hark! Is that Santa  
Claus?"

Now it was raining hard, and the  
streets of the city were deserted, and  
the lights glittered in the empty  
streets. And the thousand homes of  
the town closed their doors against the  
weather, yet always there was a door  
left open for Santa Claus. It was  
Christmas Eve. There was the sound  
of music. There was dancing. Healths  
were pledged in wine. There was sol-  
emn sacrifice at the midnight mass.

Santa Claus entered the girl's room  
with the gift he brought her, the gift  
that was in his hand, in the touch of  
his hand. Of course he came; for he  
does not slight the poor, he does not  
forget the wretched. In his fair realm  
where joy and gladness are like unto  
perfumes in the very air, he had heard  
of her and her father, the little girl  
who was very poor and very sick, the  
father who drank too much. There  
was pity, there was loving kindness  
in his heart, as he placed his hand  
upon her brow. The hot cheeks cooled,  
the little hands relaxed. She smiled  
at Santa Claus as she lay back, happy  
in her Christmas gift.

The heavy breathing stopped. The  
mouse ceased gnawing. There was a  
deep stillness in the room, and silence  
in the casket of the gift that Santa  
Claus brought to the little girl.

#### THE QUIETIST.

There was a merry sequel to a  
Christmas night cake-walk at Fro-  
mont, near Morrisania. The first prize  
was awarded to Miss Lizzie Stewart,  
but when she got into a street car with  
her escort, a Mr. Creasy, there was  
lively criticism of the decision. Mr.  
Creasy, gallant man, resented certain  
remarks, whereupon there was a rush  
with the intent to do him. Mr. Creasy  
drew a revolver and fired in all direc-  
tions. Mr. Smith was shot in the  
groin. Mr. Torend was shot in the jaw,  
and Mr. Lambert was shot in the chest  
and slashed with a razor on the thigh.  
It is encouraging to see such interest  
in matters of art, but the methods of  
criticism were crude. We believe that  
the canons concerning cake-walks are  
well established, and when the judges  
are above suspicion there should be  
no appeal to gun or razor. Boston  
Music Hall has seen many cake-walks,  
but in that temple of art the decisions  
have always been respected.

Prof. Jonnesco of Bucharest swears  
that he has cured completely a boy of  
13 of confirmed stammering by cranec-  
tomy. "His theory is that the cause of  
the impediment is often a flattening of  
the left side of the head, which pre-  
vents the proper development of the  
skull and consequently a compression  
of the brain at the very place where  
Broca thought that he could localize  
the faculty of speech. He therefore  
cut away such portions of the tissue  
as appeared to confine at that part  
the dura mater, and found the experi-  
ment completely successful." A beetle-  
browed scientist in London asks wheth-  
er this operation were known to neo-  
lithic man, for many neolithic skulls  
have been found from which a small  
circular piece of bone had been re-  
moved during life, and this has puzzled  
anthropologists. "But if we assume it  
was done to cure stammering all dif-  
ficulty would vanish. In days when a  
man had a rich vocabulary who could  
speak 300 words, a confirmed stam-  
merer must have been a serious bar  
to the pleasures of social intercourse."

The Poet Lariat's latest—"The sister's  
sigh, the maiden's tear"—sounds as  
though it had been written for the  
pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin.

When men break into a house and  
destroy bric-a-brac, do not condemn  
them without reserve; they may be  
agents of the Society for the Elevation  
of Taste.

"I admire" with the meaning of "I  
wonder." Nice and particular persons  
speak of this phrase as a "vulgar  
Americanism." In a letter written by a  
Londoner to Mr. Joshua Barnes in 1692  
we find the sentence, "I admire you  
should take 'Clerk' for a law term,  
which is nothing but 'clerical.'" And  
there are many instances of such use  
in literature. Indeed, the primary  
meaning of 'admire' was "to feel or  
express surprise or astonishment; to  
wonder, marvel, to be surprised."

For years back "admire" in the sense  
of "to like very much"—"I should ad-  
mire to go"—has been used in New  
England, and it is thus used today.  
John Pickering in 1816 said: "It is never  
thus used by the English." He was  
mistaken. The word has been used  
commonly in Leicestershire and North-  
amptonshire: "Ah should admire to  
see 'er well took-to" (I should be de-  
lighted to see her well scolded); "I  
should admire to go to London to see  
the Queen."

alc 30 1899  
Like an old shoe  
The sea spurns and the land abhors, you lie  
About the beach of Time, till by and by  
Death, that derides you too—

Death, as he goes  
His ragman's round, espies you, where you  
stray,  
With half-an-eye, and kicks you out of his  
way;  
And then and then, who knows  
But the kind Grave  
Turns on you, and you feel the convict Worm.  
In that black bridewell working out his  
term,  
Hanker and grope and crave?

Mr. Paderewski, the eminent hypnot-  
ist, lends picturesqueness to Boston  
streets, and it is a pity that he is only  
a visitor, not a citizen. He wears a pec-  
uliarly aggressive stove-pipe on his  
celebrated arrangement of hair—the  
hair that reminds you of the old line,  
"ridiculous mus". And his hands of  
uncommon pecuniary value rest within  
a muff.

Mr. Tod Sloane is interested with Mr.  
De Wolf Hopper in London perform-  
ances of comic opera. So Pegasus has  
a sure mount.

On the other hand, Mr. "Scrappy"  
Joyce, our old friend the base ball

man, will run a boozing ken in St.  
Louis. Every barkeeper his own  
bouncer.

Mr. George E. Smith, better known,  
perhaps, as Pittsburg Phil, said in a  
discussion of the comparative merits  
of Mr. McCoy and Mr. Maher, "Strange  
as it may seem, I have never yet bet  
on a loser in a prize fight". Mr. Smith  
neither exclaimed "Tiberufen!" nor  
knocked wood to appease insulted Fate.  
Take all of Mr. Smith's bets. He is now  
an easy mark.

Mr. Linahan of Ward 13 and the Com-  
mon Council referred to Boston "as  
the home of Hancock, Otis, Sam  
Adams and Gen. Warren, and as the  
place in which is Faneuil Hall, the  
cradle of liberty". An original, daring,  
sparkling thought, which, when it  
flashes and coruscates across the ocean  
will be as tons of lyddite shells to the  
acorn-fed Boers, and will cause the ty-  
rant Queen to tremble on her throne.  
Wow!

"Gen. Wood's office at Havana is be-  
sieged from early morn until after dark  
by a crowd of office-seekers from all  
parts of the island". Who said that  
the Cubans were unfit for self-govern-  
ment? Why, they show already the  
surest symptom of ideal democracy.

Will there be no white shroud for the  
dying year?

The Pall Mall Gazette says, "Shop-  
keepers often seem to be unaware that  
if they bend coin to test it they do so  
at their own risk. A metropolitan mag-  
istrate has just made one refund a  
half-sovereign to a customer. The for-  
mer, doubting the genuineness of a  
coin, had bent it, and insisted on the  
latter giving him another. This he did,  
but proved that the original was a good  
one. Hence he gets his second coin  
back, and costs, too."

To the Deweys, Washington must  
seem a little Pedlington with a Paul  
Pry on every corner.

E. S. writes: "From the time a cer-  
tain good story by Kipling came out in  
"The Cosmopolitan" down to its incor-  
poration in "The Day's Work"—and  
since—I have at frequent intervals  
squandered much cerebral energy in a  
futile effort to understand the applica-  
tion of the title, viz.: "An Error in the  
Fourth Dimension." Physical limita-  
tions prevent me from acquiring the  
desired information for myself, and if  
I may draw on your evidently inex-  
haustible supply of heterogeneous facts  
I shall feel myself obliged for a kind-  
ness."

Truly a courteous and mellifluous  
communication. We turn at once to  
books that have helped us and still help  
us.

The three dimensions of a body, or of  
ordinary space, are length, breadth  
and thickness (or depth). Modern

mathematicians and metaphysicians  
have speculated as to the possibility of  
more than three dimensions. Thus we  
find Stewart and Tait saying, "Suppose  
our (essentially three-dimensional) mat-  
ter to be the mere skin or boundary of  
an Unseen whose matter has four  
dimensions." If space had four dimen-  
sions, four straight lines could pass  
through a given point, each of which  
would be perpendicular to the other  
three. Solids could be turned inside out  
without tearing them. A knot in an  
endless rope could be untied without  
passing the ends through it.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill left  
the State School's Prison in Pretoria  
by climbing the wall when the sentries'  
backs were turned. This "thrilling es-  
cape" reminds us of a passage in the  
complete works of the late Artemus  
Ward, which explains the escape of  
De Jones, the Coarschair of the Gulf:  
"For 16 years he was confined in a  
loathsome dunjin, not tastin' of food dur-  
in' all that time. When a lucky thawt  
struck him! He opened the winder and  
got out."

Col. Bryan went in pursuit of a pan-  
ther Dec. 27, and there were 100 men in  
the party—a more unfair proportion  
than 16 to 1. The gallant Colonel wore  
a hunting suit of corduroy and a hat  
that struck terror when he was in  
command of the Third Nebraska Regi-  
ment. In sooth, he was an awe-in-  
spiring sight! The panther climbed a  
tree and braced himself for a fight.  
The wonder is that he did not say to  
Col. Bryan what the coon said to Col.  
Crockett: "Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll  
come down."

Two brothers, convicted thieves, met  
in a New York prison after a separa-  
tion of 10 years. Par noble fratrum!

Otero, la belle Otero, announced  
late that she was tired of sloth and  
luxury, and that she missed the foot-  
lights and the applauding crowd.  
"Something was naturally necessary to

rivet this fact on the mind of every  
thinking man, and in due course the  
rumor that she had been once more  
robbed was bruited abroad. As she and  
La Fougère have between them lost  
something like a million francs' worth  
of diamonds, it was conjectured that  
this time it was something out of the  
ordinary. It was. When the journal-  
ists arrived, Otero admitted that the  
story was true, but the prospect of  
making a column of spicy copy out of  
it went out of the betting when she  
added, "Some voyon got into the sta-  
bles last night and stole two horse-  
cloths!"

Let us quote once more, and for the  
last time, from Laura Marholm's amaz-  
ing book, "The Psychology of Woman."  
The following sentence should be read  
aloud to appreciate fully the simplicity  
of thought and the clearness of expres-  
sion:

"Alas, it is true! Woman thinks with  
the apparatus that has been given her.  
She thinks with the spinal cord, criti-  
cises with her nerves, and judges by  
sexual perception. These are three  
reliable and well-adjusted weighing  
scales. But since the woman who be-  
comes cérebrale has enjoyed a thor-  
ough and well-assimilated education,  
she is able to give expression to the re-  
sults of her weighing in the terminol-  
ogy of science and learning. For one  
does not find the cérebrale, like the dé-  
traquée, in all classes; she is always  
the flower of culture. How are always  
a means of communication between  
spinal marrow and brain. Or it may  
be that the brain function of woman  
receives its impulse from the spinal  
column."

## alc 31 1899 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Horatio W. Parker's New  
Orchestral Work.

Moszkowski's Tuneful First  
Suite Heard Again.

Paderewski's Second and Last  
Recital in Music Hall.

The program of the 10th Symphony  
Concert in Music Hall last night, Mr.  
Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Suite No. 1 in F major.....Moszkowski  
Northern Ballad op. 46.....H. W. Parker  
(first time here.)  
Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral".....Beethoven

The official program-book says with  
reference to Moszkowski's suite No. 1:  
"Two movements of this suite (the  
third and fifth) were played here by the  
Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arthur  
Nikisch, on April 8, 1893."

This statement is true; but the suite  
as a whole was first played here April  
23, 1893, under Mr. Gericke, and it was  
repeated Oct. 20 of that year.

Moszkowski wrote the suite at the  
request of the Philharmonic Society  
of London, and it was performed for  
the first time by that society June 2,  
1896, when the composer led. The first  
performance in New York was under  
Theodore Thomas, March 22, 1897.

The suite is agreeable, holiday music.  
Moszkowski, even in his many pot-  
boilers for the piano, is always well-  
bred and often elegant, and in this  
suite his orchestral conversation is often  
sparkling, at times epigrammatic, and  
always dquent and amiable. There is  
little deep thought, although some of  
the variations do credit to his tech-  
nical skill. Perhaps the work is too  
constantly tuneful, as "tuneful" is un-  
derstood by the multitude, but it must  
be remembered that Moszkowski wrote  
it for a London public, and he knew  
how to please. I doubt whether he  
has ever equaled this orchestral com-  
position; surely his second suite is in-  
ferior, and "Joan of Arc," the sym-  
phonic poem, is seldom heard. The re-  
proach was once brought against this  
suite that it was apparently thought  
out for the piano and then elaborately  
transcribed. The reproach is not just.  
There may be passages here and there  
that recall at once the piano, but there  
is a steady flow of orchestral thought,  
and there are frequent exhibitions of  
ingenious fancy and sparkle and pi-  
quancy in orchestral expression. It is  
a clever work throughout, and it is  
at times more than clever. The weakest  
movement is the fourth, which might  
well be omitted. The suite was played  
brilliantly and the solo passages gave  
pleasure.

Mr. Parker's "Northern Ballad" was  
first played, I believe, April 17, 1899, by  
the New Haven Symphony Orchestra,  
of which he is conductor; or was the  
Festival of the Hampden County Mus-  
ical Association, at which it was  
played, before that date? I do not  
know. At any rate, the work was fin-  
ished and performed last spring. I was  
disappointed in the Ballad, for I rec-  
ognize in Mr. Parker a man who is more  
than a Professor, even at Yale; I rec-  
ognize in him a musician of uncommon  
technical facility, one that has tri-  
umphed on the battlefield of oratorio,  
one that in his "Cahal Mer" has shown  
high and splendid imagination. There  
are ample evidences of technical fluency



as Ballad; there are interesting  
ges; but the work as a whole is  
authoritative. One reason for this  
t the music is reminiscent. Now,  
t misunderstand me; I do not hint  
agiarism; and, as some English-  
said lately, "I don't mind if a man  
provided he makes good use of  
under." Mr. Parker suggests the  
s of other composers. There is  
ough of his own voice—and there  
ancestral voices prophesying war"  
other things. For instance, the  
of the opening measures of the  
is singularly like the mood of the  
g measures of Tchaikowsky's  
onic poem, or Fantasia-overture,  
o and Juliet"; it is reminiscent  
y particulars. Further on I am  
ed of the Dvorak of the "Ameri-  
of the Krebichian period, rhythm-  
y, harmonically, orchestrally; the  
mood is in passages of Dvorak's  
ican" symphony. The mood of  
ale is that of the mood of the  
t of "Faust," and there is one  
ing passage that is a striking  
"gounodage," as Gautier-Villars  
t.

I suppose to many the Pastoral  
ony is a joy forever. I confess  
I cannot share in this simple  
e pleasure. Whether the move-  
s are played a little faster or a  
slower seems to me immaterial;  
reater part of the music induces a  
to sleep and be at rest. The  
passages in which the great  
oven is revealed do not com-  
le for the pages of platitudes.

Paderewski gave his second  
recital yesterday afternoon in  
Hall. The program was as fol-  
lowing:

Fugue. A minor. . . . . Bach-Liszt  
F major, Op. 54. . . . . Beethoven  
"val," Scenes "Morceaux sur  
l'air notes. Op. . . . . Schumann  
A minor, Op. 49. . . . . Chopin  
A minor, Op. 28, No. 15. . . . . Chopin

Op. 25, No. 9. . . . . Chopin  
Op. 59, No. 3. . . . . Chopin  
Op. 42. . . . . Chopin  
A minor. . . . . Rühmstein  
A major. . . . . Paderewski  
die Hongroise, No. 10. . . . . Liszt  
n the cunningly contrived and  
e mise-en-scène! Again the  
fited hall, the stage-lights ar-  
to fall on the pianist's hair,  
sign to accentuate the mysteri-  
ous partition that finally sits in the  
air! Again the delay of twenty  
s to lect curiosity and excite-  
to the proper point of boiling  
ia! Refined barnumism!

Ray may come when a still more  
ly managed hypnotist will play  
all that is dark, save for a lime  
rown on the spell-weaver. He  
lose the concert with a pianis-  
nd then sink with the piano  
the stage; or with a fortissimo  
y ascend as in a cloud of glory.  
er why Mr. Paderewski does not  
ow make his appearance by  
of a trap door. Enthusiasm  
then be uncontrollable.

again did Mr. Paderewski show  
h and weakness. The greater  
the fugue was played with beau-  
tunity of tone, and with rare  
untal distinctness, but the pre-  
as marred by an exhibition of  
strength that, after all, was  
ss, for the strings, sullen and

ng abuse, gave forth no musical  
only hoarse disapproval, or  
ng protest. The sonata of Beet-  
which is not among the great  
of the composer, was played  
t marked effects in color and it  
impression. The pianist in Schu-  
s Carnival was inclined toward  
entalism and dawdling, but there  
passages of exquisite tenderness  
e sentiment. The march-finale  
ined by disagreeable, offensive  
ing.

player of Chopin I prefer Mr.  
chmann to Mr. Paderewski. We  
ow—for the testimony is unani-  
and overwhelming—that Chopin  
f never pounded; that his fortis-  
s was only the sonorous force of a  
e, poetic musician. Mr. de-  
mann, recognizing this fact, first  
s his dynamic limits and then  
he displays a marvelous  
of shades of color; and in his  
mance we find an inimitable feel-  
r rhythm, and an extraordinary  
lon to detail, without forgetful-  
of the man controlling idea. Mr.  
chmann has the finer sense of pro-  
n. Mr. Paderewski delights in a  
mo that would make Chopin a  
rer. He also delights in a pian-  
that is a pretty tinkle without  
resence of body or vitality. Be-  
these limits, except when he sings  
ody, his tonal expression is too  
monochromatic and monotonous.  
na he the command of rhythm  
distinguishes Mr. de Pachmann  
his colleagues; and it may be  
said that no pianist who has vis-  
ed late years has equaled Mr.  
chmann as a master of rhythm  
olor.

not like to indulge in compari-  
for each pianist should be con-  
d by himself. A comparison here  
inevitable, especially as such ex-  
tant claims are made for Mr. Pad-  
ski by his devoted admirers. Mr.  
ewski, when he is at his best, dis-  
many admirable and delightful  
les. That he is "the greatest pian-  
living" is an absurd claim.  
is no "greatest pianist now liv-  
although there are a few pianists  
commanding rank, and many ex-  
t pianists of the second rank. I  
e that Mr. Paderewski can play  
than he has played in these two  
ls. But when a great audience  
ut of yesterday shows such man-  
pleasure, he may be pardoned,  
e, if he forgets that after all he  
rted, and that the highest art is  
ely a matter of contagious, hy-  
euthalism.

Philip Hale.

#### NOTES.

January 6. A concert will be given this  
oon in the Grundmann studios  
r Arthur Whiting, Mr. Kneisel,  
Paderewski, Mr. Schroeder and Miss  
McDougal, mezzo-soprano. The  
am will include Brahms's "cello

sonata, op. 38, and piano quartet, op.  
26, and songs by Pergolesi, Caccini,  
Scarlatti, Martini and Durante.

A concert will be given in Associa-  
tion Hall, Thursday evening, in which  
Miss Eivira Leveroni, contralto; Miss  
Katharine Melley, soprano; Mr. Dante  
Lippi, tenor; Mr. Alfredo Di Pesa, pian-  
ist; and Mr. Albert Meyer, violinist,  
will take part.

The symphony by Richard Strauss,  
which will be played at the next Sym-  
phony concert, will be the one in F  
minor, op. 12, and not the "In Italy,"  
as has been announced.

**T**HE BOSTON SYMPHONY OR-  
CHESTRA is beyond doubt and  
 peradventure one of the few great  
orchestras of the world. This  
claim is made enthusiastically, and it  
is allowed by the critics and audiences  
of other cities and by foreign and visit-  
ing singers, violinists and pianists.

It is the more to be regretted that in  
this very city more and more attention  
is paid by Symphony audiences to the  
soloists, who, originally regarded as in-  
cidental to the series of concerts, are  
now considered by many as the chief  
feature.

The talk is more and more about the  
soloist and less and less about the or-  
chestra itself or the pieces performed  
by it.

There was Sembrich night, when a  
Symphony concert was turned into a  
prima-donna show. There was Pader-  
ewski night, when, after the perform-  
ance by the celebrated Pole, a large  
number of the audience left the hall,  
although the hour was early, and al-  
though one of the most remarkable  
symphonies of this century remained to  
be played.

We find even Mr. Apthorp, a pro-  
fessional critic, in his frantic and  
fashionable adoration of Mr. Pader-  
ewski—who had played Beethoven's  
concerto in E flat in an incongruously  
elegant and quasi effeminate manner,  
for Mr. Paderewski never forgets the  
dear ladies, even in his most be-  
nign moments—we find even Mr. Apthorp  
saying publicly, "It was impossible to  
listen sympathetically, to enter un-  
reservedly into the spirit of the com-  
position (Frankel's symphony). After  
it was over it was as if I had not  
really heard it."

Far be it from me to disparage the  
worth of a really brilliant solo per-  
formance. But now that so many  
soloists appear at these concerts, is  
there not imminent danger that the  
purpose of the organization will be  
forgotten, that music which will be-  
of long life will be slighted in the  
hurrah for the virtuoso who is a  
thing of a day and often merely the  
idol dear to passing faddists?

Not all the soloists that have ap-  
peared at these concerts were worthy  
of appearance. I do not propose to  
be unnecessarily disagreeable, so I  
shall not name the unworthy by name.  
We all know that for some of them,  
wres were adroitly pulled, and the  
influence of "patrons and patronesses"  
was exerted.

This, however, is a side issue. If all  
the soloists were miracles and beyond  
all whopping, I should still maintain  
that they should be fewer in number,  
and that when one appeared, the pro-  
gram should not include a new orches-  
tral work, but it should be made up of  
pieces conspicuous for brilliance rather  
than for depth of thought.

Often after a superb orchestral per-  
formance, the audience has applauded  
languidly, as in doubt, indifference, or  
even consternation. Pray, what effect  
has such a reception on the spirit of  
an orchestra which numbers excellent  
musicians as well as admirable play-  
ers in its ranks? What encouragement  
has the orchestra to do its best, when  
it finds that noble music finely played  
is as en vogue to hundreds?

And yet these hundreds are willing  
to pay premiums that in many in-  
stances are absurdly extravagant? Do  
they pay to hear the soloists or to  
be "in the swim."

There is much loose talk about the  
"musical culture" of this city. It is not  
a symptom of true culture when the  
first question is "Who is going to sing  
or play?" and no question is asked  
concerning the nature of the orchestral  
program. There is curiosity; there is  
the contagious enthusiasm that fires  
a mob; but where is discrimination,  
where is appreciation?

Perhaps we are too much accus-  
tomed to a good thing; perhaps we are  
too much inclined to take the perfection  
and the brilliance of the orchestra  
for granted. The fact remains that  
many are not eager to hear a new  
work, for they would then be obliged  
to think for themselves and pronounce  
an independent judgment. It is easy  
to roll the eyes in ecstasy when hear-  
ing a pianist play he ever so badly,  
when parochial society has given out  
the decree that he is wonderful and  
to be worshiped. It is easy to ap-  
plaud lazily a symphony by Beethoven,  
whose name is a guarantee of good  
faith. But this is by no means a  
symptom of healthy musical condition.  
The moment the orchestra with the

conductor becomes an object of second-  
ary interest, the purpose and the ben-  
efit of the organization are as naught.  
For in a symphony concert it is the  
orchestra that should be the great,  
constant and most heartily appreciated  
soloist.

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Mr. Vernon Blackburn began a re-  
view of a Symphony concert in Queen's  
Hall, Dec. 9, as follows: "Despite Mr.  
Horatio W. Parker and other critics  
who, by the essential character of their  
minds, reject all purely modern things  
as morbid, as necessarily morbid, the  
very modern Tchaikowsky does not  
seem destined to the three years' or  
so mortality predicted for him by the  
American Yale professor. The splen-  
dor and glory of parts of this symphony  
are so evidently great that before it  
such criticism appears to be even a  
little grotesque."

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What I have said about the undue  
attention paid to soloists in Symphony  
concerts may be applied also to the  
concerts of the Handel and Haydn  
Society. The audiences at the per-  
formances of "The Messiah" last Sun-  
day and Monday were not large. You  
would have thought that there should  
have been marked curiosity to witness  
the debut of the new conductor, who  
was not imported in answer to a  
Macedonian cry, but who was a Bos-  
tonian of widely acknowledged skill  
and authority. You would have  
thought that the chorus itself under  
these conditions should have been a  
potent magnet. But no! "The soloists  
were not of the first rank" is the  
answer made by many who now regret  
that they did not hear the finest,  
most musical, most impressive choral  
and orchestral performance given by  
the Handel and Haydn during the last  
10 years. As a matter of fact, three  
of the soloists Sunday night were of  
more than respectable merit. If Mrs.  
Ruland disappointed in a measure, it  
was not through vocal poverty or vocal  
insufficiency, but it was because she  
had the jailing, common to nine con-  
sultos out of ten; the desire to drag  
so that she might sing "with expres-  
sion" and at the same time caress her  
beautiful tones.

The Handel and Haydn is therefore  
confronted with this dilemma; it  
must engage the most expensive solo  
singers (who often sing badly in or-  
ation) and lose money; or it must  
be present and engage singers of mod-  
erate merit and more reasonable price.  
But in the oratorios given by this  
Society, should not the chorus be the  
bulwark of strength, the one great  
soloist? And last week the chorus  
answered this in triumphant affirma-  
tion.

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On Jan. 13 the famous clarinetist,  
Mr. Mohr, will appear at the popu-  
lar concerts in London, and, with Miss  
Laurie Davis, introduce a new clar-  
inet sonata (M.S.) from the pen of Mr.  
Gustav Jenner, who is an Englishman  
boy nationality, though in music prob-  
ably a German. It is interesting to  
know that he is of the family to  
which the discoverer of vaccination be-  
longed. Dr. Jenner, by the way, had  
musical tastes, and cultivated the art  
as far as the limited opportunities of  
a general practitioner, living in a rural  
district, permitted. It is said that the  
sonata is "very nice, simple, clear, and  
melodious." The composer, who  
studied under Brahms, now acts as  
Musikdirector at Marburg.—New  
York Times.

The New York Times spoke last Sun-  
day of Jeanne Raunay who triumphed  
in the revival of Gluck's "Iphigenia in  
Tauris" at Paris, "as a singer hitherto  
unknown." Oh, no, Mr. Henderson.  
She was one of the leading sopranos at  
the Monnaie in '96-'97, where she  
created the chief soprano part in  
d'Indy's "Fervaa!" (March 12, 1897).  
She sang the same part with great  
success when "Fervaa!" was first given  
in Paris at the Opéra Comique, May  
10, 1895. She also sang at Colonne and  
Lanoureux concerts in Paris in 1898-'99.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet  
concert in Association Hall, Monday  
evening at 8 o'clock will include Beet-  
hoven's quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2,  
which was composed in 1806, and dedi-  
cated to Count Rasoumofsky; a trio  
for violins and viola by Dvorak; and  
Brahms's trio for piano, violin and  
cello in C minor. Mr. Arthur Whiting,  
pianist, will assist.

Mr. H. G. Tucker will conduct a per-  
formance of Handel's "The Messiah,"  
at the People's Temple, Monday even-  
ing (7.30 o'clock). There will be a large  
chorus and orchestra, and these singers  
will sing the solos: Miss Gertrude Mil-  
ler, Mrs. Winnifred Drake, Mrs. Louise  
Bruce Brooks, Miss Grace Lillian Car-  
ter, Messrs. Fortin, Chase, Horner,  
Phillips.

The program of the Symphony concert  
Saturday will include Brahms's  
Tragic Overture, Dvorak's concerto for  
cello (Mr. Schroeder, cellist), Wagner's

Stefried Idyll, and Strauss's  
Italy."

A song recital will be given by Su-  
zanne Adams, assisted by Mr. Leo  
Stern, cellist, in Association Hall, Mon-  
day afternoon, Jan. 8, at 2.30.

Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano, will  
give a recital Friday evening, Jan. 26,  
in Steinert Hall.

Mme. Alexander-Marius will give a  
recital in Steinert Hall on the evening  
of Jan. 10.

On Monday evening, Jan. 15, Mr. Carl  
Faclet will give a piano recital in  
Steinert Hall.

Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, and Miss  
Jessie Davis, pianist, will give a re-  
cital in Steinert Hall during the lat-  
ter part of January. The program  
will consist mainly of ancient and mod-  
ern sonatas for violin and piano.

Wm. Shakespeare of London will give  
a series of lecture recitals in Steinert  
Hall early in February.

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Mr. Huxker writes as follows con-  
cerning Mr. Loeffler of this city:

The composer is a singularly sym-  
pathetic man, but it was his poetic music  
that first attracted me. Fanny the

ascetic head of a medieval dreamer,  
one whose dreams possess him until  
they are wrought into enduring shapes,  
a man crucified by his art, a gentle  
fanatic, and by temperament a true  
To this simplicity add the tortured,  
complex nature of the modern force  
poet, and to disturb still more the  
human plan let this artist also be  
ridden at times by the virtuoso. Here  
we get a scheme of personality that  
is as morbidly fine as a Huysmans  
with the fantastic visions of a Berlioz.  
All this and something more is Loeff-  
ler. He is the musician of culture,  
of reflection, rather than the genius  
that blurs itself out at one savage  
burst. Involution after involution I  
discern in Loeffler's gray and haunting  
music, the delicate retreat upon itself  
of a soul that shuns the large places  
of the market-place and would vainly  
build a palace of art. But Loeffler  
is also a violin virtuoso, and so the  
two temperaments are at war. A poet,  
a painter, if you will, and the lover  
of the splendid, sonorous phrase, the  
maker of dizzy decorative spirals for  
his instrument; now brilliancy, éclat  
and the cloistered dreamer is forgotten.  
From such an unique combination  
unique music must come. The songs,  
the "Divertimento"—which precedes the  
"Ukraine"—"Les Mort de Tintigales,"  
as yet unheard here, and the sextet are  
works that easily rank with any lit-  
erary day productions. Loeffler is fas-  
cinated by the problems of timbre,  
and so the endless series of lovely  
and terrible sounds that may be made  
with an orchestra are to him worth  
living, worth dying, for. He should  
be sheltered in some half ruined châte-  
teau, flanked by a Gothic forest, and  
facing bright waters. Therefrom he  
would discern those Maeterlinckian  
ships that bore the Prince to the  
seven sleeping brides. But this same  
château must possess a French chef,  
for Loeffler is modern and knows that  
certain recrudescence art, silken in web  
and shot with more colors than the prism,  
must be fed, not as fed huge Ger-  
mans who carved a symphony or an  
oratorio on bread and beef and beer.

An art aristocrat, if I may be per-  
mitted to say all these things, is Charles  
Martin Loeffler, and if his body were  
as strong as his soul—it is just as brave  
—he could be expected to compose big  
things. Yet I am a believer in physical  
delicacy existing within a coarse husk;  
witness Renan, and powerful music has  
come from a sick frame—Chopin, for  
example. Loeffler has been called a  
decadent because of his choice of  
themes, his sharp contrasts of melan-  
choly and ecstasy, and the profoundly  
exotic character of his poetic subjects.  
Very well; let us admit this. He is  
decadent, for he prefers the twilight  
to the dawn and down to the glare of mid-  
day. There are trumpets in his orches-  
tra, but their tone is veiled almost as  
Alfred de Vigny's sound of the horn in  
the woods at dusk. His exceeding fine  
color sense enables him to endlessly  
experiment and split hues into subtle  
splinters of light. It is this, with a  
pulsating orchestra, a passion for the  
beautiful and the strange, that—given  
his admirable musical equipment—sin-  
gles Loeffler's compositions from his  
contemporaries and lends it a note  
of subtle distinction. He could set Baul-  
laire's lines "In undulant robes, with  
naerous sheen impaired, she walks as  
in some stately saraband" and for  
Gegel and Turgenev's simple peasants  
he has sympathy. This versatility in  
taste but deepens the mystery of his  
temperament.

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I quote from the Paris correspondent  
of the Referee: "Gustave Charpentier,  
whose 'Loulie' is in rehearsal at the  
Opéra Comique, is a trouble with poor  
Carré. The opera deals with the life  
of the working classes, and as Char-  
pentier is a realist, he persisted that  
the argot common in the factories  
should be used. Carré made many ex-  
cessions, but when it came to 'Ta gueule  
bébé' he drew the line, and it became  
'Ta bouche bébé.' La Loie Fuller is  
at the Olympia. Her new creations  
are marvels of light and illusion, and  
there is much more poetry in her mo-  
tions than in any previous creation.  
The enthusiastic reception she had on  
Wednesday night recalled the days of  
her debut at the Folies-Bergère, when  
the fashionable world named everything  
after her, from cats to parasols. I do  
not think I am guilty of an indiscre-  
tion in saying that La Loie has commis-  
sioned a well-known writer to arrange  
the scenario for two or three Biblical



soul, among others being the story of Esther."

A biography has just been published of Sir Arthur Sullivan (James Bowdler), which is an attempt to sum up that musician's personality and career as he stands before the artistic world at the present moment. We shall deal with the work in detail at some other time; but our general impression is that the book lacks dignity and coherence. It should have been a very quiet and literary summary of a fine public career and a well-known personality. Above all, there should have been no looseness, no aimless enthusiasm, no accumulation of unimportant detail. So far as we have been able to gather from a reading of two or three of the chapters of the book, these are precisely its faults. It gives one a notion that here was excellent material for a biography; but that the material has not by any means received its right treatment these chapters seem abundantly to prove. We conspicuously except, however, from this cursory complaint Mr. B. W. Findon's contribution to the volume on Sullivan's musical position at the present time. We heartily agree with Mr. Findon's enthusiastic but not vehement judgment, and he has the courage to state his opinions definitely and decisively.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, has apparently been successful in the West.—The New York String Quartet played a quartet by S. Tanieff at Farmington, Ct., Dec. 12.—The last festival of the Worcester County Musical Association netted \$346.81.—Emil Paur will conduct the Seidl Society of Brooklyn at the concerts Jan. 4, Feb. 10, March 17.—The Castle Square Opera Company will produce Spinali's "A Basso Porto" for the first time in English on any stage and for the first time in the United States in any language at St. Louis Jan. 8. Selma Kronold, who sang the leading part at Cologne, will sing it at St. Louis.—"Vendredis," by Sokoloff-Glazounoff-Liadoff, was lately played in New York for the first time by the Woman's String Orchestra.—You remember Anna Mehlig, the pianist. She is playing chamber music with César Thomson and Edward Jacobs at Apts. 709. She is now Mrs. Falk.—They have revived Verdi's "Ernani" at the Frankfurt Opera House.—A new string quartet by Carl Prohaska was played last month in Vienna.—Dvorák's new opera, "The Devil and Kate," was produced at Prague Nov. 23 without marked success. They say the music is ordinary and the libretto is not dramatic.—Emilio Pizzi, who once lived in Boston, and whose "Gabiella" was produced here by Patti, is writing the music for a puppet-pantomime, "Ars et Vanitas," to be produced at Rome.—A work for chorus and orchestra, "Bacchuszug," by E. Heuser, was performed for the first time at Cologne Dec. 5.—"Hänsel und Gretel" was performed at Vienna for the 100th time Dec. 4.—Georg Henschel's new opera, "Nubia," produced at Dresden for the first time Dec. 3, did not please.—"The music is without invention and without personal quality. The orchestra is handled shabbily; there is no musical illustration by situations, only a mere accompaniment for the most part."—Hans Feodor von Mide, who created the part of Tetramund at Weimar in 1859, died Dec. 19 at the age of 78. His wife was the first Elza.

Mr. Grau announces that if it is found necessary hereafter to change the opera or the cast on account of the illness of the principal artists, the money of patrons will be refunded on demand and the tickets exchanged. This does not apply to the subscription seat and box holders, with whom there is no understanding as to particular operas or casts.

Mr. Henderson spoke as follows of Mr. Scotti, who made his debut in New York Dec. 27: "This gentleman, who made his first appearance here as Don Giovanni, was immediately successful. He is a good-looking man, graceful and dignified in bearing, and elegant in manner. His voice is fresh, mellow, well schooled, and well managed. It has plenty of volume, but was not at any time last night forced. Possibly the quality of the voice is not of the richest, but it was a pleasure to hear such a fresh, unworn organ used with so much freedom. Furthermore, in his treatment of the recitative Signor Scotti showed understanding and at times finesse. He sang the 'Champagne Song,' as it is sometimes called, with fine dash and vigor, and won two hearty recalls to rebop. The details of his work as Don Giovanni will bear further discussion, but it may be said now that his conception of the part was according to traditions, and was generally well carried out."

Calvé was unable to sing in Philadelphia last week. The doctors tell Terzina that something is the matter with her larynx. She may not be able to sing for a month. Gladys has been en-

gaged for certain performances, but not to take Terzina's place. Mr. Grau denies the rumor that he has engaged either Malba or Jean de Reske.

"Owing to climatic difficulties with which many of my artists are suffering," said Mr. Grau, "I cannot make many definite promises at present."

A soubrette in Vienna lately interpolated in her part a little gag, to the effect that "Old Guschebauer, with her 69 years, has more voice than all the croakers who go about as Volksänger." Thereupon 48 of the singers brought an action for defamation against Mrs. Riese, the soubrette in question. It is reported soubrette in question. It is reported that Frau Riese's counsel will summon the venerable Guschebauer and make her sing before the court, so that it may judge whether the remarks are not justified. Then will come the turn of the 48 slandered women.

There is a New Zealand child-violinist, and her name is Zeala. Perhaps she will discount Macaulay's famous prediction and fiddle on London Bridge while London is still a mighty mart. She has already played in a conventional hall of that city.

The London Musical Courier publishes the following interesting news: "Some very lovely gowns have just been made for Ella Russell. One of these dresses is carried out in glacé silk in a beautiful shade of turquoise blue, with exquisite Renaissance embroideries. The bodice is entirely embroidered in the Louis XVI. style, relieved with soft draperies of mousseline de soie. Another charming gown is of rose-colored duchesse satin, with elaborate embroideries in soft shades of green and silver. This gown has a petticoat of ivory white satin draped with exquisite antique lace and trimmed with embroidery. The corsage is also enriched with embroideries in green and silver, and trimmed tastefully with real lace. A third very beautiful toilette is of hand-painted muslin with a design of pink roses arranged in graceful festoons. This painted muslin is draped over a petticoat of white chiffon covered with silver paillettes, and the bodice of the gown is finished very picturesquely with a draped nebula of beautiful old lace."

To quote from Mr. Blackburn (Dec. 5): "The revival of the church music for which the old composers of England itself were responsible is a thing devoutly to be desired. Before the time of Purcell, the greatest of all our composers, there were many musicians of splendid capacity and splendid inspiration producing their serious ecclesiastical music in this country. Among these was William Byrd, one of whose masses was publicly performed at Ealing the other day by the Downside Choir on the occasion of the opening of a new Roman Catholic Church. Mr. R. Terry and Mr. W. Barclay Squire (of the British Museum) are responsible for the new edition of the mass; and the performance was eminently interesting for more than its own sake. It was interesting as indicative of the extraordinary power and accomplishment which so long ago distinguished this one master of that great English school, whose lot in recent days has been a most curious neglect. William Byrd, then, (thus

suddenly brought forward to the light of public recognition, appears as the master of a lofty musical expression, and as the possessor of a magnificent musical emotion that belong to the very best things of musical art. His freedom, his breadth, his splendid liberality, are noticeable at all times; and the fine vitality of his melody, the almost contemptuous self-confidence of his harmony, are points in which to take a keen and profound delight. The pedant of a later day may complain, if he chooses, that he does not find in Byrd the smooth and polished effects which a later elaboration of contrapuntal convention made almost imperative upon any writer of music. It is for that reason, as we suspect, that Byrd and his contemporaries, even Purcell himself, have had to endure a wave of oblivion. A comparison is to be had. In the 18th century hey-day of the heroic couplet, the person who could turn out smooth, antithetical lines was regarded as a man of culture, where artists in words, like Jonhon, Chapman, Shakespeare himself, were looked upon even with a certain contempt, as being in some sense great writers in the rough. So the more purely conventional musician of a day later than Purcell imposed his highly polished eulogistic upon a world slow to recognize the beauty of a more precious metal. Byrd naturally encountered neglect; and it is only today, when the war against conventional pedantry has been waged with something like a satisfactory success, that it seems at all possible to restore these fine old masters to a place which is theirs by right. We understand that Downside is making a genuinely serious effort toward such a restoration; and this is a movement which has our warmest and heartiest sympathies."

Philip Hale.

1900 Jan 1.

The years go past us day by day  
In scribbled columns, troops, platoons,  
And some are sad and some are gay:

While as we watch them march away,  
We cry: Through midnight and through  
noons,  
The years go past us day by day.

Most are like infantry in gray,  
Others go by like light dragoons,  
And some are sad and some are gay.

On few the sun bestows his ray,  
The rest dwell 'neath wintry moons;  
The years go past us day by day.

They form at length a grand array,  
They march to sweet and varied tunes;  
And some are sad and some are gay.

Old Time, their General, halts to say:  
"Take the Decembers with the Junes;  
The years go past us day by day,  
And some are sad and some are gay."

It is a time-honored tradition to jest today about good resolutions made only to be broken. It is a time-honored habit to smile a society smile and wish your neighbor a Happy New Year! (How different is the smile of Mr. McCoy—a smile described by an admirer as "A cold, malignant, New Year's smile").

We were sitting Saturday in our office, pondering deep and weighty problems. The boy in tasteful livery approached, coughed discreetly, bowed obsequiously and asked us if we were willing to see Mr. Algernon Krespler a minute. Although the office is luxuriously furnished, it is governed by rules of true democratic simplicity and the door is always open to visiting statesman, spring or fall poet, unrecognized pianist, genteel beggar, curbstone philosopher and him that maketh or loveth a lie. Still there is outward ceremony. We waved our hand, and Mr. Krespler entered. He was tall, thin, spectral. He suggested a fancy sketch of Edgar Allan Poe as he appeared in the act of writing "The Raven." Mr. Krespler spoke as follows, and his tones were as the pale, chill, hopeless tones of a bassoon:

"I bring you a manuscript for New Year's Day—Ha! Ha! for New Year's day. You will find it pleasant reading. I want no money for it"—at this the Financial Editor in the corner looked curiously around his desk—"I am not in want of material things, and I am rich in thought." And then he left the room.

We publish the wandering fancies of the strange visitor, and wish him a happier New Year!

#### THE BRUTE TRIUMPHANT!

Do you remember the hearse horses in Dickens's strange creation?

How they shake their splendid manes with the one triumphant comment over every work of man: "Ha! Ha! They die! They die!" It often seems to me that this is the ineffable burden of life. All the best things, the sweetest, the rarest—how short-lived they are!

Art, says Gautier with fine authority, alone survives. You remember, of course, (you are not, I think, likely to forget them) the lines:

All passes,  
Art alone remains to us,  
The bust outlives the throne,  
The coin, the Tiberius.

The echo of impeccability lives in them. They seem cast in the mold of flawless authority.

And yet let us descend to every-day life—the life of the man next door, the life of (an all embracing word) the commonplace. That commonplace which produces every instant the germs of the infinite! Take the playactor; I speak, of course, only of the artist. Even as we cherish a stage favorite he passes. We comment on one hardly as on a human being. I read the other day somewhere the eulogy of an actress's walk, and the breath of the grave swept over me as I read. Passion flowers that die in a night was the nearest emblem of life that I could conjure into my fancy.

There is the cock of Sothorn's hat in a certain scene in "The King's Musketeer," in itself an immortal thing. And yet it lives not so long in fancy as some fleeting grace of yourself that you caught in the glass yesterday. "Ah! ha, they die! they die!" I will not multiply instances on the actor. His art dies as the flower withers in your hand. Let us ascend in the scale of expression to the next man, his higher brother—the interpreter of the soul of music. Alas! I have told the tale already. He is the exotic in the garden of art. With all his rarity, with all his perfume, let him enthrall our sense till we swoon in ecstasy (as several women have been known to do at the concerts of Paderewski), and we know as his touch lives in us that it is the skeleton finger of tomorrow.

As Thackeray sings "Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!"

How long will this art of music live in the scroll of the ages? It has lived two centuries.

In that vast pyre bulged of art, how many names survive as we watch the burning? And tomorrow the flame is gone out, and there is only a handful of ashes on the cold earth—the immortal earth! And the centuries begin to build anew. Aloha! Shall we pass the painter by? The subject is too mournful to contemplate. The masterpieces of the world—are they not wholly faded? "The Transfiguration—the Last Supper—they are less even than a memory. Only a crumbling tradition. And the soul of the art of painting battens upon their rotting husks."

"She dwells with Beauty,  
Beauty that must die."

The word—the awful word—of the poet "alone remains to us." Not art, as Gautier calls it—but a mere vision—the breath upon the glass! And so we

come to the poet—sponsor of the highest art, who is compounded of all things, and thus becomes in himself the merest thing that is.

It is a commonplace with those who know the whole range of song that Sappho is the leader of the choir—and what is Sappho, whose lines are like so many harp strings—and yet fewer than the strings of a harp. She is "a vision, a delight, and a desire." No more. All dies but this. This hint of nothing.

Man turns in his bed at midnight with a groan—unknowing. In the height of his daily task he is still unknowing. He lives and he dies unknowing, save only—

That the dream is more than life  
And the vision is greater than truth.

The brute is ever triumphant over himself—"Ha! Ha! they die! they die!"  
A. K.

Jan 2 1900

While mists have hid the gloomy street,  
Kind mists have clothed the leafless trees;  
For souls afraid white mists are sweet.  
White mists have hid the gloomy street,  
My soul desires a white retreat;  
My soul that sighs to see how these  
White mists have hid the gloomy street,  
Kind mists have clothed the leafless trees.

Friend, you must weave for me a shroud,  
Out of your flawless charity.  
To veil the faults you disavowed.  
Friend, you must weave for me a shroud,  
And love me through its silver cloud,  
E'en as a barren, winter tree;  
Friend, you must weave for me a shroud,  
Out of your flawless charity.

So, you shall clothe my bitter need,  
And so, perchance, your faith may stay.  
Oh you who trust me, trust—but heed!  
So you shall clothe my bitter need:  
Till Love hath brought the Spring indeed,  
Touch not the shroud, but let me say—  
"So you shall clothe my bitter need,  
And so, perchance, your faith may stay."

Queen Victoria was much interested in Mr. Conyngham Greene's description of Mrs. Krüger's house keeping, and especially in the recipe of a certain article of dessert. If the Queen and Mrs. Krüger should be shut up alone in the kitchen at Windsor or Pretoria for 15 minutes the war would be brought satisfactorily to an end that day.

Captain Richard F. Burton was a firm believer in the right of the English to rule over every other nation, and yet we find him in 1880 thus speaking of Delagoa Bay: "The latter still belongs to Portugal, but the persecuted Boers of the Transvaal once talked of taking refuge there." And he adds a foot note: "The treatment of the Dutch Boers is no honor to England. The unjust policy was forced upon the colonial authorities by the missionaries; and the latter were incited by the pro-slavery policy of the Dutch. The late Dr. Livingstone did sorry work in this matter. Major Serpa Pinto, 'How I Crossed Africa,' has treated the question in Vol. II., 501-5." And where in the world does all this occur but in Burton's commentary to the *Lusiads* of Camoens.

The other day we referred to a letter of criticism, signed "An Old Pod" or "An Old Poet," and forwarded to us. The mystery is now solved by our correspondent himself, or herself.

"Pod"—not "Poet"—S. V. P.! Would you invalidate my already useless remarks—as we curtail the already curtailed cur—by suggesting that they spring from the earping captiousness of a Poet instead of the contemplative calm of a Pod? Do you not know that podliness is next to godliness? You wish I were frank enough to sign my name. Frankness—to be frank—is the only virtue I do not possess. Don't tempt me to assume it. Remember the young lady in Hawthorne who had the mole cut out and went "straight to heaven in consequence, and don't encourage me to break my only tie to earth. 'Nie sollst du mich befragen; Noch wissens Sorge tragen'—besides—how do you know I am not a ravishingly beautiful young lady with a helpay combination of blue eyes and black eyelashes? Indiscreet, va! It was good poetry all the same, even if you didn't write it."

The New York Times, disturbed about the precise nature of the religious sentiment of the Boers, is adamant in the matter of cravats. (We regret to find a family newspaper like the Times using the word "tie"). "The most popular shades this winter are dark greens and blues and black." We saw some beautiful cravats last week in the collection of Mr. Silthorpe, who has fine taste and a modest income—since the tumble in coppers. His wife had made them out of chintz curtains and chair covers. The most glorious was of Masulipatam.

Mr. John F. Runciman of the Saturday Review and the Musical Record thus comments on Mr. Paderewski's recital in St. James's Hall, London, for the benefit of the widows and orphans "of the unfortunate devils who are allowing themselves to be shot down by the Boers for the dear sake of the Kaffir market!"



I don't know a more disgusting sight in St. James's Hall at a Paderewski recital. Possibly it is not his fault, but society women get so gone on him; he must feel it humiliating to be there, not as an artist whom people come to hear as they used to rush to Liszt or Rubinstein, or even Bülow, but merely as the possessor of a particularly ridiculous head of hair, greasy, mean eyes, and a fine jaw, chin and mouth. He is there to be seen only; the playing is only an excuse for a show. If there were no playing, the police would interfere. I don't exactly blame Paderewski for this, but I wish he would cut his hair and pay a little more attention to his singing. I am only crediting him with many self-respect when I suppose he would rather be considered an artist than a thing which somehow or another arouses the animal passions in men without self-respect."

There is a song, which was once popular to the effect that 'everything was different just behind the scenes'; clown was in tears, and the smiling girl was nursing a cruel, hacking cough, and the imposing King was pecked, etc., etc. There is seldom exposure like this in the sight of the eye, but a story of humble stage glory comes to us from the Quirino theatre, Rome. A girl named Amalia was making her first appearance as the unfortunate Gilda, who has a coloratura aria and as a reward is given in a bag. Just as the curtain about to go up, she saw in a box a false lover, a tenor by profession, had with him the woman for whom she herself had been deserted. She fainted, but she plucked up courage and made her appearance. Her strength and nerves gave way; she was seized with convulsions; and she was obliged to take her from the stage.

The first three days of January rule coming three months.

The weather is Jan. 2d, so will it be September.

Max Beerbohm has seen Mr. Will's play, and he is now convinced that Zangwill is a man of ideas, has not yet found his proper medium of expression. "He might turn to painting, or he might give lectures of public lectures, or he might write an opera. I urge him to leave the mode of expression untried, for my belief in him makes me really sorry he should continue to be inarticulate."

## Jan. 2, 1900 NEISEL QUARTET.

Concert of the Season in Association Hall—Mr. Arthur Whiting, Pianist, Assists—Unfamiliar Works by Brahms and Liszt.

Program of the fourth Kniesel concert in Association Hall was as follows:

Piano, violin and cello, op. 101, Brahms for two violins and viola, op. 102, Dvorak in E minor, op. 59 No. 2, Beethoven Trio by Brahms, composed in 1834, played for the first time in America at an Adamowski Quartet concert, Lang pianist, Nov. 26, 1888, Arthur Whiting and the Adamowski Quartet played it March 12, 1890. It is the most part a spontaneous and impulsive work, and it is often beautiful first movement at once commanding attention.

The opposition of the first imposing theme to the broad suavely second, the sureness and the confidence of the development and the finely devised coda make this movement distinguished even in Brahms's music. The second movement, in the presto, is a favorable introduction of the melancholy peculiar to Brahms; there is here no depth of woe, but gloom which too often is a pathetic wailing of a dismal sort; but there is the thought of life of pleasurable years.

The third movement, an andante, theme of folk song character, is really interesting, but it does not equal in beauty the preceding one. The finale of a scherzo-like is dignified by an elaborate coda, which would gain if there were ridding contrasts of moods. The whole is tuned to a low, mellow pitch, and the finale gives promise of happiness, not in any heroic defiance, or shaking of the fist at the sky. It was sympathetically and most musically played by Kniesel and Schroeder, giving an excellent ensemble. The first movement is in quality and in poetic feeling, was a time when the reproach came against him, but last night he was heard, and the keys sang as if to his fingers.

Not to mention Dvorak's tango, I regret my ignorance or loss of memory when I heard the music. Much of the tango is of a simplicity which is at once a later Dvorak or, which is a natural to him, it is not trivial or foolish in character, and not sound well. The feature of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's

wonderful adagio in the E minor quartet. No one has written such an adagio since Beethoven, and no one but he could equal it. There is the apt vision of the seer, the imagination of the supreme poet, the authority of the master. And the performance put the beauty and the strength and the divine repose of this music in clearest light.

The next concert will be on Monday evening, Jan. 29.

Philip Hale.

### "THE MESSIAH."

"The Messiah" was sung last evening at the People's Temple. Miss Gertrude Miller, Miss Winifred Drake, Mrs. Louise B. Brooks, Miss Grace L. Carter, Mr. Armand Fortin, Mr. Melville Horner and Mr. Wirt B. Phillips were the solo singers; there was an orchestra composed for the most part of symphony players. Mr. B. L. Whelpley was the organist, and Mr. H. G. Tucker conducted.

The performance as a whole was very creditable. The chorus was comparatively small, about 125 singers. Again it was proven beyond all doubt or peradventure that it is not an absolute necessity to have a "grand chorus of a thousand voices" to properly perform Handel's work. The chorus of last evening sang exceedingly well. The tone was good, the attacks for the most part absolute, the walk of the parts clearly defined, and there was considerable attention given to nuances.

Of the soloists, Miss Miller deserves first mention. Her singing of "Come Unto Him" was the best solo effort of the evening. Mrs. Brooks sang "He Shall Feed His Flock" in splendid fashion, and with rare quality of tone. Mr. Horner was heard to good advantage in both his solos, although his voice was too light for "Why Do the Nations?" The remaining soloists were pleasing, and the work generally satisfactory, with the possible exception of Mr. Fortin's "Thou Shalt Dash Them," which was poor. The orchestra played very well. Mr. Tucker's conducting was authoritative, and the general results were satisfactory.

There was a large audience which applauded everybody and nearly everything.

### NOTE.

Mrs. Suzanne Adams, assisted by her husband, Mr. Leo Stern, cellist, will give a song recital in Association Hall Monday afternoon, Jan. 8, at 2.30. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be accompanist. She will sing operatic arias by Grétry, Verdi and Gounod and songs by Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Bishop, Massenet, Fontenailles. Mr. Stern will play pieces by Bruch, Tchaikowsky, Davidoff, Stern.

And we sat down to drink, and some sang songs, and others played the lute and psaltery and recorders and other instruments, and the bowl went merrily round. Hereupon such gladness possessed me that I forgot the sorrows of the world, one and all, and said, "This is indeed life; O sad that 'tis fleeting!"

We sat next a sober-faced man in a street-car. He was reading about the fight between Mr. McCoy and Mr. Maher. His lips moved, as though he were in silent prayer. When he had finished the article, we began to talk about the rounds, the gloves, and the rash gentleman known familiarly as "Pittsburg Phil," who boasted before the combat, "I have never yet bet on a loser in a prize fight." Suddenly his face was of superhuman shrewdness, and he asked: "Ever see McCoy?" We had never seen the distinguished athlete, but we would not have made the shameful confession for the wealth of the Indies or Peru. Besides, the sitters opposite heard the question and expected a reply. We lied boldly, without a tremor in the voice or a droop of the eyelid. "Oh, yes," we answered, and we too looked unutterably knowing; "yes, indeed!" Our neighbor did not speak again; he took out the newspaper and read as though for a wager. And then we knew that he too had never seen Mr. McCoy.

There is at least one truthful innkeeper in Connecticut. His envelopes bear in a corner this inscription:

Return to  
HOTEL ARLINGTON,  
WIFE AND I, PROPRIETORS.

Some years ago there was in Boston, her birthplace, a young singer named Augusta Klous. She gave a concert here—in December, 1894—tried vainly to obtain a satisfactory choir-position—she had sung for a season with Evans and Hoey—and finally went again to Europe to study. Nothing was heard from her until on Feb. 4th of last year she made her debut in Verdi's "Otello" at Monte Carlo. The other singers were Rose Caron, Tamagno, and Bouvet. She sang the part of Emilia and was known as "Mlle. Doria." Her first appearance was unusually successful—and then again nothing was heard of her until lately she sang at the 10th anniversary concert given by Marchesi. A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times spoke as follows of her: "Of these (pupils) the most gifted and the most promising was, beyond question, Mlle. Doria, who was accompanied by the composer, in an aria from

"Samson et Dalila," and who afterward created a sensation by appearing in the great scene from Corneille's tragedy, "Les Horaces," the words which M. Saint-Saëns has had the boldness to set to music. It was a severe test for the débutante to appear in the classic costume of Camille to enact the most trying scene in French tragedy, and at the same time to sing the by no means easy music of M. Saint-Saëns, but she acquitted herself with such signal success of her three-fold task as to justify the highest expectations of her future career."

The Ménestral (Paris) of Dec. 17, in an article written by Pougin, spoke of "Miss Doria's superb voice;" of "the superb dramatic feeling" shown by her in a duet with Blanche Marchesi; of her "remarkable delivery" of the scene from "Les Horaces."

When Mr. Jacques Sadeur, late in the seventeenth century, visited unexpectedly Australia, he was delighted with a tree which bore a red fruit something like the olive in appearance. The natives—a singular folk—called the tree "Balf"—the Tree of Blessedness. The properties of this fruit were well understood. He that ate four became gay, and he would have taken liberties even with the celebrated Mr. Shay. He that ate six slept for 24 hours. He that in greedy, thoughtless or reckless mood ate more than six slept a sleep from which he never awoke, and this sleep was preceded by symptoms of exceeding great joy. We have spoken to Mr. Deogue about this interesting tree, and advised an importation of two or three for the Public Garden, but he says that he cannot find it in the catalogues. Perhaps it is in fine print. Surely, now that there is such kindly feeling between the British Empire and the United States, men of authority in Australia would rush to comply with any wish expressed by Mr. Deogue.

The severely accurate Sun of New York tells of Hortense Schneider, the famous opéra-bouffe heroine, who now at Toulouse, over 60 years of age, meditates taking the veil. The Sun says "Russia was the only country outside of France in which she appeared." As a matter of fact, Schneider appeared as the Grand Duchess and Helen of Troy at the Saint James Theatre, London, in the summer of 1868. When she sang there June 22, the Prince and the Princess of Wales, the Comte and the Comtesse de Paris, the Princes of Denmark, Hesse and Teck, and the Duc d'Anjou were of the audience. She sang again in London the next year, and in "Orphée aux Enfers" she was nearly burned to death, for her costume in the apotheosis caught fire. Her last appearance in the theatre, we believe, was in December, 1880, when she took part in a review "Parfums de Paris" at the Nouveautés.

The New York Times says editorially:

"A word that hasn't made its appearance on the surface of the English language for years and years has suddenly been brought into view. It is the word 'enclave,' and thanks for its elevation from the verbal depths must be given to the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin."

The Times is mistaken. The word "enclave"—"a portion of territory entirely surrounded by foreign dominions"—is not an old word in English. We doubt whether the Times can point to its use before 1868. The word has appeared of late years in the Contemporary Review (1870), the Spectator (1884), the Pall Mall Gazette (1885), and no doubt there are instances of contemporaneous usage in English literature. There is a word "enclave" which was used in heraldry as far back as 1661, but the Times evidently does not refer to this adjective. "Enclave," says the Times, "deserved resuscitation."

But the word was not dead or even moribund.

We spoke the other day of collectors—collectors of keys of crime, books, stamps, coins, wives, monograms, book-plates, bric-a-brac, etc., etc. The army with many divisions is a mighty one; but how many are as thankful as was old Thomas Hearne, the pious antiquary, one of whose prayers has come down to us: "O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in Thy providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of Thy providence, and one act yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old MSS., for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner."

Jan. 2, 1900

"A good thing happened to me the other day," said a letter from New York City to me. "A man of Boston dressed himself in a suit of black, and at one of the stations there, wasn't any more. 'Say, the fellow who was fixed out to kill in Boston dress up, 'White' them, 'White' them, 'White' them. 'White' them into the sage-born. You go catch in that's what you do. 'Say, the fellow of Boston dress up, 'Oh, no.' 'Say, the fellow of Boston dress up, 'Oh, yes!' and he took his long coat and walked the man of Boston dress up, till he went and caught them in a trap. 'How does that strike you as a joke?'"

There is a species of man that may be classified and labeled as The Theoretical Bostonian. His home is in New York or some Western city. Perhaps he was born in or near Boston, but he made his escape at a tender age; or perhaps his parents once visited in Boston, or at least passed through it and were deeply impressed. The Theoretical Bostonian tells you frankly, yes, with a certain air of pride, why he is here. It is a good thing to get away for a while from commercialism and rank materialism. New York is a great town to make money in, but Boston looks like a city that has long been inhabited by persons of culture. "Then you are so near Harvard University and Concord." He is surprised because you do not wish to go with him to the grave of Emerson. He often quotes from "your distinguished Autocrat." His ambition is to live some day in Brookline and keep a family horse. He finds an air of refinement in the clubs at which he is put up, and he insists on talking about literature and art with members who listen for a few minutes and then ask him if he won't try his hand up stairs at poker. He envies the "privileged beings" that live here. He tries to give the broad sound to "a," but he sometimes says "hawf-past"—which at least is a complimentary compromise. Not for the world would he admit at the end of a week that he was bored to death. His illusious cling to him until he takes the homeward train, and then the conviction steals over him that Boston would be an excellent rest-cure if it were not for the electric cars. "And there's another good thing about Boston," he says to his inquiring friends at home, "it doesn't make any difference how you dress there."

For a winning pugilist to order whisky or beer would be as bad form as for a good man to wear a derby hat with a frock coat.—N. Y. World.

Now that Richard Croker's leg is broken Tammany politicians are respectfully requested to abstain from pulling it.

Dr. Parkhurst says that he never talked with but one District-Attorney, "and he was outside of New York—who perceived that it was any part of his business to help secure the rights of the man at the bar. Now, any other theory than that is vicious and cruel." Dr. Parkhurst is, unfortunately, correct in his observation. The theory that the accused should be regarded as innocent until he is proved guilty is today merely an interesting tradition which is still taught, as a detail of history, to students. When in practice the District-Attorney bends all his energies and takes every advantage of the law to persuade the jury from the very start that the accused is a desperate villain; when his first thought is the glory that will crown him in consequence of a conviction; when he forgets that his real duty is to inquire conscientiously and without bias into the truth of the matter, then he is called "a vigilant official," "an unerring sleuth-hound," "a terror to criminals."

A man in New York was arrested for throwing a lump of frozen earth through the window of a jewelry shop. Brought before the Cadi, he acknowledged that he was guilty. "I have no use for the rich. My action was a protest." This man was honest and courageous, although his action was futile. The conservative Cadi sent him to jail. But have you yourself never felt your choler rise at the sight of ostentatious impudent Dives lording it in carriage or strutting up the steps of his "palatial residence"? What redress have you, when the price of Ierosene is advanced to 15 cents only to benefit a few? Even though you use gas or electricity, you realize what that advance means to thousands to whom five cents is something more than a street-car fare. And what can you do? You splutter at the cab or to your neighbor; you cry "shame!" If you were sharply pinched by poverty, you might be as unreasonable and foolish as was the man in New York, nor would you be consoled by the parable of Dives and Lazarus, even if you knew it by heart.

Mr. De Wolf Hopper worked very hard as Demidoff, and appeared to put



so deal of reliance in the song "The Legend of the Frogs," from which is drawn the moral that no man ought to quarrel with his mission because he can't get quit. Kind friends in front laughed at this.—*Referee* (London).

The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks as follows: "Mr. Gibson's 'Education of Mr. Pipp'—and something of this exhibition Mr. Gibson's latest book produces even upon his admirers. His Mr. Pipp never convinces us for a moment of his existence. There is no underlying study of character in the caricature. He is a mere hunk or an Aunt Sally at whom to throw quips—if so much mixed metaphor may be allowed. Nor do the minor characters appeal to us more strongly. They are graceful puppets, with never a hint of flesh and blood; not types, but the merest conventional view of hotel life. They do not live in the same world as the living things that Mr. Phil May can create at will."

If you do not sleep well—and who sleeps well in this nervous age of noise and worry?—try the simple remedy ordered by the physician of Khamarawayh, governing Egypt in the ninth century. A pool of quicksilver 1000 feet by 1000 was laid out in front of the palace. "At the corners of the pool were silver pegs to which were attached by silver rings, strong bands of silk, and a bed of skins, inflated with air, being thrown upon the pool and secured by the bands remained in a continual state of agreeable vacillation."

Jan 5, 1894

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,  
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

From camp and church, the fireside and the street,  
She beckons forth and strife and song have been.

A summer night descending cool and green  
And dark on daytime's dust and stress and heat.

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,  
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful with triumphant mien  
And radiant faces look upon, and greet  
The host of all your lovers, and to meet  
Her kiss, the Comforter's, your spirit lean—  
The ways of Death are soothing and serene.

Old Chimes, firm in his accustomed chair at the Porphyry, rejoiced that at last he knew one honest doctor. "I do not mean to say that many doctors are deliberately dishonest, for I have dear friends in the profession, and I could tell you instances of rare unselfishness, kindness, charity. But many doctors, through mistaken kindness, hesitate and shuffle, when they should speak right out in meeting. Now, Dr. Rubicon had received for some time the visits of an elderly man known to you all. The patient was in the habit of drooping his head on one side, whimpering, complaining of aches, pains, queer feelings, indigestion, insomnia, loss of interest in everything, and so on and so on. At last the doctor said to him one day, 'I don't wish to see you again. There is really nothing the matter with you. The trouble with you is that you are an old man, and you will not realize this and you will not live as an old man should live. You are an actor. When you are through with the show, go home, drink a glass of milk, and go to bed. Don't go to a restaurant; don't give suppers; don't accept invitations. Remember that you are an old man, sir.' The comedian was so angry that he spluttered and swore and left in high dudgeon. And when the doctor told me this tale, I thought of the words of Horace, which we old fellows should repeat daily: 'If you know not how to live aright, give place to the wise. You have played and eaten and drunk your fill; 'tis time you depart. Lest, if you drink more deeply than is proper, you be jeered and driven from the feast by an age which is sprightly with a better grace.'

"I asked Rubicon," resumed Old Chimes, "how he managed to keep himself so young in face and spirits. 'Because,' he answered, 'because for years I have done exactly what I wished to do and have not been coaxed or persuaded or driven to do that which was distasteful to me. It is the doing things against the will that ages men, ruins their nerves, makes them fretful and sour. My wife, for instance, would say, I wish you would go with me to Mrs. Heavytin's reception. I didn't go, for I didn't wish to go. Perhaps you may call this selfishness, but it is a prudent, righteous selfishness.'

"Nor do I see," continued the fine old fellow, "why anyone of us who has passed the forty-fifth birthday should be in awe of death. A man begins to die as soon as a doctor says to him

about anything—tomato, certain dishes, wine, spirits, beer, running up stairs or for a street car—'you must,' or 'you must not.' The average young man sees many doors before him, and he can open anyone of them for his pleasure or profit. The doctor closes these doors, one by one, and says, 'open them at your peril.' The shutting and bolting of the first door is the beginning of dying. There's anger; he's not allowed to smoke; he's dying—yes, you are, Auger. I must be careful in my diet—no late suppers for me—no sweets; I am a dying man. Our friend, the Earnest Student of Sociology, was warned last week against beer; he, too, has begun to die. Finally, we all shall see only one door open to us, and through that door we must walk. Let us walk toward it with calmness and dignity. And now let us take a slight febrifuge. Ah, here is Robert. Gentlemen, what shall it be?"

Miss Maria Parloa said at a meeting of the Household Economic Association in New York, that she believed in hearty laughter at the table. "Laugh and you will have a good digestion," Professor Hubert W. Hart, "a scientific food specialist of London," was deeply moved and he distinctly remarked, "Hear! Hear!" after the curious manner of Englishmen.

Follow Miss Parloa's advice for a week. If the coffee is lukewarm and weak, laugh. If the eggs are a trifle quippy—or what the English call "flavoury"—look the landlady or your wife full in the face and grin like a Cheshire cat. If the steak is tough, don't use coarse language, but beat your sides or roll on the floor with hysterical mirth. Thus you will digest your food, and at the same time amuse the children or the fellow boarders. Or if you are in a restaurant and the waiter brings you soup with a thumb in the dish or an English chop that is burned beyond recognition, don't lose your temper; remember Miss Parloa and roar in his face. He may consider you insane, but at any rate he will not allude to you disrespectfully as "that drunk over there."

As Miss Parloa says, "People are too self-conscious about what they eat."

Be not like the Orientals who have a superstitious belief in the powers of food. When the Hashish-eater in the story of Ali Shar and Zumurrud, saw the soldiers seize the man who ate of the dish of sweet rice sprinkled with sugar, he turned his back upon the dish and said, "'Tis a sin to present my face to thee!"; and Burton tells of a learned man of the East, an acquaintance, who never sat down to eat without a ceremonious salam to his meat.

Mr. William Shakespeare, a celebrated singing teacher of London, is now in this country.

"Somebody asked me the names of my American pupils, and out of the lot I could only name David Bispham as one who had seriously studied with me." This is a surprising statement. We know at least 17 singing-teachers in this city who give out that they were "favorite pupils of Shakespeare."

Nor does Mr. Shakespeare believe in any "system of his own" or of anybody else. Least of all probably does he believe in the Baco-an theory.

If the report is true that Mr. Richard Croker first kicked the horse that caused the consequent accident, public sympathy will be with the horse, even though Mr. Croker were a little nervous at the time—poco nervoso as our North End friends would say.

Jan 6, 1894

Feasts are a pompous frenzy, they call together a great many rich folks, who had better have been empty; if thou please one man, thou shalt be sure to displease the many. Good fare, well bestowed, appertains to pleasure; but a multitude assembled will ever disagree; this dish had an ill taste, that an ill smell; the other should have been set down first; this comes cold to the table, that was out of season; that meat was raw, the other parched up; this waiter was too slow, that too quick; that fellow there is deaf, how stupid the other. With such like complaints the halls and tables resound. To what purpose all this cost and labor? I imagine that if one of the guests the next day stood in need of so much as the dish of meat he ate of was worth, he should never be able to obtain it at the master's hand.

A correspondent writes: "I heard a backwoods term for food which is a decided improvement on 'victuals.' I asked the hostler on a farm near Boston what his pay was. He said he worked for \$2 per day in summer, and in winter for his 'rum and chew-ins.'"

We fear that our correspondent's gorge rises at the mention of the word "victuals"; but we rather like the word, especially in the phrase "a meal of victuals," and still more in the phrase "to heist in a square meal of victuals." We do not—these phrases

are elegant; we admit the charge of tautology; but the older we grow, the more tolerant we should be.

On the stage the word "valet" is now pronounced invariably as though it rhymed with "mallet." As a result, young men who think that they should like to be provided with such an article follow the same pronunciation. This pronunciation, which is no new thing in London, has its advantages; thus when the man in "The Messiah" sings "Every valley shall be exalted," there is now no possible confusion, and no false hope excited in the breast of the "gentleman's servant."

We knew an old lady who suffered from a species of heterophemy; whenever a word failed her she fell back on "gravecerns." "Those women have curious um-um-um gravecerns on their heads."

Observe, please, that we use the phrase "old lady." Some would insist on "old woman"—but this woman happened to be a lady in the finest sense of the word. We are pained to learn that this word is again the source of fierce dispute and confusion and snobbishness and ignorance and rudeness. Magistrate Crane of Harlem handed down this opinion this week that "no woman who smokes cigarettes is a lady," nor would he withdraw it when Mrs. Adelaide Cushman Morgan, play-actress, replied ("with not the least sign of insanity, but every evidence of indignation"), "If you say that you unjustly condemn thousands of women. In Australia, Europe, and other countries the nicest women smoke cigarettes." Mrs. Morgan was right, that is, if she used the word "nicest" in the sense of "most fastidious." But Magistrate Crane, not having the fear of beautiful Russian Countesses and Princesses and thousands of other charming women before his eyes, condemned them all to the lowest depth of perdition by saying "That doesn't make any difference. I reiterate what I have just said." Dogberry, too, was in the habit of reiterating.

On the other hand, Miss Dorothy Drew, who broke her nose with her knee in San Francisco while giving an exhibition of high kicking, explained her accident by saying that she forgot to dodge herself when she made a cross kick, and she then said: "It looks ridiculous, I know, for a lady to make the mistake I did." This shows that her heart is in the right place, even if her knees are not invariably where they belong. Probably Magistrate Crane of Harlem would refuse the title of "lady" to Miss Dorothy, but they are notoriously fussy in Harlem.

Mrs. Morgan, a professional play-actress in the legitimate, used the term "woman." Miss Dorothy knows that she is a "lady." We call the attention of Mr. Henry Austen Clapp to this laudable pride in vaudeville, and we ask him in all seriousness, if such examples do not lead him to think better of the condition of the drama, for he is inclined to be despondent, as are many who sit in the seat of the scornful, for a weekly consideration. The higher a lady kicks, even though she thereby break her nose, the higher the critic, Shakespearean or plain garden critic, should think.

Again the New York World heads an editorial article, "May Women Drink Cocktails?" We prefer this heading for several reasons to "Can Ladies Drink Cocktails?" We have seen few real ladies who cannot. But this is a personal reminiscence, and therefore an irrelevant digression. The World is speaking of the Eclectic Club, "a representative of the advanced womanhood of New York, one of the protagonists in the grand and awful struggle for the recognition of the rights of woman." The World properly prefers the word "woman," "lady" in this instance would be an insult. And, if we were called as an expert, we should say without hesitation that the drinking of cocktails is one of the rights of woman. If she is allowed to vote for a School Committee, she should be allowed to drink cocktails. Judgment, sound judgment, reflection and discrimination are required in the exercise of either pleasure. Duty, function, privilege, what-you-will.

In London, we regret to say, leading journals speak of "lady lawyers." Here is an example from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Nobody has yet suggested lady lawyers in this country, although in some parts of the United States there is some evidence of their actual existence. But as the faint and early traces of many great institutions have been lost, to the detriment of history, it is worth noting, if only for the benefit of posterity, the germ of what in the twentieth century may be a mighty development. A feminine advertiser in a feminine journal announces, 'Consultations regarding legal \* \* \* matters. \* \* \* By interview or letter with

equal accuracy.' The equality will be readily admitted. But can a lady be an authority on any suit but one? Can legal wisdom reside in a mere gown without a wig?"

We regret to say that the London newspapers are not tolerant so far as South Africa is concerned. Immediately after their severe disappointment—let us be polite even in dealing with our dearly beloved cousins—or are they brothers now?—the London newspaper men began to make faces at Oom Paul and his merry men, after the manner of the boy whose nasty tongue avenges the licking he has just received. A *Pall Mall Gazette* man, no doubt of a University, blackguards President Kruger for his past and future. Yet even here we learn wisdom; for, to use the chaste language of the *Pall Mall*, the Krugers were originally "made in Germany," they were Berliners and their vowel "in" was modified. (The word "Krüger" means a tapster, an alehouse keeper). "One Kruger went out to Cape Town with the Dutch East India Company in 1713, and the Krugers were fruitful and multiplied as they do to this day, until at last one of them married a Steyn, and Paul was born to them at Bulhoek, near Colesberg, in 1825."

Jan 7, 1894

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

A Program That Was Distinctly Modern.

Richard Strauss in His More Formal Mood.

Dvorak's 'Cello-Concerto Played by Schroeder.

The program of the 11th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Music Hall last night, was as follows:

Tragic overture ..... Brahms  
Concerto for Cello, in B minor ..... Dvorak  
A Siegfried Idyl ..... Wagner  
Symphony in F minor, op. 12 ..... Strauss

The program book told the following story:

"Some years ago three young music students at the Hochschule in Munich were talking together one day in one of the public gardens of that capital; they were Richard Strauss, Horatio W. Parker and Ludwig Thuille. One of the three suddenly suggested: 'Why should not each of us write a symphony, and see which one writes the best?' His two companions jumped at the idea, and the three symphonies were duly written. Whatever became of Parker's and Thuille's, I do not know, but Richard Strauss's is the one played at this concert."

This is a pretty story; but just when was Strauss's Symphony in F minor performed for the first time?

His first symphony—the one in D minor—was performed March 30, 1881, at an Akademie concert in Munich.

Mr. Hermann Bischoff in his biographical sketch of Strauss says that the influence of the life in Meiningen. But Strauss was not called to Meiningen as second conductor until October, 1885, and the symphony was performed before that date.

The Signale says that the first performance of this same symphony was at Cologne Jan. 13, 1885; but the symphony was played in New York by the Philharmonic Society under Theodore Thomas, Dec. 13, 1884. The first performance in Boston was Nov. 3, 1893.

When it was first played here it made a favorable impression, chiefly on account of the knowledge and freedom of orchestration shown by a young man. Within the last six years we have become better acquainted with Strauss, and although we have not heard—the more the pity—"Don Quixote" and "Heldenleben," nevertheless we are on terms of intimacy with the Strauss of the later period, the composer of the impressive "Tod und Verklärung," the singular "Thus Spake Zarathustra" with its superb first pages and uncanny ending, and the delightful "Till Eulenspiegel," which is so offensive to the sensitive, civet-craving gentlemen who sit in the critics' seats of the New York press. After these works, the earlier work seems tame, and yet there are abundant evidences of the composer's talent in this symphony. He had not yet learned to speak daringly with his own voice, and perhaps some will like the symphony the more on this account. I fear that when the artistic career of Strauss is summed up, the Symphony in F will be judged interesting chiefly as a stage in the development of this remarkable composer. A musician of renown said to me lately that he found no decided "stimming" or mood in the later pieces of Strauss, except in "Tod und Verklärung," which is to me, so far as I know his compositions, his masterpiece. And yet I find decided moods in the symphony, especially in the first movement.

The noble overture of Brahms was read and played admirably, and full justice was done to the Siegfried Idyl which has the fatal gift of length. Mr. Schroeder was heartily applauded for his performance of Dvorak's concerto



he introduced here about three ago. Would that this excellent had spent his sympathetic technical skill on another work! not mean to be ungracious, and recite Mr. Schroeder's art, and the poverty of the repertoire for with orchestra; but Mr. Schroeder have let us hear Böhm's Variations, or the piece by net that was liked so much in n and Paris. He might answer, "are not worth playing." But hear them and judge for our- selves. Surely they can be no more precious or no more insincere in fection of naïveté than this con- of Dvorák's with its themes are either ultra-sentimental or, and with gilded gingerbread stral decoration. The concerto ds you often of passages written ally for the famous Congo-In- American symphony and finally ed. It was played for the first y Mr. Leo Stern, the husband of ne Adams, and he undoubtedly t it sweetly.

Philip Hale.

#### NOTES.

Jeannette Durno will give a recital at Chickering Hall, Wed- evening. She will play pieces Schumann, Paderewski, Sinding, Liadoff, MacDowell, Rubin- Chopin and Liszt.

Semblich announces a grand or- cal concert at Music Hall on Satur- afternoon, Jan. 20. Mr. Mollenhauer conduct. The program will include aria from "Il re pastore," by Mo- with violin obbligato and orchestra, an aria from "Traviata" and by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms Strauss. The sale of tickets will at the box office Friday morning, 12.

J. E. Pettine, mandolinist, will a concert at Ross's Music Room, remont Street, Tuesday evening, 16.

IE Bohemian String Quartet gave last month a concert in Berlin, and the program (Dec. 15) consist- ed of the three quartets of op. 59 ethoven. At once the cry was d by Chautinists that because Bohemians were Bohemians, they fore could not play the music of oven; that only Germans should trusted with this music. To this d proposition Mr. Otto Lessmann an able and vigorous reply in the main Musik-Zeitung of Dec. 22. st called attention to the fact Prague, where the members of quartet studied, was formerly an nd-out German city; and, what is more to the point, that the first on should be not the rationality, he musical equipment of a player. ounted out that Joachim, who is osed to be in close communion he ghost of Beethoven, is by a Hungarian Jew, and that Carl, who is at the head of a quartet erlin, is of Bohemian blood.

egret to say that in Boston as in cities of this country there is ar nonsense talked and written. still import orchestral conductors Germany, for the popular in- on is that only a German can uct, that only a German is scri- minded in music. Occasionally rman is employed in oratorio, and what disastrous result, the ap- ances of Lilli Lenmann and Barron hald with the Handel and Haydn testify. In the Kneisel Quartet is only one German, Mr. Schroe- Mr. Kneisel, though of German nt, is a Roumanian, Mr. Ondrick Bohemian, Mr. Svecenski is a tian.

re is a nice point of musical etic. It was proposed to give a per- ance of Glazounoff's fifth sym- ny in Manchester, Eng., and the chester authorities applied to Mr. ry Wood of the Queen's Hall Or- tra for copies of the score parts. now let Mr. Blackburn tell the y:

Mr. Wood, being a conductor of h conscientiousness, had made his copies of the parts of this sym- ny practically an original work. t is to say, he had labored over n, marking here and there and ywhere exactly the directions which own musical apprehension had d to him. Moreover, it is clear that score-parts may be had for the chasing. Mr. Wood was, therefore, e than justified in refusing the est for so preposterous a loan. No n who took any pride in his own k could have adopted another view he matter. The only course left to Manchester authority, whoever he y be, was to make instant recogni- of the fact, and buy the score- ts from Novello's, who, we under- and, have a stock supply. The con- however, took place minus the zounow Symphony, and an intima- was made to an indignant public t in consequence of Mr. Wood's re- al to lend his score-parts a perform- of the work was impossible. Man- ster waited that Mr. Wood by an of meanness had deprived it of its zounow. Mr. Wood retorts that he get no reason why he should sur- der the fruits of much hard and in- dical work just to make a Lan- re holiday. He adds to this retort, w understand the controversy, a mite charge of meanness.

an anybody hesitate to give an an- a to who is in the right? Mr. d would have been foolishly more n human to surrender his work to the general public for nothing

but the fun of the thing. In every other walk of life there can be no question about the attitude which any man of independent feeling would take in regard to such a matter. He would deliberately stand upon his business rights. The point is clear. You may lend a friend an umbrella during an afternoon when you have no need for such protection; but that is no prece- dent when you are asked to lend your manuscript novel in order that your friend may publish it as his own."

It is proposed to give an elaborate series of performances of opera in English, beginning in the late autumn at the Metropolitan Opera House, and ending about Jan. 1, 1901. Our old friend Mr. Reinhold L. Herman is at the head of this undertaking, so that his operas may yet be heard in this country. But we are told that "the final consummation of the plan depends on the amount of money that can be raised in advance, and one indispensable condition precedent to the scheme is a sufficient guarantee fund." Ah! Let us therefore consider some other subjects today.

You, of course, have seen and talked with at least 50 of the "favorite American pupils of William Shakespeare."

Mr. Shakespeare, who is now in this country, made an appalling statement to a New York Sun reporter:

"Somebody asked me the names of the lot I could only name David Bispham as one who had seriously studied with me. I have had a great many from this side of the ocean, but they always came for only a few months, expecting in that time to learn all that I could teach, and they are not, of course, to be classed among my pupils. Mr. Bispham studied with me for four years, and it was at his suggestion that I came to this country."

And how sensibly Mr. Shakespeare talks about "method":

"I shall not stir up any controversies by what I say in my lectures, and I do not desire to. There is nothing new to be said on the subject of good singing. The principles of that were well understood years ago and they were

better understood then than they are today. The great masters of the art in former years unluckily did not write what they knew and most that they thought has been lost. But enough survives to show that the so-called ad- vance in music has not been to the advantage of the art of singing. That has retrograded steadily. Some day a great master, who writes for the voice as well, will arise and once more the art of the singer will assume the place it held in former years. The study of singing is not pursued now as seriously as it was, and the unwillingness of singers to devote time to study is the most striking phase of the view held today toward singing."

Mr. Shakespeare laughed at the suggestion that he had any system of his own. "Nothing angers me more," he said, "than to hear a teacher of singing talk about his system, as if it were possible for any man to have invented a method or system of his own. The principles of good singing were discovered long ago. There is nothing more on the subject for any man to invent. If he has learned the rules that exist, there is no other system for him to discover. Of course, the singing teacher can only be of use to the pupil within certain limits. After that, it is the intelligence of the pupil alone that decides whether or not the master's instruction is to be of avail. It is the same in the case of the violinist. It is his use of the bow that will decide whether or not he is to be great, and no teacher can ever impart that to him."

There will be natural curiosity to hear Mrs. Suzanne Adams-Stern in her song recital in Association Hall Monday afternoon (2.30 o'clock). Some will be drawn by her pleasant art; some, because she was once a Cambridge girl, a fact that seems to annoy certain critics in New York who evidently regard Cambridge as the Nazareth of New England, and ask "Can any good etc.," and there are some who wish to see and hear an opera singer at closer range. The program includes these operatic airs: "Ah, fors e lui," from "Traviata," the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and an air from Grétry's "Deux Avares." She will also sing songs by Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Bishop, and, with cello obligato, songs by Massenet and Fontenailles. Her husband, Mr. Leo Stern, will play 'cello pieces by Bruch, Tschaiakowsky, Davidoff and Stern.

The program of the Symphony concert, Jan. 13, will include Rubin Gold- mark's overture "Hiawatha" (Ms. first time), a concerto for piano by Schütt (Ludwig Breitner, pianist), and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

Some have wondered how the late Charles Lamoureux was able to continue his concerts and Wagnerian productions in spite of frequent and heavy financial losses; for the Lamoureux concerts were not profitable and the earlier performances of Wagner's operas were expensive. Lamoureux's wife was rich, and through her he was the proprietor of a popular tooth-powder, the "Dentifrice du Dr. Pierre." They say that this fact was not generally known in France. Lamoureux's son-in-law, Camille Chevallard, often conducted for him of late years and

he may continue the business at the old stand. Lamoureux died from an internal hemorrhage. He had long suffered from diabetes, and although he had conducted the last performance of "Tristan" Dec. 16 and the Sunday concert the next day at the Chateau d'Eau, he was seized with a violent attack and died the 21st.

The Pall Mall Gazette said editorially of Lamoureux: "Musical London, as well as musical Paris, will sincerely regret to hear of the death of M. Charles Lamoureux. The French, for all their boasted culture in art, are infinitely more 'insular' than the 'insulaires' whose insularity they affect to despise, and London had known Wagner's music for years before M. Lamoureux tried to popularize it in Paris. The time was not propitious, for it was in 1887, when the Schœnele incident on the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine had strained the relations between France and Germany almost to the breaking point. The 'patriotards' of Paris took on German art the revenge they dared not attempt against German arms, but 'Lobengrin' and Lamoureux triumph in the end. If, indeed, the French have been familiarized with works of the great foreign masters, that result is principally due to the unwearied efforts of M. Lamoureux during the past 20 years, and his death is a real loss alike to his own country and to that world of art which has—ought to have—no frontiers."

Joseph Dupont, the famous conductor of the Monnaie, Brussels, and of the Concerts populaires, died a few hours after the death of his friend Lamoureux. He was almost 62 years old. A prix de Rome of the Brussels Conservatory, he was conductor at Warsaw from 1867 to 1871, when he was called to fill a like position at the Imperial Theatre, Moscow. In 1872 he was called back to Brussels. His brother, Auguste (1827-1890), was a famous piano player and teacher, and a fecund composer for the piano.

The following letter of Mr. Maxime de Nevers, who has invited Mr. Saléza to a French duel, is of interest. It was published in the Musical Courier of last week:

Gilsey House, New York, Dec. 25, 1890.  
Editors The Musical Courier:  
It is against etiquette in cases similar to that pending between Mr. Saléza

and myself to make journalistic capital of the matter, and I have resisted so far the very strong temptation of saying a word pro domo meo.

If I break silence now, it is not, however, to raise fresh issues, but, first, to render my sincere thanks for your courteous reference to a brother journalist, and, in the second instance, to exonerate Mr. Alvarez from any participation in the lamentable squabble over a misquoted saying of mine.

As a matter of fact, while I was losing so fine an opportunity for holding my tongue in Boston, Alvarez was still on the high seas; not only did he take no part in the revolt of the tenors, but all he knew of it was through the channel of yours faithfully.

M. DE NEVERS.

Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review, after saying that when Paderewski first appeared in London he seemed to be a genuine artist and a fine one, speaks as follows:

"He went on playing just the same, just as well, while we were all trying to prevent the public attending his concerts. When the crowded hall showed us how great a pianist he really was, and we stated in cold type that he really was great, he not only played as well as before, but perhaps better. When the fairest society dames were tripping over one another's fair toes to secure seats for him at a guinea apiece, even then he continued to improve. His playing became less sensational, and gained in breadth. But though I still admire him enormously, I could not admire enormously anything that he did the other day, and some of the things he did I did not admire at all. His rendering of the Beethoven sonata in G, for example (the G belonging to the second period), was in parts very good, but it never rose to the topmost heights. He treated the tender decorative passages in the slow movement as mere bravura passages, and tried to show how fast he could play them; he made them stand out, to speak figuratively, clothed in gleaming gold and silver against the melancholy grays and deadgreens of the principal themes. The finale was better: it was even, broad, dignified and filled with the light strong, yet restrained emotion.

"But when he came to the Chopin he absolutely filled me with annoyance in the first time, the ballade in A flat. Here his endeavor seemed to be to play every semi-quaver passage as if it had been written in demi-semiquavers or even smaller notes; so that whenever one of these passages occurred the music suddenly went galloping ahead at a pace that left one dumfounded and mystified. Moreover, the contrasts were exaggerated to a painful degree. Every forte became a fortissimo, every piano a pianissimo. The one thing left quite unexaggerated was the rhythm, although rhythm is one of the most important elements in this particular ballade, and although, indeed, rhythm is of necessity one of the most important elements in any piece of music written in the ballade form.

"In fact, all of his Chopin that I heard was hopelessly de-Chopinized. There are, broadly speaking, two ways of playing Chopin. Esipoff is the finest exponent of the one way, and Paderewski used to be the finest exponent of the other way. Esipoff used to

broadcast the gentle, sensitive, tender, used to play him with stupendous force, until at last, somehow, one was made to feel the true Chopin atmosphere. It was as if a lovely flower was crushed in a mailed fist and the odor necessarily came out and spread through the hall. The other way is the caressing way. Paderewski used to caress every phrase with the utmost tenderness, and gently press its sweetness out. Now (judging by his latest exhibition) he neither smashes nor caresses the flower; the flower indeed seems to be nothing to him; all he apparently wishes to do is to turn the decorative passages into bravura passages."

Henry K. Hadley, formerly of Somerville, will make his debut as a conductor at the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom Jan. 16. He will conduct an orchestra of seventy players and will bring out portions of his new symphony, "The Four Seasons." David Bispham will be the soloist, and will be heard in Mr. Hadley's new songs selected from Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Mr. Hadley's first symphony (which Anton Seidl played in 1897), entitled, "Youth and Life," will also be played, and he will conduct pieces by Wagner and portions of a suite by Moszkowski.—Paul Moller, organist of Stora Raby Church, in Sweden, died lately at the age of 91. He had held his position for 72 years, during which time he had never had a holiday and never missed a service. He was a member of a family that had held this position for the last 200 years.—Leoncavallo's "Zaza" may perhaps be given a hearing here before very long, especially as this gifted composer has been reinstated in the favor of the Roman public by the great success of his "Bohème," which has been given at the Politeama of late, before crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Although this work has not been favored with the sudden and exceptional success of Puccini's setting of the same subject, it has been creeping steadily up on its formidable rival, and the recent successes at Paris have but confirmed the favorable judgment of the work, both here and in other cities of the peninsula.—Joachim, d'Albert, and Buonamici have been giving concerts in Rome.—The Musical Courier well says: "Is Madam Semblich-Stenzel never going to let up on Chopin's 'Ringeln' and the Strauss 'Primavera' waltz? Week upon week, year upon year, acons even, the singers keep their stale repertory before the public to stamp themselves as panderers to a depraved taste and then expect artistic indorsement. A woman with a voice like Semblich's and a husband like Stengel who can rehearse with her should sing new and, at times, modern songs. She refuses to have her voice subjected to Wagner's music. Very well, that may be a good idea; but there are others. Schumann wrote a few pretty good songs, and then there was a young man of the name of Schubert who had some talent in that direction, and then there was a respectable kind of a composer named John Brahms, and a Grieg or a Rubinstein song could be interpolated without endangering Lithuanian reputations. Primavera ceases to be so a hundred times a season. It will not do, Madam Semblich, to remain stale in America."—The Marchio Mando-

lin Band played in London Dec. 20 at a concert in aid of the Transvaal War Fund, and Mr. Blackburn let himself go in this manner: "Among other things, this admirably enthusiastic little congregation of players gave us a mandolin version of Gounod's Serenade, and a new composition entitled 'Anglia super omnia,' by Mr. Marchio himself. The effect which was produced in each case was extraordinary, even exciting. For in the swelling of the music in any fortissimo passage you heard a sort of rich contralto voice accompanying the melody; and yet the effect was not exactly vocal. It had a strange and ghost-like resemblance to a magnificent voice rather than a voice itself; and it was even a little weird to hear that wraith of a glorious voice surging up between the rapid tinkle of the mandolins. Certainly we had no idea that a collection of instruments of percussion—instruments, of course, incapable of holding a sustained note—could produce under any circumstances so vocal an effect; and the most curious part of the matter is that the vocal effect should always be contralto."—Marian Webman, a Viennese pianist, made her first appearance in England at Steinway Hall, London, Dec. 16. She is described as "Cultivated and accomplished."—Rose Ettinger, soprano, was married to Mr. Braun, son of Marie Brema, and also a bass-baritone, Dec. 7.—A new violin sonata in A major by Eduard Ehm was performed in Berlin Nov. 29 and it was highly praised in all respects.—Alvarez sang the part of Radamès in New York last Wednesday for the first time in Italian.—Nordica will give a song recital in New York next month.—Dippel has refused a call to Budapest.—Rosa Sucher, who has retired from the operatic stage, took



In the production of Heine's "Al-sor" at the Berlin Theatre, Heine's 10th birthday (Dec. 13) was celebrated in many theatres of that city.—"The Greek Slave" failed in Vienna, where they liked "The Little Corporal" Dec. 9.—Mrs. Szumowska, with Messrs. Knebel and Schroeder, gave a concert in Pilsburg, Friday. The program included Brahms's trio in C minor, Fauré's violin sonata, extracts from a cello suite by Bach, and pieces for piano by Chopin and Liszt.—Countess Rosalie Saurma (born Spohr), formerly a celebrated harp player, celebrated Dec. 13 the 50th anniversary of her appearance in public. A niece of the composer, she has lived for many years in retirement in Berlin. Her public career was short and brilliant. Liszt admired her greatly, as may be seen in a letter written by him to her in 1857.—A three-year-old boy in Madrid, Pegin Rodriguez, has excited attention by playing more or less difficult piano pieces. They say that he learned by hearing his mother play.—A three-act opera in Flemish, "Quintin Martsys," by Emil Wambach, met with success at Antwerp.—A tenor, Jenő Déry, has been picking laurels at Budapest.—Antonio Smareglia's opera, "La Fienra," was produced at Rome Dec. 5. They say the libretto, though strange and uncanny, is not sufficiently dramatic. This opera was first produced at Venice in 1837. The composer first became known through the efforts of Archduke Joseph of Austria.—The theme of R. Randegger's "Shade of Werther" is the appearance of Werther's ghost to Charlotte "as she sits in her room on Christmas night reading the letters of her dead lover." Randegger, whose name is Ignio Romdger, lives at Trieste, and is not yet 20.—The Scala at Milan will give these operas at the Carnival season: "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," "Tosca," "Eugen Onegin," Galletto's "Antonio," "Otel-lo."—B.ema has been singing in opera at Brussels.—"Fiammina," a new opera by a young lawyer, Carlo Bersz, was performed at Turin Dec. 1—once.—A young country priest, Alfredo Ambregi, is the composer of a new oratorio, "L'Entrata di Cristo in Gerusalemme," performed at Pistoja Dec. 3.—Erno Walter, from Riga, has taken the place of Joseph Sucher as conductor at the Royal Opera, Berlin.—A chorus of from 300 to 400 will perform under Eugène d'Harcourt these works at Saint-Eustache, Paris: Jan. 18, "The Messiah," Feb. 15, Berioz's "Requiem," and Gounod's "Resurrexio Mortuorum Index," March 15, new oratorio, "The Promised Land," by Massenet, and Wagner's "Apostles' Speech," April 12, 13, Bach's Passion According to Matthew.

Mr. Runciman writes as follows for the Saturday Review:

"Until four or five years ago we had to put up with playing that was not merely now and again perfunctory, but always and consistently perfunctory. It was reckoned the proper thing for a conductor to compel his band to be perfunctory. It was the tradition handed down from the old time before us. In the beginning of this century such a thing as a conductor was unknown; the first fiddler used to beat time with his bow when things got very bad indeed, and a gentleman at the piano used to bang when it seemed more necessary than usual to pull the men together. Then Mendelssohn came, and confined himself to getting over the thin ice as rapidly as possible; not a story has come down to us to show that he once took the trouble to interpret a work conscientiously. Then, after Mendelssohn, Wagner came, and got the reputation of being mad because he really wanted to interpret orchestral works as faithfully and beautifully as Liszt, for instance, interpreted pianoforte works. So Wagner was dismissed the most indignant have been mad to dream of persuading the Philharmonic Directors that artistic interpretations were things to be desired; and for a long time the London musical world rolled on as usual. Then Richter came, and that began the breaking up of the old order; and many years after Richter, Mottl came; and finally Mr. Newman put Mr. Wood to power, and Mr. Wood has made the old style of conducting impossible. Could Wagner attend one of Mr. Wood's concerts he would be surprised at the development of orchestral playing here. Not only do our bandmen keep time and play with expression; but the desire for clean phrasing, perfect and strong accent, clean tone, has resulted in such refinements of bowing as you may see at Queen's Hall, where the four-and-twenty fiddlers move their arms with a unanimity so marvelous as to suggest that they are automata worked by one string pulled by Mr. Wood. The mass of wind players play solidly together on occasion, but when solos occur they are delivered with a beauty and a virtuosity that in the old days one would have expected only from a virtuoso. Most of our players are virtuosos; the astonishing thing is that a broad little passages they play into another's hands in a spirit so loyal the conductor."

The following review of Mozart's

"Magic Flute," which appeared many years ago in the National Standard has been attributed to Thackeray:

"One night last week we stretched ourselves along three empty benches at Covent Garden Theatre to hear the horrid parody—the absurd burlesque—which goes under the name of 'Zauberflöte.' We must do justice to Messrs. Dohler and Hertz, as well as to Miss Schroeder, by saying that they sustained their parts most ably; but for the rest—the company of hideous screech owls, which hum or some other gentleman of equally good taste has collected at Covent Garden—the quaverings of a cracked ballad singer, the screams of Miss Pearson herself, are melody to the howls of these high Dutch monsters. This is candid criticism, but relatively acceptable to the performers when compared with the sketch which follows, showing a trio of indescribably unlovely women—huge footed, coarse, with teeth protruding from ugly mouths, and in dresses whose formlessness would cause a Whitechapel washerwoman to blush for shame—screaming, each bearing a palm branch. The three boys, who advise and instruct and lead Tamino in his wanderings, and who, whenever he is in doubt or fear, inspire him by their presence and console him with their sweet minstrelsy, were enacted by a round-faced old woman, with two Jewesses. They stammered under the songs and staggered under the weight of their enormous palm branches, vying in discord with the attendants of the Queen of Night."

This opera was given for the first time by this company May 27, 1833, and it was repeated eight times. Schroeder-Devrient was Pamina, Dohler, Sarastro, Haizinger, Tamino. Thackeray was then 22 years old. I doubt whether he wrote the said article.

Mr. Blackburn amused himself by roasting R. H. Walthew's piano setting of Tennyson's "Merlin and the Gleam," recited in London by Miss Bowick.

"The latter poem was accompanied to new music, written in what may be described as the undercurrent system of interpretation. We can say little for either music or the recitation. Of either we know not which to say the least. The music was absolutely futile, absolutely undignified, without real thought, without real significance. Why it should ever have been composed, how it came to be written, this is one of those matters which must be left to mediocrity to explain. If the Gleam floated, feeble wanderings made you try to imagine that a floating theme was in hand; if the fairies danced, the music twittered in the fashion of a hoarse canary; if the Gleam fitted, the music tried to escape you as though an elephant had attempted to hide behind a tree, waving his trunk madly to show that he was not there; if a barbarous people snarled, there came a sudden sound like the lifting of a frog's cheer on the occasion of some nival victory; and when the Gleam finally rested upon the forehead of Arthur the Blameless, you were made aware of the inhabitants of a whole town of Lilliput clamoring with joy because their King was taller than the rest by the breadth of a finger-point. In a word, the music was as next to naught as could be conceived. The reciter, moreover, did not really help the music on, although it is only just to say that she was not helped on by the music. We all know that curious style of modern recitation which is exactly like the rise and fall of waves on a Dead Sea. Never changing, but regulated by a sort of tidal principle, curiously unvaried, but yet having a fixedly uninteresting sort of change, emotional without sincerity, certain in tradition, but dead in act. This is the kind of declamation which has become fashionable in these days, but which has no real relation to the intimate thought, word, or deed of man. We would not be needlessly severe, but we think that at intervals the time arrives to protest against a convention which becomes provincial, useless, and futile in its final expression."

Philip Hale.

Jan 8. 1899

But the whole Business and Design of a Flatterer is continually to entertain the company with some Pastime or other, a little Jest, a Story well told, or a comical Action; and in a word, he thinks he can never overact the diverting part of Conversation. Whereas the true Friend, proposing no other End to himself than the bare discharge of his Duty, is sometimes pleasant, and as often, it may be, disagreeable, neither solicitously coveting the one, nor industriously avoiding the other, if he judge it the more seasonable and expedient.

Professor Barrett Wendell says, "My sympathies are with the English." He has talked that way for many years.

We are somewhat surprised to find the Herald referring to the Independence Belge of Brussels as "a German newspaper."

And we are more surprised at the negligence of the lawyers in the Molinex case. No one has yet quoted from Don Felix de Salamanca's "The Philosophy of Writing."

Ice-houses were invented by Nero.

They propose to cure alcoholism by administering to the patient serum extracted from the veins of a horse which has been previously alcoholized artificially. "This serum will produce an unconquerable distaste for alcoholic liquors." Young bull-dogs are often fed on gin. Would serum extracted from their veins cure cirrhosis of the

liver, or remove from a victim that consuming thirst for a quatern of "cool, refreshing gin"? It is true that the horse has before this been of medicinal use. Eastern kings and queens have smelled the odor of the burnt marrow or fat of the horse that they might thus be sure of descendants. In Tuscany the whooping-cough is called the horse-cough, and it is cured by giving children foam from the horse's mouth, or making them drink in the water where a horse has been drinking. Pliny and other learned men recommend the saliva of a horse to consumptives; the patient will be cured in three days, but the horse will die. Then there is koumiss, known to travelers as far back as 1253. The milk was poured into a bladder, and shaken till it formed a sediment as thick as butter; the clear portion was strained off and drank by the nobility, while the dregs were given to servants, and there were estates where as many as 3000 mares were kept for this purpose. Now every apothecary has at least one mare down in the cellar. When the Tartars could not obtain koumiss they opened a vein of the horse under their arm and drank the blood; and the Balaia mixed horses' blood and mares' milk and were wonderfully refreshed thereby. Boswell once bored Dr. Johnson by asking, "What in propriety and humanity, should be done with old horses unable to labor." Johnson answered, after acknowledging that he was perplexed, that a man might first work a horse and then kill him the easiest way, to have the means of another horse; for Johnson did not anticipate the use of the animal as a succedaneous gold-cure. Thus it will be seen that the horse still has advantages over the automobile, the bicycle, and even the electric car.

Miss Helen Gould has a sister-in-law who was a real live playactress; but is not Miss Gould herself a most excellent general utility woman?

We refer the Rev. William C. Carr of the Parkville Church, who called upon the clergy of Hartford, Conn., to pray for rain Jan. 7, to pages 277-294 of Francis Galton's "Inquiries into Human Faculty."

A brilliant writer says that "the one dark spot on the business horizon appears to be in the brewing business." His words are, alas, true; and we are forced to add that there are dark spots in more than one brew of beer. We are not speaking wildly, theoretically, as one who talks through his hat. We are speaking after a thorough and painful examination that cost time and money. Too many beers are adulterated or fortified. There is too much resin, too much glucose, too much salicylic acid used by brewers whose names were once above reproach and whose beer once was like the waters of Gelum to the parched wayfarer.

A writer in the Church Gazette says: "There was a time when I enthusiastically believed that villagers hungered for culture. On one occasion when a village society was at a loss for a subject I volunteered to procure a friend of my own who came from some remote village on the further confines of Hungary, and who spoke English with that remarkable purity which seems to be bred in fairs. He kindly consented, and chose for his theme, 'Why Englishmen do not marry.' Never before saw I so great a gathering. The head of a ladies' school in the parish brought several of her elder charges, and people came from distant places, possibly attracted by the Magyar name. In due time the reader of the paper appeared, followed by a sheepish-looking man and a shy woman, the former carrying a bundle. 'These,' said the Hungarian, introducing the pair with an indescribable flourish, 'are people the most distinguished. You will say, because I am a foreigner, I know not facts. I have fortified myself. Monsieur, whom I have paid to come, is foreman at a furniture dealer's, and madame, whom I have likewise paid, keeps a ladies' shop of—of what ladies wear.' The paper was an admirable one. The reason Englishmen are loth to marry, it appears, was on account of the cost. As my friend enumerated the items necessary for furnishing, he referred to the poor upholsterer, who always said, 'Yes, sir.' It appeared that among other things no house was complete without a cradle. As it was the custom among his folk for the bridegroom to procure a trousseau for the bride, he concluded that English folk did the same, and he had made out a very complete list, constantly demanding of the poor dressmaker if they were not required. After a time the school-mistress signalled to her charges, when they all got up in a dignified way and marched out. Then we all went into fits of laughter."

We read the other day of a busy man in Breslau who was charged with murdering his three wives and 12 children of his second marriage. It is only fair to add that many other murders were attributed to him. This Mr. Herrmann after choking, sticking, or shooting his wives walled their bodies up in the cellar of his house; which shows that Edgar Allan Poe is not as well known in Germany as in France; otherwise Mr. Herrmann would have remembered "The Black Cat" and burned the bodies of his victims or put them in various wells.

Jan 9. 1900

SUZANNE ADAMS.

## The Young Opera Singer Appears

Here for the First Time in a Recital—Her Husband, Leo Stern, Assists.

Mrs. Suzanne Adams-Stern gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Leo Stern, 'cellist. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was accompanist. The program was as follows:

Cello solo, Canzone.....Bruch  
Aria, "A fors è lui".....Verdi  
Cello solos—  
Bacchante.....Tschallowsky  
"Am Springbrunnen".....Davidson  
Songs—  
"Les Deux Auteurs".....Grétry  
"Pourquoi rester Seule?".....Saint-Saëns  
Vieille Chanson.....Bizet  
Cello solos—  
Mélodie Romantique.....Stern  
Pastorale.....Stern  
Humoresque.....Stern  
Songs—  
Valse "Roméo et Juliette".....Gounod  
"Should He Upbraid".....Bizet  
Songs with cello—  
a. Elégie.....Massenet  
b. "Obstination".....Foncalles  
c. "Nid dans les Roses".....Foncalles

There was a good sized and appreciative audience. Some were naturally interested in their friend from Cambridge, some welcomed another exhibition of close communion in art as well as affection, and others, holding the opera singer in respectful admiration, were desirous of concert acquaintance with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Stern are first of all to be congratulated on their abstaining from any undue exhibition of conjugal affection. In this respect our old friends the Henschels, might profit by their example of breeding and sobriety. The ancients were right when they insisted that Mædea should not slay her children in the sight of people; and if two singers, or a singer and a fiddler, or a 'cellist and a singer are happily married, they should reserve any emotional display for the music or for private life. Uxoriousness is no more pleasant for an audience in a concert hall than it is for a guest at the dinner table. Again, I say, Mr. and Mrs. Stern are to be complimented.

The trained reader will at once infer from this introduction that I have little to say about the concert itself, and I now compliment him on his perspicacity. The concert was, for the most part, a pleasant one, although it was without real distinction. Mrs. Adams-Stern sang, as a rule, in a manner that did not provoke adverse criticism. Her voice in a small hall is not without warmth—some who know her only as an opera singer have disputed this proposition; her legato is to be praised, her colorature is clean and often brilliant, although in the too familiar waltz from "Romeo and Juliet" she did not sing with the requisite lightness and abandon—in fact she appeared here to least advantage. But in spite of all her admirable qualities, she did not awaken lively interest, nor did she individualize her songs. She came nearest to this in the delightful song by Bizet.

Mr. Stern has a soothing tone and a good instrument. His own compositions are of cheap thought and manufacture.

Philip Hale.

Jan 9. 1900

## A BENEDICK TO A BEATRICE.

When I complain that you do pass me by  
With bright disdain just glancing from your eye,  
I do but chide the prickly thorn that grows  
To sentinel the red heart of the rose.  
Wherein all lovely sweets close hidden lie.  
Methinks such pretty scorn may scare d my  
The dear impeachment of that duttering  
sigh,  
Which bids the flower of your fair mouth  
unclose.

When I complain!

Thus by a breath you waft my hopes too  
high  
For coy disdain to flout them. Ah, could I  
But dare my whole fond passion to disclose,  
Your melting heart would sure relieve my  
woes.

Nor let me languish for a kind reply  
When I complain.

Young men of political ambition should ponder the statement of Mr. Edward Gifford of New Haven, who was charged with stealing a gold watch and a small amount of cash: "I never drank until I went into the Common Council."

Bostonians who pay serious attention to dress are vexed because Mr. Grau came here with his opera company before the New York season. Had he



ome during Lent or after Lent they could have been spared acute mortification. Last month these Bostonians were glorious in the display of opera-hats. They wore them in the lobby, even with house coats and black cravats; they snapped them in the aisles and in their seats. And they were as pleased as Punch, and compared themselves favorably with Alcibiades, Beauclerc and Mr. Berry Wall—when the latter was the crowned King of the tudes. Imagine their consternation and chagrin when they learned that an opera hat is not considered "good form" at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. The plain silk hat is the thing. And Mr. Grau, when he was asked, never gave the Bostonians a tip of the wink as to the proper thing!

The Rev. Dr. Carman of Canada said lately in a sermon: "The loss of so many British soldiers in South Africa was God's chastisement of the nation because of the sin produced by the rum traffic, the opium trade, Sabbath desecration, social abominations and political corruption, of which there is enough in this land to choke every nostril in the land square."

It is a jaunty way of accounting for late reverses, but the main question is, Do nostrils squirm? They squirm, they distend, and in poetry they gasp, but do they squirm? It is a pity that we have all forsaken the fine old droll, "nostrils."

You may remember that there has been much discussion of late in New York city and other hotel-like towns about luncheon, whether it should be eaten, when it should be eaten, and what dishes should be eaten. An exchange published the fact that Mr. Theodor Hochstim, whose name is a household word, eats for his luncheon big porterhouse steak, half a dozen oysters, and drinks three or four glasses of beer; but Mr. Havemeyer, probably in enforced and economic reasons, eats only a broiled lobster, eight or ten oysters, and celery, while he quenches his thirst with Bass's ale.

It is an interesting fact that some, in founding "luncheon" with "lunch," derive the latter word from the French "luncheon" of middle English, which was wholly liquid; it was the drink that accompanied the noon-meal; "luncheon" originally implied only drink. We regret to say that many hoteliers, following this derivation, have the path with inexorable logic, and they are found at a bar, which is added to them the noon-day meal. Others say that "luncheon" is an undated form of the old provincial "lunch"—a lump, big piece, bite of food more or less portable between regular meal-hours; while others say that the word is derived from the Spanish "lonja," a slice, or from the Ponce (short for "a las once") meaning "at 11 o'clock."

Sir Herbert Maxwell affirms that the word "maturity" is usually accompanied by an increasing reliance on luncheon as a prop. And how do we define "maturity"? Sir Herbert says it is the prime of life in both a kindly man of rare judgment and a wicked man of rare judgment. He does not approve of luncheon for sportsmen in the field, or in England or in South Africa. He says little that noble earl suspected that a melancholy series of pale, old, arid atrocities he was lending his name. Perhaps without that without any convenient specific—the unhallowed union of bread and meat would have withered in its symphony, and some more beneficial less exorbitant form of portable food would have held the field.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Josiah Quincy when he was Mayor neglected to define officially the proper luncheon for the citizens of Boston. Luncheon in a town is now a thing of wild irregularity. We called yesterday at the office of Messrs. Cooper, Bung and Blett, an old and honorable firm, and found the junior partner complaining bitterly of indigestion. We asked him what he had eaten for luncheon. He said a light meal; it can't be that, then he was doubled up and his face looked like that of Bajazet in the cage. "Well, what did you have?" "I think that is, hardly anything." "What did you eat?" "If you know, I first had an extra milk of fresh-opened cutlets; then some omelette with mashed potatoes; nothing could be simpler." "And did you eat anything?" "No—that is, I took or three mugs of stock ale."

It reminds us that hotted ale was noted by Alexander Nowell, Dean of Ely (1507-1601).

We have the discretion of the young man who said to his temporary sweetheart in the restaurant, "Shall I order what you really want, or what you used to?"

We read yesterday that men as well as women are crowding over into a

department supposed to have been exclusively pre-empted by women." And we thought at once of that delightful story by de Maupassant of the escaped convict, who, disguised as a lady's maid, served modestly a fashionable Parisian.

A curious question came up lately in a Liverpool court. A man was hauled before the Justice for carrying on regular betting with working men in a timber yard. His lawyer argued that a timber yard, especially a spot against a timber pile in that yard, was not a "place," as the word was intended to be defined in the statute. But Judge and jury thought otherwise and there was a verdict of six weeks and £25.

Jan 10, 1900

And yet Herman Melville claimed with a brave show of argument that, in spite of accumulated associations with whatever is sweet and honorable and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of the hue white which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood. The banners that floated and flowed over the palace seen by Poe were "yellow, glorious, golden," when good angels were the tenants; but when the "evil things in robes of sorrow, assailed the monarch's high estate," the door was pale and the windows were red-litten and there was no thought or suggestion of anything golden. On the other hand, we should remember that Diogenes, no doubt a much abused man in his day, named red, the color of virtue; and there was a King of Jodje who never appeared in public without first seeing to it that face and body, so far as they might be looked at, were painted red. The high priest of Hierapolis wore no robes but those of red. A Spaniard, centuries ago, insisted that a woman perfectly and absolutely beautiful must have thirty specified charms: "Three red things: lips, cheeks, nails." In Dur-For, wearing a turban of red cashmere was a sign of wrath, and sending a blood-red dress to a subject meant that he would be slain. The grave clothes of the Malays are red, and their King is the only one who is allowed to sport a scarlet umbrella. The ancient Egyptians—what a help they are to us all!—delighted in assailing with insults the red-haired, and it was almost a proverb in the middle ages that red people were to be avoided. There are no oysters in the Red Sea (although they are near the islands of the East Indian Archipelago—see Mr. Philpot's invaluable book, "Oysters, and All About Them," in two volumes—no family should be without this work—we have a copy for sale at a ridiculously low price). Then there is that little story about the engine-house.

#### THE KING'S RED.

In crimson robes that were stiff and gorgeous with gold the King walked through bowing courtiers to the throne. It was a gala night. When the King should take his place under the canopy of the throne then would trumpets blare and the ball would open.

The royal ball-room was in red. There were tapestries which hung in heavy folds of fifty feet, and the tapestries were red. Each piece was a pictured story; each story was a story of death; each death was a death in sickness. There was the figure of the King's grandfather, gross with dropsy, and fat fantastic doctors stood about. There was Otho, the Pale, hobbling upon crutches as in life, save that Death now hastened from behind to aid the cripple. There was Prince Karl, raving with horrid lips against the grotesque spectres of delirium. There was the King that died of prisoner's fever. Nowhere was there death in battle. The chronicles were of disease.

Above the dull red tapestries were windows whose panes were crimson. The lamps that lighted the revel shone through crimson. The great carpet out of Bagdad was of a scarlet that caused the eyes which glanced at it to ache.

The courtiers were clothed with garments of red. As the pale and sombre King passed through the throng, there was whispering. This whispering was the whispering of the kingdom. From whispering group to whispering group went an old grave man; he listened greedily to the whispering; he sifted the whispers and pondered them deeply. His spectacled eyes looked strangely upon the King in crimson; his eyes looked upon red and red and asked "Wherefore?"

Doctor Faustus was a learned man and a student. He had studied the Black Art, he knew the books of the Magi; he had traveled to India to conduct an autopsy in a far inland city; he had written a commentary on the Book of Devilish Possessions. It was this work that had brought him to the court of the King. And now the learned Doctor Faustus was obsessed by the King's red.

Since his accession the King would abide no other color. He would have no music save that of trumpets whose tones to him were scarlet. It was whispered that in disguise he had penetrated into the great slaughter house of the Butchers' Guild. He would not look upon the day save through stained

glass. He shut out the sable of the night with trumpets and with wine. Red was the hair of all the women in that court.

And as the old doctor stood apart, he thought, "There must be some starting place, some foundation—what?"

The King ascended the throne. There was a hush; the whispering ceased. The King raised his hand, in which was a scarlet handkerchief; and trumpets blared. The dull eyes of the King lightened; they strained toward the music-gallery.

He sat back, and shuddering seized him. He passed the handkerchief to his lips. He looked at it with singular interest—the well-bred monarch. And then the handkerchief fluttered to the foot of the throne.

And while the noble dames and the courtiers danced to wild trumpets and the King feasted with avid eyes on the whirling vertigo, the paroxysm of red, the old doctor crept through the dancers to the handkerchief of the King.

On scarlet cloth was a duller, spreading, sprawling red. The doctor knew the subtle acrid smell, the tell-tale undisguisable hue.

#### THE QUIETIST.

Mr. Benet-Burleigh, the war correspondent of the London Telegraph, shows even when he writes on a drum-head that he has enjoyed a classical education. Speaking of the courage of English troops, he bursts out finely: "Not even Rome in her palmiest days ever possessed more devoted sons." Beautiful, yes, beautiful indeed; and yet we prefer Artemus Ward's tribute to "Moses, the Sassy," when he appeared before Elly in the parlor of "a bloated aristocratic mansion" on Beacon Street, in "the classic presinks of Boston": "Grease, in its barriest days, near produced a more hefty cavalier."

Jan 11, 1900

When you are here we seem to tread  
A quiet, meditative way  
Between bare woods whose leaves are shed,  
Whose birds are still, this many a day;  
And though the sky hang gray above  
The colorless woods, yet glad am I,  
Because it is the way of Love,  
The way he leads his pilgrim by.

But when we are parted, Fear creeps in  
And whispers of the happy place,  
The lush land, in which you win  
The habitual sunshine of your face.  
And your glad world, that laughs at this,  
At last will teach your heart to see  
How desolate the pathway is  
Which is the way of Love, for me.

Only a few days ago we quoted in this column the eulogy of the Referee (London) on Mr. George Dixon, and now the eulogy is as draped in black. And yet our honored fellow-townsmen, honorable in defeat as in victory, may well be proud of his long career of pugilistic usefulness. It is doubtful whether Mr. Terence McGovern will last as long. Youth's a stuff will not endure. Mr. Dixon's early education hardened his system, developed his courage and enabled him to judge shrewdly an adversary; he was a waiter in a Charles Street restaurant.

It is the old story, and it is a story one of every walk in life, military, clerical, business, pugilistic, artistic, literary: youth and endurance and courage bring fame; there is a long struggle to maintain it; and then a younger man makes you "a has been" and your life is henceforth death-in-life. Even now the Lean Fellow looks at Mr. McGovern and looks at his scythe and smiles with a smile that is half pity, half contempt. For president, Kaiser, tsar, philanthropist, newsboy, stoker, fancy man, broker, there is one and the same foe.

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his hand,  
With authoritative finger, and they come.  
The rules of the game they do not understand,  
But they go as in a dream and are dumb.  
They would fain say him Nay, and they look the other way.  
Till at last to the ropes they cling,  
But he throws them one by one till the show for them is done.  
In the blood-red dust of the ring.

It appears that the wife in an unfortunate affair in the neighborhood danced wildly on her husband's new hat. Such deeds have been considered as a cruel outrage. Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, "having heavily drunken of strong wine," some years ago "would have fain set his face homeward; but not finding the hat of him, was wroth because of it; and danced upon the hats of other men in such mad wise that he became banished for this cause from the Arts Club."

The husband said nothing, not even when she threw "a French marble clock at him;" the first time, by the way, that a French clock was ever seen to go. But when she tried to pour oil on his new overcoat—there was

no suspicion of moths in it—winked. Even the married worm winked.

Dickens once remarked of the patrician of Macready's waistcoat, "such a happy combination as is not likely to occur again." Can any one describe this waistcoat? If our friend of the Providence Journal knows—and we are proud to call him guide as well as friend—he will be told us whether in his opinion true happiness would inevitably follow the possession of such a garment and, incidentally, the courage to wear it.

We were much interested in a volume of poems, "Songs of Sun and Shadow," by Mr. Julian E. Johnstone; for within the first 65 pages we found these phrases: "The flashing hyaline," "paven with essonite," "starshine shivered upon chabazite," "its golden zoster," "the velle and vernie," "heaven's castellated mirador," "beautiful anadems," "the bore of the billows," "the bobolinks chirring," "heauty of olivaceous," "lips of caroon," "fettors of flora," "mon"—and the term "hyacinthizant." Our brain reeled and we read no more in this volume that reminds us of the handy little dictionary of all words but familiar, although we saw, as in a trance, on another page, "lips of samester and fragrance of adelaster" and "might and blooth." These poems, composed, as Mr. Johnstone would say, "in intramental calm," are published in Boston, which is still the literary centre of the United States—why should we be falsely modest?—say, rather, the world. Here is an instance where there cannot be too much Johnstone.

We awoke at the hour when the radiator pipes begin to snap and crack, and, lo, a voice said, "Smoke the Asbestos cigar!" We do not know of any such cigar, and the name seems ironical, but have not many of us tried to smoke it under a disguised name?

The following item appears in a lately

published London catalogue of second-hand books:  
426 IRELAND—A Candid Inquiry why the Natives of Ireland, which are in London, are more Addicted to Vice than any other Nation; 8vo., sewed, curious 3s. 6d. 1764.

Simplexissimus prints a cartoon entitled "The Tactics of the Boers." A fat and bearded Boer, pipe in mouth, is loading his rifle. "Shoot the English fellows in the mouth, Peter; that's where they are most dangerous."

### MISS JEANNETTE DURNO.

#### A Pianist From Chicago Gives Her First Recital in Boston Last Night at Chickering Hall.

The program of Miss Durno's piano recital given last night in Chickering Hall was as follows:

Fachingschwank aus Wien.....Schumann  
Theme Varié.....Faderow ki  
Frühlingstraumchen.....Sinding  
Minutette scherzoso.....Liedtug  
Valse badinage.....Liedtug  
March Wind.....MacDowell  
Racareolle, G major.....Rubinstein  
Etude, A minor.....Chopin  
Rhapsody, No. 12.....Liszt

Miss Durno's program was of reasonable length and of refreshing unconventionality. We were spared the traditional disarrangement of a prelude and fugue, written by Bach, for the organ, and we were spared the equally traditional sonata by Beethoven. There was, it is true, a rhapsody by Liszt, but it was at the very end of the program. The pieces by Sinding and Liedtug were unfamiliar and effective.

Miss Durno appeared last evening as a brilliant rather than as an emotional pianist; but her brilliance was not aggressive or heartless. Her technique is well developed in certain respects, and she can afford to be more independent of the damper pedal; indeed, her use, or misuse of the pedals is a point in which she is open to serious criticism. She should also study repose of manner, for she has dash and swing enough without any appeal to the eye by unnecessary movements of arms and head. The impression she made last night during the hour was that of a comely woman with natural musical gifts who had studied industriously to gain technical proficiency. The program did not demand the display of any deep emotion, but in the romance of Schumann, she showed poetic spirit. She also showed sound understanding of phrasing throughout the concert. The waltz by Liadoff, which Siftot introduced her, was not played with the necessary dynamic monotony and inexorably mechanical effect. There was an appreciative audience.

Philip Halc.



## LUDWIG BREITNER.

Ludwig Breitner, pianist, now trending in New York, makes his first appearance in America with the Symphony Orchestra this week in Music Hall. He was born at Trieste, and as a boy went to the Milan Conservatory. Von Bülow heard him there and advised him to study with Rubinstein, who taught him for three years. After staying with Liszt for six months Breitner returned to St. Petersburg, where he was active as teacher and pianist. He afterward played in the chief European cities, and finally settled in Paris, where he met his wife, Berthe Haft, a violinist of the Vienna Conservatory. In Paris Mr. Breitner is favorably known as a teacher and as a player, chiefly in chamber music. About two years ago he founded in that city a Philharmonic Society. They tell the pleasant tale of Mr. Breitner's early student days.

The lad, although one of the most timid in existence, went alone to the house of Rubinstein. In the absence of the latter it was his wife who received him. She having a penchant for Italians, entered into conversation with him. This, with his evident earnestness and sincerity, made an agreeable impression, and she pleaded in his behalf with her husband on his return. Rubinstein looked him over, and told him to return in eight days and bring a Chopin Sonata with him. He did bring it, but in his head, not in his hands. He had memorized the sonata thoroughly in eight days.

Not one of these common poets, like that young idiot who writes verses about the roses as grows, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poet.

Our friend the Listener, to whom we, as well as the regular and traditional readers of the Transcript, listen gladly and with profit, hinted in public the other afternoon that we occasionally wrote poetry; that we presented or offered our own verses at the head of this column "from sheer modesty, or else, sometimes for the sake of mystification."

We dislike to contradict a compliment; but honesty and fear compel us to declare that we have never published in this column or anywhere else poetry, real or alleged, written by us; that we do not write poetry, although it is true we are at work on an epic poem, "The Apartment House," with a canto for each story; but even the generosity of the Listener would not lead him to speak of these fragments as poetry; furthermore we do not propose to discount the commercial value of this magnum opus by publication on the installment plan.

Honesty compels us to deny. We shuddered when we saw proofs of the Listener's good will, for we also saw "Justice," "Nemo," "Mariborough," "An Old Subscriber" and the rest of the dear old ladies and gentlemen rushing into indignation and print and putting us in the pillory. Bless your hearts, we never claimed any of this poetry. As we have said, fear alone would prevent our bursting into song; for publishers and other practical persons are justly suspicious of poets. Do you know of any poet who solely as poet is on the salary list of any daily newspaper in this city? And although our many enemies—may satyrs and pelicans, to the music of owls, dance on their graves!—see no reason for it, yet we must live, and we would fain keep our humble jobs.

Mr. Chamberlain as the Listener in his delightful column singles out several poems that we have published here and flatters us by saying in substance that we may have written them.

The first, "Like an old shoe," is by W. E. Henley.

The second, "To trust in story, In the old times Death was a feverish sleep," is by Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

We do not know who wrote "In fading wreaths we lie." The verses were published originally in the Pall Mall Gazette.

W. E. Henley wrote the lines which begin "The ways of Death are soothing and serene."

"The Rat" is by Arthur Symonds.

We infer from the Listener's remarks that some might consider us a Dismal Jenny with a weed round the hat and a bit of cypress in the button hole.

Aw, let us think of him awhile, That, with a collar for a boat, Flows daily o'er the Stygian moat, And for our table choose a tomb.

(These verses are by Hood, Thomas Hood, ladies and gentlemen; they are not original.)

And this erroneous impression comes from the fact that we occasionally meditate on death. It is true that when there is a choice of cars in the Subway we choose Mount Auburn; that every night when we get into bed we stretch our legs and think of a still narrower bed; that every morning we remember Coleridge's lines:

Each main bell, the Baron saith, Knells us back to a world of death;

that a breakfast of sausages, buckwheat cakes, and maple sirup—all on one plate, after the fashion of Albany, N. Y.—arouses in us thoughts of mortality. But therefore are we resigned to the trials and griefs of life, which is only a little episode in an endless existence. There is too much materialism in Boston, aggressive, cock-sure materialism. There is a surprising number of men and women who imagine themselves walking toward annihilation. A word about death fars them as the

verses of John Shirley sung by old Bowman chilled the marrow of the Merry Monarch. It is the pessimist that believes firmly in immortality who has a right to ring the Happy Bell. Surely no one would call Thomas Fuller a dismal companion, on the contrary, his meriment enlivened theological discussion; yet in his essay on "The Court Lady," the good divine says: "To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. 'Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return.' The sight of death when it cometh will neither be so terrible to her, nor so strange, who hath formerly often beheld it in her serious meditations. With Job she saith to the worm, 'Thou art my sister'; if fair ladies scorn to own the worms their kindred in this life, their kindred will be bold to challenge them, when dead, in their graves."

The newspapers say that the late Captain David Hill of East Hampton "organized the political campaign in Western Massachusetts which made the late President Julius H. Seelye a distinguished member of the 44th Congress." He was largely instrumental in securing the election, but the campaign was organized by two men of Northampton, Lafayette Maltby and the late William B. Hale. Nor was President Seelye "a distinguished member" of Congress. On the contrary, his Congressional service was inconspicuous and a disappointment to his supporters.

Mr. Odell, the Chairman of the New York Republican State Committee, objects to the Horton boxing law because the Dixon-McGovern fight was not brutal enough. He is singularly exacting. The pugilists themselves thought the fight was hot stuff, and so did the reporters. Even the blood-thirsty man on the Sun had a good time.

A thief was sent to prison this week who had been caught in an inn "prowling around the corridor in his night dress and trying doors with false keys." Ten to one this same man, if his wife had asked him to get out of bed and regulate the window, would have refused on the ground that he might catch cold.

### QUOTED POEMS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

My friend, the Listener, in his allusion to the column edited by me for the Boston Journal, was too complimentary. I do not write poetry. It has been my habit for the last four or five years to put poetical quotations in agate type; and as I thus to the eye distinguished them from my own matter, and as I have thus used Dr. Isaac Watts, Shakespeare, Whitman, the writers of topical songs and other poets, I had no suspicion that I might be honored with the authorship. The poems mentioned by the Listener were written by W. E. Henley, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Arthur Symonds, and an anonymous contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, and to them belongs the praise or blame.

PHILIP HALE

Boston, Jan. 11.

Jan 13 1900

O never sit down to the table  
When the number is thirteen;  
And, lest witches be there  
Put salt in your beer,  
And scrape your platter clean.

To L. S. P.: We regret that we must decline your poem. We observe that you make "Maud Gonne" rhyme with "doggon."

It appears from the evidence in an interesting divorce case—and are not all divorce cases interesting to the Earnest Student of Sociology?—that the husband broke a mirror on the floor "so that they would always have bad luck." We regret to see by this that the efforts of the Folk Lore Society

have been in vain; for the wife complains of this breakage as a specific act of cruelty.

Now it is true that a terrible calamity awaits the person who destroys his own image by breaking a looking glass. "Some hold that 'he will shortly lose his best friend,' which may of course mean that he will die himself; others that it portends speedy mortality in the family, usually the master." In many countries, even as far as India and Madagascar, if a person see his image reflected in a looking glass in a room where there is a dead body, he will shortly die himself; therefore it is customary to cover up looking glasses in a death chamber. Sunis not only do this in Bombay, they do it habitually in their bedrooms before they go to bed. The Zulus and the Basutos act in like manner and sensibly. Napoleon was superstitious in this matter. It is also bad luck to see one's face in a glass by candle light. Then there is catoptromancy, or divination by means of a mirror; "sometimes they dipped a looking-glass into the water, when they desired to know what would become of a sick person; for as he looked well or ill in the glass, accordingly they presumed of his future condition." On the other hand, mirrors are repulsive to bad spirits and good against the evil eye, and Philostratus, a deep thinker, says that if a mirror be held before a sleeping man during a hail or a thunder storm, the storm will cease. Again, in Yorkshire it is believed that the breaking of a looking-glass entails "seven years' trouble, but no want." In Ireland when a looking-glass is broken, some one in the house dies before the end of the year from that day. It seems to us, as a friend of the court, that the cruelty of the husband was in this instance suicidal rather than "murderous," although some sentimentalists may insist that it is a cruel thing to jar wifely nerves.

We were much interested in the story of the boy who woke up in the morning to find extra teeth in his mouth—an almost complete set. What a treasure he would have been to the resurrectionists who once had such a thriving trade in and about London. Dentists in those days were glad to buy the teeth of the bodies, and you will read in the Life of Sir Astley Cooper that one night a resurrectionist named Murphy cleared from teeth alone £60. One of these Jerry Crunchers followed the English army to Spain, and by drawing the teeth of those who were wounded "earned a clear profit of £300." War has its uses.

And yet there have been others whose teeth distinguished them. The boy must not be unduly puffed up. Several great men have been born into the world with teeth, as M. Curius—hence his surname Dentatus. Pherecrates never had any teeth. Cardinal Nicholas Ardinghellus never had over 26. Phyrrius had an upper jaw of one entire bone. Driptine, the daughter of King Mithridates, by Laodice, his Queen, had a double row of teeth; and Phoebeus, boy to Columbus, the anatomist, had a triple row. There was a story that Louis XIII. of France had a double row, and there were unfortunates who had teeth in their palates.

The large oyster is like your large beauty—melting, luxurious and soul-soothing. The small like your small beauties—piquant, savory and soul-awakening.

Magistrate Flammer of New York fined Mr. John Norsky of Newark \$10 for disorderly conduct, and said: "You dye your whiskers; the truth dwells not with you. A man who dyes his whiskers has a false heart." This is a proposition that may be disputed; indeed, it admits of serious discussion. We ask for a stay until we examine the authorities. And we should like to know whether the said whiskers were Piccadilly weepers or Galway sluggers, the mutton chop or the chewing-tobacco species.

A correspondent sent us the other day directions for making tea. Another correspondent writes us that these directions were remarkably incomplete. Here are his, or her, directions:

"1. The teapot should be warmed and the tea put in.

"2. The water should be just on the boil for the first time (not re-heated) and poured on at once.

"3. The time of infusion and the quantity of tea to be used will vary with the strength of the latter, and the extractive quality of the water used; this is best learnt from experience.

"4. The tea should then be poured off into another pot (warmed).

"The latter is not necessary if an 'infusion' be used, and withdrawn at the proper time; perhaps the best or easiest course—for most people.

"The average woman—mistress or maid—is quite careless about it, and many a hostess who would be horrified if the butter or anything else was not quite right, deals out deadly poison

in pretty cups to her unsuspecting guests (victims) of '5 o'clocks' every day. We also frequently see hostesses, epicures in everything else, committing the barbarity—it is nothing else—of pouring water into the already infused tea—to 'make it go round.' Oh, that hot water jug! When I see it! If tea is to be worth drinking, let enough be made properly; goodness knows it is cheap enough."

It is true that if tea is not made properly it is poison; it produces nervous debility and after-depression and ruins the stomach. Dear madam, go to your kitchen and see if the teapot is not stewing on the stove for the constant use of the domestics. We read sometime ago of a Commission which inquired into the increase of insanity in Ireland. It ascribed much of it to "the excessive tea-drinking habits of the people, who in consequence of the reduced cost of tea in recent years indulged in it—generally badly made or even 'stewed'—instead of the more wholesome butter-milk of former days."

Jan 14 1900

## "SCHEHERAZADE."

A Superb Exhibition of Orchestral Technic.

A New Overture by Rubin Goldmark

Mr. Breitner, Pianist, in Schuett's 2nd Concerto.

The program of the 12th Symphony concert, Mr. Gerieke conductor, given last night, in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "Hiawatha"....Rubin Goldmark (M.S. First time.)

Concerto for Piano, No. 2, in F minor.....Schuett

Suite, "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff

Mr. Goldmark, a New Yorker by birth, wrote the overture to "Hiawatha," which was played last night for the first time at any concert, when he was about 24 years old. He wrote it in 1896, when he was in Colorado, where he has lived since 1894 on account of his health.

Although Mr. Goldmark has seen live Indians and watched their festival dances and heard their songs or chants, he did not endeavor to use their national or racial music in this overture, which is romantic rather than realistic, pseudo-realistic, or ethnological.

A nephew of Carl Goldmark, educated in Vienna as well as New York, it would not be surprising if we should find in this overture suggestions of "Sakuntala," and it is true that there are harmonic and orchestral hints at the peculiar sensuousness of the uncle; but there is not enough of avuncular thought and influence to cause the people to point derisive thumbs at the nephew; and so, although young, Mr. Goldmark knows his Wagner, especially the Wagner of "Siegfried," it would be unjust to insist on reminiscences and thus give out a false impression.

This overture is highly creditable to a young man, especially when you remember that for five years or so he has been cut off in a large measure from stimulation by hearing music and being with musicians. I prefer to regard the overture simply as absolute music, for Mr. Goldmark tells me that he had no definite program in mind when he composed the work. Another title would have served; and as a matter of fact, if the overture had borne no title at all, I doubt whether one person in the orchestra or on the floor would have ever thought of the Indians of Longfellow, although an Indian hearing it might at once name the composer "Young man who is not afraid of an orchestra."

I enjoyed the music—in spots. There were pleasing passages of sensuous beauty, there were agreeable harmonic progressions, there were some delightful orchestral effects; but I am sure that Mr. Goldmark will write more firmly knit and more authoritative music. He is probably his own severest critic, and when he has the opportunity of hearing how his music sounds—where it drags—where there is suggestion of crudeness or padding—where there is much orchestra and comparatively little effect, he will profit thereby.

I do not mean by this that the overture should not have been played; far from it. These concerts should not serve merely as a kindergarten school for young composers; but when a young composer writes as good music as this overture, he should be heard. This very overture, open as it is in some respects to adverse criticism, is a stronger work than are certain other overtures, signed by more familiar names, which have been performed within the last three or four years. I regret that it is not the custom here to perform a new work for two concerts in succession, it would be fairer toward audience as



as composer; but Mr. Goldmark, who was present, has no cause to complain of performance or reception.

Mr. Ludwig Breithner, who has left us where he had lived for many years to make New York his home, is an agreeable pianist. First of all he is a pianist, not a hypnotist, not a museum, vain person who frets at the limitations of the instrument and insists that it should overgrow the orchestra. He plays with precision, elegance, brilliance, and with that supreme neatness that distinguishes many of the French school; for Mr. Breithner, although born in Trieste, and a pupil of Rubinstein, is now distinctly of the French school. He chose for his concerto the wretched thing by Schütt, the second concerto in minor, a work that is insincere and artless, wherein there is no real feeling or emotion. This music is inflated on music. A thin veneer of conventional elegance—or better yet, deportment—covers inadequately the rank egotism of the contents. Now undisguised coarseness is not necessarily insincere; it is at times wholesome and refreshing; but this music of Schütt reads me of musk and gaudy jewelry in by a brass-voiced, thick-angled man who is careless in the matter of soap and water.

It was a great pleasure to hear again the beautiful, dazzling, characteristic music of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The suite is as fantastic as the tales told by Scheherazade. He that does not appreciate, does not love the Thousand and One Nights in Burton's, Payne's, or the old familiar school-boy edition, does not care for this music; he will wonder what it is all about; he very likely will regard it as absurd or improper. The hearer of such imaginative music must have some imagination himself; he must have envied the wanderer who lived with the forty daughters of kings, high-becomed damsels, each like unto a full moon. The wanderer who might still be in their company had he not opened the forbidden door; to this hearer Sindbad is more than Captain Nickerson down the Cape, and there is no girl in fiction who can rival the Princess Zourra. Here is music that is a long-continued, never-fading mood. From beginning to end you are in the time of Haroun and the Barmecides. Nor is this music nothing but vaporous fancy; there is the rocking of the sea; there is the tale of amorous passion; there is the revelry of the crowd; there is the well-defined tragedy in the catastrophe. And the dying motif of Scheherazade is as the exclamation of a third calender feasting on the mountain with the forty damsels: "This life; 'tis pity it is fleeting."

The orchestra, admirable throughout the evening, arose to a supreme degree of technical and aesthetic power in the suite by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Each player excelled himself; and the ensemble was that of a great virtuoso, playing in his might, and glorying in the talent of the composer whom he served.

#### Philip Hale.

THE recent death of Marietta Piccolomini called forth no special remark in this country, and yet within the memory of many of the readers of the Journal she was the best celebrated singer of her period. When the aged pianist de Kontski died the other day the newspapers and music journals differed concerning his death-place. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the books differ concerning the birth year, and the place, time and era of Piccolomini's debut. Certain European music journals state gravely that she created the part of Violetta in Verdi's "Traviata," but this is a wonder. Piccolomini was a famous soubrette, but the creator of the part is Donatelli, a fat lady, whose emphysema in the death scene contributed to the fiasco at Venice, the night of the last performance in 1853.

The popular success of Piccolomini was dazzling, bewildering, incredible. When the Jenny Lind craze and the Derowski mania are hardly to be named with it. The nobility of her style, the fact that a Cardinal was her lover, her romantic determination to be an opera singer, her instruction by a sister of the art—all this was used collectively as an advertisement; there is no doubt, however, that the young woman herself was her best press agent. She made her first appearance in London, after a short and brilliant tour in Italy, May 24, 1856, at her Majesty's, in "Traviata." "The enthusiasm she created was immense. It led like wildfire. Frantic crowds gathered in the lobbies of the theatre, seats were torn and hats crushed in the conflict. She became the rage." Yet Lumley, who was then the manager, and whose Memoirs tell of triumphs, admits that her voice was not wide in range; not gifted with the perfection of fluency or flexibility, that her vocalization was far from being distinguished by its correctness or excellence of school. But she had an "indescribable something" that bewitched all hearts. She became the idol of the great London public, and no singer, although her superior, received attention while she was of the company. So, too, in Paris and in this country her triumph was indisputable. She was popularly wanted after her return to Europe, and about 1863 she married Manfredo Gaetani and left the stage.

The evidence is overwhelming, and yet here is another instance of the capriciousness and ignorance of the public in musical matters. There was living then in London a man whose knowledge was substantial, whose experience was great, whose head and judgment were not disturbed by popular frenzy, whose honesty was equalled only by his courage. His name was Henry Fothergill Chorley. I quote his criticism written in 1856 as an excellent example of his style, and also as a proof that what is called severe—some delicate persons prefer the word "brutal"—criticism is not a thing of late invention.

"London was prepared for the advent of a dazzling beauty, the favorite pupil of the most renowned singing master in Italy, Sig. Romani, a young lady of noble Roman family, driven by her irresistible propensities for the musical drama into open variance with her relations (this clause in the legend was not of the newest); and to clench and crown all—A CARDINAL'S NIECE.

"The little lady, herself, I believe, may have never, herself, set the wondrous tale a-going. But her career and her popularity in England were odd, and the story thereof is not to be escaped from.

"No greater sign of the decay of the old Italian art of singing could have been shown than in the temporary success of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. Her voice was weak and limited—a mezzo soprano, hardly one octave and a half in compass. She was not sure in her intonation; she had no execution. That which was wanting she supplied by a behavior which enchanted several of the persons who sit in the stalls. Her best appearance was in 'La Traviata.' The music of the first act pleased, perhaps, because it is almost the solitary act of gay music from the composer's pen; and her effrontery of behavior passed for being dramatically true to the character, and not, as it afterwards proved, her habitual manner of acting in her public. In the repulsive death-act, too, she had one or two good moments of serious emotion, though this was driven at times to the verge of caricature, as when every clause of her last song was interrupted by the cough which belongs to the character. But the essential homeliness of the 'reading' of a part, which could only be redeemed by a certain born refinement indicated in the frail heroine, was to be seen when Madame Bosio undertook it, at the rival opera house; and when, by the superior delicacy of her treatment of it as an actress, she effaced the forwardness of her predecessor. To compare the two as singers would be simply ridiculous. 'La Traviata' showed all Mademoiselle Piccolomini's paltry resources. She never improved in her singing—but she exaggerated the gayeties and gravities of attitude and gesture in every subsequent attempt.

"Never did any young lady whose private claims to modest respect were so great as hers are known to be, with such self-denial, fling off their protection in her resolution to lay hold of her public, at all risks. Her performance at times approached offence against maidenly reticence and delicacy. They were the slang of the musical theatre; no other word will characterize them; and slang has no place in opera, be it even the broadest opera buffa. When she played Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni,' such virtue as there was between the two seemed absolutely on the side of the libertine hero, so much invitation was thrown into the pleasant girl's rusticity. Musically the little lady was essentially a vaudeville singer, a Columbine born to 'make eyes' over an apron with pockets—to trick the Pantaloon of the piece—to cutrim the Harlequin, and to enjoy her own satirical confidence on the occasion of her success—with those before the footlights, and the orchestra.

"But Mademoiselle Piccolomini had one great gift—that of speaking Italian with a beautiful, easy, finished pronunciation and accent, such as few have possessed, and she had an air of impertinent youth; and so, for a while, she prevailed, where less appetizing pretensions to favor had failed to prevail before her. Further, she was patriotic, and in Italy she had harangued scoundrels—even as Madame Schröder-Devrient did in Dresden—from a balcony, with her hair let down—even as Mademoiselle Rachel prudentially consented to do, when, grasping the Red People in Paris of 1848, by declaiming to music 'La Marseillaise' (to be repeated afterward by her being compelled to repeat the sensation of the order of a New York public). But neither magic nor management, nor her delicious Italian speech could transform Mademoiselle Piccolomini into an artist who had a year's right to keep any musical stage of importance. The old and the young gentlemen did their best for her; and she repaid their best—so far as the demeanor which they admired, and her own capital Italian accent could do, to make amends for singing utterly worthless. But the show could not last—even in days like ours, when singers are few. It was worn out ere she left the stage."

The author of "Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century" (London, 1872), the Rev. Mr. Cox, spoke of her as "the greatest impostor that ever presumed to present herself before an intelligent musical audience as a prima donna; who, by dint of sheer impudence, managed to lead the habitues, and a very large portion of the public, by the nose."

But what did the public care for a wilderness of Chorleys? The people that gaped and cheered and would fain have taken the place of hack-horses would have answered in the words of Artemus Ward, who heard her at Cleveland, in concert.

"Fa-sinat in peple is her best belt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad because thay aint Picklehonies. Her face sparkles with amazin cussedness and about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancing champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes ben brile enuff to lite a pipe by. \* \* \* Every time she cum enterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her bed I bowed mine. When she powlid her lips I powlid mine. When she larked I larked. When she jerked her head back and took a larfin survey of aujence, sending a broadside of sassy smiles in aranc' em, I tried to unjoint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made an effort to swallow myself; but when, in the next song, she lok strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close, as I snood never want 'em again no more in this world."

Piccolomini sang here in a miscellaneous concert of the Handel and Haydn in Music Hall, Dec. 19, 1858, and good old Mr. Dwight remembered her as "the bewitching Countess." She was then 22 years old, for, according to the most trustworthy authorities, she was born at Sienna in 1836, and made her debut at Florence in 1852 as Lucrezia Borgia. Her first appearance in this country was at New York, Oct. 13, 1858 (the date in Ireland's book is wrong), as Violetta. Her first appearance in Boston was Dec. 9, 1858, in the same part. She also sang here in "Fille de Regiment," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Nozze di Figaro," "Lucia," "Serva Padrona," "Don Giovanni."

A story was published in 1884 that she was sadly in need of money, although she was living in apparent sumptuousness in her villa near Florence, and I believe subscriptions were taken in her behalf.

Sembrich, assisted by David Bispham and an orchestra led by Emil Mollenhauer, will give a concert in Music Hall Saturday afternoon at 2.30. She will sing an aria from Mozart's "Il re pastore," with violin obbligato by Mr. Winternitz; "Ah! fors è lui," from "Traviata"; a waltz, "Parla," by Arditi, and songs by Schumann (Nussbaum, Auftrage), Schubert's "Forelle," Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau," and Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen," with piano. Mr. Bispham will sing Pögnier's address and Raff's "Last Song of Riccio." The orchestra will play pieces by Flotow, Lacombe, Wagner and Svendsen. Tickets are on sale at Music Hall. It looks as though there would be a crowded house.

Miss Alice Hutchinson, soprano, assisted by the Gade Trio, will give a song recital in the Woman's Club House, Dorchester, Monday evening. She will sing songs by Schubert, "A. L., Chaminade, Ferrari, Liza Lehmann ("Endymion"), Hawley, Tosti, Needham, Denza, Gounod. The program will include Gade's trio in F, violin pieces by Stern and Zarzycki, and cello pieces by Appy, Van Goens, and trio pieces by Godard and Thomé.

Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, assisted by Mr. Merrill, bass, and Miss Berry, pianist, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Jan. 25, at 8.15.

Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, and Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, will give a matinee recital Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 21, at 3.

Mr. Armand Lecomte, baritone, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall early in February.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday evening, Jan. 27, will include Schubert's unfinished symphony, Tchaikowsky's violin concerto (Alexandre Petschnikoff, violinist) and Grieg's Symphonic Dances (first time here).

Mr. Carl Faeltel will give a piano recital on Monday evening in Steinert Hall.

A subscription list is out for a series of four lecture-recitals by Mr. Louis C. Elson. The recitals are set for three afternoons and one evening in March.

Miss Florence Wood of Boston has gone to Berlin to study singing. She was for the last four years the soprano of the Second Unitarian Church of Brookline, and in the summers she sang at the church in Nahant.

At a concert given by Grieg in Copenhagen—the program was made up of his own works—"Abend auf dem Berge" for strings with horn and oboe; "Au der Wiege" for strings; and two sacred choruses a capella were produced.—The Society of Music Friends in Vienna has offered a prize of 1000 florins for the best composition, opera, oratorio, cantata, symphony, sonata or concerto, which will be sent in before Sept. 15, 1900.—There are at least 150,000 persons engaged in the pursuit of music as a profession in Germany.—Saint-Saëns will soon go to South America to give concerts.—Lortzing's opera, "Casanova" (1811), has been revived at Leipzig. Did it need expurgation?—Benolt's "Lueifer" has been given in Vienna for the

first time at a Godescift. The next Niederrheinische Musikfest will be held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Easter week. Richard Strauss and Schwicklerath will conduct Liszt's "Christus" and Beethoven's "Eoth Syon" among the works to be given.—Richard Strauss's last symphony "Ein Heldenleben" has been played at Liège. Are we never to hear it in Boston? Breitkopf and Hartel offer a prize of 500 marks for the best song of the German fleet. César Franck's opera "Hulda" (Monte Carlo, 1894) was performed lately at Nancy for the first time in France. Salza was the original creator of the chief tenor part.—Richard von Perger is now director of the Vienna Conservatory.—Sousa's Band will play at the opening of the Paris Exhibition April 14 and will spend eight weeks in that city, after which it will give concerts in German and English cities.—A new string quartet on the name "Begas" by Hans Hermann was performed for the first time Dec. 21 in Berlin by the Hallé Quartet.—Siegfried Wagner will finish an opera in three acts in Rome. He has already written the first act of this new work, of which he is librettist as well as composer. The opera will be produced at Munich in 1901.

Several Belgians have gone to Athens to join the faculty of the Conservatory, which is now under the patronage of Prince George.—Joseph Smith, an American, will manage the Pergola Theatre, Florence.—A new opera, "Cinderella," by an Italian pianist, Ermanno Wolff, will be produced in Carnival time at Venice.—The manager of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, wishing to mount Erlanger's new opera, "Le Juif Polonais" ("The Bells") approximately went to Alsace to study the scenery and took with him composer, librettist, painters and publisher.—Clément, a favorite tenor of the Opéra-Comique, went last week to Cairo for a short engagement.—A man by the name of Jorisjeune has written a "critical and biological" study of Richard Strauss.—They found fault in Paris with a new-comer, Miss Gerville-Réache, because she dressed the part of Orpheus in Gluck's opera so that there was "no illusion." She griddled her waist, wore corsets, or did some other dreadful thing. Viardot wore a man's tunic when she sang the part.

"Siegfried" will be given for the first time in France about the end of this month at Rouen.—The New York critics continue to dislike Alvarez and are still passionately addicted to the Eames habit.—Saint-Saëns will write the music for a prologue in verse for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, for performance at Béziers this year.—Max Bruch has sent to Sarasate the manuscript of an important work for violin with orchestra to be played at the Paris Exposition.—Massart, once a favorite tenor at the Monnaie, Brussels, and then director of the Kursaal at Ostend, died lately. The Belgian papers tell us that as a manager of a dramatic company in the United States and Mexico, he was attacked by Red Indians in Arizona in 1897. Does any one remember the circumstance?—Mr. Longy, first oboe of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will assist Mrs. Greville Snelling in a song recital in New York, Jan. 22.—Walter Damrosch is lecturing on Wagner. You can't stop him—"Cupid in Arcadia," a prologue and pastoral from the Elizabethan poets for solo quartet with piano by W. H. Pommer, was performed for the first time by the Rubinstein Club, St. Louis, Jan. 3.—The revival of "Don Pasquale," Jan. 8, at the Metropolitan, New York with Sembrich, was eminently successful. Mr. Henderson recalls a performance at the Academy of Music with Marimon in 1880, and one at Chickering Hall, New York, in 1884, with Nordica. The first performance in New York was in English, March 9, 1846.—They say that Lamoureux conducted the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Paris with a revolver in a pocket of his swallow-tail coat.

Lady Hallé will spend the winter in Sweden, and Joachim will not pay his usual visit to London this winter.—The New York daily newspapers paid no attention to Mr. William Shakspeare's first lecture in this country, Jan. 4. He was rash enough to sing at the lecture and the Concert-Goer says: "Since he complained before singing of the effect of a change of climate and of the weariness of his voice from speaking, it is quite possible that he was not able on this occasion to control his voice with his accustomed skill. Certain it is that his tone color was lacking in character, that he sang falsetto over-much for good effect, and that when he developed his tone it took on a tight quality directly at variance with the relaxed muscles and firm breath control which he advocated with so much emphasis in his lecture."—Mr. Briscoe, the deposed conductor of the

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, denies that he ever referred to the players as "old fogies" or "cadavers."—Mrs. Max Heinrich will sing in Chicago for the first time Jan. 16.—Mr. Felix Fox of Boston gave a piano recital in Worcester, Jan. 11.

Mr. Blackburn spoke of Dohnányi's new string quartet in A, op. 11, played in London Dec. 18, as follows:

"We cannot fairly say that we have quite the same high opinion of Dohnányi just at the present moment as we had when he first came here to claim the fair critical opinion of London. His promise was then so brilliant; his performance was then so good; and



Now both promise we looked for a future. Now the promise has some- what faded and the performance is not quite so good as it was. Still, Bohannan is a very young man, and youth, even at age, has its ups and downs; so that we still look forward to a fulfill- ment which has not been realized quite so quickly as we thought it reasonable to expect. A rising quartet evidently a youthful work, for it is classified as Op. 11—by this pianist was also given on this occasion for the first time in London. It is curious, but there is nothing beautiful about the work. It has a fine musical interest, and we are content to know that in no case has the young composer made any theft upon his predecessors. And yet we cannot discover one atom, one iota of genuine originality in the composition. This very youthful composer would seem to have assimilated a thousand influences without adding to those influences any original feeling of his own. Here lies a curious paradox. We can number half a dozen composers out of hand in whose work you may constantly discover the actual phrases and har- monies of other great creators of origi- nal music, and who yet remain original musicians themselves. Think for one moment of the choral section of Beet- hoven's Ninth Symphony as contrasted with Michaelis's "Carmen," or of the opening notes of the adagio to the symphony as contrasted with the on- zing bars to Wagner's "Parsifal" in "Die Meistersinger." In these two cases (and in many other such) you have an overlapping of thought, but in neither Wagner's nor Bizet's instance is there any question of a lack of originality. Now in Bohannan's quartet there is probably no such overlapping of thought, yet the question of his originality is very much in peril, so far as an affirmative answer may be expected. In a word, Bohannan, without trenching on actual and note-by-note phrases, shows an utter want of original inspiration in this composition. You understand the vague influence of greater masters at every moment, without pause, and without cessation; and with that recognition there passes away all possible enthu- siasm or all possible desire for any further acquaintance with this music. Let us leave it there.

Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows about Charles Lamoureux in the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 26:

The death of M. Lamoureux removes from the world of musical industry— we say industry rather than art, for he belonged to the interpretative branch of his profession entirely—a man who, if he will not be missed, has done a very great work indeed for his own country. Nothing national or prejudiced ever entered into M. Lamoureux's attitude toward his music, the art he loved, the art he practiced, the art he desired to deliver up to the world as a thing to reverence, to worship. Wagner came upon the scene; and Lamoureux recog- nized that here was an artist to be known and understood by his fellow- Frenchmen. At once, despite alarms and excursions, despite even threats of assassination—he conducted the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Paris with a loaded revolver in his dress-coat pocket—Lamoureux deter- mined that Wagner should have a hearing in France. And finally he triumphed. The first performance in Paris the other day of "Tristan und Isolde" was the ultimate expression of that triumph. It was the sign and seal of all that he had before done in the course of an arduous and finely con- siderable career. But whatever Lamoureux's policy, it was as a conductor, as a practitioner rather than as a theorist, that he was genuinely and really a man to reckon with.

His practice was a persistent endeavor to arrive at perfection in interpreta- tion; and for that object he spared no possible pains to train his own per- sonally organized orchestra into a machine as accurate and as definitely clear as could well be imagined in a work a day world, where accuracy is usually to seek. For this desire, this ambition to attain a counsel of perfection, he has by some strangely decadent writers been partly blamed. When he came to London three or four years ago and startled us all by the extraordinary unanimity of his players—Mr. Newman, it will be remembered, arranged for the transportation from Paris to Lon- don of the whole Lamoureux band—there were even some who found fault with him for no other reason than that his perfection was superlative. One clever and penetrating critic invented a theory for the situation. That the- ory was nothing less than that no rea- sonable composer desires to have his works performed just as he writes them. A man, said he, always depends upon the imperfection of an orchestra. When he writes a score he relies upon a continuous "orchestral murmur"—though this ingenious theorist forgot to state the precise nature of the oppor- tune murmur which Beethoven, Bach and the rest really desired. In a word, the opposition which Lamoureux received in London on account of his very mer- its aroused a controversy in which logic had no place, no reason, no fair- ness, no justice. "The better you are," said this strange logic, "the worse you are. Play like the Philharmonic, and we will forgive you; but play Beetho- ven's score as Beethoven wrote it, and we deliberately say that Beethoven did not write according to his de- sire. He always remembered the mysti- cal joys of inaccuracy." Well, the theory, like every unreasonable, every insupportable theory, went the way of all such trash; and in the end we came to recognize Lamoureux as a man who, desirous of perfection, knew how to attain his desire, as one who in his endeavor to surrender to the world the clean, secure, neat and polished pictures which his heroes had fashioned, spared no pains, made no trouble not worth his while, took nothing as a grievance. His latest Lon- don appearance took place under cir- cumstances which rather sadly remind-

ed one—as we observed at the time—of the over-population of the world; it was when Mr. Newman organized a terrific combination of his own orchestra with that of Lamoureux when they together proved, in the essayist's words, that violence is apt to confess its own limits. That was a mistake. But we have no hesitation in saying, from our London experience of the man, that Lamou- reux was one of the greatest conductors of our time.

Philip Hale.

Jan 15, 1900

Did not the Duc de Brissac perform the operation himself for a moral and dignified sentiment instead of letting himself be shaved by a valet-de-chambre? Often was he heard to say unto himself in grave soli- tude, while holding the razor open and ad- justing the blade to the proper angle, in readiness for the first stroke, "Tim- oleon de Cossé, God hath made thee a gen- tleman, and the King hath made thee a Duke. It is nevertheless right and fit that thou shouldst have something to do; there- fore thou shalt shave thyself!" In this spir- it of humility did that great Peer "muni- fy his muzzel."

We spoke Saturday of Magistrate Flammer, who said to Mr. John Nor- sky: "You dye your whiskers; the truth dwells not with you. A man who dyes his whiskers has a false heart." And we promised you that we should consult the authorities.

First of all, we find that Mr. Flam- mer has at least one precedent for his opinion. Centuries ago, as Theophras- tus tells us, a certain old man with white hair and with a beard dyed black appeared to argue a case before the Senate of Sparta. While he was speak- ing, he was interrupted by a man who asked the Senate how it could put any confidence in the words of a man who showed by his very face that he was a liar. The objection might now be raised that a liar has not necessarily a Lad heart, and that a bad-hearted man may be villainously truthful. But Mr. Flammer would justly reply that centuries ago there was a lack of confi- dence in a man with a dyed beard.

In all probability dyes were little used by the ancient Hebrew males (see Mat- thew v., 36), and we therefore find little or nothing in Scripture against the ab- horrent practice. There is a story that Herod dyed his gray hair to conceal his age, but the tradition is only a tradition repeated by Josephus. They anointed hair freely with ointments, hence undoubtedly the allusion "The hair of thine head like purple" (Solo- mon's Song, vii., 5). Some sprinkled gold dust on their hair and beard.

Do you mention Jezebel, who painted her eyelids? But we are not talking about women, not even about bearded women, nor about famous hair-dress- ers, as Legros, Léonard Autier, Cham- pagne, or Carrousel, the barber of Me- ridian Street, who made a tragic ending in Aubrey Beardsley's ballad.

But Mohammed gave express com- mands: "Change the whiteness of your hair, but not with anything black." Biron adds this note: "Old Turkish officers justify black dyes because these make them look younger and fiercer. Henna stains white hair orange red; and the Persians apply after it a paste of indigo leaves; the result is success- ively lead-green, emerald-green, bot- tle-green, and lastly lamp-black. There is a stage in life (the youth of old age) when man uses dyes; presently he finds that the whole face wants dye; that the contrast between juvenile colored hair and ancient skin is ridiculous, and that it is time to wear white."

Pliny gives recipes for hair-dyes, and you will also find them in Paulus Aegineta (Book III, section II.); for dyeing the hair black; for dyeing tawny hairs, and making them of a bright yellow color; a gold-colored dye; and even for making the hairs white. Galen remarks that the application of these dyes does not belong properly to the physician, but that he may sometimes be obliged to furnish them to royal ladies, whom, under certain circum- stances, he cannot venture to disobey. Women in ancient times used to "paint the hair," for there is nothing new under the sun, even in feminine fash- ion. The Saxons and Normans used to dye their hair; but let us be just—Strutt supposes that this was chiefly confined to the men. And if English women in the 13th century painted their faces, following the example of their French sisters of the two preceding centuries, Englishmen—at least they called themselves men—painted their faces in the 17th century. The in- genious Max Beerholm in his "Defence of Cosmetics" alluded to the fact that many London men "in a certain sect of society have shown" (1594) "a marked tendency to the use of cosmetics;" but he did not approve of it: "If men are to lie among the rouge pots inevitably it will tend to promote that amalga- mation of the sexes which is one of the chief planks in the decadent platform and to obtund that piquant con- trast between him or her which is one of the redeeming features of crea-

tion. Besides, really, men have not the excuse of facial monotony that holds in the case of women. Have we not hair upon our chins and upper lips? And can we not, by diverting the trend of our moustache or by growing the beard in this way or that, avoid the boredom of looking the same for long? Let us beware. For if, in violation of unwritten sexual law, men take to trifling with the paints and brushes that are feminine heritage, it may be that our great ladies will don false im- perials, and the little doner deck her pretty chin with a Newgate fringe!"

Yet we are tempted to give the recipe for a dye—it is so cheap and nasty. The Madani use what is known as the Egyptian mixture, which is composed of sulphate of iron one part, ammonure of iron one part, and gall-nuts two parts, infused in eight parts of distilled water.

Among the Selinites the bald-headed man was beautiful; hair was a shame and reproach. Fashion is a whirligig. It may yet be the approved thing for the glorious Alcibiades of a town to wear a red beard with black side- whiskers; or to wear a full beard striped with various colors, like a pousse-café. Or like the leg-tights worn by Romeo, Iago, and other stage- gentry, one hairy side of the face may differ from the other in glory of color. Will the cadi of such a period insist on consequent falseness of heart? Magis- trate Flammer probably referred to plain whiskers dyed your ordinary black. Such whiskers are indeed loath- some, yes, suspicious.

Jan 16, 1900

### "The Princess Chic."

"The Princess Chic," an original opéra-comique in three acts, book by Kirke Lashelle, music by Julian Ed- wards, was performed for the first time in this city last night at the Columbia Theatre. Mr. Edwards conducted. The cast was as follows:

Charles, the Bold.....	Winfield Blake
Louis XI.....	Walter A. Lawrence
Francois.....	Edgar Temple
Chamberlain.....	Richard Golden
Brevet.....	J. C. Miron
Brabant.....	Will Mandeville
Pommard.....	Harry Brown
Lorraine.....	Mathilde Previla
Estelle.....	Louise Heppner
Princess Chic.....	Minnie Methot

This comic opera was first performed at Wilkesbarre, Dec. 30, 1899. It was then played in Washington, D. C., and afterward in Hamilton.

The subject is not a Lad one, and while it is treated conventionally, the development, though slow, is clear and free from gross extravagance or absurdity. In the first act Mr. Lashelle had the happy idea of introducing both a drunken scene and his heroine in lights. This was a bold departure, for the heroine as a rule dons male at- tire (for purposes known only to heaven and the librettist) in the second act, and the drunken scene is usually distributed between the two last. In the second act there is a good curtain- situation, and there is reasonable curi- osity as to the final setting of all things right. The dialogue is neither witty nor exciting; there is a pretty row be- tween our old friend Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy, and the lines and gags of the comedians are largely a matter of personal equation. If you admire the art of Messrs. Golden and Brown, you will enjoy their gags.

Mr. Edwards, an excellent and ex- perience musician, has written several numbers in this opéra that are of a higher order than the music usually found in comic opera of this period. His ensembles—with the exception of the waltz finale of the second act—are melodious, effectively harmonized, ad- mirably adapted to the situation. Nearly all of the music is tuneful, and there are charming bits of orchestration.

The company is not one of unusual strength, but it plays together, and it has been thoroughly rehearsed. Miss Methot is a singer who has evidently studied, for at times her vocalization was good; but she frequently was un- true to the pitch, and at times her voice was not sufficiently strong or brilliant to meet the demands of the composer. Miss Previlla with her rich and tell- ing tones was heartily applauded, as was Mr. Miron for his delivery of the effective song at the beginning of the third act. And the duet between Miss Heppner and Mr. Temple, one of the most pleasing numbers in the opéra, met with warm approbation. The chorus was very good.

The opéra is handsomely mounted in all respects. The fresh and varied costumes were designed with consid- erable attention to historical accuracy, and the groupings were thus interesting and picturesque.

The comedians pleased the audience, and thus they were successful. It may be said that while the first act was re- ceived with moderate symptoms of ap- proval, the audience grew more and more appreciative.

Life shot or coming bill.

Happless love or broken faith.

Gulp it never chew your pill.

And, if burgundy should fall,

Try the humbler pot of ale.

Over all is heaven's expanse

Gold's to find among the shade.

Life's a tidder, life's a dance.

The son of "a prominent citizen" of an Illinois town aimed at his mother- in-law, and, missing her, hit his wife. Such a poor marksman did not deserve

a wife.

The publisher of a magazine sent us this letter:

"Gentlemen:

Having read your offer for short stories I will answer and state my lat- ention. I have long been an author of both short and continued stories and never have failed to give satisfaction and get the highest prices. I hereby affirm that I will have no dealings with frauds or dead beats. Please send me on return mail full particulars in which I hope to find no catch traps or traces of crooked work, pardon plain speaking but we must fully understand each other.

Looking for a prompt reply and full particulars, signed, Yours, etc.,

ETHEL.

We have no hesitation in nominating this literary woman for Perpetual Hon- orary President of the Authors' Club, Boston. The fact that she never fails to give satisfaction and receives the highest prices should excite the ad- miration, not the envy, of the One Hun- dred. Besides, the true Boston author does not care what sum or sums of money he receives. To be a Boston au- thor is its own reward.

Let us here remark, by way of inter- mezzo, that we are heartily sick of the tiresome man-with-the-bee. Isn't it about time for him to put down the hoe and vary his exercise by sawing wood?

Now Mrs. Elizabeth Everett, "a well- known literary woman" of Philadel- phia, would never have come to grief if she had lived in this city. She would be today a member of the Authors' Club of Boston in good and regular standing. Yearning for appreciation, panting in an arid waste for literary communion, she combed herself with diamonds and picked them freely where- ever she found them. In Boston, pub- lishers would have presented her with them. In Philadelphia she was arrest- ed. And yet Col. Alexander McClure, the well-known optimist, says that there is not a single competent journal- ist today out of employment.

We invite the attention of para- graphers who insist on the emotional immovability of the Boston girl, old or young, to the bolometer. This in- strument can measure less than one- millionth of a degree of temperature change. Use the bolometer and give the Boston girl a fair chance.

Now is the time to lay in golf balls for summer use.

The Parish Church of Cambridge is perplexed over the plans for the new building. A vote was taken lately, and the question was in substance: "Do you wish a gothic church or a meeting house?" We hear that gothic was preferred. But what has a Unitarian Church, especially in Cambridge, to do with gothic? The vote recalled the question asked by the young woman from Chicago when she visited friends on Marlborough Street: "After all, which order of architecture do you prefer: the pointed ironic, or the open carthartic?"

Loie Fuller will celebrate a terpsichorean anniversary with pomp and circumstance. When did you first see her in Boston? We remember her with Mr. Louis de Lange in a dreary play, "Quack, M. D.," which was billed as "Fred Marsden's last and greatest." This was at the Grand Opera House, Oct. 5, 1891. But she made a sensation by the "serpentine dance," which she introduced in "Uncle Celestin," brought here by the Casino Company, Jan. 8, 1892. It was, indeed, a serpentine dance; for it charmed and it fascinated. There were suggestions in it of the dances and postures of all times and all coun- tries. Young men seeing it rejoiced in their youth and old men were set pleas- antly a-dreaming.

A condor and a bald-headed eagle fought the other day in Central Park. The eagle was not knocked out, but the keeper, Mr. Peter Shannon, threw up the sponge and the eagle is now in the bird hospital. Was it not Benjamin Franklin who thought poorly of the eagle and preferred the turkey-buzzard? Or was it some satirist who said that the latter should symbolize the spirit of this country? However this may be the condor is a noble bird. Centurie pro Mr. Joseph Acosta wrote: "In Per- there are blairs which they call con- dore, of an exceeding greatness, and of such a force, that not only they will open a sheep and eat it but also a whole calf." They undoubtedly gain their strength by taking daily a piece of Peruvian bark. The poets have ad- mired the condor.

Boo of the West! to him all empire given! Who bears Aaxahua's dragon folds

heaven! His flight a whirlwind, and, when hear a far.

Like thunder, or the distant din of war. Nor should that useful bird, the tur- key-buzzard, be despised. His flight is the personification of serene strength and an epic poem of motion.



men women fainted at a performance of "Carmen" in New York Saturday. The performance must have been of a temperature as well as temperate.

and lately in the New York Sun "black ball habit," and the arts founded on the agitation in the club of this city. The black ball is by no means deplorable or as long as the women abominate the high ball habit, there is no hope for the future of this country.

Hugo de Bathie has gone to fight wars. On the steamer he gave an account for his heroic purpose. "I show my wife that I am a man. Why the expense and trouble of money? Mrs. Langtry should be able to tell a man when she sees one."

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and elm have pleasant leaves in the spring-time shoot; to see in the gallow-tree,adder-bitten root. In or dry, a man must die bears its fruit.

ars that the Sheriff of Navajo Arizona, sent out this invitation on black edged paper:

Holbrook, Arizona, Dec. 1, 1899.

re hereby cordially invited to be hanging of one **THE SMILEY, MURDERER.** ul will be swung into eternity 8, 1899, at 2 o'clock P. M. sharp. Improved methods in the art of strangle will be employed and everything possible will be made the proceedings cheerful execution a success.

F. J. WATTRON,  
Sheriff of Navajo County.

of the society leaders in the declared that the invitation worded in accordance with the canons. Mr. Wattron posted a party and issued an invitation read as follows:

Holbrook, Arizona, Jan. 1, 1900.

feelings of profound sorrow and. hereby invite you to attend and the private, decent and humane of a human being; name, Smiley, crime, murder.

and George Smiley will be executed January 8, 1900, at 2 o'clock

re expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any "flippant" or "silly" language or conduct on the part of any one will not be allowed. Con- any one's part bordering on and tending to mar the solemn- the occasion will not be toler-

F. J. WATTRON,  
Sheriff of Navajo County.

lieve this story, because we in the New York Sun.

weet to dance to violins Love and Life are fair; once to flutes, to dance to lutes late and rare;

is not sweet with nimble feet once upon the air!

are superficial thinkers who his Sheriff. So long as there are executions, invitations should be as much care as for any civil event.

good old days when highway- in advance of electric car and transit and railway compa- nying was regarded as the event, the apotheosis, of a fe, and invitations were given by the anticipating hero, as yet and exultant in his might. w more about the details of eutions than we do about the ections of the contemporaneous

whimpered and whinnied" for a old James MacLaine in court, were, like him, "carried to the and trembling". As Mr. well says, the gallows is "a of artistry". The spectators when Jocelin Harwood arrived in insolently drunk; and when Shotland hurled his shoes into and said, "My father and often told me that I should die shoes on; but you may all see I have made them both hars," he effused to smile. A finer soul than Austin, who said to the Chap- there's a woman yonder with irds and whey, and I wish I ave a pennyworth of them be- n hanged, because I don't know shall see any again". Roderick only 16 years old, "went very o the gallows, being in a white, it, clean napkin, white gloves, orange in one hand". Jonathan ve the crowd a hearty curse, ore he was swung out of this

world with universal applause. Gilderoy was hanged so high that he became a proverb. Sixteen-String Jack wore coat and waistcoat of pea-green and counted upon a rescue to the very end; the night before he entertained seven women at supper.

Jack Sheppard boasted on the cart: "Though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes". David Haggart, "the Switcher," appeared on the scaffold in "a chastened spirit of prayerful gratitude". Deacon Brodie, cracksmen and gentleman, wore full suit of black; his hair was dressed and powdered; he examined the halter with an "impartial curiosity" and prayed this prayer of his own composing: "O Lord, I lament that I know so little of Thee". Mr. Charles Peace, master burglar, who "had a life apart from his art, and to whom religion was an essential pursuit," prayed for everybody by name. "What is the scaffold?" he asked, and his answer was: "A short cut to Heaven!"

The loftiest place is that seat of grace For which all worldlings try; But who would stand in hempen band Upon a scaffold high. And through a murderer's collar take His last look at the sky?

Buckle noted the fact that horror of the public executioner shows a low state of civilization. The executioner is often a man of elegant deportment and fine mental acquisitions. There is Saint Aubin, for instance, the author of a devotional work, "The Triumph of Calvary" (Paris, 1855). There is the Chinese executioner in Mirbeau's horrible book "La Jardin des Supplices," who deplored the passing of his art. There is the hangman in Thomas Hardy's grim tale, the hangman with the ingratiating manner and a song. Many executioners are passionately fond of gardening, and their daughters are notoriously gentle and womanly. Think how much time the old-fashioned executioner had—except in times of excitement or discussion—for meditation; how he could ripen for the grave! That amiable bibliophile Gabriel Peignot wrote to a friend in 1829 that he was at work on a book entitled "The Executioner." The motto was: "There is no one, however little given to reflection, who has not at some time meditated on the executioner." The chapters were to tell of the executioner as known to the ancients, the Greeks, Romans, Orientals; the modern executioner; his rewards; his right to plunder his client; if he is not present, who should replace him? Of his costume and dwelling-house; the female executioner; the right to demand the assistance of the crowd; of a gentleman who turned executioner out of spite; concerning Tassoni's eulogy of the executioner; bibliography of works on this subject published in Germany, etc., etc. Alas, the book was never published. Is the manuscript in existence?

When he came to the nubbing-cheat, He was tack'd up so neat and pretty; The rumbler jugg'd off from his feet, And he died with his face to the city. He kicked, too, but that was all pride, For soon you might see 'twas all over; And as soon as the noose was untied, Then at darkey we waked him in clover, And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

"My honest friend," said Dr. Franklin, "if you are poor, avoid wine as a costly luxury; if you are rich, shun it as a fatal indulgence. Stick to plain water. There is no pastry coming. Pastry is poisoned bread. Never eat pastry. Be a plain man, and stick to plain things. But you must not be idle. Here is Poor Richard's Almanac, which I commend to your earnest perusal. In this world, men must provide knowledge before it is wanted, just as our countrymen in New England get in their winter's fuel one season to serve them the next."

Printer, Postmaster, almanac maker, essayist, chemist, orator, tinker, statesman, humorist, philosopher, parlor man, political economist, professor of housewifery, Ambassador, professor, maxim-monger, herb doctor, wit; Jack of all trades, master of each and mastered by none—the type and genius of his land. Franklin was everything but a poet.

A local contemporary says that Benjamin Franklin's figure was "a series of harmonious curves." Yes, his whole political and social life was a series of beautiful curves, and few there were that "got on to them." By some singular oversight, our contemporary in an elaborate article overlooked Franklin's letter to a young man concerning marriage and the marriage relations—an invaluable document, a very help to youth in time of trouble. Ah! Franklin was a great man even if he did shed proverbs as though he were the American Sancho Panza.

Figaro (Paris) of Jan. 2 expresses horror at the rigor of the law in Bridgeport, Conn., where it is now forbidden and for all time to kiss a woman in public. Figaro with that geographical accuracy which characterized Victor Hugo and other eminent Frenchmen says that the citizens of

Bridgeport suffer because citizens of New Haven were scandalized by Yale students kissing girls in the street. This of course was before President Hadley advised us all to pass the lee pitcher to them that are engaged in trusts or combinations. And Figaro gives the following vivid explanation: "They have dug up expressly to suit this case an old English law of the reign of Charles I., which has never been repealed; but they modified the penalty. The law demanded that the offending man should receive 40 stripes on the bare back, and the woman 20. American legislation, cognizant of the milder manners of today, has substituted a fine for flagellation."

Eugène Bertrand, one of the co-directors of the Opéra, Paris, died Dec. 30 of a cold which he contracted when paying the last honor to his friend Charles Lamoureux. The old saw says: "One funeral breeds many." Old Chimes was talking yesterday about the barbarous custom of going to the fresh grave and standing by, no matter what the weather may be, with uncovered head. "How idle such ceremonies!" he said. "How dangerous to many who thus are in a hurry to shake hands with Death before he makes the first and formal call. I know of no more dismal sight than a funeral procession in sour weather, when the soaked plumes of ceremony refuse to wave, and the faces of the mourners are intensified in gloom by the physical discomfort and the rheumatic-pneumonic dangers of the march; and the one to whom these honors are paid is indifferent to the trappings and the music, careless of beating drum or leaden sky. The habit of employing hired mourners is not to be sniffed at as utterly insincere and heartless. I know a lawyer in this town who is never so happy at dining clubs as when he is responding to a toast to the dead. His voice trembles, tears come to his eyes, his voice is rich in 'floral tributes,' although he may never have even seen the man whom he eulogizes as a brother. Why should not the accomplished actor—and, mark you, he is honest, perfectly honest, for he is of an emotional nature—why should he not be employed by respectable families to represent them at the cemetery in disagreeable weather? And yet, perhaps I am guilty of exaggeration, there are a few men—we regret to say that he mentioned their names; we suppress them from motives of personal convenience—"whose bodies I should be happy to follow on foot to the grave, even at the risk of contracting a severe and lingering sickness."

How money falls, like roasted larks from heaven, into the laps of some men and women. Take the case of this same Bertrand. His father was given to shooting sparrows. To indulge himself, he bought long ago a stretch of waste ground in the district where now is the Parc Monceau. Paris grew, and the elder Bertrand built on his land and went farther away to shoot. Then came the reign of Baron Haussmann. Bertrand's land was needed for the improvement of the city and the owner received several millions for what he had bought for a few thousands. Happy is the son who had a father that shot so discreetly.

He was an old man, with hair frosted, forehead drooping, eyebrows many, beard and mustachios stained and dyed; eyes red and goggle; cheeks bleached and hollow; flabby nose, like a brinjal or egg plant; face like a cobbler's apron, teeth overlapping, and lips like camels' kidneys, loose and pendulous; in brief, a terror, a horror, a monster, for he was of the folk of his time the ugliest and of his age the frightfullest; sundry of his grinders had been knocked out, and his eye-teeth were like the tusks of the Hind who frighteneth poultry in the hen houses.

He sat next us in the street car. The conductor called out "Berkley Streets," "Clarendon Streets," until we came to "Bothlinia Streets." Then he looked at us and laughed. "Yes," we answered, "he put the accent on the third syllable; they generally put it on the second." He watched the conductor, who finally said, and correctly, "Massachusetts Avenue." "But why didn't he say 'Massachusetts Avenues'?" "It's a shame, isn't it," we answered; "why don't you write a letter of complaint to the Transcript? Sign it 'Purist'."

The paragrapher is never secure. After he has handed in his copy, telegrams may contradict him flatly or render him ridiculous. We once asked, "What has become of Dr. Depew? He has not handed down his opinions for a week". That same issue of the Journal contained a column of Dr. Depew's explanation of the European situation. We have spoken of a man—perhaps too honestly—and the same issue published the notice of his mother-in-law's death. Then letters denounced us as "brutal," "fiendish," and we con-

templated suicide, or at least exercise after dark. Now yesterday we called attention to an article in Figaro of Jan. 2 about the penalty inflicted on them that kiss in public in towns of Connecticut. You read in the same Journal that in New Haven, Jan. 17, Judge Bishop put Mr. Harry Chappell under heavy bonds for throwing a kiss to pretty Clara Marks, who was weeping at the bar. And later we read that the bride of an hour in the same city cast aside her husband because he invited a male friend of long standing to salute his wife after the ceremony. What will become of Connecticut if there is perseverance in this prudery? Population will be renewed chiefly by immigration.

President Hadley would have us all refuse "social recognition" to any man engaged in "an unworthy enterprise." But what will the President of Yale do at the reunions at his college? Will he separate by a freezing glance or a withdrawn hand the goats from the sheep? He should consult Dr. Depew in the matter.

Miss Eleanor Guilti, who prefers the stage to a rich young man of San Francisco, is not absolutely stony-hearted. She kept the dog which her betrothed gave her—a Mexican dog valued at \$500. An exception to the old saying: "Love me, Love my Dog."

Is Magistrate Flammer a very Daniel come to judgment, or are the New York newspapers guying him? We quoted lately his memorable opinion handed down in the case of Truth vs. Dyed Whiskers. Since then a man was brought before him who was accused of violating the law by selling soap on Sunday. And what did Mr. Flammer say?

"Soap! Soap is one of the pillars that supports the framework of society. Law and economics are deep founded on soap. Would that more soap was sold in all this neighborhood. See! you are discharged. Sell soap in peace, nor be disturbed by the frothy lather of police interference."

Ah, those whiskers! We cannot escape from them. They entangle us and we are lost in the meshes as though each man we met were like unto Schai-bar, the brother of the fairy Pari-Banou. We see them in dreams: whiskers of various and surprising dyes. Fantastic men sit on the foot-board of the bed and stroke purple whiskers and grin a ghastly grin; nor do bromides remove the vision. But man is not the only creature that can be dyed. Gilbert White says that Bullfinches, when fed on hempseed, often become wholly black, and Coleridge, in a note—published for the first time in Lane's edition—adds "I saw a canary bird at Blumenbach's in Göttingen, which the Professor had changed to a bright black by the same food."

Chicago is a windy city. Some of the leaders in society are debating whether she is a musical city. One woman characterized the local society as "dull, dyspeptic, anaemic." But it was reserved for Mrs. Henrotin to say that society in America was "at a disadvantage in not having the assistance of king, queen, court or church." Why not start the court in Chicago? The gentleman who wore evening dress at a late breakfast would make an excellent, thoroughly efficient duke; and then there is Bath-house John.

The American Society of Civil Engineers reports in favor of the 24 hour clock system. What we married men really want is a clock that strikes only once each half hour from 10 P. M. to 3.30 A. M.

Jan 20. 1900

Still closely to their rugged hearts parents fold the time-worn idea that the obedience of their children to themselves is heaven's first command. Slowly the truth is being brought home to these little tyrants of the domestic hearth that they are not to be bolstered up by antiquated arguments and sentimental reasoning. Slowly they are recognizing, what it were well they had anticipated earlier, that the duty which a child owes to its parent must follow and not precede, must be the effect and not the cause of, the duty of the parent towards the child. Life is a pot-pourri of problems, and not the least mysterious is this, that children and parents can be so like, and yet so unlike, one another. A father and son may have the common habit of picking off the first button of their waistcoats, and yet share together not one of all the multifarious interests in this many-sided and interesting life, and a father will pass along on his way, nor even hear a single whisper from the soul, or help to still a single heart-throb, of a son whom he has brought into the world for no other reason than to please himself.

We came close to Daniel Webster yesterday. Talking with a hearty old fish-monger, he told us that he used to sell fish to the great orator, who, according to Attorney General Knowlton, if he should appear in court today, would put the jury to sleep by his argument.



We asked the fishmonger if he ever had trouble in collecting his bill. He replied: "Mr. Webster, sir, was a wonderful man. It was an honor to sell fish to him."

Another victim to the dime novel habit! We tried to read one of them the other day and found it duller than any argument by Daniel Webster or Rufus Choate, page Mr. Knowlton. Nothing is as it used to be. There are no dime novels like the ones we hid thirty odd years ago in school behind the kindly geographies or read on Sunday in the barn. We saw lately a man who was once the boy envied by us all; for in those days he was invariably the first to secure the new dime novel at the village bookstore. How did he do it? We never knew. We watched him in the street; we spied on him at his home and at the shop; but we never saw him ordering, buying or receiving. Had he a secret covenant with the bookseller? Did he send to New York for them? If one of us went to the store and asked for the latest number of Beadle's, Mr. Marsh would answer "It hasn't come yet" or "Winthrop bought it yesterday." And oh the envy that wrung our vitals when Wint would turn about in his seat at school and show slyly and aggravatingly a fresh new cover with its picture of an Indian and underneath it the word "Silverheels." Well, we saw this same boy a few days ago. After a few minutes' talk we found that he had not yet passed the dime novel stage of life. We asked him if he remembered when he bought "Silverheels" and brought it to school, and how Miss Bates nearly caught him. No. "You see I have read so many that I don't remember their names." Even now, at this very moment, the cover of that immortal book is right before us, fresh, alluring, tantalizing; yet we would not read it for the world; for we would fain cherish and hug one illusion.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling sails for Cape Town today. The fall of Pretoria is now a matter of only a few weeks.

A correspondent asks whether Mr. Wm. J. Roe, "author of sociological works, who is in bankruptcy with liabilities estimated at \$30,661 and no assets," is the Earnest Student of Sociology. No, he is not. We spoke to our distinguished friend about the matter; he was not surprised at the non-existence of assets; he simply said "I envy my colleague his liabilities. How did he manage it?"

Mr. William J. Henderson reviewed in the New York Times of yesterday a concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his town: "It would not have been difficult to secure a reading" (of the "Scheherazade" Suite) "in which there was more brilliancy. Mr. Gericke is so very polite in his methods, so averse to rudeness of any kind, that he rubs off all the angles that make reflection of the sunlight."

Miss Florence Kahn, the playactress, should command a high salary. According to an exchange, "she came upon the stage as a mad fantasy, and she lived the part she assumed as an embodied dream and an embodied irresponsible joy."

Looking over the new and beautiful edition of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," published by John Lane—we shall refer to this book again—we were surprised to find that farther back than a century ago thoughtful men sang the praise of country life over mere existence in an apartment house.

See Selborne spreads her boldest beauties abroad.

The varied valley, and the mountain ground, Wildly majestic! What is all the pride Of flats, with loads of ornaments supplied Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense. Compared with Nature's rude magnificence.

Unpleasing, tasteless ornamentation! Incongruous furniture; Japan on the mantle piece, India in the corner and portraits of Uncle Amos and Aunt Lucinda over a Burne-Jones print and the "Death Bed of Webster." "Impotent Expense!"

We met a man who said that he was mentally tired, that he needed rest. "Your people live in Vermont," we answered, "the village is restful and beautiful; why don't you make them a visit?" "Can't do it; why, what do you suppose they have in the old house now? electric lights, and what I suppose—think of it—open plumbing. The old house is ruined." And there were tears in his voice.

## MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

She Sang in Music Hall to a Great Aud euce—Mr. Bispham Assisted—Encores Were the Rule.

Marcella Sembrich, assisted by Mr. David Bispham and an orchestra led by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. She sang "L'amore saro costante" from Mozart's dramatic cantata, "Il re pastore," "Ah, fors e lui" from "La Traviata," a group of songs with piano accompaniment: Schumann's "Nussbaum" and "Auftrage," Schubert's "Forelle," Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau," and Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen"; and then, with orchestra, Ardit's "Parla" waltz. And there were encores with orchestral and piano accompaniments.

There are few sopranos who can show such versatility in vocal and dramatic art as this renowned singer. For once a "prima donna" concert was of great musical interest, enjoyment and value. In the old aria by Mozart, which was first sung undoubtedly by a male soprano, a century and a quarter ago, she displayed the unapproachable skill in launching, sustaining and dismissing a musical sentence, the matchless mastery of phrasing, the intelligent reverence that make her the first of Mozartian singers. The brilliance of her style, the dash, the sureness of coloratura vitalized the well-worn aria of Verdi; and here was brilliance that was not heartless, and here was coloratura that was the medium of dramatic expression. The regret that she was not allowed to appear here last month in "La Traviata" was deepened by the performance of this aria. And then there was a group of songs sung with such intimate knowledge of the composer's intentions, with such discrimination, with such appreciation of detail, with such flawless art, that it would be hard to say in which song of the group she gave most pleasure. The exquisite accompaniments of her husband, Prof. Stengel, contributed not a little to the rare enjoyment. The waltz by Ardit is a poor thing, far inferior to his "Il Bacio," which is now so old that it would seem new if it were sung by Sembrich. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and the singer was most generous with encores.

Mr. Bispham sang Pognier's address, a song by Beethoven, Damrosch's setting of Kipling's grim "Danny Deever" and a slow and sentimental ditty in which the poet expressed a distinct desire to be loved, and in which he hinted darkly at suicide unless his no doubt unreasonable wish was immediately granted. Mr. Bispham sang the address with dignity, and at the same time with the parental unctuousness that is characteristic of Pognier when he is rightly impersonated. His performance of "Danny Deever" was dramatic and effective, thanks to the singer and the poet. He, too, was obliged to add numbers to the program.

The orchestra played the overture to "Stradella," the well known andante of Tchaikowsky (for strings), the familiar "Aubade," so French in feeling and expression, the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" and a march by Svendsen. These pieces and the accompaniments were well played, and they were led by Mr. Mollenhauer with his customary skill and authority.

The violin obligato to Mozart's aria was played by Mr. Felix Winternitz.

Philip Hale.

HEINRICH EHRLICH, composer, pianist, teacher, novelist, pedagogue, theorist, critic, died in Berlin Dec. 30. There are few piano students who do not know at least his name, for it is connected closely with that of Carl Tausig and his studies.

I remember Ehrlich well. His face was hairless and polished, and he looked as though he were a French comedy abbe of the 18th century. They told strange tales of him in Berlin; they hinted that he was a diplomatist in the service of the Austrian Government, and by diplomatist they said politely, "spy." I do not know whether he ever took the trouble to deny the report; I doubt whether he cared one way or the other. There was another tale that he ascribed to Tausig exercises which were of his own invention, and thus made money through Tausig's name. After Liszt died, Ehrlich claimed that he, Ehrlich, practically wrote the Second Hungarian Rhapsody. The row with Rosenthal, the critic, is still fresh in the minds of many. Rosenthal, whether he was right or wrong, was the means of depriving Ehrlich of a newspaper position in Berlin, and Ehrlich's own account of the affair in his "Dreissig Jahre Künstlerleben" is singular, to say the least. His books are entertaining, although his reminiscences are often heartless and sometimes malignant; and some of his books are valuable. Lessmann, writing his obituary, described him as a marked but unsympathetic figure in the musical life of Berlin, and Lessmann, I fear, is right.

The music of Mr. Julian Edwards in "The Princess Chic" is refreshing after the pages of twiddle-twaddle that we are as a rule obliged to hear when "assisting" at the performance of a comic opera. Some of the music, especially the ensembles, are written in the vein of true opera comique. These ensembles are planned largely and with scenic intelligence; the dialogue is admirably managed in them; the orchestration accentuates the situation, and the climaxes are skillfully contrived. And in all that Mr. Edwards writes there is a delightful cleanliness; he may not always be brilliant—who is?—but he is an excellent musician, second in melody, skilled in construction, and pure in taste.

Looking over the memoirs of Albert Chevalier I came across a reference to Mr. Edwards. In 1881, Auguste Van Biene, the "Broken-Melody" man, took into the provinces an opera company. Chevalier sang parts, such as Prince Paul in "The Grand Duchess," and Julian Edwards, "a clever composer," was one of the conductors. Business was poor; so they often gave concerts in small towns. Chevalier would sing comic songs and Mr. Edwards was the pianist. In 1882 an operetta, "Begging the Question," book by Chevalier and music by Edwards, was given successfully.

Mr. Edwards is still a young man, for he was born in 1853. I read somewhere the other day that a man was not mature until he was 55.

Mr. Henry K. Hadley, who was born in Somerville (1871), conducted a concert last week at the Waldorf-Astoria. The program was made up chiefly of his own works, and Mr. Henderson of the New York Times spoke of them as follows:

"Mr. Hadley is a young man and he suffers mostly from the incontinence of youth. He tries to do too much, and that before he has acquired a firm grip on the materials of his art. Not many composers can begin their musical life successfully with program symphonies. To do this one must at an early period have mastered the entire technique of composition and be so perfect in the use of form that he can say what he wishes to say without the danger of falling into prolixity or obscurity. 'Mastery of form,' said the wise Schumann, 'leads talent to ever-increasing freedom.' Mr. Hadley at present seems to be uncertain in his thematic ideas, largely because he is attempting to make them means and not ends. It is a good thing for a young composer who is not a genius to write music for music's own sake and to follow the pattern of the older symphonies, in which perfect clarity of form and logical development were the chief characteristics. When he is a master of the technique of composition, then he may attempt with some hope of success the experiment of telling the story of his life in symphonies.

"There is not a little that is intensely interesting in the symphonic movements heard last night, and they all showed the possession of valuable talent. But the composer showed a lack of concentration in his treatment and of centralization of ideas in his development. His instrumentation was interesting as much by its mastery of certain departments as by its immaturity in others. For when Mr. Hadley was unskilled in his instrumentation it was chiefly because he had something to express and did not know exactly how to do it. The mood schedule of the first symphony, as explained in a note on the program, is one eminently suited to musical presentation, and in the exposition of it the composer has done some creditable work. The 'Angelus' passage of the second movement is particularly well written, and is very effective, but the 'Fate' theme of the same movement is poor and weak. The scoring in the two movements of the second symphony requires a good deal of revision, especially in the wood parts.

"Mr. Hadley, who is a violinist, writes admirably for the strings. He does not always treat his horns with consideration, and there are some entrances which should be covered. The songs did not show the young composer at

his best. They seemed to lack spontaneity of thought, and the writer showed the familiar fear of the inexperienced to write a plain tune lest he might fall into commonplace. But all cannot be Schuberts. Mr. Hadley conquered his own concert, and showed the results of some experience in this department of his profession. It is to be hoped that this talented young man may push ahead. But he needs to give himself a course of repression, to write less, and to study his own thought more. All composers must beware of a fatal facility."

The program of the Symphony Concert Saturday evening in Music Hall will include Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Tchaikowsky's violin concerto (Alexandre Petschnikeff, violinist), and Grieg's Symphonic Dances.

Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, and Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 31, at 3. The program will include Mozart's Sonata for violin and piano in D major (K. 36), Lalo's Sonata in D major op. 12; Tchaikowsky's Serenade Melancholique op. 26, and Lalo's scherzando for violin, and these piano pieces—Chopin's Nocturne op. 62, No. 2, and Schmitt's transcription of Strauss's waltz, "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald."

This is the way Puccini once answered an offer of marriage. (By the way, they have just learned in New York that she is dead.)

"Sir—I cannot sufficiently express my surprise on receiving your letter through Mr. Smith. And, at the same time, my gratitude for your honorable and amiable intentions regarding myself. The request you have made is so serious that you will acknowledge it right for me to point out that when one is asked to confide to another one's destiny and happiness for life, it is at least necessary to have the advantage of intimately knowing him, and that, unhappily, is not my case. It is for you to remove all difficulties on the point. That which troubles me is the dissatisfaction of your father, though my birth, conduct, and education should remove every obstacle. I am happy to say that my family are of independent means, and the only thing they would insist upon is that I shall not live too far from them. It is now for you, sir, to give me your views; it being understood that should fate crown your wishes there will be other matters to arrange with my family. Accept, sir, the sentiments of my high consideration.—Maria Puccini."

Calvé told this story to a reporter of the New York Sun:

"Very few people know that I have already sung Cherubino, but as a matter of fact it was the second role I ever undertook. When I went to the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels in 1887, I made my debut as Marguerite in my second performance was to be Cherubino. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so of course were my legs. I did not think I could possibly appear in breeches without something to make me look a little plumper. So I went to the costumer of the theatre and told him I wanted some pads. He made them according to his own ideas of what beautiful legs should be, and sent them to me so late that I had no time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage thin and girlish from the waist up, but provided with the most enormous calves. After the first act the manager rushed around to my dressing room. 'My Heavens,' he exclaimed, 'where in the world did you get those legs. They certainly are not your own.' I admitted that they were not, and said I thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. 'Don't you know?' he said to me, 'that a young girl with straight slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as those. Take off the pads and go out in your own legs.' I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage again I was thin but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. I seemed to see the people in the theatre craning their necks to see what had happened to change me so completely. The conductor of the orchestra stared at me as if his eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of this astonishing alteration in my looks seemed to be understood and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads."

A correspondent of the Concert-Goer (Jan. 6), writing from Dresden, says:

"I never hear a performance of opera here, in Germany, that I do not think, 'if they would only sing with a degree of excellence corresponding to that with which they act.' We good Americans, who, I verily believe, hear opera as it is given in no place else in the world—unless it be in London—who go with jaded and critical appetite to listen to Nordica, the De Reszke brothers, and Bispham or Campanari, all in one cast, are yet wont to speak of opera in Germany with bated breath and as the opera par excellence. To you, I can only say: 'Come and hear for yourselves.' Let me recommend you to this opera of Dresden, as being one of the best in Germany, and let me tell you in advance something of what you will find there: A superb orchestra and stage settings and effects that cannot be surpassed. A company of people well drilled and dramatically excellent. Should you hear two people, who sing in the same key with the orchestra throughout the evening, you will be fortunate indeed, and you will have a happier experience than I have had. The German opera singer seems to possess all the vocal defects the human voice is heir to, and to sing off pitch in Germany is so slight a fault as to pass without notice."

The report of any interview with Mr. Van Dyck is sure to be good reading. I quote the following from the Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 4:

For some time Ernest Van Dyck has proposed to make his first appearance as Tristan in Wagner's opera of that name in America. It will be an interesting occasion, for it puts into the field a new Tristan where hitherto Jean de Reszke has reigned secure and without a rival. Not that to be a rival of Jean de Reszke in this matter, either consciously or unconsciously, as I gather (writes a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette) from an interview on the subject which I had with the new Tristan just previous to his sailing for America.

"So you are really going to play Tristan at last," I said.

"At last," he replied. "I have been studying it long enough in all conscience, and it's about time that I put the matter to a public test."

"Do you follow any conventional lines," I asked, "in your conception of the part?"

He tapped his forehead significantly. "I follow that chiefly," he replied. "That is to say, I have worked my conception out bit by bit, piece by piece, until I have built up a complete idea."



that I conceive Wagner's Tristan to be." "Then you do not follow, for example, of the set traditions initiated, for example, by Vogl?" "Why should I?" he answered. "Wagner has somewhere or other said that every new singer of intelligence always gave him a new insight into his own intention; for a work of art necessarily becomes a thing in the hands of each new interpreter." "Then your idea of Tristan," I said, "is likely to be a very different one from that of Jean de Reszke?" "Absolutely," he said, with the most polite air in the world. "I enter into rivalry of any kind or sort with Jean Reszke. My idea of Tristan involves nothing of the primitive, the elemental barbarian." "Of course," I commented. "De Reszke's ideal is as nearly a mystical and ideal one as can be imagined." "In order to emphasize," said Van der Meer, "the decisive view I take of the matter, I have had new costumes carefully made. They are as basic as possible, consonant with dignity. I shall have an elaborate headpiece, for example, with bronze ornaments, and all the paraphernalia associated in the early days of chivalry with the honors and duties of knight-errantry." "And your treatment of the music?" "That also has given me the greatest anxiety, and I have given to it an anxiety of care. Tristan is so curious a mingling of pure declamation and melody that it requires the nicest instrument and distinction. You know the theory. Right or wrong, I have opted for the better or for worse. I am sure it is possible for any man, being so sure of the intention of a dead man that Wagner pursued two entirely different vocal styles, his declamation and for his melody, one is part conversational, the other, of course, broad and fluent. I now that I have been criticised, particularly in my rendering of Siegmund, my separation of these two styles; I shall go through with it, criticism or no criticism, because I am content in my judgment on this point. And you say that in 'Tristan' you find this part of the matter difficult?" "Well, difficult enough, though not any means insuperably difficult. In 'Tristan' Wagner worked under a spell of continuous inspiration; and it is fairly to be said that he was only unconscious of the moments when inspiration turned to melody and when melody turned back to declamation. It has been my study and my ambition fully to make all distinctions of a kind, which it only requires careful penetration to discover." "And your critics?" I asked. "The critics may just say what they see," he replied. "Take even the love duet in the second act. I maintain that if even that tapestry of wonderful melodies were sung in the old, flowing style, it is impossible to avoid monotony. Wagner knew well that you cannot sing the most beautiful melodic work for several minutes of an hour on end without the monotony of effect; and he relieved it by interstices of declamation, of musical conversation, as it were, joining as with links melody and declamation. Yes, the critics may say in that matter what they please." "Then, of course, Tristan is at present your most engrossing thought?" "It is my most engrossing thought, certainly," he replied. "But not my sole thought. I am very busy also with my alter in 'Die Meistersinger.'" "Are you going to sing that in America, too?" I asked. "If I am perfectly ready for it," he said. "You know that the role is not altogether new to me. I studied it many years back when there was a chance of my singing it for Mme. Wagner at Bayreuth. But other counsels prevailed, and I had to lay the role on one side for the study of 'Tristan.'" "Is it a very favorite character of yours?" I asked. "Of course, from the musical point of view," he said, "it is absolutely charming. As a dramatic creation it is as great a deal of delicate thought and insinuation; but, of course, save the singing, it does not lend itself to any particular development of high passion." "It is not easy, I suppose," said I, "to give exactly a new reading of 'Tristan'?" "No; not in the same sense as you may say that every new singer of Tristan, if he is sincere, is bound to create a new Tristan. All you can really do to Walter is to give him a little inspiration of your own character, up to a certain point." "Then, of course, you intend next year to sing Tristan and Walter in London?" "That is my hope and trust," he said. "In fact, when critics complained last year that I gave the public far too little variety they were simply unaware that, for certain definite reasons, I was bound by contract not to sing in certain parts for which I was quite ready. Had it not been for that fact I should, of course, have hurried up with Tristan for London audiences. It was only another instance of the critical injustice which has pursued me through my career. This is my firm belief, that no man has had so little to thank the critics for as I." "But surely," I remonstrated, "the press has always taken one view of your general achievement, even though all of us have made distinctions about particular performances." "That's not my complaint," he said readily. "If at any time I sing out of tune, I should be the last to desire you, or any other critic to say that I sang in tune. On any matter of fact it is, of course, out of the question to have controversy. But it has been my fate to have the bitterest personal controversies set around matters not of fact but of what I may call absolute prejudice."

Augusta Holme's new symphony, "Andromeda," will be played this season in Paris at the Colonne concert.

Alice Verlet has been singing at Lille. E. J. Lonnien will rejoin the Gaiety Company, Jan. 27.—Mrs. Samuel Adams, Cicely Nott, died lately at London. In the early fifties she sang at Julien's promenade concerts, and they say that he dedicated the once popular "Prima Donna" waltz to her.—Hamish McCunn is writing a work for violin with orchestra to be played at Queen's Hall, London, Feb. 20, by John Dunn.—"Jean de Reszke spends his winter in Paris, and, just to 'keep his hand in,' is having a stage erected at the back of his new residence in the Rue de la Faisanderie. It is rumored that he will also utilize the back garden for the rearing and special training of swans for his appearances in 'Lohengrin.'"—The two directors of the Monnaie, Brussels have resigned: one was tired and the other was afraid he would be.—A new opera, "Les Fugitifs," music by André Fijian, has been produced at Ghent. The story is of the Reign of Terror, and the music is said to be remarkable.—The works of Berlioz are now public property, and Breitkopf and Härtel propose to publish a "monumental edition," to be edited by Malherbe and Weingartner.—A Russian, Alexi Davidoff, has made an opera out of "The Sunkend Bell."—These orchestras will represent Italy at the Paris Exhibition: Milan, led by Toscanini, Rome, Bologna, led by Marucci, Naples, led by Russomando, Falerio, with the Choral Society of Rome, will give a concert in the Trocadero.—Gailhard denies that he proposes to make Capoul his co-director of the Opera, Paris.—Leoncavallo is at work on a new opera, "L'Abbe"—Zola's Abbe Mouret.—"Siegfried," with Borgatti as the hero, was sung at La Scala for the first time Dec. 26.—"Die Meistersinger" was sung for the first time in Venice Dec. 25. Arturo Pestina was the Hans Sachs.

Here is pleasant operatic-political gossip from the New York Sun: Mme. Nordica urged that as the singer to whom Aida has fallen for several years it was at least her right to sing in the second representation of the work, so long as the role had been taken away from her by the management merely to hand it over to another singer in the company. Mme. Eames contended, on her side, that to sing the role but once, and then have it given to another singer for the succeeding performance would work damage to her reputation. The two ladies urged their cases with some warmth. The program for next Friday night is the sequel to this discussion. Interest may be added to the question of her repertoire, and that of Mme. Eames, by the knowledge that Mme. Nordica is prepared to sing Sieglinde. Mlle. Calvé is once more at work on Valentine, and may sing the part in French, although it is difficult to see how her voice could possibly be made to respond to the necessities of the role. The illness of Mlle. Ternina leaves the company without an exponent of the role in French. Mme. Nordica has never been willing to study the role in any other language than Italian. Mme. Sembrich, who has never yet learned that artists are usually appreciated in some matters here more in ratio to their pretensions than their abilities, consented to learn Marguerite's text in French, although she detests the part and has hitherto sung it only in Italian. Mlle. Calvé will, of course, sing the role in French. Mlle. Ternina has as yet no idea when she will be able to sing. It is said by the physicians who have been treating her that her trouble is nervous, and that the affection of the larynx is due to an affection of the nerves of the face, and not to the American climate. She is to remain here somewhat longer than she intended a few weeks ago, as it is too late for her to make her German engagements for the winter and she is as likely to recover from her embarrassing affliction quite as soon in the United States as in Germany. To Mme. Galski will fall the Wagnerian roles which Mlle. Ternina would otherwise have sung, excepting Isolde. Mme. Nordica will now have nobody to dispute with her the possession of that heroine, unless Mlle. Ternina recovers.

Philip Hale.

Jan 22, 1900

To assist the digestion of roasted oysters, it is improving to imbibe a dandy half a wine-glass full of neat whisky to every dozen oysters. Six score, or a hundred and twenty moderate sized oysters, is considered a fair (Irish) allowance for a gentleman, before he enters upon such substantialities of a supper as ramp-steaks, salmon-outlets, sweetbreads, lobster-salads, game, and that crowning glory of the feast—some ripe still (about the size of a piece of chalk) washed down with one tall glass of stunning Edinburgh ale! After such a supper, a man may safely begin to make a night of it, secure in the certainty of having laid a good foundation in the stomach for the drink to rest upon. N. B. Should the sitting be prolonged until 5 A. M., exhausted Nature may have her strength somewhat renewed by a delectable turkey's leg or two, Eschew grilled kidneys, as indigestible. Avoid the pleasant and wholesome iniquity yelet Welsh Rabbit. Stick to one description of drink; after supper it is infantile to mix your liquors.

"Count Castellane is said to have 10,000 pairs of trousers." "Has he a pair of suspender for each?"

We were never able to afford a pair of suspenders each for three trousers.

But where does the Count keep these trousers? Twenty-seven pairs for each day in the year. The brain reels in contemplation of such luxury. Probably in a vast gallery in his ancestral chateau there is row after row of indispensable, all gently pressed. Does his valet pluck at random? Or are the trousers arranged and labeled according to schemes of color, stripes and checks?

Perhaps the Count is demented with the mania of collecting trousers, as others collect coins, postage stamps, galleons-ropes, keys of crime, book-plates, butterflies, etc. Perhaps there are ancestral and hereditary trousers.

Pantaloons were invented by the Venetians, and were named after St. Pantaleon of Nicomedia in Bithynia. When he was beheaded "the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snuffers, and the head rose from the block and sung."

This remind us that Robert Southey was anxious to anglicize the orthography of "chemise" and at the same time to introduce into English a distinction of genders: Thus "Hemise" and "Shemise." He followed up this idea: "Hepistle" and "Shepistle;" "Pennmanship" and "Penwomanship."

The English idea of true civilization was never more clearly and brutally expressed than by Sir Richard F. Burton: "The power of a nation simply consists in its numbers of fighting men and in their brute bodily force. The conquering race is that which raises most foot-pounds; hence the North conquers the South in the Northern hemisphere and vice versa."

Our friend the Publisher sends us a letter in which the writer gives his reason for not renewing his subscription to a magazine:

"I am devoting my time to the study of important questions of the day, and find that current history is correctly responding to the voice of prophecy of Daniel and the Revelations, and also to other prophecies of the Bible; for the times are identical with those the prophecy says will be at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; and, noting the signs of the times, I deem it more profitable to prepare for His near coming than to read all the worldly literature in this world." "Thanking you for past favors and assuring you that I have nothing but the utmost good will toward you, I am, etc., etc."

We are glad that the turquoise syndicate is to have its headquarters in Boston. Whether you spell the stone turquoise, turkise or turkey-stone, every man, woman and child in this city should have one, for it possesses genuine talismanic properties. Shylock would not have parted with his "for a wilderness of monkeys." The stone becomes pale or it brightens according as the health of the wearer is bad or good. "The turkeys doth move when there is any evil prepared to him that weareth it." When the owner dies the color is lost, but it returns when the ring is put on the finger of a new and healthy owner. If you wear a turquoise so that it or the setting touches your skin you can fall safely from any height; for the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow. But give it not to your betrothed, for the color changes even when your infidelity is only mental and fleeting.

The new century controversy has barely been closed by common consent when another overwhelms us. Professor Otis Mason and other learned Americans are predicting what the world will be like at the millennium or thereabouts. A fascinating but slightly "previous" topic. We note a painful divergence of view, not unlike that developed over the heresy patronized by the German Emperor, Sir Courtenay Boyle and Lord Kelvin. One prophet anticipates that the home of the distant, if not dim (for the electric light will be switched on for nothing), future will be a great communal dwelling; another that it will consist of an indefinitely multiplied collection of villas. Give us solitary confinement rather than either! As to the alleged human race, it will be a sort of whitey-brown, and big-toeless, but endowed with superior sense of hearing and smelling to ourselves. Since both faculties will be superseded by mechanical invention, we must regard the last conclusions as rather wide of the mark. Frankly, our remotest descendants will be little beasts, deserving to be cut off with a shilling, if coinage does not become obsolete.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Duke of Marlborough goes to war with a valet and an ingeniously devised writing desk. We are reminded of the

"touching letter from a gory member of the home guard," as preserved by Artemus Ward.

"Broadway, Dec. 10 1861.—Dear Father and Mother—We are all getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now is Fruit Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me."

"HENRY ADOLPHUS"

Jan 23, 1900

Strange as it may seem, persons pass as idle herds of shadows, carrying a roll without job or jar; black vads of cotton weigh on the town; the sun is a fleecy heap streaked with blue rifts. The thought pops up, "Noise is dead." And I burst out a laughing from the conclusion that henceforth the earth is condemned to eternal silence. I open a huge letter of funeral invitation, and I read a staring character: "You are invited to attend the funeral of Mr. Noise, who died this afternoon. Killed by contemporaneous excess, he was held in horror by the Eternal Himself. On the part of his widow, Humanity."

Mayor Little of Salem is fighting against the steam whistle nuisance. All Mayors, of historic or un-historic towns, should follow his example. Citizens are slow in these days to protect or demand their rights. This very town of Boston is noisy, extremely noisy, in spite of the jibes of envious parographers of other cities concerning the cemetery-hush that pervades Beantown. All the unfortunates who live in the region bounded roughly by Exeter Street, Irvington Street, St. Botolph Street, Massachusetts Avenue, and Newbury Street, should know that "the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads manage to conduct their vast freight traffic within yard limits without the sound of a whistle, while the latter company has specially constructed noiseless yard engines, whose exhaust is scarcely heard." Justice to the railway companies whose tracks run through the region named above compels us to say that there is little or no wailing at night, but bells are rung at all hours; and the exhaust of the freight engines is singularly exhausting.

The late Mr. Blackmore, according to all reports, was a lovable man. It is the fashion to speak of "Lorna Doone" as his greatest novel; but it is an open question whether "The Maid of Sker" is not a finer work of art. Any novelist might well plume himself on the creation of Lorna Doone, who, it is reported, was drawn from life.

Some one who protests against female suffrage writes that in Colorado he has more than once seen a woman permit a man, "who had only a moment before been indulging in the strongest of intoxicants, to whisper in her very ear." But this awful sight may be frequently seen in parlor, dining-room, street-car, theatre of Boston; and we really do not see what it has to do with the question discussed.

The British Medical Journal tells us that General "Bobs" cannot bear cats, while Dr. Stark, a surgeon who was killed at Ladysmith, was accustomed to have a cat as a constant companion. Indeed, his last words were: "Take care of my cat," just as Charles II. said, "Don't let poor Nelly starve." The writer adds: "The affinity of some people for these fickle-tempered animals is an interesting study."

The history of last wills and testaments abounds in queer stories of the affection intended to be borne beyond the grave, from the time that Madame Dupuis insisted that her sister and niece should give each of her becalmed cats strong meat soup twice a day, that the bread put in it should not be cut in large pieces, that each cat should have its own plate, etc., etc. But we are under the impression that we have already discussed this subject at length. This, however, was before the quarrel of two women in Newark. Mrs. White accused Mrs. Gibney of alienating the affections of her pet cat, which was often on a back fence. Mrs. White said that Mrs. Gibney hugged and kissed her pet so that it did not care for her any more, and acted as though it were hypnotized. Hence angry words, tears, and a lawsuit. The cat gave the cat to the hypnotist, for Mrs. White said, "I don't care for my cat any more because it doesn't care for me."

Count de Castellane denies that he gambled or speculated in any other form. But this is a trifling matter. The real, the vital question is: "Has he or has he not 10,000 pairs of trousers?"

An important cablegram from London reports that one well-known tailor has



already had 67 customers killed in the South African war. But this may be an advertising dodge. Montaigne wrote, "I have a good lad to my tailor, whom I never heard speak a truth; no not when it might stand him in stead of profit." Even if the story is true, the tailor probably gains by the result of Boer bullets, for a fashionable London tailor is a species of eleemosynary institution.

Some years ago there was a singer named Robert Watkin Mills. As his reputation grew, he was known as Mr. Watkin Mills. Now he is in this country, hyphenated, as Mr. Watkin-Mills. Our old friend, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, seriously regarded by some as "the Coquelin of New England," has not got beyond the spreading of his name in full. Another season and he should be billed as Mr. Clay-Barnabee.

Have you heard the true story about Bismarck's memoirs? After he had written them he sold them to a publisher for a large sum, cash on the nail. Bismarck died, and the publisher rubbed his hands with glee, for he saw accruing profits. But the two sons of the Chancellor had kissed the Emperor on the brow, and they shuddered at the thought of William II. reading what Papa, in grim mood, had written about him. There was a compromise, and only two volumes of the work were published. Now, Dr. Busch had put forth an installment of Bismarckiana, and the net result was a sale that did not pay the publisher, who looked forward hopefully to the third volume, which told of the Chancellor's dismissal, and was hot stuff. Dr. Busch considerably died, and then there were the two sons. They forbade publication. The publisher had paid for the right to use his purchase. The sons, who were not parties to the original bargain, deny him his right. And now the courts must decide.

Jan 24, 1900

"She can't help it," said the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."  
"Wait, she'd better stop drinkin' Kane's brand," I replied.  
"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy, my fren. Yur very obtuse."

To distinguish babies in the Johns Hopkins Hospital they write the baby's name on a small square of waterproof adhesive plaster and stick the tag between the baby's shoulder blades. Little Buttercup can then do her worst.

If men had their names tagged on their coats or even branded on their jaws, it would be of great convenience, for it would often save awkward explanations. You meet a man; his face, smile, gait are familiar, but for your life you cannot remember his name. You fence and he parries; trying to avoid hurting his feelings, you crunch his corns of sensibility by a blundering insult; you reflect on the character of his father or, trying to be jocular, you slander his wife. At the next corner you remember his name, and your spine turns to water. Cain had an advantage over us. Everybody recognized him; everybody knew him. We admit that there is discussion concerning the precise mark on his forehead. It may have been a letter from the name of Abel or from the ineffable Name, or from the word "Repentance," or the three letters that compose the name of the Sabbath, or in the sign of the cross, or "a wild aspect, with bloody eyes, which rolled in a horrid manner," or a peculiar leprosy, or a peculiar twitching, or a horn that grew straight out—at any rate there was no mistake about the man; there was no hemming and hawing as "uh-i-i-s-t-ter-r-?" there was no awful following silence.

We spoke yesterday of hyphenated names. In some countries a man adds to his own name that of his mother's family. There are instances of a husband in his uxoriousness sinking his individuality; thus, the husband of Olive Schreiner calls himself Mr. Schreiner. The visiting card of Prof. Stengel, the husband of Sembrich, reads: "Guillaume Stengel-Sembrich."

Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, who will resign the position of Supervisor of the Brookline public schools to be at the head of the teachers' college at Columbia University, was a member of the class of '73 at Yale. We remember him well. He was then a studious, serious young man, whose chief, perhaps only, diversion was singing. He was one of the first tenors of the College Glee Club, and he sang the praise of Yale with an aggressive force that struck terror to the souls of undergraduates and graduates of sister colleges.

The newspapers have talked freely about Mr. Henri Francois Joseph de Régnier, who will give a series of lectures on "French Modern Poetry" before the "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard," but only one has mentioned his most delightful and char-

acteristic book, and all of them have neglected to speak of the one exciting event in his life—unless you insist that marriage is an excitement. The book is "Contes à So-même," which was published by the Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, Paris, 1894, and is now out of print. It is a volume of exquisite and fantastical prose, and the first tale is that of the sixth marriage of Blue Beard; for you should know that this firm believer in marital discipline did not die a widower; on the contrary, his sixth wife, the Shepherdess Hélène, survived him.

From de Régnier you learn that Blue Beard killed his former wives for the sake of their beautiful gowns; as soon as they had fashioned the stuffs which veiled their charms and had perfumed them with the odors of their sweet bodies, he found the wearers useless, and he slew them. The dress of each was in a special room, and the widower would in turn look upon it with tears, while appropriate music accompanied his mournful visit; thus the languishing viol was heard while he wept over the white robe of Emmène, and the harpsichord sang when he saw through a tear-shot eyes the blue gown of the naïve Poncette. When Blue Beard rode in gorgeous state to claim the shepherdess, and then knocked thrice at the door of the cottage, he found her nude and innocent and smiling, and because she had no robe to arouse envy, he loved her until his death, and he did not slay her, but at times she wore, to his delight, the favorite dress of an unfortunate predecessor.

The exciting event was the duel between de Régnier and Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, a singular being who once had a tortoise for a pet whose shell was ornamented with glittering and precious stones; and he is a poet who writes polychromatic verses. Montesquiou-Fézensac was accused of cowardice at the Charity Bazaar fire, and it was rumored that his cane helped him to escape. Now his portrait—in which he held the cane—was exhibited at the Salon, and in front of the canvas de Régnier, his wife and her sister stood, and they were overheard making disagreeable remarks about the poet. He challenged de Régnier, whose seconds denied that the insulting words had been spoken. He then wrote a still more insulting letter, which most of the newspapers refused to print, whereupon de Régnier challenged the writer. They fought—and they still live. Will de Régnier discuss at Harvard the poetry of Montesquiou-Fézensac? And will he tell the palpitating ladies all about the sanguinary duel?

A little play by de Régnier, "La Gardienne," was performed at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, Paris, June 21, 1894, and later at Brussels.

Atropos of duelling. General de Gallifet has issued a circular enjoining on the French Generals to enforce the study of fencing among the officers under their command. It seems incredible, but the statement is made that there is not a single fencer of the very first rank in the whole corps of French officers, and there are few of even average strength. "Citizens are therefore considered to have an unfair advantage when they fight with army officers. Boulanger and Gallifet himself were both worsted in affairs of honor with men outside the army."

But in the course of a few days more I began to stomp a little about. And by the blessing of air and exercise I grew every day more and more stout, and in a week or two I recovered my twist, and could play a capital knife and fork. Being not in the least particular whether it was beef, veal, lamb, mutton or pork; But of all the things in the world, for I was always my father's own true daughter, I liked best to dine on fried tripe, and wash it down with a little hot brandy and water.

Oh! the Fowlodoodles of Burran!

Jan 25, 1900

It will not be from the purpose to discuss the Mysteries of the Ass. For this creature the Hebrew Doctors expound to be the Hieroglyphick of Fortitude and Strength, Patience and Clemency; and that his influence dependeth on Sephiroth, that is, Hockma, which signifies wisdom. For his conditions are most necessary for a scholar of wisdom; for he lives by little food, and is contented whatsoever it be. Patiently he endures Penury, Hunger, Labour, Stripes and all manner of Persécution; yet of so low and poor an Understanding that he cannot discern between Lettice and Thistles. Of a clean and innocent heart, void of Choler, being at peace with all living creatures; patiently carrying all burthens laid upon his back; as a reward whereof, he is never troubled with Leas, or any diseases, and liveth longer than any other Beast.

The talk flagged at the Porphyry. Finally Mr. Auger said, "Chimes, what's become of Slaughterwood? He hasn't been here for a month." To this Old Chimes replied: "No, I met him the other day and asked him why he never saw him. He smiled and said he had graduated from the club."

There was silence for a few minutes. Then Old Chimes said his permitted

say. "I do not see why in the natural development of a man he should not graduate—or be graduated, if you prefer the phrase—from a club as well as from a school or a college. When he first is admitted to the Porphyry he is a little shy as is a freshman, or as Mr. Jim Jeffries was when he first appeared as a playactor. He uses the club notepaper recklessly for love letters, newspaper copy, replies to creditors, etc., etc., but he is impressed by the older members, and he attends diligently and hears respectfully the lectures and recitations in this room, where he can hear a lecture at any hour while the club is open. He watches the experiments in liquids, the laboratory practice. As the months go by, he discovers that the lecturers are human, that often they are arrogantly wrong in statements of fact, that they ride hobby-horses, that they are admirable examples of Boston fronts. He finally passes his examinations. He has learned all that the club can teach him. His illusions have vanished like a vapor. He knows that the difference between the club that meets in the back room of Terry Mulligan's saloon and the club that calls itself the Porphyry is mainly one of location. In either room you hear the same foolish chatter about the South African war, city politics, an operation at the hospital, the Mollneux trial. Slaughterwood is now a graduate. No wonder that he seeks diversion elsewhere. I myself was graduated two or three years ago."

"Then why do you come here?" asked Mr. Auger.

"Because," said Old Chimes as he ordered a second high-ball; "because I am taking a post-graduate course."

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Jan. 22.

"Editor of Talk of the Day:

"My home is in Chicago, but I am living in Boston this winter. Some of my friends are always joking me about my 'Western village,' but now I am able to turn the laugh on them. I wished a new bath mat, a simple thing of Turkish toweling. I wrote to one of the largest department stores in town, and I received this answer: 'We regret to state that we have not the bath mat desired in stock. We keep same only during the summer months.'"

"Is it possible that Bostonians use their bath tubs only 'during the summer months'? Do they put their aristocratic and wet feet in winter on the bare floor? Perhaps during the colder months they use the tub as a hold-all. Do they put boards over it to support potted plants? Can you explain this mystery?"

C. M. L."

C. C. R. writes as follows:

Boston, Jan. 23.

"Editor Talk of the Day—I was amused by this solemn sentence in the Boston Herald of Wednesday: 'That Ibsen is a great original force in the intellectual world is stoutly maintained by the small minority that is ever ready to sustain him with voluminous argument.'"

"Small minority"! The Herald should look beyond the audiences that delight in Rogers Brothers in Wall Street; it should even look beyond the syndicate. To deny the influence that Ibsen has already exerted in England, Scandinavia and Germany; to deny the interest that he has awakened among thoughtful play-goers in Russia, Italy, France and the United States; this is to shut eyes deliberately to fact; this is to be unacquainted with what is going on outside of the vaudeville theatre. Is it for a small minority that Ibsen's new play is published in ten languages?"

Yes, yes, C. C. R., we sympathize with you, for Ibsen is beyond doubt and peradventure an accomplished playwright, a deep and brave thinker, a vital quickening force. But why are you not broad enough to enjoy a farce as well as a tragedy? Why look skew-eyed at "Rogers Bros. in Wall Street?"

"Where have you been all the afternoon?"

"Music hall. Piano recital."

"Internally tiresome, wasn't it?"

"Not at all. I was the pianist!"—Chicago Tribune.

The obituary of a Brooklyn dentist tells us that he was a member of a mineralogical club. And he might fitly have been a member of the Stone Cutters' Union or the Plumbers' Alliance.

This reminds us that the young man who was sneaking about the halls in the Tremont Building apparently bent on no useful or holy mission, represented to the female cliff-dwellers that he was a plumber and thus endeavored to win respect and reverence if not affection.

Mr. "Er. Hope" of England's aristocracy appeared at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Monday night in "The Surprises of Love." Mr. Dithmar slew him neatly by this one sentence, "Mr. Erie Hope was no worse than might have been expected."

Our old friend Mr. George R. Sims was in Paris lately and he bears testimony in the Referee that the French are pro-Boer, or pro—"Bow-air" to a man. The Boer is sold by hawkers everywhere, in wood, in chocolate, in gingerbread, in metal. "The most popular mechanical toy hawked all over Paris on New Year's Day represented a Boer and an English soldier. You pressed a button in the wooden stand and instantly the Boer began to belabor poor Tommy Atkins with a besom. This latest creation of the end of the nineteenth century was entitled by the vendors 'The way to chastise the English,' and had a tremendous sale."

To W. E. S.: Miss S. Marcia Crafts is a young singer who came, we hear, from California. We say young, for she is not yet thirty years old. A pupil of Charles R. Adams, she sang for some time in the choir of the Congress Square Church, Portland, and she is now the solo singer at the Christian Science Church, Falmouth Street, Boston.

Jan 26, 1900

Wine, the red coals, the flaring gas,  
Bring out a brighter tone in cheeks  
That learn at home before the glass  
The flush that eloquently speaks.

The blue-grey smoke of cigarettes  
Curls from the lessening ends that glow;  
The men are thinking of their bets,  
The women of the debts they owe.

Then their eyes meet, and in their eyes  
The accustomed smile comes up to call,  
A look half miserably wise,  
Half heedlessly ironical.

"Spittoons will be placed at distances of 200 feet along the streets of Cleveland." But are not these distances too great for the comfort of the citizens?

We were talking with a shop-keeper near the corner of Hollis Street and Washington Street. "I have been here nearly 30 years," he said; "and business has gone down. I no longer have the same class of customers. The character of the locality has changed. Why, only a few years ago, at least it seems as though it were only a few years ago, my friends told me that I was too far up town. And you don't know what a difference moving the railroad depots has already made. My neighbors all tell the same story."

Did you ever study the tragedy of the humble shop-keeper? It is a pity that as many men grow older, their business diminishes. Either the huge department-store gobbles up trade; or the neighborhood deteriorates; or the line of business is stretched in another direction; or the shop-keeper, honest and industrious, fails to realize that the customers of today have not the same tastes as those who once would not go to another shop. And yet this particular shop-keeper was not tearful or sour. He stated the proposition as though he were discussing the state of Ladysmith or giving the date of the battle of Marathon.

Reading, constant and judicious reading, makes you an agreeable conversationalist, an indispensable dinner-out, a welcome guest in the homes of science and art. Thus if you were not a reading man how could you account for the foundations of the Loire, which are due, the Bishop of Metz told us in 1846, to the license of the press and the non-observance of Sunday. And do you know why Nature distinguished the form of the melon and that of the pumpkin? Listen to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre: "The melon is divided naturally into slices so that it can be eaten in family life; the pumpkin, since it is larger, can be eaten with the help of your neighbors."

Launcelot was on the links at Magnolia Springs and so was Harold, and so were George and Harry, but of course Willie won in the tournament. All up for the Willies!

Here is the first verse of a march that is "creating a furore" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London.

Lingers for ever

In far Columbia's land.

The memory of the pressure

Of Britannia's friendly hand.

Her best endeavour

Is the sacred debt to pay.

And as you felt to her in need

She feels to you today.

After all, this is not much worse than the South African war verses of the Poet Laureate.



## ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

Alexander Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, was born Jan. 8, 1873, in the Province of Oral. He is a Russian of the Russians; his father was a serf, his father was a common soldier. The first music impressed him was produced by a barrel-organ. His family moved to Moscow. The boy was delicate, unfit for hard manual work, and it was determined that he should be a musician. A member of the Imperial Orchestra heard him play the violin and took him to the Conservatory, where Hrimaly recognized his talent, and gladly took him as his pupil. The ten-year-old boy, obliged to assist his family, gave lessons. At the Conservatory he won the first prize and a gold medal; and then went to Paris, through the invitation of the house of Pleyel Wolff Company, piano-makers, who promised him a yearly income, but insisted that he should study under a French master. This Petschnikoff tried to do on account of his loyalty to Hrimaly; and then he knew better. He played in a theatre orchestra; he gave concerts in Paris and the cities of France, and the Princess Ouroussoff became his friend. His brother, General Malzoff, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and others gathered together and gave him the famous Stradivarius that had formerly been owned by the violinist Ferdinand Laub. The boy was not well known, but their confidence in him took the substantial form of troubles.

Petschnikoff made his first appearance after this at Berlin, Oct. 11, when he played Wienlawski's concerto No. 2, pieces by Bach (including the Chaconne), the Canzonetta from Tschalkowsky's concerto, a Havanaise and "Le cygne" by Saint-Saëns. The judgment was unanimous and enthusiastic in his favor. Thus Otto Lessmann declared he was "a gift from the Lord to the sinful world of music." Petschnikoff appeared for the first time in America at a Philharmonic concert, New York, Nov. 17, 1899, when he played Tschalkowsky's concerto in C major from Bach's fifth sonata (unaccompanied).

Now, perhaps, that the English actor coming to this country began to glow with love for America as he is off Sandy Hook, and when he reaches the pier his emotion is so great that even the heart of the House officer is touched. Miss Hawthorne is convinced that it is a game which will not work both ways, therefore, submitting gracefully to the advances of a London interviewer, she exclaimed, "I just love England." Indeed, Miss Hawthorne is of a very affectionate nature. "Do I feel that? It's the joy of my life. It is my life. It's what I live for." He might have added: "You bet sweet life!" But Miss Hawthorne is not vulgar.

Paderewski played with the Adami Quartet in New York, Jan. 13. The Sun began a review of the concert by making this boomerang comment: "On previous visits to New York he had appeared in public as a quartet just as in other cities he has given concerts in aid of the cause in need of help."

There were dreadful goings on this night 21 years ago in the house of Mr. Morse of Newberry in New England, the house that was strangely visited by a daemon. As Mr. Morse's wife were going to bed, a lost key was thrown against the door, her light put out; and when she was in a bed, he was beaten with an pair of leather breeches, and by the hair of his head and neck pinched and scratched, and his head was taken away from him. In the next night, when the key was likewise a bed, his head-board was out of its place, notwithstanding putting forth all his strength to hold it; one of his awls was brought into the next room into his bed, and he was killed; the clothes wherewith he was to save his head from blows violently plucked from thence. Increase Mather adds that he suspected Morse's wife to be a witchcraft. But Newberry quaver town in those days. Thus John Musgrove was shot by an Indian. The bullet entered in at his ear, went out at his eye, on the other side of his head, yet the man was pre-ferred death, yea, and in 1684 was the land of the living.

Jan 27. 1900

## TWO CONCERTS.

Recital by Mrs. Alice Bates  
Assisted by Mr. L. B. Merrill,  
in Steinert Hall—Complimentary Concert to Earl Gulick  
Association Hall.

Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano, assisted by Mr. Leverett B. Merrill, bass, and Miss Fannie Berry, accompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Rice sang the scene and song from "Faust," Handel's "Lusinghe," and songs by Veracini, Schubert, Taubert, Bishop, Mrs. Black, and Miss Lang. Mrs. Rice sang some seasons ago a number of songs at a Cecilia concert and made a pleasant impression by the purity of intonation, musical taste, and simplicity of manner. Her voice did not appear to be marked by age. It is true that she was not as accurate in colorature and music which did not call for a great deal of emotion she sang agreeably; so often her tones were not

the door of the bedroom while Feder feigned to sleep. The old doctor had visited London, where he had talked with eminent surgeons and physicians; he had seen the hospitals in Paris; he had been President of county and State associations. Now he sleeps quietly among his patients, and when the nights are too long he beguiles the time with a story told him at a dinner by Sir Benjamin Brodie, who happened to sit next to him. And even in the grave the old doctor's fingers search occasionally for a pinch of snuff.

The San Francisco Chronicle has been investigating laboriously "The age that is most dangerous for a bachelor." The investigation has been laborious rather than philosophical. There is no time in the life of a bachelor when he is secure. Woman, the stronger sex, spares neither the cradle nor the grave.

The Chicago Tribune insists that the old adage, "Early to bed," etc., is "illogical and unwise," and that it "has been the source of many of the ills to which death is heir." (The writer is evidently a young man of liberal education, for he quotes quotations with ease and true Western grace.) "A man should go to bed when he is sleepy, and not before." (The writer is evidently a young man of sense.) "He should get up when he is obliged to, and not before." (But why should he get up when he is obliged to? Why should he not follow the example of Miss Edna May—"Follow me—Follow me"—who says: "My only principle in life is to eat, drink, and, if possible, do what I like;" and, therefore, she is now moving for a divorce.)

The Chicago Tribune concludes as follows: "The early rising habit is an old superstition which should be abandoned with the beginning of the new century at midnight, Dec. 31, 1900, if not sooner. It has never made a man healthier, wealthier or wiser."

Evidently Chicago is Oriental, not Occidental. The Windy City is given to "Musamirah," or chattering at night. Let Richard F. Burton speak; we omit the "Sir," for he took the title to please his wife—the woman that burned the manuscript whose price was beyond rubies. "Easterns are inordinately fond of the practice and the wild Arabs often sit up till dawn, talking over the affairs of the tribe; indeed a Shaykh is expected to do so. 'Early to bed and early to rise' is a civilized not a savage or a barbarous saying."

And yet a man is not necessarily stupid or useless when he is asleep. Let Platerus tell a story: "Johannes Oporinus (an excellent printer), night growing on, was shut out of the city, together with my father, Thomas Platerus; and that they might pass the night the better, as being in a place where they wanted accommodations, they set upon the correction of a Greek copy. Oporinus read the text, and though falling asleep, yet he ceased not to read. Being afterwards awaked, he remembered not anything he had read, although it was not less than an entire page." Our old friend Platerus—Mr. Felix Plater—does not say anything about the appearance of the revised proof.

And how much more useful the night life of Oporinus—he could command high wages on a morning daily—than that of the man described by Platerus. "He in his sleep would dream he was to ride a journey, whereupon once he rose up, put on his clothes, boots and spurs, got up into the window, where he sat straddling, smiling the walls with his spurs till he was awaked."

Yes, man is a wonderful animal, a beast of burden that occasionally bleats and at times has illusions and hopes. Thus Mago the Carthaginian did three times travel over the vast and sandy deserts of Africa, where no water is to be met with, and yet all that time he fed upon dry bran, without taking anything that was liquid.

It is our purpose to make this column an educational force, so that mothers will read it to their children at night, even if they are obliged to tie them to chairs to secure attention.

Jan 28. 1900

## PETSCHNIKOFF

The program of the 13th Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Unfinished symphony, B minor.....Schubert  
Concerto for violin.....Tschalkowsky  
Symphonie Dances, Op. 64.....Grieg  
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Alexander Petschnikoff made his first appearance in Boston. He chose the concerto by Tschalkowsky.

Mr. Apthorp in the Program-Book speaks of Tschalkowsky's concerto in D major, op. 35, as "No. 2." Has Mr. Apthorp ever seen a copy of Tschalkowsky's concerto "No. 1?" Does he know what key it is in? Or can he tell who played the "No. 1" for the first time? Perhaps Tschalkowsky did write two concertos; but you will find no mention of them in the ebooks. Tschalkowsky in his memoirs speaks of his "violin concerto." But he was a shy man and undoubtedly thought he should be contented with one work of this kind. Furthermore, the title-page of the score of this "No. 2" says "Concerto for violin." I fear that here is another instance of Mr. Apthorp's Olympian indifference to facts, another instance of his dazzling inaccuracy. I say "I fear," for I cannot believe that Mr. Apthorp made such a blunder. He surely has the other concerto up his sleeve.

Tschalkowsky himself tells the story of this concerto, and as it is a curious tale I give it in substance. It is taken from Tschalkowsky's "Musikalische Erinnerungen" p. 29.

"In 1877 I composed a violin concerto and dedicated it to Auer. I do not know whether he was flattered by this dedication; at any rate in spite of our friendship he never cared to conquer the difficulties of the composition, he said that it was almost impossible to play it, and such an opinion from an authority like the virtuoso of St. Petersburg hurried my unlucky child into the deepest abyss of oblivion. About five years later—I was then living in Rome—I saw one day in a café a copy of the Neue Freie Presse, and I found therein a criticism by Professor Hanslick on a concert given just before by the Vienna Philharmonic Society. My unlucky concerto was on the program and Hanslick reproached the violinist, who was no other than my friend Brodsky, for having chosen it. Tschalkowsky then discusses the criticism itself, in which the eminent Viennese critic had described the music as "stinking"—"uebelriechende." He also alludes to the fact that Halir as well as Brodsky played the concerto in European cities. And only the other day I read that Auer was now playing it. There is a story, well authenticated, that a later edition of the work bore a dedication to Brodsky on the cover, while the original dedication was on the title page.

Mr. Listemann played a movement of this concerto in Boston Feb. 11, 1883; but the whole work was played for the first time in this country at New York by Maud Powell, Jan. 13, 1889. The first performance of the whole work in this city was by Brodsky at a Danrosch concert Jan. 13, 1893.

Mr. Petschnikoff has been praised superlatively by the critics of various cities in Germany. His performance last night was therefore a serious disappointment. It would be fairer to say that his performance of this particular concerto was a disappointment; for in the first place the controlling mood was one of rank sentimentalism, which is utterly at variance with the character of the work. Mr. Petschnikoff's intonation was excellent; his tone was often charming, but never virile, never heroic; his technic was fluent, deceptive, calculated to surprise an audience, but this technic is not deeply rooted, nor is it to be named with that of other virtuosos who have visited us. His rhythm was capricious, and often there was no semblance of rhythm. There were few tonal contrasts, and there was frequently absolute indifference to the indications of the composer and the character of the music. There were pleasing moments in the canzonetta; but as soon as he came to the second theme, which should have been delivered strongly and with contrasting animation, he dawdled and was most delicate. Thus did he fritter away the simple melancholy of the whole movement into a dragging sentimental wail. He took the allegro of the finale at such absurd speed that he effect was destroyed, and furthermore you did not hear the notes; and whenever the "meno mosso" occurred, instead of playing the tune frankly and in Cossack fashion, he wept and wailed on the G string. Undoubtedly Mr. Petschnikoff was honest in his performance. That was the way he understood and felt the music. But he did not play the concerto of Tschalkowsky. The audience was pleased and recalled him several times.

The Symphonie "Dances of Grieg," played here for the first time, were played at Chicago by Thomas's orchestra Feb. 18, 1899. They show that Grieg, to use a homely phrase, has run empty. Page after page of this music is forced, ugly, dull. These dances may be "characterized"; they may delight hugely hilarious Scandinavians who recognize folk-songs in the themes; but any one who admires the poetic spirit of Grieg's earlier works must deplore the present weakness of the composer.

The first movement of Schubert's unfinished symphony dragged. There is dispute, I know, about the proper pace of the second theme; but last night it

seemed as though it were too tender and too slow.

Philip Hale.

JOSE VIANNA DA MOTTA, the Portuguese pianist, tells some entertaining stories about the late Charles Lamoureux in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Jan. 12.

Lamoureux was impatient of the slightest slip in attack and intonation. There is a tradition that he was brutally rude in his treatment of the orchestra, but da Motta says he was only "only in a funny way," and he quotes an instance. Lamoureux once said softly to the first violinist: "Cochen, you are hurrying." The violinist demanded an apology. Lamoureux replied



Saint Sæns' new string quartet  
 played in public Dec. 17, 1899, by  
 Thibaud Quartet in Paris, has  
 been noted at Cologne concerts  
 and writes: "Only at the age  
 of 65 M. Saint Sæns is fortunate  
 to a string quartet, which he consid-  
 ers the most difficult species of or-  
 chestration. What an example of mu-  
 sic for some of the young who are look-  
 ing for themselves to the much nobler  
 music of the future of the muted  
 violin (in the string quartet) than the  
 facile entrance and development  
 of the following alleluia, which recalls  
 the hymn of the last quartet; and  
 the remarkable scherzo, the  
 and so remarkable melody like a You  
 to the exaltation of the hymn of the



whatever. His art is well, fairly well. So do Saleza Van Dyck; have you heard Al? No? Ah, you have still to what a fine tenor is. If Mon-will linger over his salad, and take two coffees, and sip his slow, very slowly, perhaps, cannot promise, but perhaps, Mon-may see Alvarez pass through hall on his way to the opera. Mon-wants to see Mons. Plouret? It pity, but that is impossible. Mons. rez sings tonight, and the Patron le opera. The sauce is not to leat's taste? The waiter is desol- but the head chef, who prepares ways, is, tonight, at the opera. e is a mistake in the change? That ate, but the regular cashier has e to the opera. Then, suddenly, e is a rush and a high tide of wait- the other end of the room. The r, their tenor, is passing. What- attitude the New York public man- me toward Alvarez he has a place- le hearts of his countrymen; and e hurried in his honor floats per- ally through the corridors of the l Plouret.

he estatura of the Vendome is a made respondent? By Pol Plau- glorious presence. He can find his heart to take all his meals in rooms. One must have some con- for the public. So he goes he restaurant; and, under the fire eading eyes, eats oysters as calm- ingressively as he would sing "Two Cradles," and manages his e much as he does "The Palms." e say that the women like the e to give them places near- igh the divinity to permit their eoz him give his orders. It is worth eice. One of the prima donnas, e other day, was discussing the e between the speaking and singing e. "Have you ever heard Plancou e?" she asked a Sun reporter. He efully admitted that so far that eago had been denied him. "Ah, e is a speaking voice! It is music e finest. Such tone, such auncia- e, such modulation! A voice in a e! A voice of gold!" he called expert e, so the makers who spend e cents on a waiter in order to hear e, and a Carmenbert cheese, evi- tly get full value for their money."

Philip Hale.

Jan 29, 1900

ts, in a multi-colored mist, m indigo to amethyst, shirling mist, of multi-colored lights; e, after, wigs and tights, n faces, then a glimpse of profiles, then s, and a mist again; e rouge, and always tights, and wigs, and tights.

see the ballet so, and so, n am-thyst to indigo; e see a dance of phantoms, but I see e, who smiles to me; e cheeks, across the rouge, and in her eyes e, what memories, e memories and messages for me.

haps you are not satisfied with r bookkeeper, lawyer, confidential k, hired man. Let us recommend ou Mr.—no, we do not propose to e this gentleman of a far Western e glaring publicity; we keep his e and address for the benefit of e possible persons who may wish to nunciate with him. Mr. — de- es his own qualifications in a let- that is a true heart-to-heart talk. e am a hustler and have had five s' practice as a lawyer with di- na. I am strictly temperate, do not e tobacco nor profane language; e 190 pounds. Am a Christian and e honest man. I am well up on In- e late Commerce, am willing to work, e traveled considerable and can do e economically or on a high level to e my employers; will send my photo e desired."

it why does he wish to leave his e State? e am now making about \$1500 a year e of my law practice, but with two eed wives in this State it is not easant socially sometimes. There are e orders of court over me, and I am e peace with the two."

e regret to say that we do not e Mr. William Platt of London, W. e but he wishes us to know him, and e tends to us the opportunity for e hillings and six pence. He tells us, e means of a printed circular, that e terlinck said of his books, "I know e which are more absolutely by a e." The Daily Chronicle critic took e gloomier view and said: "Seldom e we read anything which gave us e profound an impression of its au- e's unfitness for authorship." Mr. e compounds the sweet and the e er and presents himself with the e rected balm: "To be called 'a man' e a great Poet; to be called 'not a e rary man' by a conventional critic; e se verdicts together represent al- e the highest conciliable praise."

I now let Mr. Platt continue: e But beyond my writings which have e thus criticised, and my music e has been similarly criticised, I e also worked at drawing; and my e wings have not yet been seen. e I now propose to offer for subscrip- e a book of music, poems and draw- e, all of my own creation; a three- e utterance, yet a single outcry of e a fiery outlook upon life. Such a e I undoubtedly unique.

This edition, of which each copy e be signed and numbered, will not e

exceed 200 copies—possibly it will not e reach that number.

"I the artist have done my share; it e remains for you as art-lover to help this e book to see the light."

What! not give 10 shillings and 6 e pence for the "single outcry of a man's e fiery outlook upon life" when you can e procure without additional expense "a e three-fold utterance?"

We see your better nature prevail. e Mr. Platt's address is 77 St. Martin's e Lane.

Mr. Edward W. Bok, hero of "gas- e fitters' ladies and boiler-makers' wives," e whose photographs are worth a quar- e tiple, aplece, authority on good form, e pleasing shapes and seasonable lingerie

—Mr. Edward W. Bok has written a e thrilling hook called "Successward, or e How I Became a Shining Man;" the e sub-title being simply understood, and e printed here for the first time. No e boy can turn the pages of this volume e without feeling nerved to go forth and e do something rockety; and grown men, e whose business careers have been mis- e erable failures, will deduce from these e golden precepts that if they had not, e early in life, shot their employers with- e out notice, flung inkpots at the typist, e and worn a derby hat with a frock e coat, those castles in Spain might have e evolved into actual assets.—Literary e Review, January.

Mr. Harry Forbes, a pugilist of Chi- e cago, stood off Mr. Maurice Rauch for e six rounds after his right arm became e helpless. He was not the first: witness e Mr. Sayers, who lost the full use of his e right early in the fight with Heenan, e fought with his left only, and, in the e course of the battle, "administered e many keen hits, and two or three blows e so tremendous owing to the dead re- e sistance offered by the weight and gal- e lantry of his heroic opponent—that the e very sound of them is described as e sickening."

Major Ulysses told us yesterday of a e curious instance of the effect of food e on character. A man in Vienna was e extraordinarily fat and witty. He was e at the same time one of the sights and e delights of the town. At last his fat e became so burdensome that he decided

to try a cure. For a year he avoided e farinaceous food, and he ate only a e little meat. At last he was comparatively e thin; and he was also serious. He e never cracked a joke; he never smiled e at the jest of another; in sooth, he was e a dismal companion, and men and e women avoided him. The physician e said: "Now eat bread and vegetables e and puddings moderately; drink a little e beer, and amuse yourself." High spir- e its gradually came back to the patient; e it was not long before he could tell e side-splitting stories and joke in his e former first-class manner. The Major e added that he knew young married e women who ate no meat in order that e their children might be of a gay dispo- e sition.

The only trouble about a ready-made e coat is that it is apt to come up in a e peak at the back of the neck.—New e York Times.

What has the Providence Journal to e say to this?

Jan 30, 1900

## KNEISEL QUARTET.

A Piano Quartet by Richard e Strauss, Played With the Assist- e ance of Mr. Mark Hambourg, e Pianist.

The fifth concert of the Kneisel Quar- e tet was given last evening in Associa- e tion Hall. The program was as fol- e lows:

Quartet in D major, op. 76, No. 5....Haydn e Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1.....Schumann e Piano quartet, op. 13.....R. Strauss

The piano quartet by Richard Straus e was heard by the great majority of the e audience for the first time. I do not e know whether it had been played in e this city before last night; my impres- e sion is that the performance by the e Kneisels was the first; the quartet, e however, has been played by them in e Cambridge and New York.

The work itself was awarded a prize e by some Berlin society. According to e the opus number it follows the sym- e phony in F minor which was played e here lately at a Symphony concert. It e belongs unmistakably to the composer's e first period, before his marked char- e acteristics had developed. To me the e Strauss of the earlier years is not so e interesting as the composer of the fan- e tastic symphonic poems. What shall e be said of this quartet after one hear- e ing? To say merely that it is "thought- e fully and carefully made" would be an e empty compliment; to say much more e than this is hardly possible. As a whole e the music did not hold firmly the e attention. Unfortunately it came at the e end of the program, and after a work e by Schumann, which, with the excep- e tion of the beautiful adagio, frosts e nerves and ears and invites the hearer e to leave the concert-hall that he may e breathe fresh air and see the stars.

I know of nothing much uglier in e music than are pages of this same e quartet of Schumann. But let us go e back to Strauss. There is much good e stuff in the first movement, although e young gentlemen who shudder at the e thought of a well-defined tune may e shove aside the thematic structure as e "operative." This movement seems to e me the strongest. The scherzo is per- e haps the more immediately pleasing; e but it has not the strength or the e imagination of the preceding movement. e I made little out of the andante, which e gave the impression of an earnest e student trying to be deep and soulful, e and the chief characteristic of the finale e seemed to be inordinate length. It is e a pity that new works of the modern e school are played once and then laid e aside. I do not recommend the Knel- e sels to play such a work as this piano e quartet twice through at the same e concert, but it might be a pleasure to hear e public rehearsals. The quartet as a e whole seemed to be constructed in e laborious fashion—after the manner of e prize compositions.

Mr. Hambourg was in milder mood e than when he first visited us, and e roared like a young lion hungering for e applause. He played clearly, brilli- e antly, and effectively. Was it the fault e of the music itself? There was hardly e a passage that moved the heart or in- e duced a mood of either pleasing melan- e choly or amiable joy.

So far as true pleasure was concerned, e the hearer was obliged to go back to e the bewigged Haydn, whose quartet e was performed delightfully. The more e you hear the music of Schumann, the e more you are convinced that Schumann e the Genius was the man of the inti- e mate piano music and the songs. He e understood the piano; and although e he often wrote recklessly for the voice, e he knew the mighty capabilities of that e instrument; but when he came to con- e fide his thoughts to orchestra or string e quartet, he was as a man trying to e express himself in an unknown tongue.

Philip Hale.

Of that species of composition which comes e most appropriately under the head "Drivel," e we should have no trouble in selecting e as many specimens as our readers could desire.

No wonder that Mr. T. B. Aldrich did e not enter heartily into the spirit which e led the New York Sun to offer prizes e for the three best poems in answer to e Mr. Markham's "The Man — —." e What has Mr. Aldrich to do with a hoe, e a spade, a pitchfork or any other vul- e gar agricultural implement. As a poet, e Mr. Aldrich is a "précieux." He may e justly be called the de Rognier of Bea- e con Hill.

"Chicago short of money." We sym- e pathize with her.

An English military movement is "a e masterpiece of strategy." A movement e conducted by Joubert is "a Boer trick."

Gen. Buller was so badly rattled that e he spoke in his dispatch of the "morale" e (morals) of his troops when he should e have used the word "moral" (spirits).

Ternina made her first appearance in e New York this season last Saturday as e Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" with over- e whelming success. The Sun said, "It e does not seem possible that a more e satisfying artist could have been found. e . . . It seemed difficult to realize that e so much significance and eloquence e could be given to the part."

Mr. Henderson said in the Times:

"It is a great pleasure to record the e fact that her voice yesterday showed e no deterioration by reason of her suf- e ferings, and that she achieved an im- e mediate, emphatic and thoroughly e deserved success with the audience. Her e voice is one of the most beautiful now e before the public—round, sweet, and e sympathetic in quality and of sufficient e carrying power. She uses it with ad- e mirable method. The tones are well e placed, are produced with almost per- e fect attack, and employed with the e discretion of a true vocal artist. Her e phrasing is exquisite, her diction per- e fect, and her declamation full of intel- e ligence. She sings with deep feeling, e and wins the affection as well as the e respect of an audience. Her reading e of the scene with Tannhäuser in the e second act was most eloquent, and her e delivery of the prayer was touching. e On the whole, her impersonation was e one of the finest that could be con- e ceived."

It is a pity that this great singer— e indisputably the first of Wagnerian e sopranos to-day—was in wretched phys- e ical condition during the fortnight of e opera in this city.

The West and Southwest will gain e a favorable impression of the musi- e cian's lot in Boston; for did not "Prof. e Straucher, the celebrated composer of e music, whose home is in Boston," visit e lately Grant's Liek, Ky.? Two trunks e belonging to him were left for three e days by the roadside; one contained e \$10,000 in gold and the other \$5000 in e valuables. We assure outsiders that e the case of Prof. Straucher is not an e isolated one. Boston to the musician e is Tom Tiddler's ground. Nearly all e the members of the Symphony Orches- e tra own houses on the water side of e Beacon Street. They are leaders in the e highest society; and in some of the e clubs German has been made the of- e ficial language out of compliment to the e divine art and its representatives.

You will not really be comfortable e in the Metropolitan Opera House, New e York, unless you wear shirt studs of e turquoise, rubies or sapphires, sur- e rounded with a small band of gold, e and the six buttons of your white e double breasted waistcoat should be e larger reproductions of the same de- e sign. No wonder that New York claims e to be the centre of musical civilization. e The doorkeeper will admit a Bostonian e that wears a plain black waistcoat, e and the unfortunate stranger will be al- e lowed to sit in "the most expensive e box in the house," but even family e pride will hardly sustain him through e the ordeal. The only true consolation e will be the recollection of the words of e Ruskin: "No person of good taste ever e goes to a theatre to look at the fronts e of the boxes." And was it not Ruskin e that mentioned "the persons who go e there to look at each other—to show e their dresses—to yawn away waste e hours—to obtain a maximum of momen- e tary excitement—or to say they were e there, at next day's (three-o'clock break- e fast (and it is only for such persons e that glare, cost and noise are neces- e sary").

J. H. C. writes: "Last week I was e measured for a suit of clothes by a e man who was soliciting orders for a e London firm. He stood across the room e and looked at various sections of my e body until I began to grow nervous. e Then he put down some figures in a e book and made a laborious calculation. e He asked me to stand in two or three e different positions, and after he had e again looked at me sternly and disap- e provingly he again jotted down figures e and plunged into mathematical and ge- e ometrical calculation. Thus did he re- e mind me of the court tailor who meas- e ured Captain Lemuel Gulliver in the e kingdom of Laputa. This operator e did his office after a different manner e from those of his trade in Europe. e He first took my altitude by a quad- e rant, and then with rule and compasses e described the dimensions and outlines e of my whole body, all which he en- e tered upon paper; and in six days e brought my clothes very ill made, and e quite out of shape, by happening to e mistake a figure in the calculation. e But my comfort was, that I observed e such accidents very frequent, and lit- e tle regarded."

President Hadley, forgetting for a e moment the existence of trusts, insists e that the old buildings in Brick Row e at Yale must go. It has been voted, e however, that South Middle should e stand "as a memorial." Yes, let the e old dormitory be preserved that un- e dergraduates may know under what e barbarous and unhealthy conditions e their predecessors struggled for edu- e cation, handicapped also as they were e by a "parental" form of government.

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I told him of the extraordinary number of e caterpillars I saw in Epping Forest and of e the pattering sound on the leaves, which had e puzzled me. He at once decided that e it must have been the caterpillars tumbling e about among the trees. I thought it rather e an odd suggestion, but he consulted Gilbert e White, and assured me that as there was e nothing against the explanation in the "Nat- e ural History of Selborne," it must be cor- e rect.

We spoke the other day of Mr. John e Lane's new and beautiful edition of e Gilbert White's "Natural History of e Selborne." This delightful specimen e of bookmaking is dedicated by the pub- e lisher to "A. E. L., in commemoration e of August 13, 1898," and Bostonians will e at once recognize the lady of the in- e itials as the wife of Mr. Lane, the ac- e complished daughter of a brilliant fath- e er, Julius Eichberg, who for many years e graced this city by his presence, labor e and conversation.

Even if the book itself were dull, or e trivial, or pompous, this volume would e be a pleasure on account of sumptuous- e ness of page, beauty of type, charm of e illustration. Now add to this that the e book has been a rare joy for a centu- e ry; that the little village is as well e known in the literary world as Tyre e or Babylon; that the author still e amuses and instructs the confirmed and e hardened citizen as well as the natur- e alist and the amateur of country life.

Or are we mistaken; and is White's e "Natural History" one of the books e which is praised and not read, about e which there is polite hypocrisy and e genteel lying? You, for instance, bare e your head at the mention of Milton, e and yet you have never read "Paradise e Lost." Why should you read it? The e world has settled the question for you, e and why should you be vain and pre- e sumptuous in dispute.

But if you have not read this descrip- e tion of animal life in Selborne, you e have an inducement to ask for added e years. You know a cricket, perhaps, e when you see or hear one; but do you e know that crickets may be destroyed, e "like wasps, by phials filled with beer, e or any liquid, and set in their haunts;



for, being always eager to drink, they will crowd in until the bottles are full."

In this country we value a tree chiefly because General George Washington once stood under its branches: Indeed, one of Washington's characteristic habits, apparently, was to take a commanding position under a tree, as though he were in the presence of the historical painter. But in Selborne there was a row of pollard ashes which had been left asunder. "These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures." Nor was this practice confined to any locality. Dyer tells us that the superstition lingers today in Somersetshire.

Do bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon? Why are house cats especially fond of fish, when of all quadrupeds they are the least disposed toward water, and the quadrupeds that prey on fish are amphibious? White knew a tame snake, "which was in its person as sweet as any animal while in good humor and unalarmed; but as soon as a stranger, or a dog or cat, came in, it fell to hissing, and filled the room with such nauseous effluvia as rendered it hardly supportable." He bears witness that "the squawk, or stonek (skunk) is an innocuous and sweet animal." We heard last week of a woman not far from this city who keeps one as a pet. Most birds drink sipping at intervals; what familiar bird takes a long continued draught? What bird sings all the winter through? Does each female cuckoo lay but one egg in a season, or does she drop several indifferent nests, according as opportunity offers? Many birds that dust themselves never wash; but the house sparrows, great washers, grovel and wallow in dusty roads, and White asks whether Mohammed and his followers took one method of purification from these pulveratrics, "because if a strict Mussulman is journeying in a sandy desert where no water is to be found, at stated hours he strips off his clothes and most scrupulously rubs his body over with sand or dust." This operation is called Tayammum. Burton says it is a very cleanly practice in a hot dry land and was adopted long before Mohammed. "Cerevisia tells of baptism with sand being administered to a dying traveler in the African desert. Sale in his preliminary discourse to the Koran—1825, vol. 1, p. 140—is confident that Mohammed was for this expedient indebted to the Jews or the Persian magi, who prescribe the same method in cases of necessity. Woodcocks are sometimes so sluggish and sleepy that they will drop again when flushed just before the spaniels; is this laziness the effect of a recent fatiguing journey? Owls in Selborne hooted in E flat; but some of the more dissipated would fall below this pitch. Sheep are intent on grazing against stormy yet evenings. "Congenious birds love to congregate"—in which respect they resemble good Bostonians. When a tortoise "walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, so sure will it rain before night." White knew a brown owl that lived a full year without any water. Newspaper letters in 1774 talked of food trusts, and White deplored such articles as inflaming and misleading: "We must not expect plenty till Providence sends us more favorable seasons."

We must resist the desire to quote. When copy is short, we propose to borrow from White with heavy hands. We cannot now pass over the fact, however, that in peaceful Selborne a cat who had lost her kittens nursed

three young squirrels with assiduity and affection.

Among the features of this edition are the marginalia from Coleridge's cery, which are here printed for the first time. Coleridge put this note against eight lines of turgid verse: "A noble paraphrase of 'I don't know.'"

The late Grant Allen edited this edition. His introduction is appreciative and truly critical; his notes are entertaining, instructive and never impertinent.

And the wealth of illustrations! There is only one out about them; they make you discontented with your lot; you envy even the poor of Selborne: "many of whom," said White about 1770, "are sober and industrious, and live comfortably in good stone or brick cottages, which are glazed, and have chambers above stairs: mud buildings we have none." And the better dwellings with an indescribable air of peace and comfort! The neat streets and the sweet fields that are pictured so deftly by Mr. Edmund H. New! White and his neighbors knew nothing of elevators and open plumbing and appendicitis, but they lived a life which was natural, they counted more hours to the day, and these hours were contemplative, not restless, not fretful.

## HUGH CODMAN.

### Chamber Music Concert Given in Steinert Hall by This Violinist and Miss Jessie Davis, Pianist—Sonatas by Mozart and Lalo.

Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, and Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a fair sized and appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata in D Major (K. 396).....Mozart  
Violin solos.  
Scherzando.....Lalo  
(From the Symphonie Espagnole.)  
Serenade melancolique, op. 26, Tschalkowsky  
(First time in Boston.)  
Piano solos.  
Nocturne, op. 62, No. 2.....Chopin  
Valse, "Geschiedenis aus dem Wiener Wald".....Strauss-Schott  
Sonata in D major, op. 12.....Lalo  
(First time in Boston.)

How long is it since a sonata for violin and piano by Mozart has been played here in public? I remember that Messrs. Loeffler and Baermann played one about 10 years ago, but with that exception, these pieces have been conspicuous by their absence. Some of them are, no doubt, unendurable, but there are others that deserve the praise given them by one of Wilkie Collins's heroes. The one chosen by Mr. Codman is one of a set of six written by Mozart at Mannheim in 1778, and dedicated to the Most Serene Electress of the Palatinate. The set was entitled "Six sonatas for (Clavecin or forte-piano with violin accompaniment)," and the publisher was a Parisian. There are pages of this sonata in D major which abound in the Mozartian passage-work which today is as empty padding, and then again there are many measures which reveal the wondrous boy with all his melodic charm, his classic serenity, his unsurpassable technical skill. The sonata was played delightfully, without any attempt at modernization, with appreciation of its contents and of the musical spirit of its time. But the andante would have gained if it had been taken at a little faster pace. The scherz would have been more poignant. An andante of Mozart is not to be confounded with an adagio. On the other hand, when Mozart wrote an allegro con spirito he wished a rapid tempo. That hideous thing known as the slow allegro is a thing of modern invention. In Mozart's chamber music an unqualified allegro can hardly be taken too fast.

Lalo's sonata is not a decidedly modern work either in date of composition or in musical feeling. Lalo, who was born in 1823, was not really recognized before his Symphonie Espagnole (1875), and not fully appreciated before his "Rol d'Ys" (1888). Although some of his chamber works had been performed 40 years ago in Paris, Fetis did not mention him in his great Dictionary (1867), and Pouglin in his supplement to this dictionary (1881) did not know the exact year of his birth. Lalo for several years beginning in 1855 was a member of a string quartet which devoted itself to performing the work of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and others. The programs were strict, and only at supplementary concerts were works by the then moderns—as Lalo, performed. This sonata shows decidedly the influence of the German masters on the composer. The work is sober in thought and expression; there is hardly a suggestion of the Lalo of later years, the Lalo of elegant rhythm, original harmonies, exotic melody, sombre melancholy, and dazzling brilliance. The sonata is carefully made, short, and without marked distinction; but compare it with the chamber music produced in Paris at that period, and it is a masterpiece.

Mr. Codman gave much pleasure by the refined taste, the true musical feeling, and the sincerity of his performance. He has advanced technically since his last appearance here. He is more a master of his tone; he has more self-poise, greater authority. It is no easy thing to play the music of Mozart as well as he played it; and the manner in which he played the excerpt from Lalo's famous piece and the unaffected sentiment displayed in Tschalkowsky's melancholy tune showed versatility and the ability to grasp the meaning of men of widely different temperaments.

Miss Davis was admirable in ensemble, especially in the sonata by Mozart. As a solo player she disappointed. Her performance of the nocturne was without sentiment, color, character of any kind; in a word it was feeble. In the disarrangement of Strauss's waltz her technic was without elasticity and there was the constant thought that the task was beyond her ability. Now I believe that Miss Davis can play with more freedom, spirit, passion. She has not been taught to let herself go. There is at present a maidenly musical reserve that is of close kin to primness. There is in her the stuff of a concert pianist; but it has not been properly worked, and in the disarrangement by Schmitt, she proved that her technic is not thoroughly grounded; witness the unevenness of her broken chords.

Philo Hale.

#### THE BARREL-ORGAN.

Enigmatical, tremulous.  
Voice of the troubled wires,  
What remembering desires  
Wail to me, wandering thus  
Up through the night with a cry,  
Inarticulate, insane,  
Out of the night of the street and the rain  
Into the rain and the night of the sky?  
Inarticulate voice of my heart,  
Rusty, a worn-out thing.

Harsh with a broken string,  
Mended, and pulled apart,  
All the old tunes played through,  
Fretted by hands that have played,  
Tremulous voice that cries to me out of the shade,  
The voice of my heart is crying in you.

We came upon Old Chimes, who was watching the skaters in the Public Garden. He wore a short, thick, tan-colored overcoat, Derby hat; and his trousers, which did not bag at the knee, betrayed the fact to the most careless observer that the wearer was not a visiting statesman. He wore no gloves. "Don't you envy them?" we asked. "You mean those boys, I suppose. I do and I don't. I envy them their fierce appetite and their ability to fall down without breaking their bones. But I never could skate or swim or row. When I was a boy, all my playmates could throw farther and swifter and surer; they could run faster than I could. In every game of strength, skill, or chance, I was always 'it.' I was not a girl-boy; the Lord knows I tried hard enough to play games and do everything the other boys did. And now I wonder how those youngsters down there skate so easily. We should have called that ice mighty poor skating. Why I remember Damon's pond. There was thick transparent ice—one cake, of it was worth the whole of this wretched stuff. And the big boys used to go swimming in Damon's pond. Some of them were drowned. I remember one poor chap, who had a public funeral in the Old Church. All of us children of the Sunday School were marched by the coffin to see him, while the choir sang 'There's a light in the window for thee, brother.' Think of the horror, the cruelty of it! His face was swollen, disfigured, wounded—I see it now. I did not sleep for a week after that funeral.

"I was an unhappy boy because I was physically so inferior to my playmates. After I left that country town, I still envied them, and do you know—it shows what weak creatures we are—I had a strange feeling of pleasure when I learned 20 years after that some of the once athletic had met with misfortune. One was in jail, one was a professor in a female college, one was rejected by a life insurance company, two or three were dead, and one, poor devil, was in the legislature. Now I feel strong and well. The doctor tells me my heart, lungs, liver, kidneys are in excellent condition; my clock-work, in a word, is well-oiled and in running order. I weigh about 200, and although my appetite is not as keen as that of the boy down there with the hole in his trousers, it is nevertheless honest and not inspired by cocktails. I attribute my fortunate state to the fact that I never took violent exercise; after I was a voter I never indulged myself in health-foods, and I always viewed with philosophic calmness all problems that are held by many to be important. You must remember too that I never married."

In Janesville, the "best people" are fond of course dinners. We quote from a Milwaukee newspaper: "At a recent dinner of six courses, in honor of a bride and groom, one course was served at each of six houses. The first house the party of sixteen ate some oysters, put on their wraps and started for the soup house, half a mile away. After they were filled with soup and conversation, they went to the fish place, and so on to the end."

Would not this form of entertainment lighten the winter gloom of Boston? Oysters, or grape fruit, might be partaken at a house, say in Brimmer Street. A climb up Mt. Vernon Street would be rewarded by soup and sherry. Fish and a white wine would be found in Chestnut. An entrée would be worth the trip to Beacon, and then champagne would begin to flow. Saddle of mutton would be served in Marlborough; more champagne. Roman Punch would lure the party to Bay State Road. And they that could then find the way to Chestnut Hill would secure the prize of woodcock, or whatever game might be in season, and burgundy. There would be no need of dessert, coffee, cordials, or postprandial Scotch-and-soda.

They have begun to rehearse the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Joseph Mayer, the Christ of many years, will speak only the prologue; he is training his successor, Anton Lang. Rosa Lang, who took the part of the Virgin Mary in 1890, has entered a convent, and Anna Flinger, the young daughter of the postman, will take the part this year. Her grandfather has played the part of the Saviour and her aunt that of the Virgin. At least 600 persons will appear in the performance.

Mr. Garner says that monkeys are "perfectly capable of learning languages, especially the French lan-

guage." Is he an unconscious humorist, or does he wish to stir up international strife?

The face of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, they say, is more pointed than usual and his thin cheeks are still thinner. Is his sleep peaceful? Is he not nervous and afraid when alone?

The Bookseller proposed to us this problem in mental arithmetic: "If it takes three women, each of them 40 years old, two hours to buy a 25 cent book, how long will it take one girl of 12 to buy a book that costs \$1.50?"

To F. E. C. Newburyport: The novel to which you refer is published by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston.

Sir William Smith, the learned Irish Baron of the Exchequer, at one time spent two days and nights in considering the answer to this conundrum: Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?

From April 1 to Nov. 1, 1899, the Animal Rescue League of this city gave good homes to 200 cats and dogs, or put them "mercifully to death." It is true that the officers did not ask the wayfarers whether they preferred to die or tramp; but they killed them with the least possible pain. Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," will lecture here next week for the benefit of this society. We have not read Mr. Thompson's book; we are reserving it for our old age as we postponed the pleasure of reading "Trilby," "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," Mr. Kipling's works and other possible masterpieces; but the title is an alluring one. What a wide range must be presented to the view! And it is not necessary to go into the jungle. "Wild Animals I Have Known"—we could write a book to fit this title—with pen-sketches of pianists, fiddlers, philanthropists, singers, sewing-machine agents, reformers, and two or three peculiarly dangerous poets.

It would probably have been, as we pointed out some days ago, sounder strategy if the main advance of the British, etc.—Boston Herald.

Representatives of this class come armed to her (Kentucky's) capital a week and more ago. We saw the danger implied in their presence and promptly deprecated it, but it seemed to us at the time that it was not fully realized in the press of the nation generally.—Boston Herald.

It is not the fault of the Herald if the English are defeated in South Africa; if there are bloody deeds in Old Kentucky; if beer is adulterated, or comets are irregular in their courses. It holds out "Gee" in ample time; or at least it insists that it did holler, which is practically the same thing.

Tragedy is not always a matter of shrieks and blood and madness and death. A woman has only one hand some black street skirt. She is making a call, and a fellow-caller in a burst of admiration throws a cup of creamed tea over the garment. The victim's protestation, "O, it is no matter; please don't worry about it; it will surely come out," has a far deeper tragic note than Lady Macbeth's "Out, damned spot!"

Many persons are of opinion that the most delicious perfumes which it is possible to smell within doors are those of beeswax and a wood fire.

If you wish to beg in Paris—and you may be reduced to this if you insist on attending the Exhibition—you can hire a child of from five to ten years if the day is not a special holiday, for 25 cents a day, or 50 cents if the weather is cold.

Babies in arms are more expensive. On Christmas Day and New Year \$5 is not an extravagant sum for you to pay, and if the child is sick a well-calculated to wring the breast a sympathetic passer-by, you must still higher. Remember that if you beg throughout the evening you are expected to give the child supper; and if the exposure is too much for you you must pay the doctor's bill.

Here is a statement found in a commonplace book. We do not know the author of it; but it is surely worth pondering: "So long as the Greeks exerted themselves with the arts, peace, they showed an unparalleled power of adaptation and remained the most successful colonists and traders that the world had yet seen. But when they turned their brilliant intellect to the pursuit of war as a business, they ended came speedily. . . . War, which excessively protracted or merciless, attacks a nation in its most vital part. Instead of removing, as does pestilence or famine, the very young, the weak, and the decrepit, it takes away the most vigorous part of the community who are better fitted than their neighbors to be the progenitors of the race."



Frederick Boyle, an industrious doctor of vagrom and obscure facts, has been raking in the dust-bin of Time and traces of surgeons in ancient and mediaeval armies. He states as a fact that in the whole of Greek literature, though such a vast proportion of wars with war, there are not six allusions to the medical arrangements of an army. Xenophon says in his story of the retreat of the 10,000 that they had and "appointed eight surgeons, where there were many wounded." "Appointed" is a queer word. Mr. Long, in his study of the Roman republic-system, says: "I find nothing but surgeons in the Roman army." Caesar remarks that he waited ten days after a battle in order to go to the wounded, but he does not look after them. We know, however, that a Legion had medical aid, and some surgeons were gratefully remembered by the troops, for they have been found incised with the sword of the doctor, the discase and the use of the medicine. And the hospital of the Seventh and Eighth Legions, covered about a year ago at Baden, Zurich, was furnished "with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical and surgical apparatus, the latter including tubes, pliers, cauterizing instruments, and even a collection of surgical pins, used in bandaging wounds. There were also medicine spoons in silver, and silver measuring vessels, jars and pots for ointment, some still containing traces of the ointment used." By the way, by the way, are no new things; they are among the prehistoric quillies in the Copenhagen Museum.) Boyle says blank darkness envelops when we descend to the Middle Ages. Johnville speaks of doctors hating to the aid of the Constable of France, and he mentions surgeons in a horrible account of the "camp sick"; "the gums of our people were so laden with dead flesh that it had to be cut away by the barbers, so that they might eat and swallow." Duke of Austria broke his thigh, and wound began to mortify. "With his own hands he held an axe in position, while his Chamberlain struck it with a hammer. The Duke lived just long enough to note the success of the operation." We can form an idea of medical service of the English army during Montreuil from the report of Gale, who, in the reign of Henry II., supported the petition of the barber-surgeons for a charter: "According to commandment we made such \*\*\* Some were sow-gelders and horse-gelders, with tinkers and bladders. \*\*\* We demanded what surgical stuff they had to cure men, and they would show us a pot-box which they had in a budget, wherein was such trumpery as they did use to grease horse-heels, and laid upon the backs of horses, with rowal and like. And others which were cohesers and tinkers they used shoe-makers' wax with rust of old pans, and did withal a noble salve, as they did in it."

Two lines in the London pantomime, "Juss in Boots," are devoted to "The Little of New York." They are hailed "distinct wit." Here they are, and how low easily our English cousins are pleased:

Feb 3. 1900

Only, the greatest grief of my peripatetic life is that I cannot have a firm resolution to establish my abiding where I would. I must ever resolve with myself to return, for to accommodate my self to common humors. If I should fear to go in any other place than where I was born, I thought I should die less at my farre from mine own people: I would go out of mine own parish, without any some dismay. I feel death ever hanging me by the throat, or pulling me by the back; but I am of another mould; to me death is ever one, and at all times the same, whether, if I were to chuse, I think it would rather be on horseback, than in a bed from my home and farre from my friends. There is more harts-sorrow than effort in taking one's last farewell of his friends. \*\*\* I have seen divers die most piously, compassed and beset round with friends and servants; such multitudes thronging of people doth stifle them. It is against reason and a testimony of small affection and little care they have that you should die at rest.

Not long ago the Brooklyn Eagle decried that Mr. William Jameson Reid of Dorchester, the author of "Through the Desert," had never been in Tibet; that his travels and adventures, tolls and tribulations and privations and dangers had been undergone only in the jungles, table-lands, ranges, and mountainous regions of the Indian Public Library. To which Mr. Reid replied that he had been in Tibet and surely he should know. And there the matter rests.

He do not propose to take either side in his pretty dispute; we use the instrument as a peg on which to hang a

short dissertation. Our proposition is that travel is enjoyed chiefly by the aged, infirm, lazy. A deliberately summer book is most enjoyed in winter, when the shades are drawn, the pipe is a-light, and the coal-gas begins to rise and fill the apartment. When the dog-star rages at high noon, then read Gabriel Peignot's "Chronological Essay on the Most Severe Winters from 396 B. C. to 1829" (Paris 1821—800 copies were printed, three on Holland paper.) A pamphlet advocating vegetarianism seems most reasonable after a supper of roast pork.

And in like manner books of travel are best relished by him that never cares to wander from his own fireside. Think of the risks and sufferings of travelers from Paul to Landor. You can appreciate them only when you yourself are at ease—after you have gained home after exposure to the dangers in the streets of Boston. No sand-storm in an eastern desert is to be compared with the dirty cloud that swirls and rushes from the Fenway down Boylston Street or Huntington Avenue. What is the descent upon you of a savage tribe to the unforeseen approach of a creditor, or a life insurance man, or a friend with a guaranteed new story? No oriental torture surpasses in horror the herdie or the packed and steaming electric car. The man delivered from all these can justly smile at the accounts of boasting travelers in far off lands.

Nor do we share the common prejudice against authors that write of imaginary travels. The so-called faker, if he is of ordinary intelligence, will produce a much more accurate book when he culls and compiles from a large library and then digests and rejects. His facts are substantial things, not mere assertions. Nothing is so deceptive as personal observation; for, as Baudelaire said, the landscape is in the eye of the beholder. The patient traveler in the library, waiting often hours for supplies, is not so susceptible to prejudice as he whose intrusion is rejected by dwellers in strange countries. Why, even the English Generals in South Africa do not appear to have any true idea of the natural formation of that region, nor do they fully appreciate the characteristics of the Boers.

London theatre audiences may well be depressed. Take for instance the audience that saw the reopening of the St. James. The play was "Rupert of Hentzau;" Alhamb sang the national anthem, and Mr. Poultney Bigelow was present.

Mr. Deschanel in his speech as a new member of the French Academy said of the United States: "Not a day passes among this practical, innovating people, but some State makes a new experiment in political science." This is flattering but true. Look today at Kentucky.

Is there not danger that the United States will be megoverned too much?

We have received a copy of the Philippine Magazine No. 3, published in Manila by H. Furman Hedden "\$3. gold per year". We have read the stories and more serious articles; we have looked at the illustrations—at some through a magnifying glass, at others through smoked glass; and we do not blame the Filipinos for resisting such American civilization. We may share the fate of Senator Pettigrew, but our love of truth soars above all fear of bodily or mental discomfort.

American civilization is established firmly at Manila. We know this from an advertisement of an "American Bazar," published in Mr. Hedden's magazine. "Chewing gum, card cases, dice, poker chips and playing cards."

Mr. Hedden uses the phrase "\$3. gold per year." "Per year" is a vile phrase. Mrs. Meynell claims that Gibbon imposed the "peculiarly harsh vulgarism" upon English-speaking people. Why not "\$3 a year," or if the publisher is afraid that the public will not respect him sufficiently, why not "\$3 per mensem."

When any one, who is not a man, takes to sending telegrams or messenger boys instead of postal cards, and rides about luxuriously in a cab at a time of day when every true woman is squeezed into the humble street car, none of her women friends would need to be told that she has an excellent economical motive for it in the background.

Mr. G. R. Sims indulges himself and his readers in this fine burst: "Our present Cabinet was all right for the Sudan campaign because that was a See Nile war, but this South African trouble demanded young men. The Boers, you see, have had the best of it on account of the youthful impetuosity of Kruger and Joubert. All successful wars have been carried on by young men. Look at what those giddy hobbledoys King William of Prussia and von Moltke did with the French in 1870-71."

## JENNY COREA.

### Concert Given by Miss Jenny Corea, Soprano, in Association Hall—Mr. Felix Winternitz, Violinist, Assists.

Miss Jenny Corea gave a song recital in Association Hall last evening. She was assisted by Mr. Felix Winternitz, violinist, and Mrs. Jessie Downer-Eaton played the piano accompaniments. Miss Corea sang songs by Lott, Franz, Koss, Brahms, Weill, Gaynor, two Scotch songs, Goetz's "Die Kraft Versagt," Pastorella from Veracini's "Rosalinda," and an aria from Parker's "Hera Novissima." Mr. Winternitz played a stupid piece by Bazzini, and a portion of Bach's unaccompanied Sonata No. 2.

Miss Corea's voice is one of liberal compass. The lower notes are not particularly strong, but they are fairly clear, thus allowing a pretty free rein as to the selection of numbers for a program. The latter was varied enough but not at all times interesting. Goetz's piece is a dull thing, and Weill's "Spring Song" lost much of its beauty by being sung at too slow a pace. Miss Corea was heard to best advantage in the Scotch songs, which she sang with no little taste and understanding, but the aria from "Hera Novissima" lacked breadth and authority. In this selection especially, Miss Corea's voice seemed at times hard and unyielding, both as regards quality and tone production, and, let us add, not rudely but honestly, most of her upper notes were persistently above the true pitch.

Mr. Winternitz played with good tone and nimble technic, and Mrs. Eaton's accompaniments were a delight. There was an exceedingly friendly audience, and applause was frequent.

## Feb 4. 1900

### SYMPHONY NIGHT.

#### A New Overture by Mr. Chadwick—The Commonplace Suite of Robert Fuchs, Teacher of Harmony in Vienna.

The program of the 14th Symphony concert in Music Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Adenais," Elegiac Overture .....Chadwick (MS. First time.)  
Serenade for String Orchestra, No. 1, in D major, Op. 9.....Fuchs  
Entr'acte, Dance of Apprentices, Profession of the Master Singers, and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," Act III.....Wagner  
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

Mr. Chadwick's overture is in memory of Mr. Frank F. Marshall, who died in 1897. It is a musical expression of personal sorrow and affectionate remembrance, rather than any attempt to characterize a departed friend, as that of Tchaikowsky in his piano trio to picture in tones the individuality of the lesser Rubinstein. I regret to say that this overture cannot justly be reckoned among the finer works of Mr. Chadwick. There is thematic recollection of a well known passage in the duet in the second act of "Tristan and Isolde," and Tristan in other ways tries to bring comfort. The solemn trombone passage with the wild interrupting wail suggests a famous passage in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," but I prefer the Frenchman's orchestration of the idea. The expression of sorrow is often ineffectively boisterous; the orchestration is muddy and crude. Mr. Chadwick has written far better music than this. He was fortunate, however, at this concert, for his overture was followed immediately by a suite for strings by one Robert Fuchs of Vienna. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines of pleasure. The opening andante of this suite sounds like a conservatory paraphrase of Mendelssohn's "Happy and Blest Are They." After this I lost count. You will find an accurate description of the music in the program book. For instance: "The third movement, allegro scherzando in B flat major (2-4 time), is in a simple form of Scherzo with Trio, the latter being Tranquillo in G flat major." I assure you that is precisely the way

the music sounded; and you can gain an equally true idea of the following movements by procuring a copy of this invaluable publication.

Now, I am not chaffing my friend and colleague, the compiler of the program book. The combined critics and essayists of Europe, Asia, North America, and Madagascar, laboring for 24 hours at a stretch without food or drink, could not write an entertaining article about this suite. Would you have a digression concerning the composer? What could you say? The industrious man was the brother of the late Johann Nepomuk Fuchs and he taught—he may still teach—harmony at the Vienna Conservatory. I see him now, writing suites and trios; and variations in his spare time, when other citizens are drinking light beer and listening to operetta or waltzes by Johann Strauss. I am afraid these works all sound alike, and that Mr.

Aphorism described them in the program book for all time. "The form is a compromise between the rondo and the usual sonata-form, the second theme coming in the tonic D major in the recapitulation." Of course, the tonic is not always D major, although I can imagine Fuchs writing 20 consecutive pages without departing from that tonality. The suite was played by the string orchestra with unwavering courage.

The music from "Die Melstersinger" brought much needed relief, and Mr. Gericke read thoughtfully, and with effect the symphony of Beethoven.

Philip Hale.

THE Orchestral Club gave its first concert Friday night in Coppy Hall. This society of amateurs, men and women, was formed last autumn. Mr. Georges Longy, the admirable first cello player of the Symphony Orchestra, was appointed conductor, and the President of the society is Mr. C. S. Hamlin. Out of 13 first violinists only one is a male; six second violinists, two harpers, a saxophone player, are women, as are the players of the kettle-drums, big drum, cymbals and triangle. The orchestra of nearly 50 members was assisted Friday night by Messrs. Sautet, Hugo Litke Hain, Lorbeer, Heindl, Keller, Gerhardt and Bareitler of the Symphony Orchestra. It is singular that no amateur was either willing or competent to play the double-bass, a noble machine when it is treated with respect and kindness.

The program was as follows:

Overture, "Michele".....Gounod  
Prelude, "Le Deluge".....Saint-Saens  
Violin solo by Miss Edith Jewell.  
"L'Arlésienne," Suite No. 1.....Bizet  
Dances Espagnoles.....Pessard (First time in America.)  
Saxophone solo by Mrs. Richard J. Hall.  
Les Pyrrhies, Scene Religieuse.....Massenet  
Cello solo by Mr. Clement L. Bouve.  
Serenade Enfantine.....Bonnard  
For strings.  
Marche des Bateaux from "Naxos".....Dubois (First time in America.)

The proficiency displayed by certain sections of this orchestra, and the general spirit of the ensemble, were creditable to the players themselves and to Mr. Longy, who is a conductor of taste, authority and temperament. It would be easy to comment on the false intonation of certain wood-wind instruments, on the poor work of the cellos and the clarinets, but this would be ungracious and unnecessary; for the club is young, still in babyhood. The first violins were excellent; the attack was decisive, the bowing was pleasant to see, the tone was surprisingly full, and there was brilliance when there was demand for it. Nor can I refrain from praising the kettle-drum player. Under Mr. Longy's skillful direction, the Orchestral Club will no doubt make steady progress; for the players are serious and patient in their undertaking.

Miss Jewell, a violinist of real attainments, was evidently nervous and she did not do herself full justice. Mr. Bouvé in the cello solo by Massenet displayed a tone of fine, rich quality and intelligence in phrasing.

Mrs. Hall's playing of the saxophone was that of an artist. I do not understand why this strangely beautiful instrument is so neglected by modern composers for orchestra. Halévy, Meyerbeer, Thomas and others knew the advantages to be derived from it for stage-works; Bizet's employment of it in a most striking page of "L'Arlésienne" is familiar; but it is surprising that the saxophone is not more used by orchestral colorists. It is hard to describe exactly the haunting voice of this instrument; the treatise-maker says, "It has a voice rich and penetrating, the rather veiled quality of which partakes at once of the cello, the cor anglais, and the clarinet, but with a more intense sonority." It has this, and it has more than this. If Halévy called on four saxophones to add to the anguish and despair of humanity on the Last Great Day, so Bizet used it to express gentle melancholy, inexpressible sadness. Resignation, hopelessness, grief, that which is ghostly, the remembrance of happy days in present stress of sorrow, "the depth of some divine despair," "the odor of leaves in the late fall, the room in order awaiting the guest that has gone forever—what instrument is more suggestive to the hearer of sentiment or imagination?"

Mrs. Hall proved conclusively that the saxophone is not a thing merely of one mood, not monochromatic and monotonous. The peculiar somnrency deepened mysteriously orchestral hues; but as a solo instrument, her saxophone ran a short gamut of peculiar and thrilling emotions, as in the first number of the suite, as in the characteristic dances that were ingeniously and effectively orchestrated by Mr. Longy from piano pieces by Pessard. Mrs. Hall not only showed technical mastery, and the intelligence and the soul of a born musician; she imparted a novel and haunting sensation. I have heard saxophones when the only thought was that of a queer instrument, invented by Sax and useful in military bands. When Mrs. Hall plays it becomes the irresistible appeal of a human voice.



instruments. Then follows a chapter on the small orchestra—an orchestra consisting only of strings, wood-wind and brass, without any percussion. Then there are chapters on the balance of tone, contrast and color, the combination of the organ with the orchestra, orchestral accompaniment, arranging for the orchestra, scoring for incomplete orchestras, and a final chapter on chamber music.

Dr. Prout, with his characteristic good sense, warns pupils not to expect too much from this book. "While it is possible to give very definite rules as to what is practicable or impracticable on any instrument, the combinations of the different instruments with one another are absolutely inexhaustible; and so much depends on the individual feeling and taste of the composer, that the utmost that can be done is, to lay down some general principles for his guidance, and to illustrate these, and at the same time to stimulate his imagination by placing before him numerous examples from the works of the great masters of orchestration." And again: "Under no circumstances can orchestration be learned simply from a book."

Others may say, however, without offence to Dr. Prout's modesty, that this volume is of exceeding value, and no student can afford to neglect the sound maxims and wealth of illustrations contained therein. The examples are drawn from many sources. Tschai-kowsky, Wagner, Rossini, Gounod, Liszt, Grieg are drawn upon as well as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven et al., and it is a pleasure to see full justice done to Auber, whose discreet, effective, unerring orchestration puts him among the great masters of this art.

Puccini's new opera in three acts, "La Tosca," was produced Jan. 14 at the Costanzi, Rome. The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote about it as follows:

"The great musical event of the New Year by Rome is over, and Giacomo Puccini, the young composer, has launched a new opera. The story of 'La Tosca' is too well known to need recapitulation, but the general opinion seems to be that it is somewhat too dramatic for an opera, that the music is lost in the general interest of the development of the plot. However, difficult as the situations are, from a musical standpoint, the 'maestro' has handled them in a masterly manner. For instance, the torture scene in the second act, for impetuosity and concentration of color, compares well with the so much admired finale of the third act of 'Manon'."

"The finale of the first act of 'Tosca' is strong and beautiful, when, from the monotonous but imposing greatness of the Te Deum, is developed the invocation of Scarpia. To the eye the scene is striking in the extreme. In the foreground of the church civil passions run riot in the person of Scarpia, while behind kneel the devout masses, and through the openwork iron gates of the chapel is seen passing the gorgeous Papal procession, perfect in every detail. The success was even greater in the third act, a masterpiece of sentiment from the first to the last note."

"The great defect seems to be in the role of Tosca. She who should be the one absorbing personage is, musically, a minor character. Her music, difficult, it is true, is absolutely without personality. Only the strong dramatic art and musical skill of the soprano (Signora Daré, whom her admirers call the Sarah Bernhardt of music) succeeded in redressing the part. Where the former is lacking 'Tosca' will be a failure."

Mr. Armand Lecomte, baritone, assisted by Miss Italian Howard, violinist, and Dr. Kelterborn, pianist, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon. He will sing arias from "Polio, "Gloconda," "Faust," "Roi de Lahore," and songs by Tosti, Rotoli, Caracciolo, Chaminade, Massenet and Lemaire. Miss Howard will play Léonard's "Souvenir de Badé" and pieces by Goldmark and Ries.

The program of the Symphony Concert Saturday evening will include Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony and D'Indy's "Medée" suite (incidental music to a tragedy by Catulle Mendès. Milka Ternina will sing an aria and the closing scene from "Die Götterdämmerung."

Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" will be performed by the Handel and Haydn, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, in Music Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 25. The solo singers will be Antoinette Trebelli, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams, M. W. Whitney. Tickets will be on sale at Music Hall on and after Feb. 12. "Eljah" will be sung the night of April 15 (Earlier), and Gadsdi, Marian Van Duyn, Evan Williams and Gwilym Miles will be the soloists. Tickets for the two concerts will be on sale at Music Hall during the week beginning Feb. 5.

Miss Seza Doane will play Chopin's F minor concerto at the Boston Symphony Concert in Cambridge Feb. 8.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall, Monday night, Feb. 12, will include von Dittersdorf's

quartet in E flat major, Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor op. 131, and Thullie's sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and piano in B flat op. 6, which will be played by M. Sars, Maclar, Longy, Selmer, Litke, Hacksbarth and Gebhard.

Mr. Max Heinrich will give a song recital within the next two weeks in Steinert Hall. Mr. Heinrich has pre-

pared an altogether new program and he will be assisted by Miss Julia Heinrich, who is said to have made great progress during the past year.

The Lyra Club, composed of singers trained by Mrs. Elita Edwards, will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 20.

Next Saturday afternoon the Faellen Piano-forte School will give a recital in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Francis Rogers will sing songs at a dialect recital given by Mrs. Waldo Richards in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 13.

The celebrated Vladimir de Pachmann will give a Chopin recital (preludes, mazourkas, etudes) in Music Hall Friday afternoon, Feb. 23, at 2, under the direction of Mr. L. H. Mudgett. Tickets are at various prices, so that opportunity will be given to all to hear this remarkable pianist. The sale will open Monday morning, Feb. 12.

Perhaps you remember Decima Moore? Her husband, Capt. C. A. Walker Leigh, is in service in South Africa. He was formerly an officer in the Gordon Highlanders.—Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., sang at Portland lately in a concert given by Mr. Arthur Whiting; he will sing twice in Brookline this month, at the University Club the 17th, and at Salem the 21st.—They did not like Felix Weingartner's second string quartet (F minor, op. 26 Ms). It is described as full of "affection, absurdity and ugliness."—A new sonata for violin and piano by A. Rückauf was produced in Vienna by the Rosé Quartet.—A set of variations for a string quartet by ten Russian composers was played by the same club.—A new piano trio in E minor by Ed. Behm was played at Vienna by the Fitzner Quartet.—Richard Heuberger has finished a new operetta, "Der Sechshundert," founded on Meilhac's "Décoré."—Ignaz Brüll is writing a new opera, "Der Herr der Berge." The action passes in a mountain village of Silesia in the last year of the 30 Years' war.—Charles Lefebvre of Paris has a new opera ready, "Singvalla," founded on a Swedish novel.

—A new romantic overture by Ludwig Thuille was played at Frankfurt with success.—"Tannhäuser" was performed at Naples for the first time Jan. 3. Luise von Ehrenstein, formerly of Vienna, was the Elisabeth.—Elberfeld has heard Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." When will it be the turn of Boston?—Melba triumphed at Vienna Jan. 8, when she sang there in concert and for the first time.—L. E. Bach's opera in one act, "The Lady of Longford," was performed at Prague Jan. 7, and heartily condemned. It was produced in London in 1894.—Rosen-thal has been playing in Vienna with sensational success.—Alfred Reisenauer has been engaged as first piano teacher at the Leipzig Conservatory.—Carreno played MacDowell's second concerto at a Gewandhaus concert Jan. 25.—De Luca sang the part of Werther when Massenet's opera was given lately in Rome for the first time.

A coloratura soprano, Miss Barrantes, Spanish by birth, scarcely 16 years old, made a sensation in Massenet's "Cendrillon" at the Lyric Theatre, Milan.—Milloecker left a large fortune. He bequeathed \$1000 to the orchestra, chorus and employees of the An der Wien Theatre, and all his manuscripts to the town of Baden, near Vienna.—The music critics of Budapest have been forbidden the privilege of attending dress rehearsals of new operas on the ground that they would be prejudiced if they formed an opinion after such rehearsals.—The Rubinstein Museum, which has just been, or is soon to be, dedicated, will contain souvenirs, addresses, decorations, medals, batons, etc., which were presented to the pianist-composer. There will also be the autograph manuscripts, and busts and portraits.—Sirri Arnoldson met with "enormous success" as Mignon at St. Petersburg. "Thirty curtain calls and a rain of flowers." The receipts were over 13,000 roubles.—"Alexander Dabus," by Handel, was performed at Scarborough, England, in a small hall, with a picked chorus of 24, and with an orchestra of 37 (four oboes and four bassoons). The music gave delight, but the book was voted dull. Interesting orchestral details were an accompaniment for soprano solo, in which muted violins were contrasted with cello pizzicato, and an accompaniment of harp and mandolin for another soprano solo.—André Wormser has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor.—Handel's "Mes-

siah" was sung at the Church of Saint-Eustache, Paris, Jan. 18.—A piano concerto by André Gedalge was played by Henri Falck at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Jan. 4. "In spite of rhythmic variety, and original combinations, the work is as a whole monotonous." This concerto was played at Angers last October.

The eighth annual Kansas Musical Jubilee will be held in Hutchinson May 15, 16, 17 and 18, in the Auditorium Building, which has a seating capacity of 3500. The number of musicians who have signified their intention of being present is 25 per cent. greater than last year. Two thousand dollars will be given away in prizes. George A. Burdette of Boston and E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis have been secured to act as judges of the jubilee. A concert will be given every evening; that of Tuesday will consist of popular music. An interstate vocal solo contest will be held. The prize is \$100. A number of musicians of national reputation have signified their intention of competing for this prize.

An interesting vesper service was held last Sunday at Wellesley College. The music was under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. The program included

pieces by Rheinberger, Handel, Lassen, Curschmann, Bruch, Rubinstein and Mendelssohn. Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano, and Miss Pauline Woltmann, contralto, assisted.

The Journal acknowledges the receipt from Mr. Morris Steinert, New Haven, of a finely printed pamphlet entitled "The Steinertone: its history, construction and relation to the piano; its usefulness and the position which it occupies in Musical Art; with diagrams and explanations of the various piano actions and the Steinertone." Mr. Steinert tells how he was led to the invention that has awakened such interest among pianists and other musicians; and he describes carefully and clearly the difference between the action of the piano and the Steinertone. The pamphlet includes an article entitled "Christofori Redivivus" by Mrs. Beach, which was published originally in Music (Chicago), and other articles of a warmly appreciative nature.

Mr. W. J. Henderson is contributing to the Sunday New York Times articles on singing and singers that deserve thoughtful attention.

I quote an interesting description of Wagnerian singing as understood or misunderstood by Van Dyck.

"M. Van Dyck, a man of high intelligence and independence of thought, has devised his own plan of reading the Wagnerian music. It is not unlikely that he is embittered by the success of Jean de Reszke, who sings the roles in a manner radically opposed to that which is taught by M. Van Dyck; and perhaps this feeling carries the utterances of the Belgian tenor a little beyond his beliefs. But at the bottom M. Van Dyck is right. He holds that there should be a distinct difference between the styles of the recitative and the cantilena in the Wagnerian drama. This is undeniable. One has only to examine the scores of the works to see that the Belgian speaks the truth. The recitative is to be sung in a manner as near that of conversation as is consistent with the fundamental difference between song and speech. The illusion of conversation should be achieved in the Wagnerian recitative, and it can be. But when M. Van Dyck tells us, as he does in his practice, that the recitative should not be sung at all, but cackled in a dry, tut-tut-tut staccato, without due regard to the pitch of the notes which Wagner has written, then we must agree with him. The boundary line between music and the unmusical should not be crossed. M. Jean de Reszke errs in the other direction. He sings legato all the time, and that is also false to the thought of Wagner. And it is this sacrifice of the ruggedness of the true Wagnerian recitative to pure beauty of tone which makes M. de Reszke's Tristan in one or two places, and his Siegfried in more than one or two, fall below the possible measure of eloquence. But it is far better to sing than to shout Wagner. It is nearer to Wagner's purpose that we should hear the tones as he wrote them, even if they are now and then a little too sweet, than that we should not hear them at all except when a passage comes which he has intended as intended that happens? The tired throat refuses to sustain the result. Hear M. Van Dyck sing 'Nun versetzt du tragende Frau.' 'This brittle staccato, delivered in a hard, dry voice, without a vestige of forward resonance, with the nasal passages closed, and the muscles of the throat all strained, has no place in vocal art and has no business on the operatic stage. Young singers who are led into the attempt to imitate it will seriously injure their voices. And it is neither beautiful nor eloquent. It is unnecessary. The Wagnerian recitative can be honestly treated with the resources of the old vocal art, and the dramatic purposes of the composer can be carried out without a sacrifice of voice or method. There is a light, conversational style of recitation in many of the older Italian operas."

There is an air of magic and intense declamation in many of them and in some of the oratorios. The best training for the delivery of these is the old Italian school, and that, too, is the best training for the delivery of the recitative of Wagner. There is nothing in the music of Wagner that demands the application of new laws to singing either in recitative or cantilena. The style of the music is new, but so was that of Meyerbeer or that of Verdi at one time. And if you wish to find something which was not only novel but alarming in its day, examine the Weber air, 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster,' it takes a dramatic soprano with a coloratura education to sing that properly. "At Baireuth the eminent Cosima and her 'Womigos Kind' are teaching that the whole music of Wagner, cantilena and all, should be sung in the brittle staccato. These distinguished reformers of the reformer of the musical drama are asking tenors to sing 'Am Stillen Heerd' and 'Morgenlich leuchtend' in 'Die Meistersinger' in the same style as M. Van Dyck sings the prattle of Loge. No wonder that the opponents of Wagner say that his works are ruinous to the voice, and that they cannot be sung with the old method. There is only one way to sing, so far as the production of the tones is concerned; and that is as the old masters sang and taught. The laws which they laid down, though couched in a poor terminology, were the fundamental laws of song. The same laws are observed today. The same laws are observed by the best singers. We cannot improve on the method of such a singer as Marcello Sembrich. Whenever she appears on the stage she preaches an eloquent sermon on the art of singing. And it is no great difficulty to trace the teachings which she reveals back to their musical origin. She herself declares that she owes her knowledge to the instruction of Lamperti. No doubt it was that eminent teacher who gave her the rudiments of singing and prevented her in her vocal youth from falling into bad habits. But I am inclined to think that her own high skill as a musician had more than he to do with the full development of her mastery of her art. She sings according to the laws of nature, and to do this was the aim of the whole Italian school. Perhaps later I may have something to say about these laws. At present I am concerned only in calling the reader's attention to the truth that there is only one right way to sing, and that the so-called Wagnerian school is an illusion, a delusion, and a snare."

Philip Hale.

THE ORCHESTRA: Vol. II.—Orchestral Combination. By Eugene Prout, London, Augener & Co.; New York, Edward Schuberth & Co.

Dr. Prout's little primer on Instrumentation was published as long ago as 1875. It became popular at once with musicians and laymen on account of clearness of description, catholicity of taste and sound sense. The first volume of the much more elaborate work was dated November, 1897; the 287 pages were devoted to an exhaustive description of the technique of the instruments. The present volume treats of combinations of these instruments; first of strings, how contrasts may be obtained, the pizzicato, the unison, etc.; of the treatment of wind instruments in solo, in accompaniment, in a tutti, and of the individualization of these

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The rain has washed and laundered us all  
And the sun dried and blackened, yea, per-  
die,  
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and  
rive  
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for  
fee  
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free.  
Not once, to rest; but here and there still  
sped.  
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change  
led.  
More pecked of birds than fruit on garden-  
wall;  
Men, for God's love, let no gibes here be said,  
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

We have received the following communication from a prose-poet of Boston: "To the Editor:

"Not having experienced much winter thus far, naturally our fancy turns to thoughts of spring. When the bonafide spring does arrive, it will bring with it also a lot of poetry.

"First come, etc., and, besides, what Mark Twain said of the translators I'll say of the poets: 'There may have been better ones, but I am not acquainted with them.'

"I am resigned to my fate, knowing that I must go the way of all flesh—must my poetry necessarily go the way of most of the spring variety?"

The poem has this prelude or argument. We publish the prose and the verses as they were written. Far be it from us to repress our correspondent's noble rage.

"It is early spring, and a certain young man's fancy has turned to thoughts of love. In the forest through which he and his innamorata are strolling a tragedy has been enacted during the early part of the winter. In short, a stranger committed suicide and was still suspended from a branch of the very tree under which the loving couple are at the moment standing. Her golden hair may or may not be hanging down her back, but, letting his arm go



alist, "even as you and I," the young  
is on the point of uttering the  
erbal sweet nothings when the  
eman up the tree sheds one of his  
h.

**FOREST FRUIT.**  
Land sakes! From where  
mes that shoe?" said the pair,  
And frightened they scan the tree;  
hen a gent, once so stout,  
ad swivling about,  
The astonished lovers do see.

On his grinning head sat  
th firmly his hat,  
Though rimless; and gazing awhile,  
its and bugs, I grieve,  
rough holes in his sleeve,  
They see marching in single file.

His watch long has stopped,  
his specs one glass dropped,  
And the other is rather grimy;  
cross his latest style vest,  
small's doing its best,  
To leave its footprints slimy."

**F. H.**  
admit that the workmanship in  
prose and poetry is faulty; but is  
he motif a good one? We have no  
tation in proposing the author for  
bership in the Authors' Club of  
on.

ey that protest against the "ab-  
ity" of Jocelyn Pierston, the hero  
lardy's "Well-Beloved," courting  
granddaughter of the woman  
n he once thought he loved, should  
or the case of a man in Brooklyn  
at the age of 74, has just married  
woman whom, as a young man, he  
ed on his knee. But marriage is a  
t of this Brooklynite. This is his  
venture.

e London Chronicle gives a long  
of English military men now in  
h Africa who are authors. They  
it have spent their time in study of  
rt of war to the present advantage  
reat Britain.

thors, by the way, are compelled  
ese days to write books. The suc-  
ful magazine insists on articles by  
ybody except professional writers.

appears that there is a decline in  
indigo industry; a natural product  
ickly pushed out of the market  
cheaper chemical imitations. But  
this affect the old saying, "Blue  
indigo"? Years ago there was great  
sion to this dye. An edict in  
any in 1654 prohibited the use of  
o or "devil's dye," because the  
in wood is lessened, dyed articles  
ed, and money carried out of the  
try." The Magistrates of Nurem-  
compelled the dyers of that city  
ake an oath once a year not to  
indigo, and it was not till 1737  
the dyers of France were allowed  
ye with such articles, and in such  
ay as they pleased. Fifty years  
17 times the amount of indigo used  
orth America was used in Great  
un.

As were hugely pleased by this edi-  
n article, which was published in  
New York Times of Feb. 1:  
omething like a hundred well-  
sed and apparently sane persons  
mbled in a Boston church on Tues-  
and held a service commemorative  
that they called the "martyrdom" of  
ries I, sometime King of England,  
n their manner it was fair to as-  
e that they considered the occa-  
a solemn and sorrowful one, and  
listened with all the marks of re-  
tful attention and high approval  
e the officiating clergyman lauded  
piety of the Stuart King and con-  
nded his death and those who  
ght it about. The American Epis-  
ol Church, the speaker said, was a  
ghler of the Anglican Church of  
land, and Charles I. had been be-  
headed because of his refusing to give  
his faith. Therefore, why was it  
fitting that such a service as this  
uld be held in the Episcopal  
rch? The Anglican Church had  
asided that day to commemorate the  
th of a martyr. But Parliament  
erased the day from the church  
ndar. This act was never assented  
by the church. And so on and so  
nt considerable length. Now, what  
one to think of proceedings like  
se? What judgment is one to pro-  
nce upon the American citizens who  
e formed themselves into a chap-  
er of "the Order of the White Rose,"  
e annually meet to lament the death  
a man whose name is a synonym  
for faithlessness, and whose only  
nition, fortunately futile, was to de-  
ny ideas and principles that are the  
y foundation of American existence.  
original inspiration of all Ameri-  
an hopes? Beings capable of such  
as are far beyond ordinary com-  
ression. It is useless to denounce  
him, and not easy to laugh at them.  
One can only wonder and try to con-  
nt an incidental feeling of nausea."

Feb 7. 1900  
**ARMAND LECOMTE.**

**French Baritone Gives a Con-  
rt in Steinhart Hall--Miss Italian  
oward, Violinist, Assists.**

program of Mr Lecomte's con-  
given yesterday afternoon in  
ert Hall was as follows:  
nli de Jaa ..... Leonard  
from "Poliuto" ..... Donizetti  
nla from "Gilda" ..... Ponchielli  
nla ..... Tosti

La Mia Bandiera ..... Rota  
Caracciolo ..... Valse  
Mr. Lecomte.  
Andante ..... Goldmark  
gavotte ..... Rota  
Miss Howard.  
Aria from "Faust" ..... Gounod  
Aria from "Roi de Lahore" ..... Massenet  
Amour Captif ..... Chaminade  
Hyllle Arabe ..... Massenet  
Gavotte ..... Lemaire  
Mr. Lecomte.

There was a good-sized and friendly  
audience, and Dr. Kelterborn accom-  
panied the singer.

It is a brave violinist that in the  
year 1900 plays the old-fashioned piece  
by Leonard, and it is a still braver  
baritone that sings in the same year  
of our Lord an aria from "Poliuto."  
This beginning took us back to the  
popular concert dear to our fathers.  
There was a time when violinists and  
pianists played souvenirs of watering  
places--of Baden and Spa and Sara-  
toga Springs--all moving pieces and  
places. The structure was uniform--  
an introduction like unto an orator  
clearing his throat, a sentimental an-  
dante, to please the ladies, variations  
on the theme, and then a thunder-and-  
lightning finale. Gone is that time, and  
gone with it are arias from "Poliuto,"  
"Belisario" and other dramatic set-  
tings of episodes in early Christian or  
pagan life.

Mr. Lecomte is a singer who shows  
aplomb and routine experience. The  
voice is smooth, manly and of good  
compass; but it is without sensuous  
charm or especial distinction. The in-  
tonation was generally good, but in  
the aria from Massenet's "Roi de La-  
hore," the singer fell for measures be-  
low the true pitch. Mr. Lecomte shows  
the results of fair training; his phras-  
ing is strong, and as a rule, intelligent,  
and he sings with an authority that  
is never forced or assumed. I liked  
him best in the songs. His performance  
of Rotoli's familiar, but ever welcome,  
"La Mia Bandiera" was spirited, and  
the climax was skillfully prepared. It  
is a pleasure to hear French and Ital-  
ian songs sung by one who is at home  
in these languages, for we are often  
obliged to undergo the sad experience  
of hearing young men and young women  
of New England singing French that  
sounds as though it had been learned  
in 10 half-hour lessons given by a teach-  
er from Rouse's Point, who had once  
boarded for six months in Montreal.

Miss Howard, who has studied seri-  
ously--she was for some time a pupil  
of Joachim, I am told--is a young  
violinist of decided promise. Her re-  
lections, with the possible exception of  
the gavotte, were not suited to the oc-  
casion, but they gave fair opportunity  
to judge of her proficiency. There is  
no reason why she should not perse-  
vere and even make sacrifices in her  
attempt to reach the longed-for goal.  
She shows at once that she has been  
well taught in the mechanism of the  
violin, and she also shows, in spite of  
occasional hesitancy and lack of confi-  
dence, that she has musical intelligence  
and feeling. To call her now an ex-  
cellent player would be untrue, and it  
might work her injury. She is a pupil  
who gives genuine promise.

**Philip Hale.**

Shall I sit down and nourish me  
On bitter rue and rosemary?  
Or shall I rise and run to Thee,  
To bear my gift of constancy?

When all the rivers find their sea  
And all the spheres their harmony,  
Hail! his dreary work for me,  
Brooding on cold eternity.

Mrs. Arthur Edwards of Brooklyn,  
"an attractive-looking brunette, with  
swooping black eyes and a tip-tilted  
nose," has caused her husband to be  
arrested, because, as she says, he  
tickles the soles of her feet until she  
is driven almost crazy. Arthur, who is  
a street car conductor, replies that his  
wife is often asleep when he returns  
from work; that he likes to be wel-  
comed with a smile, and wishes his  
happy home to be filled with laughter.  
But he should remember the fate of  
Pierrot in the pantomime.

In 1888 a pantomime, "Pierot, Assas-  
sin de sa femme," by Paul Marguer-  
ite, was performed at the Théâtre  
Libre, Paris. And the story is as fol-  
lows:

Pierrot comes from the cemetery  
where he has buried Colombine, who  
died the night before. A drunkenness  
which suggests remorse puts him to  
sleep on a chair. A dream, in which  
he acts as a somnambulist, takes pos-  
session of him; his conscience is tragic;  
he mimics the crime. How did the  
beauty die? He killed her in a fright-  
ful manner, for he tickled the soles of  
her feet. He mimics the death scene; he  
throws himself on the bed; now he is  
Colombine; and now he is Pierrot. The  
dream of Colombine frightens him. He  
draws together the bed curtains; he  
effaces all traces of the crime, and,  
joyous, he rubs his hands. Remorse  
torments him, awakens him. Immedi-  
ately the remorse of sleep perpetuates  
itself, and takes the shape of awakened  
remorse. Pierrot would fain take off  
his shoes and go to bed, but his feet  
begin to twitch, his two feet, precisely  
and mechanically as twitched the feet  
of Colombine. To put an end to this  
horrible shuddering from tickling, Pier-  
rot drinks; he drinks and drinks; he  
drinks till he is again a man; he be-  
comes heroic; then the drink stupefies,  
irritates, crazes. In his terror, remorse  
brutalizes itself in the restless exis-  
tence of material things. Pierrot sees  
the portrait of Colombine turn to life.  
Beside himself with fear, he sets fire

to the bed with red curtains. He steps  
forward to touch the animated por-  
trait. The music wails; the lights grow  
dim. Pierrot falls heavily in death-  
agony, and his arms are the arms of  
a cross.

Some of the ancients have said that  
man is the only ticklish animal and  
La Mothe le Vayer discussing this point  
asks why we cannot tickle ourselves.  
"I think that the element of surprise  
has much to do with it, because it  
is impossible that we should surprise  
ourselves in such a manner." (See his  
curious "La Physique du Prince,"  
chap. xxviii.) Pliny tells us that many  
who have been wounded in the di-  
aphragm die laughing. And torturers  
of imagination have looked lovingly  
upon the feet of poor humanity.

Now in the city of New York a den-  
tist wishes to be divorced from his  
wife. He accuses her of cruelty, and  
he names as an instance the fact that  
she succeeded in concealing from him  
for a long time that the greater part  
of her left ear--probably his favorite  
ear--was missing. He also accuses her  
of eccentricity and to prove that this  
is inherited, he tells a queer story of  
his father-in-law: "Her father walks  
in his sleep at nights and murmurs  
while so doing. When he is asked,  
'What are you doing, pa?' his answer  
is, 'Spitting nails.'"

These two instances go to show that  
marriage is not necessarily monoton-  
ous.

Never trush a derby hat with a  
broom brush. Rub it gently on your  
coat-sleeve or trouser-leg.

The N. Y. Sun says: "Emerson was  
notoriously careless in his facts and  
in his use of them." This mental  
disability came from his passionate at-  
tention to pie at breakfast.

In New York they prefer the word  
"excopturation," whether the deed is  
wrought on side-walk or "L" road-  
platform.

Colonel Chinn and others like him in  
Kentucky carry "a .45 a little over a  
foot long, a .44 not quite so long, and,  
handler," a wicked looking knife, such  
a one as you read about in story-books.  
No wonder that bullet-proof armor is  
freely advertised in Kentucky--in old  
Kentucky, "the home of impassioned  
oratory; the home of Clay; the State  
of splendid women, of gallant men!"  
This armor is sold at \$25 a square  
foot; a waistcoat costs \$25; a complete  
suit, \$45." The circular says that this  
armor can be worn "without your  
opponent knowing that you have it  
on."

There died in New York suddenly last  
Saturday a man whose melancholy and  
interesting face was once familiar to  
music lovers in this city. His name  
was Ottokar Novacek. Nikisch knew  
him in Leipzig when Novacek played  
viola in a string quartet with Brodsky,  
Becher and Klengel, and he brought  
him to Boston and made him first viola  
of the Symphony orchestra. A wild  
and fantastic string quartet by Nov-  
acek was played by the Kniesels at  
Union Hall, March 7, 1892, when Amalie  
Joachim made her first appearance in  
America. Novacek soon afterward  
went to New York, where he played in  
Walter Damrosch's orchestra; and in  
the season of '92-'93 he was viola player  
in a string quartet led by Brodsky, his  
faithful friend, who at Leipzig in '94  
played a violin suite by him. In 1898  
Novacek was living in Berlin. Was  
he in the Philharmonic orchestra under  
Nikisch? However this may be, Busoni,  
the eminent pianist who nearly starved  
in Boston, played at one of these Berlin  
concerts (Oct. 26, 1896) a concerto that  
Novacek had composed and dedicated  
to him. Then the next thing we heard  
was the news of his death in New  
York, as a member of the Metropolitan  
Opera House Orchestra.

One of his colleagues telegraphed Mr.  
Kniesel for instructions concerning the  
final journey of the body. The death  
was from heart disease. Novacek was  
born at Temesvar, May 13, 1866. His  
music was often strained in the desire  
to shun the conventional; the apparent  
recklessness was no doubt the result of  
deliberation; but the composer was a  
man of a distinct talent.

A correspondent sends us a copy of  
an inscription on a tombstone in a New  
Hampshire village:

"Here lie the bodies of  
Henry and Betsey Allen,  
And their son,  
Arthur H. Allen,  
Aged 75, 48, 21.  
At the time of his death he was a member of  
the Junior Class in Dartmouth College.  
ARTHUR WAS.

Feb.  
Mieadi & Co.  
H. L. Hartz  
Tremont Theatre

Feb 7. 1900

They knew how, in those times, to pro-  
duce things that are no more produced, they had  
talents that we lack, and it is not with-  
out cause that smart fellows complain of our  
falling off. Sculpture no longer knows how  
to work most plain human flesh. The  
because the art of corporal punishment is  
fading away. There were virtuosi in the  
branch; there are none now. The art has  
been simplified to such a point that it will,  
perhaps, soon wholly disappear. In cutting  
off the limbs of living men, in opening the  
belly, in taking out their bowels, one  
lighted on phenomena, one had his god  
send, we must give that up, and we are  
deprived of the progress that the executioner  
was making in surgery.

At least twice a year you read of  
the attempt of "Chinese funerals" to  
expose "Christianity," of "native converts  
assailed and home despoiled," of "ter-  
rible attacks on missionaries." If you  
read carefully the accounts of these  
outrages, you will find that it is the  
missionary that is pursued while the  
Christian merchant is seldom molested.

A man who lived for many years in  
China gave us his explanation of these  
periodic outbursts. The story is a  
pleasant one, especially for the dear  
children gathered at nightfall about  
your knee.

From time to time the Chinese au-  
thorities issue proclamations, which  
warn the people against stealers of  
children. The stolen children are man-  
ufactured into monsters, just as in Eu-  
rope they are turned into mountebanks.  
Some say that the operators know the  
use of drugs which put the children  
under the will and efface all memory  
of the operation; others say that the  
Chinese have been masters of hypnot-  
ism for centuries.

These monsters are made, as a rule,  
for public exhibition, not merely for  
private and selfish enjoyment. The  
transformation of a man into a bear  
or a dog is a favorite operation. The  
skin of the child is removed little by  
little from the body, and on each  
bleeding spot a scrap of skin from the  
live animal is applied immediately. This  
is a very long operation on account  
of the excessive pain, the inflammation,  
and the minute pieces of skin that  
are transferred. When the child is  
entirely a man-dog or a man-bear he  
is deprived of speech so as to com-  
plete the deception and prevent him  
from betraying the operators. A dog  
of this species was exhibited in the  
Kiangsi. He had a shaggy skin, stood  
on his hind legs, could sit down, mum-  
ble, and make motions like a reason-  
able being. An investigating mandarin  
ordered him to be taken to his palace  
where he examined him, and found out  
that the dog claimed to be a man,  
could understand all words in Chinese,  
could trace characters with his mutil-  
ated hand in ashes on the ground,  
although he could not hold a pen. The  
master was condemned to death; he  
said that scarcely one out of five vic-  
tims survived his operation.

These talented workmen know how  
to graft a child on a man, breast  
against breast, so that the unfortunates  
live together and excite wonder. They  
also in spare moments design to produce  
bears with the feet of ducks, and ducks  
with the combs of cocks.

Living Buddhas are made for the edi-  
fication of pious villagers. A child is  
stolen, kept for many years in ab-  
solute darkness, until he becomes  
almost snow-white. He is kept fixed  
in the familiar and approved po-  
sition of the god; he never hears  
human speech; he is fed on a  
peculiar diet; his vocal chords are un-  
developed. After this long vegetable  
existence, he is brought out into the  
light, this pale, wan thing, mute, with  
winking eyes, and he is worshipped.

Years ago at Shanghai was shown a  
monster with the head, long hair and  
moustache of a man of 29 to 30 years  
and with the body of a two-year-old  
child. It is believed that this master-  
piece was the result of long imprison-  
ment in a small pot from which only  
the head was allowed to project. The  
head grew--indeed it became abnormal,  
gigantic. Potted children! And our  
friend drew an entertaining picture of  
a Chinese operator in his laboratory,  
feeding a row of pots with hu-  
man heads, pots arranged neatly on  
planks. "Has European imagination  
ever dreamed of such a prodigious  
gardener?" Viktor Hugo refers to this  
human horticulture in "The Man Who  
Laughs," and says "It is convenient;  
one can order one's dwarf beforehand,  
of any desired shape."

By the way, the operator who was  
condemned for manufacturing the man-  
dog said that he used a traditional  
formula, one that was old, much older  
than the experiments made in rhino-  
plastic in the 16th century by Talia-  
centus, whose statue represents him as  
holding a nose in his hand, the surgeon  
to whom jocular allusion is made in  
Hudibras.

The venipotent executioner in Octave  
Mirbeau's "Le Jardin des Supplices"  
lamented before the perverted Clara  
and her dull-eyed friend the gradual  
passing of his art. "There is no longer  
competitive examination. Favor now



Formerly these important functions were in the hands of veritable savants—persons of merit, who knew perfectly the anatomy of the human body—who had diplomas, experience, or natural genius. But today, the humiliated, obdurate pretends to fill the honorable and tacking position!

Let us go back to our friend. He claims that for the reasons given above, stealer of children in China—and they are numerous—are peculiarly excoriated. Missionaries who try to convert the children and therefore establish schools and take great interest in the young, are misunderstood; hence these popular outbursts against them. "To understand," he said, "the massacre of a missionary when the merchant is spared, you should remember the man that manufactures men-dogs and the man that raises grotesque things in pots."

We were much impressed by our friend's intimate knowledge of a romantic and picturesque phase of Chinese labor, but unless we are seriously mistaken, an article holding the same view and citing similar instances was published in the *Mercur de France* of July, 1899. This article was founded on a report from Dr. MacGowan, published in a newspaper of Northern China, republished in the *Daily Press* of Hong Kong in 1892, and then translated into Portuguese by Mr. Demétrio Cinatti for the Geographical Society of Lisbon.

Thus were beings made whose law of existence was monstrously simple: permit us to suffer, order to be amusing.

Feb. 8, 1900

There was a man in Arkansas  
As let his passions rise,  
And not unfrequently pick'd out  
Some other varmint's eyes.

His name was Tuscaloosa Sam,  
And often he would say,  
"There's not a cuss in Arkansas  
I can't whip any day."

One morn, a stranger passin' by,  
Heard Sammy talkin' so,  
When down he scrambled from his horse,  
And off his coat did go.

Yet in the region where they fit,  
We found to our surprise,  
One pint of buttons, two big knives,  
Some whiskers, and four eyes.

We have received the following letter: Providence, R. I., Feb. 5, 1900. Dear Talker of the Day—I have been reading in "Letters from England" by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella (first American edition published in Boston in 1807) an account of a singular custom said to prevail at that time in the United States. Speaking of different national methods of settling private quarrels, the writer says:

"The American twists the hair of his enemy round his thumb, and scoops out an eye with his finger—but in England a boxing match settles all disputes."

Is this true? Was it true in 1810? I am forced to appeal to you in your omniscience because the Rhode Island press, aside from its devotion to sartorial reform, pays little heed to the vital questions which are disposed of "while you wait" in your celebrated department. Do you know of any Americans who scooped out eyes with their fingers in the early days of this century or of any whose eyes were so removed? Can you not have the matter discussed by the patriotic societies and investigated by the Bostonian Society? Yours for the dissemination of the truth,

ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

We are delighted to find a reader of Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella's "Letters from England," for the book amused us years ago. We know only the second American edition of this singular work of Robert Southey, the edition published in New York in 1808 by David Longworth, at the Shakespeare Gallery. This edition contains a note by the American editor to the passage quoted by Mr. Park. (See Vol. II, p. 23): "Don Manuel is not correct. The mode of fighting which he says is practised in America, and which is so truly savage and barbarous, is not by any means general, but confined to a very small portion of it—chiefly to Virginia, etc. Boxing matches elsewhere are as fairly and as honorably conducted here as in England."

Southey undoubtedly believed the stories narrated by Lambert and other travelers before him. Thus Gen. Bradley, a Senator from Vermont, told Lambert that "the mode of fighting in Virginia and the other Southern States is really of that description, mentioned by preceding travelers, the truth of which many persons have doubted, and some even contradicted. 'Gouging,' kicking and biting are allowed in most of their battles. . . . 'Gouging' is performed by twisting the forefinger in a lock of hair, near the temple, and turning the eye out of the socket with

the thumbnail, which is suffered to grow long for that purpose."

Twining, in his "Travels in America" (1785), says: "In their common affrays they gouge and commit other barbarities." In Addison's American Law Reports (1800, p. 29) the fact that "McBlino gouged his eye" is mentioned.

Read this astounding definition in Capt. Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (1785): "Gouge: to squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb: a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America."

Was gouging a common practice at that time in this city of culture? Let the Reverend Jedediah Morse, D. D., answer. He, as "minister of the congregation in Charlestown, near Boston", surely knew. We quote from his "American Universal Geography" (1796): "We are told that a strange and very barbarous practice prevails among the lower class of people in the back parts of Virginia, North and South Carolinas and Georgia; it is called 'Gouging', and he then describes it. Where did Grose get the idea that this sport was dear to Bostonians?

John Pickering, in his "Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America" (Boston, 1816), says: "The practice itself and the name are both unknown in New England". He quotes from the Quarterly Review (Vol. II.): "A diabolical practice, which has never disgraced Europe, and for which no other people have even a name". But Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë", says: "There were very frequently 'up and down fights', sometimes with the horrid addition of Pawsing and Gouging". There is no doubt that primitive man bit, and scratched and tore; and, no doubt, he gouged.

For years Englishmen taunted us on account of the practice. Here is another quotation from the Quarterly Review (1814): "Whenever American sculpture shall exhibit a combat between two Virginian athletes, the gouger and the gougee must," etc. And you will find delightful allusions to the sport in Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads.

Mr. William Winter still shows signs of life. Who but "W. W." would describe the works of Ibsen and Maeterlinck as "morbid trash" and say—in a column review written evidently and according to habit before the performance so that he might be utterly unprejudiced—"no man who is in good health ever bestows attention upon stuff of that kind" \* \* \* "These tainted plays are obnoxious to good taste and good breeding." Mr. Winter—we can hardly refrain from calling him "the late Mr. Winter," for it seemed as though he should have died with Mr. Augustin Daly—is the critic who saw nothing in Salvini, Coquelin, Bernhardt, but bowed in slobbering, tearful adoration at the mere name of Mary Anderson.

#### STRING AND CHORAL CONCERT.

A concert was given last evening in People's Temple by the Massasoit Ladies' Double Quartet and the Peirce-Van Vliet String Quartet. The former assisted by the latter and under the direction of Mr. W. W. Leonard sang choruses by Campana, Trotter, Schubert, Sullivan and Kozchat, and showed by precision of attack, intonation and shading that rehearsals had been carefully directed. Miss Florence E. Garvin and Miss Marla West sang Goetze's "As Night Serene," and Miss Garvin sang Mascheroni's "For All Eternity" with violin obligato by Mr. Peirce. Mr. Leo Van Vliet, cellist, played the berceuse from Godard's "Jeelynn" and Bourgeois's "La Veritable Manola." He is the fortunate possessor of a fine instrument, and his tone is full and sonorous. His sympathetic playing was warmly applauded. Mr. Peirce played Handel's Largo and Wieniawski's "Ob-Handel's Largo and Wieniawski's (Ob-Handel's Largo and Wieniawski's) case of Mr. Van Vliet, insisted on recalling him. Miss Ellen Porter was the accompanist. All in all the concert gave much pleasure.

Feb. 9, 1900

Said tongue of neither maid nor wife  
To heart of neither wife nor maid,  
"Lead me not here a jolly life  
Betwixt the sunshine and the shade?"

Said heart of neither maid nor wife  
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,  
"Thou wastest; but I am sore with strife  
And feel like flowers that fade."

There are many that thirst after education." It is our constant aim to slake this thirst. This week we have been fairly successful. Tuesday we showed restless husbands how tickling the feet of a wife may cause her death. Wednesday we published a delightful essay on the manufacture of human monsters in China. Thursday we discussed the American sport of "gouging" as practised early in this century. Today, in connection with rumors about the ultimate fate of the Chinese ruler, we publish valuable information about his real name, which you have seen written as "Po Ching" and "Pu Tsing" and "Huk Wei." Now, "Huk" is the



MILKA TERNINA.

(Copyright by Aimé Dupont, New York.)

This famous singer, the first of Wagnerian sopranos of today, was born in Croatia in 1863. She first studied in Agram, then at the Vienna Conservatory under Günsbacher. She made her first appearance on the stage in June, 1883, as Elisabeth, at Leipzig. In that city she spent an unhappy year; she was four years at the Bremen Opera House; but in 1890 she was engaged by the Court Theatre, Munich, and she made her début there June 12, as Isolde. And there she has remained in spite of most flattering offers from Berlin and other cities. Her first appearance in this country was in Walter Damrosch's company at Boston, Feb. 4, 1896, as Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre." A year ago she revisited this country under the management of Mr. Ellis, but sickness prevented her singing, and this last season, as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, she was severely handicapped by throat trouble, until Jan. 27, in New York, as Elisabeth, she was enthusiastically applauded and hailed as a singer of the very first rank. In this city she has appeared as Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried"; Elisabeth, Isolde, Valentine, Senta, Sieinde. She is a singer of beautiful voice and admirable performance; an actress of great distinction and exquisite subtlety; a woman of engaging manners, delightful simplicity, and marked intelligence.

same as "P'u" and all the royalties of that generation begin with "P'u." Their fathers all began with "Tsai"; so "Sai-chee, Prince of Tuan," Huk Wei's father, should be Tsai-chee, son of a certain Tun. "But Tun had no son called that, though somebody else had a son called Tsai Chu, who may have been adopted by Tun." This will bear long-continued study; but the knowledge of the formula alone is worth double the price of this newspaper.

Why this strife over the changing of the name of Bothnia Street to St. Cecilia Street? In the first place there is no such street as "Bothnia" to the ear-conductor. He only knows "Bothnia," with the accent on the second or third syllable according to the custom of the college from which he was graduated. There is already one saint in the district known as "Fairland"—and that saint is St. Paul; for St. Stephen is just beyond the charmed region.

The Emperor William has prohibited the performance of a drama which shows Frederick the Great in character. If the drama shows Frederick in his true character, we do not blame William for his censorship. By the way, how would William like Olga Nethersole, who continues to shock the sensitive young men of the New York press, among them Weeping Wille of the Tribune.

Some one, recalling the appearance of John Ruskin, remembers distinctly "his sort of shambling walk and the clothes loosely hung rather than put on him, and the contrast between this slackness and the extraordinary vigor of his eyes, under those dominant eyebrows; I recall the slender gold chain that he wore round his neck and the particular blue of his tie; but I cannot be clear about the color of his eyes. Deep blue, it seems to me, they were; and yet at other moments I think they were gray." And he adds: "How inaccurate memory is!" The matter is not so much with the memory as with the untrained or careless observation. Mr. Ferguson, for instance, is a devoted husband, but if the man on whom at this moment he is unloading stock should ask "What is the color of your wife's eyes?" ten to one Ferguson could not tell him.

The Chicago News has discovered that railroad conductors get fat and keep well on account of the perpetual jarring and motion of the trains. There was a theory, however, that this perpetual jarring superinduced cruel dis-

eases of the kidneys. Is this theory this pleasing illusion of youth, now regarded as mere idle wind, as vapor?

When Mr. Charles Wyndham announced his intention of playing Cyrano, some Londoner "heralded the approach of the date by a trumpet blast upon Cyrano's nasal organ." He asked indignantly, "Will Mr. Wyndham inflict upon us the ludicrous nose in which Coquelin indulged or will he prove himself too true an artist to outrage our sensibilities by anything so repulsive?" The Coquelin nose outrages all humanity and destroys all romance," which the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette replies: "What the name of all that is dramatic is the purpose of M. Rostand's play? Is not to represent a noble soul mask and belied by an exterior so grotesque that humanity is outraged and roman is destroyed, and a lion-hearted hero can win love not even at his sword point? The measure of a 'true artist' the sincerity with which he works the medium of his choice. There can be little understanding of 'art' in any beseech 'our greatest actor' to mutilate and misinterpret a poetic drama, when he is under no compulsion to perform. The real Cyrano, it is urged, has lovely features; but not 'a meanly ridiculous nose.' Quite possibly the real Hamlet was bored to death by a prosy old parent, and glad enough to see a jovial fellow like his uncle on throne. Would that entitle an actor to turn Shakespeare's tragedy into ut nonsense? The Cyrano of Rostand is a man physically so afflicted that a woman, seeing him, can love. Represent him merely as unattractive, and what becomes of M. Rostand's Cyrano, incidentally, of M. Rostand's play?"

Looking over Saia's "Echoes of the Year 1883", we came across two paragraphs that are of contemporaneous interest. One is about certain theatrical shows:

"There is scarcely one novel of Charles Dickens that a real Dickens scholar can listen to, as a play, a common patience. Mr. Thackeray's playwrights have hitherto wisely alone; but who does not shudder at bare idea of seeing 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis', 'The Newcomes' or 'mould dramatically distorted'?"

The other paragraph relates to more peaceful topic—war. It states that in 1883 there was a dispute as to whether Tommy Atkins should



colored clothing of the... of... Sala quoted the rem... of... in favor of scarlet—a color "bril... and imposing for troops of the... and added, "Scarlet manifestly... invisible, and the soldier of the... e, like a rich uncle in a French... ville, must be talked about and... green. Still, I should like to put a... By the time we have created an... ble Army, the other side will have... me as invisible. When the coming... sh soldier confronts his foeman... neither enemy can see the other... anybody be killed in a battle?"

Providence Journal asks: "Is the... to overdone?" Not in the restaura... of Boston. It is a deadly bullet... ally thrown in with meat and... Y.

Feb 10. 1900

#### THE STORM-CHILD.

Child came to me with the equinox.  
Evil wind blew him to my swaying  
floor,  
Bakes of tawny foam from off the  
shore,  
Shivering spindrift whirled across the  
oaks.  
Down the sky, the wheeling swallow  
locks  
To him a greeting; and the lordly woods,  
The lean arms of welcome one by one,  
Down their russet cloaks and golden  
hoods,  
To his dancing leaflets trip and run  
To the tender feet of this my son.

Before the sea's swift fire is in his veins,  
In his heart the glory of the sea;  
Before the storm-wind shall his com-  
rade be,  
He strips the hills and sweeps the cower-  
ing plains.  
After, shot with flashing rays and rains,  
He hits all his pulses; he shall know  
The stress and splendor of the roaring gales,  
Creaking bows shall croon him fairy  
tales,  
The sea's kisses set his blood aglow,  
In his ears the eternal bugles blow.

Animal Dewey referring publicly to  
his wife as "the wealth of the world"  
finds us of a verse in the first book  
of Job: "Yea, many there be that  
run out of their wits for women,  
and become servants for their sakes."

They say that Governor Taylor's wife  
is "nerve but no style." Nerve is in-  
sensible to the enjoyment of life in  
general, while style is merely grace  
in thinking or carving a fellow-dis-  
tinct. Mrs. Taylor, like Mary, has  
been that good part which, we hope,  
will not be taken from her. Some years  
ago there was a negro minstrel song  
in favor of: "Oh hasn't she got the  
style."

The second son of the Earl of Lind-  
say is the Hon. Archibald Lindsay and  
the Hon. Archibald Bethune. The  
third son of the Earl of Lindsay bears no  
name than Lindsay, except the  
first son who becomes Lord Garnock."

This is true because the Hon. Archi-  
bald Lindsay admitted this week in  
the strictest confidence to a reporter,  
that we can all go to sleep.

Judge Bixby has decided that Dr.  
John of North Adams in grafting skin  
on Miss Rose Murphy on Miss Susie  
Wey was not guilty of any skin-  
disease.

T. J. Harris of New York is as  
well known as the immortal friend of the  
immortal Mrs. Gamp. He not  
only lectures on "How We Catch  
Cold," but he cries aloud "with fervor  
and feeling" against "the infection car-  
ried in long skirts and the weight on  
the hips." "There has more harm come  
from the long skirt than from the tight  
corset." H-m-m-m! To us the question  
of long or short skirts is chiefly aes-  
thetic; a matter of artistic understand-  
ing. Dr. Harris is the friend of the  
band: "More people die in New  
York of sealskins than small-pox."

Henry E. Cregier, a Chicago archi-  
tect, says he will sue the city of  
Boston for \$100,000 damages, on account  
of changes made in Westminster Cham-  
bers. He says the City Fathers have  
made out of his beautiful building "an  
architectural abortion." But why should  
the city of Boston sue occasionally  
for architects for shock to the nerves of  
citizens? Take, for instance, the freight  
bill roof that will crown the new  
Public Hall in Huntington Avenue, the  
fact that has just been discovered  
officially by the Transcript.

Mr. Cregier complains of the "Incom-  
petence of the upper part" of the  
Westminster Chambers. The architect  
of the Tower of Babel had similar  
cause of complaint, but there was no  
question of a lawsuit. Deep thinkers are  
convinced that the height of that tower  
was nothing to the height of a mod-  
est skyscraper, the disgrace in Com-  
wealth Avenue, or even the West-  
minster Chambers. Mr. Fresnel believed  
that the upper chambers in the Tower  
of Babel were designed as sleeping

places for the chief priests; for the  
upper air was cooler, and free from mos-  
quitoes, which abounded below.

Then we should consider for a moment  
the case of Dr. Ashmead, a passionate  
leprologist, who goes about hunting  
lepers in New York—not moral lepers,  
but real, live lepers. He claims that  
an "elephant boy" and a "leopard boy"  
in a Bowery museum were lepers; that  
a Southerner who lived at a Broadway  
hotel was a leper, and that a cigar  
manufacturer, "who, in rolling his  
cigars, used to lick the end which the  
consumer put in his own mouth," was  
a leper. Have a cigar with us. But  
Dr. Ashmead is not explicit. Is this  
leprosy the white or the black kind?  
The Arabians attributed either to un-  
due diet, as eating fish and drinking  
milk, and they recommended arsenic  
as a cure. One of the strangest ideas  
of mediaeval Christendom was that the  
Saviour was a leper; hence the phrase  
"morbus sacer" and the honors paid  
to the victims by certain Saints. In  
the legend of Julian, told in marvelously  
beautiful fashion by Flaubert, the  
Saviour appears in the form of a leper  
to the Saint, and after he has had food  
and drink, he demands the warmth of  
the Saint's bed and body for He is

perishing from cold. And not until he  
is borne by the divine leper to the cele-  
stial Paradise, does the Saint recognize  
the face of the Redeemer.

Bostonians visiting New York cannot  
be too careful in making acquaintances  
in street car or lecture room. The man  
that holds out his hand in friendly  
greeting may be a leper, for Dr. Ash-  
mead says the city is full of them. Look  
carefully at the stranger's wrist, where  
the disease is supposed first to show,  
for the swelling alters the shape. East-  
ern travelers tell us that there is "a  
peculiar thickening of the voice in lep-  
rosy which at once betrays the hideous  
disease." But this is not a sure sign,  
for this thickening may come from im-  
moderate indulgence in gin, and no  
true Bostonian would wish to do injus-  
tice to a stranger, even unintentionally.  
Nor would thickening of the voice  
seem unnatural to him, a dweller in  
the city of bronchitis and catarrh.

It is fortunate for Tennyson that he  
is dead. Mr. A. C. Benson in his book  
on Eton, which has just been published,  
does not speak favorably of Arthur  
Hallam, the poet's dearly beloved  
friend, who inspired that monumental  
eulogy, "In Memoriam." According to  
Mr. Benson there was in Hallam "un-  
healthy precocity," which developed  
into "priggishness." His portrait rep-  
resents him "an almost beery looking  
young man with a sly and sensual cast  
of eye." And he was not an amiable  
man; he was rude to his father.

The New York Times published ex-  
clusively an account of a sad accident  
in the West: "Mr. Harry Lehr wore  
last autumn at the Hot Springs a  
Tuxedo or dinner coat in the evening,  
and with it no waistcoat, and a long  
black silk four-in-hand, tied in a loose  
sailor knot." The Times also says "the  
colored handkerchief has never been  
very fashionable in New York." We  
do not remember ever seeing a ban-  
danna flourish in a box at the Melro-  
pitan Opera House, but our visits to  
New York have been few of late years.  
Are colored handkerchiefs sported by  
the gilded youths of Providence, R. I.?

Here is a true story of humble life  
in New York, a story that may  
well be classed among "life's little  
ironies." A waiter after service of  
ten years in a restaurant was dis-  
charged. His wife begged for a week  
that he might be reinstated. She per-  
suaded the proprietors through her ex-  
treme poverty. The waiter had been  
on duty only a few hours when he was  
killed by trying to put a fallen  
electric light into a position where it  
could do no harm. When the wife  
heard of her husband's death she  
shrieked: "It's my fault, my fault,"  
and she would not be comforted.

Feb 11. 1900  
D'INDY.

The program of the fifteenth Sympho-  
ny concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given  
last night in Music Hall, was as  
follows:

Symphony in G major, "Oxford," Haydn  
Sonata, "Abscheuerlicher" and Aria,  
"Komm, Hoffnung," from "Fidelio,"  
Beethoven  
"Medea," Orchestral Suite after Catulle  
Mendès's Tragedy, Op. 47, d'Indy  
(First time in Boston.)  
I. Prelude, II. Fantomime: Dance, III. Me-  
dea Waiting, IV. Medea and Jason, V.  
The Aurora Triumph.  
Closing scene of "Goetterdämmerung,"  
Wagner

Paul Marie Théodore Vincent d'Indy  
wrote incidental music to Catulle Men-  
dès's tragedy, "Médée," which was first  
produced at the Renaissance, Paris,

Oct. 28, 1898. Sarah Bernhardt was the  
heroine and Darmont the perfidious  
Jason. The suite formed from this  
music was played at a Colonne concert  
in Paris March 5, 1899.

In Mendès's tragedy Medea has been  
forsaken by Jason. She plots ven-  
geance and gains permission from  
Creon, who has banished her, to re-  
main until she may seek advice from  
Hecate. Jason swears to her—for she  
reverts him and reminds him of their  
former and mad love—that he marries  
Creusa only for political reasons; that  
he will leave her his wedding night to  
seek Medea's arms. Medea waits, and  
waits in vain. The moon is turned to  
blood. The wedding feast is over; the  
lights in the palace are extinguished;  
the doors of the palace are closed.  
Then, furious, Medea contrives the  
awful presents that will destroy Creon,  
her rival, Jason, and the children.  
Then, then she will rise triumphant,  
the sorceress, in her mountain-car and  
ascend to the Sun, her father.

It is a pity that some clue to this  
music was not given in the program  
book; for this music was originally  
scenic and it is only fair toward the  
composer that the hearer in concert  
should have some idea of the compos-  
er's intention.

It is also a pity that the more import-  
ant works of d'Indy have not been  
played here. We know him only by his  
beautiful symphonic poem "Istar" and  
some chamber music. We have not  
heard his "Wallenstein," which was  
performed in New York under Seidl in  
1888; "Sauge fleur," "La Forêt enchan-  
tée," the symphony on a Mountain  
Air; the suite in D for trumpet, two  
flutes, or the Fantaisie on French folk  
songs for oboe and orchestra which  
was played with Mr. Longy as soloist in  
Paris Dec. 12, 1897. But it is a fashion  
in Boston to introduce serious compos-  
ers through their works of minor im-  
portance: Witness Bourgaault-Ducoud-  
ray with his little "Burial of Ophelia"  
and Glazounoff with his juvenile "Ly-  
ric Poem."

The "Medea" suite disappointed on  
the whole—and yet it seems unfair to  
judge the music taken from its proper  
frame and played none too well; for  
there was a feeling of insecurity in the  
ensemble and a lack of finesse in the  
detail. The first prelude suggests at  
the beginning a scholarly and ingenious  
burlesque on a well-known, too well-  
known, progression in "Tristan"—a  
pompos, swollen, burlesque of inver-  
sion. The dance is of forced piquancy,  
yet not without an appeal to immedi-  
ate popularity. The first section of  
"Medea Waiting" is of true beauty and  
decided mood. But in "Medea and  
Jason" I found no real passion, either  
flaming in modern fashion, or repressed  
as in the music of Gluck, the great  
master of musical classical tragedy.  
How this whole suite of d'Indy shrinks  
and is as nothing in comparison with  
the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis,"  
which is saturated with the spirit of  
Greek tragedy! You may answer, "But  
d'Indy was writing his music to a  
Greek tragedy as Mendès understood  
it." Yes, but on the other hand, Medea  
as played by Bernhardt was still a  
classic figure, and even if the story  
was subtly modernized, is it too much  
to ask for one theme of intense passion  
or one movement that recalls the frozen  
frenzy of a frieze? Then the final  
movement, "The Aurora Triumph"—  
where a solemn hymn is trampled un-  
der the feet of the racing Valkyries!  
This suite as concert music is weak in  
thematic invention, forced and labored  
in harmonic treatment. Orchestration,  
no matter how ingenious, will not re-  
deem a serious work that is fundamen-  
tally without depth or passion.

The "Oxford" Symphony was written  
in 1788, the year of the "Children's"  
Symphony, and it was written for  
Paris. When Haydn went to Oxford in  
1791 to be made a Mus. Doc, he took  
another symphony with him for the  
occasion; but there was not time  
enough to rehearse it, so he fell back  
on one already known, the one now  
called the Oxford. The Morning  
Chronicle a few days after the perform-  
ance said: "A more wonderful com-  
position never was heard. The merit  
of the work in the opinion of all the  
musicians present exceeded all praise."  
Wonderful no doubt it was in 1791, and  
the finale may still be heard with  
pleasure. I wish that Mr. Gericke  
would some day try the experiment of  
playing a Haydn Symphony with the  
number of strings usual in Haydn's  
more advanced period.

Ternina was warmly greeted and  
loudly applauded. Seldom does a great  
dramatic singer appear to full advan-  
tage in concert, and Ternina is not an  
exception in this respect. She displayed  
often beauty in tone and vocal skill,  
breadth of phrasing, and intelligence  
in the broadest sense, and yet there  
was the constant thought, "Would this

were in the opera itself!" The aria  
from "Fidelio" suffers when it is pa-  
raded in the heartless concert hall, and  
what singer can stand up against the  
orchestral fury of Wagner when it  
rages above the stage and not below it?  
Ternina is a woman that is not given  
to screaming; she is one of the very  
few singers in German opera that know  
the difference between singing and  
screaming and know how to sing. But  
last night there were times when she  
was obliged either to scream or to  
stand there, inaudible.

Philip Hale.

WAGNER. By Charles A. Lidgey; with  
illustrations and portraits, 268 pp. London:  
J. M. Dent & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton  
& Co.

This is a handsomely printed book;  
the volume and the ease with which it  
is held tempt a reader at once; and  
yet—and yet, the book is in certain  
ways unsatisfactory. The first 74 pages  
are devoted to Wagner's life; the next  
70 treat of him as politician, revolu-  
tionist, philosopher—of his ideas about

oratorio, opera, architecture, sculpture,  
painting; of his ideas about the myth,  
the true unity of drama; of his love of  
animals, human nature; of his theoretic-  
al vegetarianism. And then there are  
100 pages in which the plots of his  
operas are given at length. The ap-  
pendices contain a chronological list  
of his compositions and literary works;  
a chronological list of the chief events  
in his life, casts of the first perform-  
ances of "The Ring" and "Parsifal."  
There are portraits of Wagner, of Wag-  
ner and his son, a laughably sentiment-  
al portrait of Wagner and Cosima  
holding hands and gazing into each  
other's eyes—one of those long and  
earnest entrails-stirring looks so dear  
to Wagner, the librettist—a portrait of  
Liszt, and a few other illustrations.

The chief fault with the book as a  
biography is that Mr. Lidgey is a cu-  
gist, an apologist, rather than a dis-  
criminating, cool-headed biographer, im-  
bued with the analytical spirit. I am  
aware that there are biographers who  
deem it their duty to blacken in every  
way the character of their victim. I do  
not complain because Mr. Lidgey is not  
of this school. But surely we have a  
right to expect something more than  
this commonplace and shirking treat-  
ment of an important event in Wag-  
ner's life, viz: his marriage to Cosima  
von Bülow: "In 1870 they were mar-  
ried. Further dwelling upon this ques-  
tion is outside the biographer's province.  
It is sufficient to state that in his sec-  
ond marriage Wagner found a wife  
who could understand and sympathize  
with him, and that he bears frequent  
testimony in his letters to his love for  
and devotion to her." And how about  
the plodding, faithful first wife! Ah,  
the King can do no wrong! There is  
always an excuse in the mouth of Mr.  
Lidgey. Thus, on page 79: "It is often  
alleged against him that he was inconsis-  
tent; but a more careful study of his  
writings will show that the apparent in-  
consistencies which, without doubt, are  
to be found, were really due to the  
courage with which he did not hesitate  
to confess previous errors." Wagner  
himself might have made the proud  
boast of Walt Whitman:

Do I contradict myself?  
Very well then, I contradict myself;  
I am large, I contain multitudes.

See, too, the biographer's treatment  
of Wagner's shabby pamphlet against  
Judaism in music.

See, too, the astounding statement  
on page 141 that Wagner's whole life  
was "devoted single-heartedly to fur-  
thering the regeneration of the human  
race."

Nowhere does Mr. Lidgey refer to the  
pitiable exhibition made by Wagner in  
letters to Liszt and other much en-  
doring friends; indeed, you would not  
know from this book that such self-  
revelations had been preserved.

Now Wagner was in certain respects  
a contemptible fellow—but what has  
that to do with his music? Why could  
not his biographer give us a plain, un-  
varnished story of the man and then  
dilate as he pleased concerning the mu-  
sician? And oh the dreary twaddle  
about the still more dreary twaddle  
written by Wagner, the pamphleteer!  
I admit that there are men, as Mr.  
William A. Ellis, the translator into  
English of the whole of Wagner's prose  
works, who delight in the compani-  
onship of Wagner the pamphleteer; who  
say with him: "To myself it has been  
one of unalloyed enjoyment, whatever  
obstacles may have occasionally stood  
in the way of my seizing his precise  
intention." But the position of Mr.  
Edward Newman is the sancer; for he  
finds Wagner to be one of the greatest  
musicians that ever lived, and outside  
of music, a mediocre person. I find  
with Mr. Newman that as a philosopher  
and a sociologist, Wagner seldom rises  
above commonplaces of the most ordi-  
nary cheapness; that as a writer, he  
created nothing that will last; that as  
a thinker he added nothing to knowl-  
edge; that as an aesthetician he con-  
ceived a theory which is absolutely  
false—the alleged but not existing  
correspondence between speech and music;  
that his brain was abnormal, in that  
the nerve centres, instead of being  
apart, were in close communion, so  
that a great number of musical impres-  
sions were colored with poetry and a  
great number of poetic impressions were  
colored with music, while the normal  
man perceives and enjoys music as mu-  
sic and poetry as poetry.

Mr. Lidgey in his preface mentions,  
among "the more important biographi-  
cal workers," the names of Glasenapp,  
Tappert, Casperini (?) Dannreuther, and  
Chamberlain. He does not mention the  
biographies by Mr. Finck and Adolphe  
Jullien.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the distin-  
guished pianist, will give a Chopin re-  
cital in Music Hall Friday afternoon,  
the 23d, at 2 o'clock, under the manage-



at of Mr. Mudgett. Tickets with reserved seats at prices ranging from 10 to 50 cents, will be on sale at Music Hall beginning Monday. The program will be as follows:  
Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 24.  
Mazurkas, op. 7, B flat major, op. 7, F minor, op. 56, C major.  
Etud. 8, op. 10, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.  
Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

Mr. George Grossmith, under the management of Mr. Mudgett, will give four humorous and musical recitals in Association Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, at 8; Thursday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 2:30; Friday evening, Feb. 16; Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17. Tickets are now on sale at Music Hall. He will present, for the first time in this country, an entirely new program, as follows:

- PART I.  
The Love Song of the Past..... "I Will Tune My Lyre"  
The Love Song of the Present..... "He Told Me So"  
The Love Song of the Future..... "Let Me Whisper"  
Recitation with music..... "The Wife Who Sat Up"  
Illustration..... "Driving Off the Tee"  
(A reminiscence of Golf)  
Illustration..... "The Nervous Speaker"  
Interval of five minutes.

PART II.  
A new sketch entitled "Awful Bores," in which Mr. Grossmith will include himself, as well as many others, illustrating "Healthy and Unhealthy Bores," "Old and Young Bores," "Recitation Bores," "Dinner Bores," "Railway Bores," "The Boredom of Photography," "Doring the Vicar," etc.  
Mr. Grossmith will sing "They Say I'm a Horrible Bore," "The Amateur Glee Singers," "The Vacillating Waltz" and "The Tune That Haunted Me."

PART III.  
Humorous Musical Illustrations, including "The Delicious Love Song," "The Everlasting Coon," etc.

The program of the Kneisel Concert, Monday night, in Association Hall, will be as follows: Quartet in E flat, Von Dittersdorf; quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131, Beethoven; sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, piano, in B flat, op. 6, Thullic, Mr. Gebhard, pianist, and Messrs. Maquarrie, Longy, Selmer, Litke and Hackebarth will assist.

Mr. Francis Rogers will sing songs at the dialect recital to be given by Mrs. Waldo Richards in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Carl Faellen will play pieces by Handel, Beethoven and Raff in Steinert Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 19.

The program of the Symphony Concert, Saturday evening, in Music Hall, will be as follows: Overture, "King Lear," Berlioz; concerto for violin, Mendelssohn (Leonora Jackson), "Les Follies," César Franck (first time here); Symphony No. 2, Brahms.

The Turpin-Turpin Vocal Quartet will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 21, at 3:30.

The program will include old Latin quartets, English madrigals, quartets by Brahms and Henschel, solos and duos.

"Judas Maccabaeus," by Handel, will be sung at the Handel and Haydn, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, in Music Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 25, at 7:30 o'clock. The solo singers will be Antoinette Trebelli, Gertrude May Stein, Elva Williams, M. W. Whitney. Tickets are on sale tomorrow.

Mr. George Warren Shepard's Black Warblers will appear at Union Hall Thursday evening, March 1. The Mozart and University Quartets will assist. Ed Howlett and L. Stanley Nichols will be the tambos and Ed Emerson and W. B. C. Fox the bones. Mr. Shepard will be the interlocutor. This is his 21st year as a minstrel entertainer.

Mr. Arthur Whiting will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Monday afternoon, Feb. 26, at 3 o'clock. He will play Brahms's sonata in F minor and Waltz, op. 33, and his own Suite Moderne, op. 15 (Ms).

Mr. Arthur Bercsford, bass, will sing songs at a reading of works by Kipling by Miss McQuestin in Association Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 22.

Mr. Grau announces that Ernst von Schuch will visit this country in March. He will be here only 12 days. His first appearance will be in a concert to be given March 29 in the Metropolitan Opera House, with the opera house orchestra and with Semörich, Schumann-Heink and Plancon as soloists. One more concert and an opera will be given in New York; one in Philadelphia and one in Boston.

Schuch was born at Graz, Nov. 23, 1847. At first he studied law, but he turned his attention to music. He studied with Eduard Stolz and Otto Dessoff, and in 1867 began his career by conducting at Lobe's Theatre at Breslau. He worked in this capacity at Würzburg (1868-69), Graz (1870), Basle (1871). In March, 1872, he was engaged by Pollini for his Italian opera company, and later that year he was engaged by Count Platen for the Dresden Royal Opera. In 1875 he married the

opera singer Clementine Proska (born in 1853 at Vienna).

Schuch has been highly honored in many ways. The Emperor of Austria ennobled him in 1879, and the King of Saxony advanced him from "Kgl Hofrat," to "General musik director" and "Geheimer Hofrat" (1899). It is the secret of Pulcinello that the King's favor toward Schuch has been extended for years toward the conductor's wife. Some time ago there was talk of Schuch as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His superior claims were not allowed for two reasons: (1) because that which in Saxony is considered as royal favor is regarded in New England as a subject's disgrace; (2) because Schuch, who is extravagant in his habits and given to cards, as is Nikisch, demanded \$12,000 a season—or was it not \$15,000?

Schuch is a remarkable conductor, especially in opera. I have watched him often in operas inherently dull as well as exciting. He at least was never dull. And among the most delightful of my musical recollections is the memory of his conducting "Tristan und Isolde" when it was produced for the first time in Dresden. For that performance the orchestra had had only 13 separate rehearsals.

Mr. Henderson wrote as follows of the last concert of Hambourg in New York:

"It cannot be said of young Mark Hambourg, the pianist, that he lacks industry. He had given 43 concerts previous to yesterday, and he has about 35 more to give before he shakes the dust of America off his feet and goes home to tell the European newspapers of his 'wonderful success.' He gave another of his numerous recitals yesterday afternoon in Mendelssohn Hall, and there was hardly a vacant seat. This is a record of which the pianist may boast when he goes home, for they do not know over there how easy it is to get such audiences here. Yesterday afternoon's assembly also made a record in the matter of applause. Its enthusiasm knew no bounds and there was hardly a number that was not applauded before it ended. It is not for us to say whether this showed that there were persons present who did not know when the pieces were ended."

The New York Times says: "The manner in which Leonora Jackson's injudicious press agent is injuring her prospects may be judged from this excerpt from the Philadelphia Times: 'After an absence of seven years from her native land Leonora Jackson has made what may be termed her debut in America at the Philharmonic concert, in Carnegie Hall, New York, and played the difficult Brahms concerto under the direction of Emil Paur. Her success was spontaneous and emphatic and identical with all the reports that have reached this country from Berlin, Leipzig, Brussels, Paris, London and elsewhere.' The reports from abroad represented Miss Jackson as a great artist. The verdict of New York was that she was a promising young woman, with valuable gifts, but neither warmth of temperament nor maturity of thought."

Ludwig Speidel of Vienna wrote as follows concerning Melba in Vienna: "Her voice is of imposing volume, but at the same time of astonishing agility; she is capable of considerable power of tone and has manifold shades of expression at her command. In the mad scene from 'Lucia' she accommodated herself to the veiled sound of the obbligato flute; one could believe it to be a flute duet. In the six-eight time of the 'Traviata' air were displayed all the roulades and the flowing shakes with the soft voluptuous tone that reminds one of the clarinet. The brilliant, the dazzling, really are sure of Melba's element; there she is sure of the most intense effect, but in cantilene feeling and warmth are missed. She came to a triumph, and in the brutal manner of a Caesar to harness the public to her chariot of victory. She accomplished the 'veni, vidi, vici' with the very best number, the 'Lucia' air, which she ended with a trick of irresistible effect. It was a long shake, with a constant crescendo, finally rising to unparalleled loudness filling every corner of the large hall, causing all ears and all hearts to vibrate in an uncanny manner. Steel vocal cords are a presupposition for such an amazing trick. The public's astonishment resolved itself into a tremendous storm of applause. Melba replied by singing some German songs, accompanying herself on the piano. She accompanied with a touch as soft as velvet, and sang with a voice as soft as velvet. But we did not believe in this soft-hearted mood. She is in her real element when sounding rockets and cascades pour forth from her throat."

Mrs. Edith Mae Gregor Woods, contralto, will sing with the Mary Howel-Lavin Company at Rockville Feb. 27 and Fitchburg March 2. The garden scene from "Faust" will be given. They say that Alberto Randegger of London will make a short visit to this country in April or May, when he will receive a few pupils in oratio work. Mr. Randegger, it will be remembered, married Louise Baldwin, once the wife of Mr. Leland Powers. Miss Lofius will take the part of Bettina in "The Mas-

cot" at the American Theatre, New York, Feb. 19. In London she was the Goose Girl in Humperdink's "Children of the King."—Alvarez is now on the Atlantic. He will take a short rest prior to his appearance in grand opera in the French capital. In speaking of his engagement as a member of the Maurice Grau Company, M. Alvarez said that he was entirely satisfied, and already looked forward to another visit to this country. He said it was doubtful whether it would be possible for him to return next season owing to other engagements. Mr. Grau's inability to secure a further extension of the time for Alvarez from the Paris Grand Opera Directors has caused a serious break in his list of tenors. He has overcome this by the engagement of Cornubert, a French tenor who was originally engaged to support Calvé in the opera "Hérodiade." Since Mr. Grau, as it is rumored, has abandoned the idea of giving this opera, the new tenor will be heard in other French and Italian roles. He comes highly recommended, and is at present singing with an operatic organization in Havana. It is expected that he will arrive at New York within the coming fortnight.—Ben Davies sang last month "in 17 capitals in Europe."—Moritz Moszkowski has been playing the piano in English provincial towns.—Ella Russell has joined the Moody-Manners Opera Company.—Henri Marteau, violinist, will revisit this country, and will appear March 9-10 at the rehearsal and concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.—A new sonata for violin and piano by the Danish composer, Otto Malling, was played for the first time in London Feb. 2, by Henry Such and Lucie Hillier.—Prof. Albert A. Stanley of the department of music of the University of Michigan, has been appointed representative for the United States of the International Society of Musicians, recently founded in Germany. The object of this organization is to unite musicians and writers on subjects relating to music, and to further scientific investigation. Prof. Stanley will organize the American section of the society.—The Society of German Composers has published the following statistics, showing the growth of music in that country: Among virtuosos 11 places 580 singers, 240 pianists, 130 violinists, 110 various, 650 organists, 13,000 musicians of orchestras, of whom 8000 belong to municipal theatres or orchestras; 1300 capellmeisters, 8000 military musicians, with 410 bandmasters; 2350 directors of singing societies, 3700 teachers of instrumental music, 1350 teachers of singing, and 435 conservatories. Among musical societies are 420 church choirs, 840 amateur orchestras, 6580 singing societies, 2700 clubs with a special department for music, and 200 amateur theatrical societies. To these must be added 270 teachers, 380 variety theatres, 1630 concert halls, 1500 café concerts, and 5800 establishments that give open-air performances. In 1897 277,100 musical performances took place, at which 2,701,900 different pieces were produced, namely, 191,800 classical pieces, 946,000 genre pieces, 1,504,000 light music, (dance, etc.). Add 234 agents for concerts, 273 publishers, 1890 dealers in music, 33 workshops for engraving, 3900 factories to make instruments of all kinds, and 2500 dealers in musical instruments. Music supports in Germany 1,500,000 persons.—The Era (London) says: "Victor Capoul, the French tenor, returned to Paris recently to join his old friend, M. Pierre Gailhard, in the control of the Opera House. Soon after the death of M. Bertrand, M. Gailhard wrote to M. Capoul, director of the New York Conservatoire, asking him if he would return from exile to assist in managing the Opéra, and the answer was in the affirmative. M. Capoul's name is known to all lovers of opera and good singing. It is thirty-seven years since he took the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, at the same time making a big hit in comic opera. At last he was engaged to sing at the Porte-St-Martin, in 'The Barber of Seville,' when he drew thousands in the season and out of the season. After this he went to the Opera Comique, and no matter what he played in he drew, and everything was a la Capoul. When the war was over he sang in 'Paul and Virginia' and 'Lovers of Verona,' besides being manager of several houses."—S. E. Hartmann of New York, who has been studying in Italy for the last four years, entered on an engagement at Ivera (near Turin), on Dec. 24, during the carnival season. The engagement will last until Feb. 10, during which time he will sing in 'Traviata,' 'Trovatore' and 'La Eschola.' Mr. Hartmann also has filled an engagement at Sa'uzza.—Hannah MacCunn has postponed the starting of his English opera company until better times. "When this cruel war is over."—There is a rumor that Emil Paur has resigned the directorship of the National Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Martinez of the New York World does not care for Emma Eames a Marguerite. "She is usually languid and listless in it. She fails in the dramatic significance, and her singing is neither brilliant in the jewel song, rhapsodic in the love duets, intense in the church scene nor inspired when redeemed at the tragedy's end. Last night she was as usual to the detriment of the performance as a whole."—Edward Lloyd has postponed his grand farewell tour till next year.—Miss Ethel Newcomb, a pianist of Jersey City, is described as "suffering from the peculiarity of touch which is so common among the pupils of Leschetitzky."—Conductor Schalk has resigned his post as conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera and accepted the same position at Vienna. He will enter upon his new duties in May. Schalk has been speaking his mind as to the lamentable state of things at the Berlin Opera House, where the post of conductor is a most unenviable one. He has no voice in any matter, whether relating to the arrangement of the repertory, the dividing of the rôles, or the manner of performance. He is merely the first member of the orchestra, and having little or no authority his wishes are seldom respected by the singers. So says Schalk, and there seems no reason to disbelieve him. "At the Imperial Opera House in Vienna things are very different. The conductor is treated as a man—not a machine, and as an artist. His wishes are consulted, his opinion respected; the consequences are more order and better performances."

Miss Jenny Corea will sing in "Elijah," given by the Gounod Choral Society, New Haven, Feb. 19.—Margaret Macintyre, soprano, now singing in opera in Italy, will make a tour of Great Britain next fall.—Calvé will go to Havana Monday for a rest. She will return to New York early in March.—Dvorak's "Te Deum" was given at Worcester, Mass., Feb. 2, under the direction of Mr. J. Vernon Butler. It is said that this was the first performance of the work in this country.—William G. Stewart, for three years leading baritone of the Castle

Square Opera Company, has resigned and has been succeeded by Mr. Pruette. —Mascagni has dedicated his new opera "The Masks" to himself.—A new symphony by Carl Rorich of Weimar has been performed in that city.—Charles de Sivry, conductor and writer of music for farces, is dead. Paul Verlaine married his sister, and talked much about him in his "Confessions."—Judge Gernerth of Vienna, who wrote new words for Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube," is dead. He also wrote choruses, songs and dance music.—"Andromède," a new symphonic poem by Augusta Holmès, was produced at a Colonne concert, Jan. 14. It was highly praised. The peroration—harmonies and piccolo—illustrates these words: "The hero seizes the virgin; and on the wings of Pegasus bears her to the deep celestial fields!"—Mr. Wirth, dissatisfied with the mounting of "Rheingold" at Bayreuth, has written a book which tells how the opera should be produced.

The Sun published lately an amusing sketch of a lecture by Walter Damrosch on "Tristan und Isolde." I quote a part of it:

As a prologue to a musical exposition of the opera's structure, Mr. Damrosch gave a brief synopsis of the plot of the opera. Any one coming in during the progress of this prologue would, at first, have been confused by an idea that the clerical-looking young gentleman at the piano was intoning a portion of the Episcopal Church service in the most approved High Church fashion. There was a soothing cadence about the rhythmic rise and fall of his voice and the chromatic harmonies he evoked. The uninitiated wondered vaguely why he did it, but the admiring young women said that the poetic dreaminess of his accent was too perfectly lovely. Perhaps it is necessary to hypnotize the matinee girl by a sort of rhythmic incantation before her soul can be gently led to the Wagnerian heights. After his outline of the story in words of one syllable Mr. Damrosch turned to the piano, and there was a rustle as the girls composed themselves for a season of Wagner. Later, after the concert a white-haired woman remarked to the two girls she was chaperoning: "It's irritating, that sort of thing. The lecturer intrudes his personality between you and the music, in such an exasperating way." The young women looked at her with dazed, uncomprehending eyes. They couldn't understand her point of view. They had bitterly resented the way the music intruded itself between Damrosch and them.

When the music got under way one understood how Mr. Damrosch had acquired the intoning habit. His running explanation of the Wagnerian motives is in the form of a chant, harmonized to the accompanying rendering of those motives on the piano. There are times when it is effective. There are other times when—well, the less said about those times the better. Any one who will attempt to cling to the one word "death" in a speaking voice, while the harmonious musical chromatics chase themselves all over a grand piano, will have some idea of the difficulties with which Mr. Dam-



grapple. It would have been so easier to sing it. At times the ter realized this fact so intensely he relaxed his own peculiar ef- and burst into song. His render- of Isolde's impassioned cries did et to his feeling, but wasn't all it have been in point of tone and "Tristan, Isolde," sobbed the "Tra la, dum dee," wailed Mr. resch.

he would only play, and let Wag- o the rest!" sighed one of the men fied later; but that wasn't the se of the lecture, and the young u wouldn't have liked the the- ment at all. Occasionally the mus- ased. The lecturer turned around e piano chair and spoke fervidly e beauty of the philosophic sym- in the opera. The matinee girls d restive.

didn't know it was so dreadfully of philosophy and death," reed one young thing in a chinchilla. "Somebody told me it was the est love poem ever written, and I ht it would be just sweet to hear amrosch tell about it."

second act went rather better the first. The young women d more familiar with the garden- et than with the shipboard trag- of love and fate. They understood Brangaene was watching on the too. The French maid always at in plays and novels.

ar the tumult of vibrations as she uishes the torch, and awaits chanted the lecturer, playing exceedingly good effect, the tu- ous passage.

goodness, I know just how that very time the door bell rings. Fri- evening," said the girl in the chin- turban, rapturously. "Isn't it! Isn't he dear! How he feels

rk the crescendo, the rising flood- tion," intoned the rapt musician, oice getting mixed up with the ag music, and being carried off its to weird dissonances. "The night s the throbbing heart, the meet- 'Love!' 'Sweet!' 'Tristan!' and all that sort of thing." The climax dissolved into anti-climax, he crescendo came down on the but a sigh stirred the egrets in audience.

w he feels it!" murmured the women, all except one who wore or-made gown and a walking hat, at on the platform at the back of om.

I never hear 'Tristan and Isolde' without winding up all the ner- chills passages with all that 'fing,' she said tearfully. "I'm in when one has been reading in 15th Musical Reader this primer ss is disconcerting, but it's a good a very good thing, for those who never get music any other way." ere now, he's talking about death

"objected the chinchilla topped "I don't see why Wagner had to their good time by sticking that ath music into it. They might a little fun in one act. I'm sure e going to die after a while."

e concentrated pathos and over- wing tragedy of that scene, seem e most singers," commented Mr. osch. "The average soprano and ordinarly give it more as if it a case of Arry and 'is Arriet on e bench, rather than Tristan and in the grasp of fate."

young women all laughed. 'Arry rriet were a relief from the Wag- a strain. They would doubtless e "average soprano and tenors" tion of the scene better than Mr. esch's, but they wouldn't admit

cause of the admiration which amrosch inspires among these women is one of the mysteries of e chanted in the first act. It e his hair, for he has most un- asing hair, not leonine, or floss-like or g or anything except well ed. It can't be his figure, for, sorrow be it said, he has grown o. It isn't his clothes, for he s like any other well bred man credit at his tailor's. It isn't his It isn't, can't be his voice. His ation is too irreproachable to be ating.

es, 'Tristan and Isolde' became more ore hopelessly entangled in the of destiny, the lecturer waxed and more enthusiastic and im- pas- sionate. He tore the music from the of and monologued above the roar e notes. The monologue interfered e the music, and the music inter- e with the monologue, and the e-made girl who remarked flip- pantly that she was reminded of a ury dance, where the fiddler played ead all the time he was shouting, lchassez; gents down the middle d ladies outside!" deserved to e loved down. When Tristan and e and Kuryenal were all dead, Mr. rosch resurrected the ill-fated Irish ress, and Mme. Gadske sang the ested" music.

Don't just understand what this is bout," said the girl in the chin- turban, "but that part where he e delicious and thinks he sees her efricely lovely, the way Mr. Dam- rosch tells about it. I don't see any n in Tristan's tearing off his band- and dying as soon as he sees her. ose it's just because Wagner was ck on that death music and want- o get it in. Now, if they'd just d, King Mark would have for- ve them."

en they went downstairs and drank and ate ices.

Philip Hale.

Feb 12 1907

There was only the imperturbable counte- nance of the death which, having defied the small onsets of centuries, reduced to e silence by its seamed and antique feat- e wildest turmoil of a single man.

THE INTRUDER.

There is no thought of man.

Handwork is here in the shape

of a bridge which spans the still run- ning stream. The scene is set in an amphitheatre circled by dark-browed hills. Remote, passionless stars shine in the humal sky. A chill wind whispers secrets to the leafless trees, which stretch bare arms, slowly gesticulating. The sombre water mir- rors the pale stars. It lips and it laps against its banks. The slender reeds stir endlessly.

This black night is as a curtain, be- hind which I divine the presence of strange things. In this midnight hour, given over to dreams, I am the play- wright of the fanciful—I am released from the thrall of daytime verity. I design, to suit myself, little aimless pastorals and masques in which unreal nummers mime in an unknown tongue to the accompaniment of mystic gestures. They are vague, they are shadowy marionettes. Mysteriously they sigh and whisper and titter, flitting and posturing delicately amongst the slender three-stems. The hour is fantastical, a time for the play of silhouettes and shadows.

I resent the appearance of a man, who comes upon the bridge, emerging suddenly from out the darkness yonder. He is an intruder in a place—and on a mood—in which there was no thought of man.

Yet now he dominates the scene. At his approach my dreams fade, the un- real nummers vanish with a last vain gesture. Unwillingly, yet perforce, my thoughts turn to this intruder, who leans in an intent attitude upon the rail, watching the sombre water.

He is now the sole actor. In what does he act? Is it comedy, idyll, or tragedy? Why does he wander at night? Night is sacred unto dreamers, lovers, poets, vagabonds, outlaws. Is he, then, a dreamer of dreams and a teller of tales, and is he now barring his soul to the Impressions of Night? Or if a lover—whose face glows at him from the water—Sylvia's, Marguer- ite's, or Magdalene's? Perchance he is a breaker of the laws of men; a hunted outcast, listening for the hunt- er. Perhaps he is a happy and careless vagabond, shrived of all duties, a tramp of the open road.

Outcast, poet, lover, vagabond—

With a quick gesture, as of one ab- ruptly awakened, the man stands up. The dim light glimmers on a haggard face. He lays resolute hands on the bridge-rail, he vaults quickly; there is a loud splash, a choked cry—and again there is a scene untenanted by man—

Until I appear, robbed of my part of spectator, a horrified actor. I rush to the bridge. The swift, still water flows beneath. The reeds stir. There is no other sound. Frantically—O useless dreamer!—I arouse the neighborhood. Sleepy-eyed, questioning men appear; they search; lanterns gleam along the stream. There is a cry. A sudden some- thing is taken from the water. In slow processional lighted by flickering lan- terns, laden forms go over the hill.

Sorrow and shame knock on a door.

By the bridge all again is of the earth and of the night. Passionless still, the remote stars glitter in the brumal sky. Unstirred by my surprise the chill wind whispers to the trees. The gestures of the naked branches are unquicken. An intruder came—and went. There is no thought of man.

THE QUIETIST.

A deep thinker in Poland—where de Reszkes and newsboys come from— declares that if sleep is light, the sleeper dreams only of his daily occu- pations, and that to dream of remote things implies a heavy slumber. But dreams are shadowy, elusive phenom- ena, defying test-tube and litmus pa- per. Persons starving always dream of food, and their dreams are pleasant. Maudsley, who investigated the sub- ject, says that shipwrecked, delirious sailors see food and water before them. It is a pity that there is no "oneiro- pomp" in Boston. There were plenty of them in Rome, and they used to send dreams to their patrons. Experi- ments show that the sleeping brain will respond to external stimulus. "Thus water dropped into the mouth of a sleeper made him dream that he was swimming, and produced corresponding motions of the arms and legs; a silk handkerchief laid over the mouth and nose produced the dream of being bur- ded alive, and a mustard plaster on the head made the sleeper think he was being scalped by Indians."

Mr. G. R. Sims, contemplating the possibility of an invasion of England by the French, asks "why should not our healthy, active English girls be taught to shoot? Female rifle corps would be immensely popular all over the country and thousands of young women would join them."

He is not the first to suggest this strengthening of the English army. Sir Richard F. Burton nearly 40 years ago wrote in a note to his description of the Amazons of the King of Dahome: "When it is asked, 'what shall we do with our old maids?' I would reply that many might be enlisted."

Such feminine troops would serve well in garrison, and eventually in the field. The Medea of Euripides preferred the risks of spear and shield amongst men to a single casualty after the manner of women. The warlike instinct, as the annals of the four quarters of the globe prove, is easily bred in the opposite sex. A sprinkling of youth and beauty amongst the European Amazons would make campaigning a pleasure to us."

How envious is New York of the literary atmosphere of Boston! The old, old story. Read this extract from an editorial article in the New York Times:

"True enough, it might be maintained by an indecorous Chicago literary man, when Col. Higginson becomes the pro- tagonist of Boston literature, Boston literature is in a pretty bad way. Nor is the case much helped by the fact that his associates on the Reorgan- ization Committee, which is expected to present an armed front to the enemies of Boston, are Miss Mary Wil- kins and Judge Robert Grant. Who- ever lets his mind run on these names and then recurs to the names which, a generation ago, would have adorned a list of the literary persons of Boston, must own that the world moves and that Chicago has something to say for itself."

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"THE AMEER."

"The Ameers" a comic opera in three acts, book by Frederic Ranken and Kirke La Shelle, music by Victor Her- bert, was performed last night at the Tremont Theatre and for the first time in this city by Frank Daniels and his company. Mr. L. F. Gottschalk con- ducted. The cast was as follows:

Iffe Kahn.....Frank Daniels  
Heezabud.....Owen Westford  
Cracksmile.....William Corliss  
Blackjack.....Will Danforth  
Ralph Winston.....George Devoll  
Constance.....Helen Redmond  
Fanny.....Norma Kopp  
Mirzah.....Kate Uart

The word "Ameer" comes, I believe, from the Arabic, the language from which we derive that beautiful word "alcohol," and I should much prefer to write about Arabic and Burton's edition of the Arabian Nights than to discuss this new comic opera. But duty, "Stern Daughter of the Velve of God," requires a few words at least about a piece that is not a comic opera in any legitimate sense of the word. "The Ameers" is a farce with music. The piece is sumptuously mounted. The scenery is effective, the costumes, especially those of the third act, are handsome; there are pretty girls in the chorus, and the chorus, both male and female, after its kind, has been well drilled in the music, which calls in ensemble for strength of lungs and pectoral endurance rather than for effects of contrast, or delicacy, or any nuancing whatever.

Victor Herbert is a musician of ex- cellent parts. He has written music of worth, and he has before this in comic opera, shown that he can be pop- ular and at the same time save his self-respect. I do not understand how he was willing to put his name to this score. For in "The Ameers" he is scldom, if ever, the accomplished musi- cian, and there is not one good, honest tune in the whole piece. I am not judging of this music superciliously from a cold height; I am comparing it with works of the lightest class writ- ten by composers of reputation inferior to that enjoyed by Mr. Herbert. His solos are perfunctory and not melod- ious; his ensembles are noisily inef- fective; his part writing is for once clumsy; the orchestration is thick, as though it had been hurriedly contrived for a room the size of Mechanics' Build- ing.

The book is a rearrangement of scenes and situations familiar to theatre-goers. It was made to fit Mr. Daniels, and it is only fair to say that, while it does not call for serious criticism, it amused the audience, and there was hearty laughter, and there were encores with- out end. The first act is as dull an act as ever has been seen in this city; the second act is a little, a very little bet- ter; the third act—the famous third act in which the plot of an operetta has the habit of disappearing—is far super- ior to what has gone before. The "con- tinuous performance" burlesque was really funny.

Mr. Daniels has many friends—and they were there to welcome him. He could not move without exciting laugh- ter; and every speech sent many into convulsions of merriment. I state this as a historical fact. It is not the duty of a critic to wonder why there was such laughter, or to seek an explanation for the phenomenon. Mr. Daniels, as is too ootten his custom, relied solely on facial contortion and absurd costume.

Mr. Corliss, with his sonorous voice, was excellent in a stupid part. Mr. Danforth was conspicuous as a fami- liar brigand. Mr. Westford was tire- some, and Mr. Devoll, although his upper tones were pinched, was a de- lightful contrast to the ordinary lead- ing tenor in pieces of this description. He carried himself well, and was a pleasing figure. Miss Redmond and Miss Kopp were attractive chiefly in consequence of the liberal physical gifts of kindly nature.

Philip Hale.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert in Association Hall last night. After a fine performance of Dittersdorf's quar- tet in E flat—the one with the dash of gypsy music in the finale—and Beetho- ven's quartet in C sharp minor, on 131, Mr. Svecenski announced that on ac- count of the inexcusable absence of Mr. Hackebarth, the accomplished born

player, (the sextet by a name in it Mr. op. 6, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn and piano, could not be played. The concert, therefore, came to an un- timely end. This sextet was first played in Boston by the New England Con- servatory Chamber Music Club, Nov. 17, 1890. The next Kneisel concert will be March 12.

When sons are merely looked upon as leeches who suck out the guineas from the paternal purse, and daughters as more or less ornamental interferences with the social pleasures of their mother, or infelicitous reminders of her own fading beauty and declining charms, their father and mother alike have refused in an insulting way to recognize their vast responsibility, and by their action for ever exonerate their children from being under any obligation to love or respect them or even nurse them when they are ill. Children must not be blamed because they treat such parents as these as mere obstructionists to their own comfort, enjoyment, ease of mind, general position in the world, and indeed a proper fulfillment of life. Most of us know parents who treat their children so badly and with such an en- tire want of consideration that when they die there is no other course open to us but to call upon the happy survivors, and con- gratulate them that the wicked has at last ceased from troubling and given a slight chance for the weary to be at rest.

You will find the following passage in the fourth chapter of Oscar Comettant's "Trois Ans aux Etats-Unis" (Paris, 1888):

"An American, whose truthfulness I have no reason to suspect, told me that he was in the habit of visiting daily a young woman in Boston, at the house of her parents, and that they had never questioned his visits. The young maid- en had not found an opportunity to present him to her family, and the fam- ily, which believed fully in the liberty of the individual, had not insisted on an introduction. The father and mother often let their daughter have the exclu- sive use of the parlor, and they with- drew when the young man came to call on her."

Mr. Comettant was a close observer. Thus he noted that the liquid founda- tion of a mint julep was old Madeira; that the Cock Tail (sic) was a popular tonic; that Gin Toddy (sic) was always drunk hot; that Half and Half was a mixture of water and brandy in equal proportions; that the real meaning of "The Thorough Knock Me Down" (sic) was "broken chest." Do not wonder at Mr. Comettant's interest in drinks. Re- member that he was by profession a music-critic.

But let us return to our calves. Do well-bred parents today in Boston leave the parlor for the use of wooer and wooed? Twenty or twenty-five years ago, parents that had been properly trained, abandoned the living room on the first floor at the sound of the door- bell. (We are speaking of parents in such towns as New Haven, Albany and Troy.) The wooer in some instances found traces of the sudden flight—as an abandoned pair of spectacles on a book, a slipper, or even a leg boot that had been drawn for comfort near the regis- ter. The beloved one appeared, smiling, blushing; and she at once began to regulate the chandeller. Where were father and mother? In the nursery, or in their bed-room, or in the upper hall? At all events they were uncomfortable and poorly lighted. Occasionally there were sounds of male resentment in the regions above, and then a conciliatory maternal voice was heard. The brutal performances of a father that furnishes copy for the comic papers were—at least in those days—purely imaginary. His only vengeance was to let the furnace fire go down. The American male parent is notoriously long suf- fering.

But what is the custom today? Alas, we are now only theorists, gatherers of facts. Youth is the period of virtu- osity. Will not the young and the hap- py furnish us the desired information?

We ordered a book, the title of which runs as follows: "Gentleman's Calling" by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man"; but, printed in 1660, it is of little value to the Earnest Student of Sociol- ogy in 1900.

"Vardon is unmistakably the most brilliant golfer that has ever set foot upon American soil." And yet his first name is not Willie!

No, no, this is not an unromantic age. In Ohio robbers torture hermits, and in Georgia astrologers are ban- ished.

Again we note the envy of New York as expressed in this editorial article in the New York Times:

"Thanks to the ever-interesting and often-edifying Transcript, we are able to infer an attentive world that there gathered in Cambridge at the home of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson 'a notable company of literary men and women.' They included the members of the recently dead and more recently revived Authors' Club of Boston, and 'there were other prominent writers among the guests.' We will not quote the Transcript's appreciative remarks about the refreshments that were



served and the conversation that was conversed, hastening, instead, to the list of names with which the article concludes. These names were doubtless selected with knowledge and care, and, considering the nature of the assemblage, it may safely be assumed that to the owners of them Boston looks for the preservation of her reputation as a centre of intellectual activity. Here is the list, entirely unabridged: "Oscar Fay Adams, Nathan Haskell Dole, Sam Walter Foss, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Josephine P. Peabody, Helen Leah Reed, Prof. Vida D. Scudder, Herbert D. Ward and Frank Sanborn." Now, with all respect to every one of these good people, and cordially admitting that we had heard of several of them before, was a reception at which they were the most eminent guests really a notable company of literary men and women? Noted for what and by whom? Ah! Boston! Whither art thou drifting—or rather, whither hast thou drifted?"

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams is the gentleman that went through the year with the poets—no easy task. Mr. Dole translates freely from Hungarian, Kanuri, or Yoruba, without the aid of the spring-board or any other mechanical appliance, and he is said to be an expert Omar-Khayyamer. Mr. Ward married Miss Phelps, and Mr. Sanborn lives in Concord, Mass. "Helen Leah Reed, Prof. Vida D. Scudder"—why they—let's see what have they done? Contributed to the Banner of Light? H-m! Neighbor, you've got us!

A gentleman of Jersey City testified, in a suit brought by his wife against him for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, that he did once become hysterical and exclaim: "It's a damned outrage!" but the provocation for this profane outburst was severe: His wife had torn the nightshirt from his back in the course of a domestic disagreement. "And our married life might have been happy," he added, "had she not insisted on eating pie in the middle of the night. At day-break I always had to run for a doctor." The pie-belt is not the cactus of Venus.

When Lavedan was received at the French Academy, the Marquis de Costa Beauregard gave him this sound advice: "Let us have more human life and less of la Vie Parisienne."

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And if a man tell his tale slow like a drawlatch, you must not yet hasten him forward, nor lend him woordes, although you be quicker in speache than hee. For many doe take that ill, and especially suche as perswade themselves they have a jolly grace in telling a tale. For they doe imagine you thinke not so well of them as they themselves doe, and that you would give them instructions in their owne Arte: as Merchants that live in greate wealth and plenty would count it a greate reproache unto them that a man should proffer them money, as if they lived in lacke, and were poore and stood in neede of reliefe. And you must understand that every man in his owne conceite thinke he can tell his tale well, although for modestie sake he deny it.

Other towns are not like cold, catarrhal Boston. There's Little Falls (N. Y.)—the home of a Mr. Persons, who is described as a "tea agent of sentiment." Recommending a brand of tea to a pretty woman, his emotions overcame him and he kissed her on the cheek. The husband, calm, prosaic, commercial, realized that an article of his personal property had been slightly damaged; he caused the temperamental Mr. Persons to be arrested, and the Recorder of the town fined the tea agent \$10 for his lack of self-control. Now, all this might have happened in Boston, only the husband would have insisted on a heavier fine. But mark the sequel:

"As Persons left the court room girls from the mill were marching past to supper. They knew all about his story. 'You kissed the wrong girl, Charley,' they cried, tauntingly; 'no fines here.'"

We do not believe that the cry was a taunt; we are confident that it was the wall of the slighted. However this may be, the story is a pretty one. Mr. Persons may yet find consolation.

To those that know what was not revealed at the Molineux trial, the wish of Assistant District Attorney McIntyre to see the appeal "disposed of in four months" is not wholly inexplicable.

Dr. Thomas J. Hillis deposes as follows: "The healthiest man the writer ever saw is alive and well today at 94, and he took a bath only occasionally—once in the Mersey at Liverpool in 1878, and again in the North River in 1879, both of which were accidental, the gentleman being slightly intoxicated when he fell. Almost all people who live to an extreme old age are found to be those who are not overfond of

ablations, but who otherwise are careful in their manner of living."

Poor Steinitz! See him with his pocket chess board on the boat for the Insane Asylum on Ward's Island. Chess is "a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study," said old Robert Burton. Parititis would not allow his prince to play it. "A sport fit for idle gentlemen, soldiers in garrison, and courtiers that have none but love matters to busy themselves about, but not altogether so convenient for such as are students," sums up Burton. De la Mothe le Vayer would not allow his pupil, the Dauphin, to play the game; "It leaves the body weak, it exhausts the mind. It is more suitable to those who are obliged to live in some place where they have no business, according to the purpose of Palamedes when he invented the board, than to those who govern. I know well that it is called a royal game, and that East Indians sent chessmen with two philosophical books to Persian rulers, to show them the instability of earthly things, subject to continual war, and only prudence can save \* \* \*

But I believe that a prince can learn more in fifteen minutes from intelligent talkers than in a lifetime spent at chess. A Chinese magistrate lost all his honors for three years because he was passionate for the game." Sir Walter Scott did not play after boyhood. "Surely," he said, "chess-playing is a sad waste of brains." Napoleon played in St. Helena, "with tolerable skill but intolerable rapidity." Lewis told Herbert Mayo that "the talent for playing chess bears no relation to the general talent of the player. It may therefore be compared to musical and arithmetical genius." Remember the contemptuous allusion of Montaigne: "Consider how in mere vain and frivolous actions, as at chess \* \* \* this earnest and violent engaging with an ambitious desire to winne doth presently cast both minde and limmes into disorder and indiscretion. Wherein a man doth both caze his sight and distemper his whole body." Saint Bernard congratulated the Templars on renouncing chess. Cranmer played it after his dinner at 12 o'clock. Diderot, Wilberforce, Voltaire, Pitt—loved the game, as do nearly all the orientals. And yet the fatalistic Easterners lose their temper over it, as the Caliph Al-Maamin, a bad player, who used to say: "I have the administration of the world and am equal to it, whereas I am straitened in the ordering of a space of two spans by two spans." Who invented the game? Lydians, Persians, Indians, Aradians? The original names of the pieces were: King, General, Elephant, Knight, Camel, Common Soldier. Appropriately enough, the "General" was quickly dropped for "Queen" in France. (But see Christie's "Inquiry Into the Ancient Greek Game," attributed to Palamedes, mentioned above.) Games of chess on the stage are stupid. Animated chess, we mean, like the game once organized by Malame Campan, in which the pieces were juvenile inmates of the Maison Imperiale de la Legion d'Honneur; the Emperor was so pleased that he ordered the game repeated then and there; but two or three of the school-girls fainted, and the show was stopped. Sala mentions an "animated game" in a spectacle at some Parisian theatre; when a piece was taken, he or she disappeared through a trap door. Is there not an "animated game" in the operetta "The Queen's Mate"? Do the Persians cheat at chess? They do at cards, for it is supposed to be a part of the pleasure and the art of the game. They are a great people. See how they provide themselves with ice right in Shiraz or Tehran: "An amount of earth is removed to leave a pond some 40 feet wide and two feet deep. With this earth, mud bricks are made in sufficient quantity to build a wall high enough to protect the pond from the sun. On the first frosty day of winter, water to the depth of two inches is admitted into the pond; by morning it is frozen; then at sunset another inch is run in, and so on. In this way blocks of ice six inches thick are procured, and at once stored for summer use." Wonderful people the Persians! Their sherbets of lemon, vinegar, sugar and water, rose-water, pomegranate, orange, violets, cherry-juice, willow buds, all cooled with lumps of ice, do not effervesce, as does the "Royal Persian Sherbet," which you, like a gilly, are tempted to drink in European capitals. But we are wandering, we are wandering sadly. "To wander is the miller's joy."

Away go the hands, and straight are plucked back; the teeth grin; the spirits chafe, the head is scratched; the nails are gnawed. If a man was as diligent in setting his mind as in placing his boxes or ivory table-men, what would he not attain to?

George Grossmith. The Delightful Entertainer Gives a New Humorous and Musical Recital for the First Time in This Country.

Mr. George Grossmith gave a humorous and musical recital last night in Association Hall. He was welcomed back to this country by a large and enthusiastic audience. This was his first appearance this season in the United States; and that he appreciated the sincerity and the warmth of the welcome was shown by his saying modestly, just before the end of the entertainment, "I am glad to find that you have not forgotten me."

The delightful entertainer described many bores, but he neglected to mention the bore who insists on telling you the good thing that Robinson told him last Tuesday. It is hard to tell whether he thus injures you or Robinson the more severely. Now, the man that would seriously attempt to tell you in detail what Mr. Grossmith—or "George," as he would surely call him—said last night would be a bore worthy of a large and handsome frame in Mr. Grossmith's picture gallery. If you have seen and heard this true humorist, you would rightly consider the attempt to be a dull impertinence. If you have not seen him you should seize the opportunity; and he will give his recitals this and Saturday afternoon and Friday evening.

Mr. Grossmith has described himself as a society clown; but he is a clown as Touchstone was a clown; he is never a buffoon. No one is ever ashamed of having laughed with him. His satire is good-natured; his humor is human. Whether he describes the love-songs of the past, present and future, or imitates the old gentleman exercising himself at golf, or tells of the wife that sat up for the belated husband, or shows most ludicrously the boredom and the torture of old-time photography, you realize that a gentleman of keen observation and sense of humor, with marked pantomimic ability, with expressive body, as well as face, has taken you quietly into his confidence and exchanged views with you concerning the ludicrous side of poor human nature. And he is so neat and nimble in his caricature! He suggests; he does not ram home. He grants at once that you, too, have intelligence and an eye for the absurd. Even in his wildest moments—as when he sings the "delicious love-song" or imitates the young English girl saying good-by to her friends and relatives at the railway station, it is as though he and you were watching the singer or the nuisance.

Our visitor does not pretend to be an educator or a moralist; and yet the hearer may well learn from him useful lessons concerning the conduct of daily life. So, too, there are male quartets and parlor singers who might profit by thoughtful consideration of Mr. Grossmith's burlesque. But, alas, the hearers and the singers are on the same footing. As Mr. Grossmith said, in substance, to the audience: "You are not bores; I am not describing you; I am describing your friends." And which one of us is willing to apply to himself the fable so deftly told?

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You can't have a club room without mahogany tables, you can't have mahogany tables without magazines—Longman's, with a serial by Rider Haggard, the Nineteenth Century, with an article, "The Rehabilitation of the Pimp in Modern Society," by W. E. Gladstone—a dullness that's a purge to good spirits, an aperient to enthusiasm; in a word, a dullness that's worth a thousand a year.

The third volume of the Anglo-Saxon Review, edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill, and published by John Lane of London and New York, makes a more reasonable claim for respectful consideration than did the two volumes that preceded it. The mere fact that each volume costs \$6 did not seriously impress us. It is a well known fact that there are certain men and women who go to the opera only when the price is raised—for an "ideal cast" or an "all-star cast." They thus show that they have the money to spend—which is to them a happiness not known by the philosopher or the moralist; and they thus convince themselves that they are really prominent persons, leaders in society. When you remember that the Anglo-Saxon Review is edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill—does she make up the magazine, supervise the forms, and row the foreman?—when you remember that the list of subscribers is to be published so that the names of them will go thundering down the corridors of Time, you are surprised that Mr. Lane did not charge two guineas a copy. There are men and women that would gladly have subscribed even at three guineas.

The first two volumes were good to smell intimately and look at carefully. The paper was sumptuous, the type handsome, the illustrations decorative, the binding so attractive that you were to pull out the pages and subconsciously shivering, shabby favorite we doubt whether any person

how living, except the proof-reader, who had been bought by gold, read the entire contents of either Vol. I, or II. Vol. III, we are happy to say, is valuable and entertaining. It is true that the letters of George Canning are of deadly dullness, and when Mr. Lionel Cust, F. S. A., says "Few mortals have been endowed with such a master mind as Napoleon Bonaparte," we are tempted to write him, asking, "How did you find it out?" to which he would probably answer, "Cussed if I know," in respectful homage to American humor.

It was perhaps inevitable that much attention should be paid to war; for English-speaking people are now determined to civilize the whole world, even though they should be obliged first to depopulate it. The various articles on the South African War, written before the late disasters to the British are of extreme interest. Especially valuable is Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's "On the Art of Going to War," in which this well informed and careful writer appeals to history and cites instances from the wars undertaken by the first and the third Napoleon, Milan of Serbia, the Greek Government in 1897. In a dignified manner—for Mr. Wilkinson is not in the habit of screaming—he comments on the failure to realize the situation, the lack of sufficient preparation, the political and military errors. "The bond of discipline is that the soldier in giving his life shall not have thrown away. Give him a General who can command and he will obey. Give him a headless General and he will soon be heartless. But behind the General is the Government, and the best General will be embarrassed and perplexed whenever either in the preparation or during the course of a war his Government fails to know its own mind." And Mr. Wilkinson quotes a saying of Moltke: "Mistakes made in the original assembling of armies can scarcely be made good during the subsequent course of the campaigns." The editorial impressions and opinions are tinged with melancholy; there is appreciation of the sturdy qualities of the Boers and there is regret that the character of the foe was not better understood before the fighting began. Mr. Stephen Wheeler points out a striking parallel—as it seems to him, rather than to us—between the present trouble and that with the Sikhs in 1849; and Mr. Lionel Phillips writes of the past and the future in South Africa.

Mr. Sidney Low discusses battlepieces in prose and poetry, and he quotes from Homer, Virgil, Milton, Scott, Livy, Napier, Froissart, Kinglake and Tolstoi. Does he ignore Hugo's melodramatic-panoramic Waterloo from choice or forgetfulness? His tribute to Sir William Napier may lead some idle person to read the history of one who is now chiefly a name, one often confounded with the General of the big nose. There are articles, "Our Sea Fights with the Dutch" and "Notes on the Venezuelan Arbitration," but we turn in preference to the gossip of Isabella L. Bishop about "Chinese Doctors and Medical Treatment." Although Chu Su wrote a medical treatise in 160 volumes, which contain 2000 lectures, 240 diagrams and 22,000 prescriptions, the Chinese, according to Mrs. Bishop, are dosed immoderately and recklessly. The Chinese physician insists that the human soul resides in the liver, and at times we are tempted to agree with him. The Chinese are vaccinated in the nose, and the mortality in maternity exceeds 20 per cent. "A fashionable doctor is carried in a sedan chair by three or four bearers, who simulate great haste. \* \* \* He exaggerates the seriousness of the malady. \* \* \* It is not 'good form' for doctors to make up their own prescriptions." In one respect, at least, the Chinese physician is more civilized than our common or garden variety. "He may not pay a second visit unless he is sent for."

The fiction in this volume is supplied by Gertrude Atherton—who always reminds us of a faded woman coquettishly showing her soiled petticoat—H. D. Trall, and H. de Vere Stacpoole, who tells a story about a banished leper in love with a woman, who "naked, and clasping in her hand a great leaf plucked, perhaps, a million years ago is in a wall of ice," vague and beautiful and seemingly afloat in the frozen water." We prefer to any one of these stories the fiction of Mr. Stephen Crane, where "War Memories" I given the place of horror. Mr. Crane tells us how his hero died and at and slept and did no one of these three actors, and wished that he might, all hero and his friends swear, but with a distinct and literary effort; they have not the liquid flow of profanity that characterizes the men of Bret Hart or even Dr. Slop and the army of Flanders. Mr. Crane's hero fancied himself dead; he prophesies enduring fame for Admiral Sampson; he is entertained by officers who smoke "dark cigars"—evidently of the domestic brand; he meets real newspaper cor



ants; He knows MATHIAS in  
he marches to Santiago with  
essential save a tooth-brush,  
cannot be said to be armed  
with; a man shot in the face  
him; he has a fever and  
pickles—pickles at any price;  
when he says at the end of 29  
pages of affected twaddle: "And  
depend upon it that I have  
nothing at all, nothing at all,  
at all," conscience-stricken, he  
truth. We forgot to mention  
that Mr. Craue's hero is him-

Illustrations are beautifully made.  
reski and Napoleon Bonaparte  
resemble each other—in that  
would ask in each case, "Who is

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into the night—  
inite, it ran in curves  
als, up and up—the night!  
like a cord hard round the throat,  
me; no cry, no death-gasp!  
e black spirals of the night they  
e;  
e cats of ebony and gold  
along my garden wall  
me with their eyes—  
ke patient madmen, all  
of metal and of flame.

weary of effort, sullen, sad—  
into the eyes, the eyes  
ts of ebony and gold—the eyes!

Stanley, "The Queen of China-  
in New York, was dying, or is  
ad of opium smoking. Only 20  
ld, she had lived there for some  
efore you blame her, you  
know that her home was in  
n.

ou has written a new play.  
bject is the mysterious poison  
which darkened the last years  
life of Louis Quatorze and em-  
his final relations with Mme.  
Montespan. The whole story is re-  
with strange horrors. Sorcery  
tatanism were associated in it  
wholesale husband-murder and  
blackmailing. Across the hor-  
one flits the witchlike figure of  
arquise de Brinvilliers, beheaded  
Place de Grève for wholesale  
g in 1676. Mme. de Montespan  
convicted by these revelations  
ang attempted to poison even the  
himself, and though her pretense  
to give him a love-philtre only,  
es no further doubt that she  
compassed his death."

his is vague? It is also unjust  
de Montespan, who was a fine  
in her day. Listen to the true  
Sorcery was a fine art in  
during the last half of the 17th  
ty. Masses were said openly to  
the death of detested persons;  
ere were sacrilegious masses  
a secret and the favorite cele-  
was the Abbé Guibourg. He  
bated three masses on a living  
on the naked body of de Monte-  
by whom Louis had five sons  
o daughters. She feared to lose  
yal favor, and therefore she hea-  
t herself of Guibourg and the  
Mass, that by a horrid compact  
atan she might renew her youth  
gain charm her monarch-lover.  
uchess, clothed only in a black  
flat on her back, supported the  
le. Guibourg began the blas-  
ous service. A paste was ready,  
of the ashes of a little child that  
een burned alive in a furnace.  
was moistened with the blood of  
er child whose throat was cut  
Guibourg close to the Duchess, and  
s consumed by the priest and by  
iving altar. And then—no, it  
to horrible to tell! Consult, if you  
o inclined, "Le Satanisme et la  
" by Jules Bois (Paris 1895) pp.  
2; also Huysmans's "La-Bas" pp.  
and Captain Bourke's book,  
per on love philtres. Sardou un-  
edly found his subject in Funk-  
mano's hook, the result of ex-  
ursions by that archivist among un-  
thed French State papers. The  
oby Bois contains a picture of the  
erice celebrated by Guibourg.  
Montespan, the morning after this  
s regained, as by a miracle, the  
of Louis XIV." Here is ma-  
le certainly, for one effective scene,  
his will surpass even the torture  
in "La Tosca."

By the way, the ease of de Montespan  
ited by the lawyer Clunet, a few  
ago, at Paris, in an action for libel  
ought by a Swiss woman, Lucie  
lazz, against a periodical published  
ris, which accused her of being a  
v-worshiper. And only a little  
ago an Italian was murdered in  
vidence, R. I., for being in league  
with Satan.

There are some who affirm that the  
d, Mass, celebrated today, without  
in towns of France and Italy,  
een celebrated within a year in  
New York.



LEONORA JACKSON.

Leonora Jackson, the violinist, who plays with the Symphony Orchestra, this week, was born 22 years ago in this city. Her mother studied singing in Italy, and is thoroughly musical. Miss Jackson's earlier life was spent in Chicago, where she studied the violin with Jacobson, Ruff and Carl Becker. In 1891 she went to Paris, where she studied a year under Leon Desjardins. The family met with pecuniary misfortune, and in 1892 and 1893 Leonora played at summer resorts along the New England coast and in the White Mountains, in order to gain money that she might continue her studies. Friends came to her help, and a fund was raised by admirers in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, Washington. She went to Berlin, where she studied under Joachim. Her first appearance in public was in that city, Oct. 17, 1896, with the Philharmonic Orchestra, led by her teacher. She played Wieniawski's D minor concerto, Brahms's concerto, and Ernst's Hungarian Rhapsody. In 1897 she took the Mendelssohn prize of 1500 marks. She had been taken before her by an American girl, Geraldine Morgan. During the last two years Miss Jackson has played in many European cities with great success, at leading concerts in London, Paris, Leipzig, Munich, Geneva, Antwerp, etc. Her first appearance in the United States was at New York, with the Philharmonic Society, Jan. 5, 1900, when she played Brahms's concerto.

Mr. Paderewski, the eminent hypno-  
tist, has discovered a musical prodigy  
in Kansas City. It is a touching tale.  
Rowena Schiffbauer, 11 years old, has  
"great talent, but has never taken les-  
sons," and thus she resembles the little  
girl described by Mr. Grossmith. She  
wrote the Pole a letter in which this  
peculiarly child-like expression occurs:  
"Knowing as I do that your patience  
is taxed along this line"—for she wished  
to play to him. The great man, "al-  
though he had taken a severe cold",  
sent Count Hugo Görnitz to bring her  
to him. She played, she improvised.  
Paderewski took her in his arms—she  
is only 11 years old; Count Görnitz,  
"who is also a musician of great dis-  
crimination", burst into tears, and sent  
for a photographer. Rowena, at the  
age of 4, heard a circus band play  
"Marching Through Georgia". She  
rushed to the piano and picked out the  
tune with one finger—not with three or  
four or even the thumb—but with one  
finger. And what did the sympathetic  
Paderewski finally do? He made the  
girl promise to write to him and tell  
him "how she was getting along".

The name of Falmouth Street will  
not be changed to Livingstone Street.  
Why should it be? Falmouth Street is  
well known.

We were much interested in the  
description of the inn presented by Mr.  
Moses Richardson to the Town of Tem-  
pleton, and yet there is distressing  
vagueness as well as silence concern-  
ing important details. The windows  
have transoms of leaded glass; "pecu-  
liarly quaint and unusual in design is  
this glass, which consists of a pleasing  
geometric motive." Yes, yes, this  
is all very well—but will the ale be  
drawn from the wood and served in its  
native pewter? What are "richly vary-  
ing shades of Bristol glass" in com-  
parison with this! "every hanging rug  
or article of furniture is quite the right  
thing in the right place." But is the  
plumbing "sanitary"? Where are tiles  
kept in the summer? Is there a sepa-  
rate piazza for the dear children?  
Will vegetables be served in soap  
dishes? Will fresh towels be consid-  
ered an extravagant luxury? We are  
not impressed by the announcement  
of "shields with the quaint embellish-  
ment of initials."

Mr. William C. Whitney spent \$6000  
for roses at a dinner given by him to  
the Directors of the Museum of  
Natural History. "Everything in the  
ball room was brought from abroad.  
Much of the salon was the property of  
Prochus d'Albert, Baron de Pons, a

chevalier in the time of Louis XIV."  
Mr. Whitney is a democrat, a believer  
in Jeffersonian simplicity. So was his  
father, the late General Whitney, who  
once kept a store in Conway, Mass.,  
and preserved simplicity of life and  
manners in the height of his prosperity.

The Listener and some of his corres-  
pondents are discussing the question  
of "every one has his faults" and  
"everyone has their faults." "Are  
both correct?" is asked.

Dr. Murray's Oxford English Diction-  
ary, the leading authority—that is, as  
far as the letter I, with a few sections  
shy—thus states the problem: "The  
pronoun referring to everyone is often  
plural: the absence of a singular pronoun  
of common gender rendering this  
violation of grammatical concord some-  
times necessary." And there are  
these quotations: Johnson, 1735—  
"Everyone sacrifices \* \* \* according to  
their different degrees of wealth."  
Dasent, 1870—"Every one had made up  
their minds." Mallock, 1877—"Every  
one then looked about them silently."

Here are examples not quoted by  
Dr. Murray: Byron, "Everyone must  
judge of their own feelings," Penn,  
"Everyone in the family should know  
their duty;" Barclay, "Every true be-  
liever has the Spirit of God in them,"  
Steele, "No one will answer as if I  
were their friend;" Goldsmith, "Every-  
body trembled for themselves."

Beautiful English language! As  
Walt Whitman says, "It is the power-  
ful language of resistance, it is the  
dialect of common sense. It is the  
speech of the proud and melancholy  
races and of all who aspire. It is the  
medium that shall well nigh express  
the inexpressible."

Feb 17.

Use not much the company of a woman  
that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her  
attempts.

This is a queer story that comes  
from Berlin—the report of the betrothal  
of Joachim and Melba. The famous  
fiddler is now in his 69th year and his  
technic, naturally, is not so impeccable  
—to borrow a term from Mr. Apthorp—  
as it was 20 or 30 years ago. He is a  
bold man—for his former marriage with  
Amalie, the singer, was not a happy  
one. We were living in Berlin during  
the fury of the scandal. A music pub-  
lisher was named as co-respondent; but  
even friends of Joachim, as Brahms,  
never believed the rumors about Amalie  
and openly sided with her; indeed,  
Brahms went so far as to call his old  
friend hard names. Amalie was un-  
doubtedly extravagant, and Joachim

was not liberal in money matters.  
Joachim himself had been accustomed  
to slobbering flattery, and it is not  
surprising that he could not bear to  
hear reflections on his "penuriousness,"  
"jealousy," etc., etc. He attended,  
however, the funeral of his wife. And  
Melba? Has she ever been divorced  
from her husband, Capt. Armstrong,  
"Kangaroo Charley," as he is famili-  
ly and affectionately known? The ac-  
quaintance between the fiddler and  
the singer is not of a recent date as  
the newspapers would have you believe.  
In 1897 they knew each other in Italy,  
on the occasion of the Donizetti Festi-  
val; they were photographed together  
—in an artistically conventional atti-  
tude. But is it not likely that they  
met in London before that? If Joachim  
should really marry Melba, perhaps he  
will be persuaded to visit this country,  
which he has never seen. If he does,  
we hope that he will content himself  
with looking after his wife's trunks,  
cloaking her as soon as she is off the  
stage, haunting the foyer, and behaving  
himself after the approved manner of  
the husband of the prima donna; for  
the great Joachim, the violinist, is al-  
ready a tradition.

The downfall of Mr. W. H. Clark of  
New York, "one of the best fellows  
about town," is a national, we are  
tempted to say an international, calam-  
ity. Mr. Clark is the genial gentle-  
man who once won a bet of \$5000 from  
the gallant Col. William L. Brown and  
celebrated the occasion by providing a  
supper in his stable, "when the horses  
were all given as much champagne as  
they could drink." Our own impres-  
sion is that thoroughbreds prefer bur-  
gundy, but they doubtless appreciated  
the more expensive compliment and  
did not kick. Caligula himself never  
gave his horses old Falernian, but the  
horses of the Greek Patriarch Theophy-  
lact were fed on pistachios, dates, dried  
grapes and figs steeped in the finest  
wines, and the horse of Philippe de  
Comines, wearied with battle, was re-  
freshed amazingly by drinking a buck-  
et-full of a sound vintage. Not that we  
begrudge swift or honest horses such re-  
freshment; on the contrary, we com-  
mend the example of the man near  
Toulouse, who in 1751 left his property  
by will to a chestnut that was dear to  
him; and the will was sustained. Claude  
Serres of Montpellier wrote the opin-  
ion.

Justice William H. Hunt of Montana  
is regarded with "admiration and re-  
spect" because he "spurned" a bribe.  
This statement alone would show the  
Intelligent Foreigner that money rules  
this country.

Russia is grieved because Finland is  
not awake to the importance of "draw-  
ing closer ties" between the Empire  
and the Grand-Duchy. Yes, but the ties  
are around the neck of Finland, and  
Russia is doing all the drawing.

A barmaid, one of the chief glories  
of England's civilization, sued her late  
employer in London for a week's wages  
in lieu of notice. He contended that  
she had been drunk while on duty. "She  
stated that she had had only one drink  
on the day in question, a glass of gin,  
and it came out that she was entitled  
to three drinks a day." Whether these  
were on the house or at the expense of  
the charming young gentlemen who  
are never so much at ease as when en-  
gaged in airy persiflage with Moll and  
Bet and Sue does not appear. But  
Judge Emden handed down the opinion  
that three goes of spirit a day, par-  
ticularly of gin, is not good for young  
girls. We should add, nor for old girls  
either—with all due respect to a possi-  
ble prescription from the physician.

Here is a question of etiquette: "If  
an escaping burglar has been awkward  
enough to put his foot through a  
cucumber frame, may his doctor men-  
tion to the casual individual that he  
has attended Mr. William Sykes for a  
cut ankle? Must he tell the truth to  
the police, if he is asked? This and  
other queer questions are discussed in  
"Unwritten Laws and Ideals of Active  
Careers," edited by Miss E. H. Pitcairn.  
Mr. Brudenhall Carter insists in it  
that the difference between a profes-  
sional man and a tradesman is the  
difference between skill and merchan-  
dise. "The essential condition of skill  
is the knowledge and love of truth;  
with merchandise, the essential con-  
dition is the desire for gain, and fre-  
quently of gain by false representa-  
tions." To which the reviewer of the  
book answers: "Allons donc! A juggler  
lives by skill; does he manifest any  
particular love of truth? A man sells  
soap, and sells it as dear as he can;  
but he does not sell it at two prices. A  
doctor sells advice or operations, and  
sells them as dear as he can; but his  
price in many cases is fixed by his  
estimate of the customer's ability to  
pay. That is an unwritten law of the  
profession which ought to have been  
discussed."

The young correspondents of the Lon-  
don newspapers are poor things in com-



parison with their predecessors. Years ago a correspondent of the Times "assumed his position" by sending periodically this dispatch from Capri: "An eruption of Vesuvius is hourly expected, and brigandage is slowly rearing its head."

Amy Leslie, a chaste writer, is in juxtaposition over Mrs. Kendal's walk: "It is inimitably modest, elegant and graceful walk—all blithe elasticity and naturalness." And we have heard it stated, Amy dear, that Mrs. Kendal makes her husband walk.

"It is curious that I should never have met you before, though I know your wife so well," began Phoebe, in her polite and chirrup sort of way. Orlando glared at once. "Our meeting," he said, with a depth of insinuation in his voice, "was inevitable." "It is charming of you to say so," cried Phoebe, looking pleased, though flustered. "If there was any hidden charm in what I said the responsibility of it rests entirely with yourself," proceeded Orlando, his voice taking a deeper note. In a conversation of this kind Orlando's voice always gets deeper and deeper till it is a hollow murmur rising from his boots. Phoebe gasped a little, but kept her head as well as could be expected.

## Symphony.

The program of the 16th Symphony Concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "King Lear".....Berlioz  
Concerto for violin.....Mendelssohn  
"Les Eolides".....César Franck  
Symphony No. 2.....Brahms

César Franck was moved to write his symphonic poem, "Les Eolides," by four lines of a poem by Leconte de Lisle:

"O bris à l'antenne des cleux,  
Du beau printemps douces halénes,  
Qui de baisers capricieux  
Caressiez les monts et les plaines."

Which Mr. Apthorp translates as follows: "O, floating breezes of the skies, sweet breaths of the fair spring, that caress the hills and plains with friskish kisses." Franck had no idea of picturing in tones the whole of the moderately long poem.

The piece was first played May 13, 1877, at a concert of the Société Nationale, led by Colonne; it was loudly praised. Lamoureux performed it Feb. 26, 1882, when it was hissed, and he was so angry—not at the audience, but at the composer—that he did not again put it on a program until Feb. 18, 1894, after the composer was dead—and famous. Theodore Thomas produced it in Chicago in 1895, repeated it in 1898, and led it in New York when the Chicago orchestra visited that city.

It is a curious piece. A chromatic theme—it is rather a sigh, as Mr. Apthorp says—is repeated over and over again, and when it is not repeated the varying phrases are of almost similar character. This slight material is managed with admirable skill. The modulations are ingenious, and, however surprising, are never forced. The orchestration is beautiful. The whole work is clear, fanciful, poetic; but I can well see how the average hearer who likes his music either sentimentally simple or piping hot would find this musical description of the five daughters of Aeolus monotonous.

After Berlioz had transcribed Weber's old, too familiar waltz for the orchestra, came Weingartner with his polyphonic assault on the famous old tune. After Berlioz had written a "King Lear" overture, came Weingartner with an orchestral piece, similarly entitled. The latter has never been played in Boston. It might be well to play it—for the glory of Berlioz. It is true that this overture as a whole is not Berlioz at the height of his wild imagination, and yet the composer provokes a mood with the very first re-creative. And how moving, how pathetic are the solos given to the oboe! Melody was not the distinguishing characteristic of this great poet who chose the orchestra as his medium; but although his melody is often painfully thought out, it is often poignant, irresistible. I have heard more tumultuous, more passionate performances of this overture than that of last night, which, however, gave genuine pleasure and strengthened my admiration for even Berlioz the younger.

Mrs. Leonora Jackson, who played her first time, was welcomed warmly and applauded heartily. Perhaps local pride had something to do with the unmistakable approval of the people. Her performance did not justify the extravagant foreign press notice that was industriously supplied for two years or so to American managers and critics by her agents in Europe. She has had sound training in certain directions. Her bowing is excellent and the foundations of her general technique have been well laid; she has evidently studied hard and with commendable ambition. The concerto itself does not call for any true depth of emotional display. The sentiment is amiable and genteel, with a dash of becoming melancholy, and the strength is the conventional strength of a man who in music had little virility. Beautifully polished piece of mechanism, executed always, under favorable interests and promotes con-

tagit us good feeling. A player of unmistakable temperament will make himself known even in this concerto. I do not say that Miss Jackson has little or no temperament; I do say that she did not betray this quality to any noticeable degree last night. Her performance was pleasant, often commendable, generally creditable. It was not a great performance; and, if the player was at her best, I wonder at the press notices. There is this to be said in behalf of Miss Jackson: She has been playing in many concerts since she came to this country, too many for her own good, for she has not the physique to undergo successfully such a strain. I should like to hear her in a smaller hall and in a varied program. She certainly gives much promise, and her career will be watched with interest.

The second symphony of Brahms is one of his most genial works. I use the word "genial" in the English, not the German sense. The first movement was thoughtfully read, and Mr. Gericke recognized in it an element of strength that conductor, often for strength. As I am just beginning to like some things by Brahms, I left after this movement, for, for after half-past nine Brahms is a man who has too much to say; and he also has a habit of holding your button and talking on profound subjects through his beard. I admit that in the second symphony his conversation is free and delightful. If only he had begun to talk earlier in the evening!

Philip Hale.

The Secretary of the Handel and Haydn in his circular concerning "Judas Maccabaeus" quoted from an article written by me for the Journal and published December 31, 1899. He quoted me as follows:

"The soloists were not of the first rank" is the answer made by many who now regret that they did not hear the finest, most musical, most impressive choral and orchestral performances given by the Handel and Haydn Society, during the last 10 years. In the oratorios given by this society should not the chorus be the bulwark of strength, with one great soloist? And last week the chorus answered this in triumphant affirmation."

The first sentence is quoted correctly with the exception of "performances" instead of "performance." I heard only the first concert, and I am not in the habit of criticising concerts that I do not attend.

Mr. Bradbury, the Secretary, deliberately misquoted the next sentence; and I object decidedly to his behavior.

I wrote as follows:

"The Handel and Haydn is therefore confronted with this dilemma: It must engage the most expensive solo singers (who often sing badly in oratorio) and lose money; or it must be prudent and engage singers of moderate merit and more reasonable price. But in the oratorios given by this society, should not the chorus be the bulwark of strength, the one great soloist?"

"The," Mr. Bradbury, is not a synonym of "with."

Mr. Bradbury should have indicated the omission made by him. And by what right did he put words into my mouth to suit his own convenience? He makes me speak of the chorus "with one great soloist," which is a different matter from the chorus "as one great soloist." In other words he puts his own speech into my mouth and then prints it as mine.

He treated Mr. Apthorp in a shabbier fashion. Mr. Apthorp wrote a review of a concert given by a portion of the Handel and Haydn, led by Mr. Tucker, in the People's Temple, January 1.

The Springfield Republican quoted Mr. Apthorp's remarks, or at least excerpts from them. Mr. Bradbury made these remarks apply to the regular concert of the Handel and Haydn under Mr. Mollenhauer, and attributed them to the Springfield Republican. Mr. Apthorp promptly protested in the Transcript, but he is able to fight his own battles, and I cite his case merely to show that Mr. Bradbury evidently arranged his quotations to suit himself, and, in my case, deliberately changed the language for the greater glory of the Handel and Haydn. Is this venerable society really in need of a passionate press agent?

We have received the "Reminiscences of Morris Strinert," compiled and arranged by Jane Marlin, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This handsomely printed volume is one of unusual interest. The frankness and simplicity with which the story of a long and successful career is told, the shrewdness of observation, the wealth of adventure in the pursuit of business which is usually reckoned a peaceful calling, the entertaining sketches of life and men and manners here and in Europe—these call for an attention that I cannot give today. I shall discuss this remarkable book next Sunday.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the renowned pianist, will give a Chopin recital in Music Hall, Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, under the management of Mr. Metzger. The program will be as follows: Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 24. Mazurkas, Op. 7, B flat major; Op. 7, F minor; Op. 56, C major. Etudes, Op. 10, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

There will be no Symphony concert that afternoon.

The Turpen-Turpin Vocal Quartet of Dayton, O., will give a concert in Stelbert Hall, Wednesday afternoon, at 3.30. The program will include old Latin quartets, English madrigals, quartets by Brahms and Henschel, solos and duos.

A free organ recital will be given at St. Stephen's Church, Florence Street, Wednesday evening, by Mr. J. Sebastian Matthews, who will play pieces by Guilmant MacMaster, Hollins and himself.

The program of the Symphony concert, March 3 will include Beethoven's overture to "Leonore" No. 3; a suite from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," Tchaikovsky's "Hamlet" and Schumann's Symphony No. 4.

"Judas Maccabaeus" will be sung by the Handel and Haydn, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, in Music Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 25, at 7.30 o'clock. The solo singers will be Antoinette Trebelli, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams, M. W. Whitney. Music Hall was dedicated Nov. 20, 1852, when Sontag and Albini, Sangiovanni, Rovere assisted in a miscellaneous concert. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was sung Nov. 21, 1852, and the solo singers were Sontag, Caroline Lehmann, Badiali, Pozzolini and Recco. But the first English oratorio sung in the then new hall was "Judas Maccabaeus" (Dec. 19, 26, 1852, Jan. 2, 1853). The solo singers were Anna Stone, Mrs. Emma A. Wentworth, Mrs. T. H. Emmons, Messrs. Frost, Hamilton, Low.

The Paris Exhibition authorities are

studying the details of a scheme for promoting a series of open-air concerts, to be organized on lines that will render them unique. The author of the project, Mr. Parés, the Bandmaster of the Republican Guards, proposes to constitute a vast orchestra numbering some four thousand executants, and composed of military bands and of the bands of the various private musical societies. This giant orchestra is to be massed on the new bridge over the Seine, the Pont Alexandre III., which connects the central portion of the Exhibition Grounds on either side of the river. It will play twice a month, from nine to eleven in the evening. A special feature of the band will be a great number of trumpets—at least four hundred is the figure proposed. The regiment musicians will be under the direction of between forty and fifty chefs d'orchestre, superintended by M. Parés in person. The batons of the chefs d'orchestre are to be rendered luminous by the aid of acetylene or electricity. If it can be effectively organized this monster band playing in mid-Seine should assuredly produce a most striking effect.

Ysaye played again in London Jan. 27, and Mr. Blackburn said of him: "He played a poor enough violin concerto by Saint-Saëns, but he played it so well that one was persuaded to forgive even that writer of dull music. Why a splendid interpreter of splendid music should choose music of small enough value to interpret is a mystery, and a strange enough fact in the story of art. Still (as we have said), he played bad music so magnificently, with so persistent a vehemence, so extraordinary an emotion, that almost he persuaded his hearers that Saint-Saëns was capable of writing work worthy of a great artist. Ysaye has the dramatic quality of absolute sympathy. He never fails to impress you with a certain significant sense of sympathy which makes all his work noble and sincere. He may be a bad critic of music. He may not appreciate the fact that some music, some art, is not worthy of his genius, his amazing power of reproducing in a superlative degree any author's intention; but whether or not that be a truth—and the thing is so much on the border line of possibility that any contradiction of it would need pages of controversy—the point is unquestionable that he is such an artist that his work never falls below a certain noble level, and that it often touches glorious heights. On Saturday, it is true, he did not arrive at such a memorial moment of magnificence as on the famous occasion when he startled an English audience to sudden tears by his interpretation of a Bach Chaconne. That was an unforgettable scene; and even an artist like Ysaye cannot often repeat a moment of that particular kind. To sum him up, however, he never swerves from truth of tone, from enthusiasm in achievement, from noble sympathy, from complete abandonment to his momentary feeling; he is always an enthusiast, no matter what the musical cause may be which he chooses to take up for the moment."

Edward E. Ayer, Trustee of the Newberry Library, has announced that Chicago is to be the recipient of Theodore Thomas's valuable collection of music when the famous conductor resigns the baton, or in any other contingency. Pro-

vision has been made whereby the library shall receive the scores and manuscripts and the complete musical programs now the property of Mr. Thomas. The collection is virtually priceless, though for business or utilitarian purposes a valuation of \$200,000 has been put upon it. Aside from hundreds of valuable scores preserved during Mr. Thomas's musical life in this country, the most interesting part of the collection is the series of programs of concerts dating as far back as 1855. These programs show the evolution of music in the United States, and will be a treasure mine to the future historian of music in this country.

Mr. Hilary Bell, after admitting that he does not really know, prints the salary list of the Grau Company, which, he says, is "about" as follows:

Mme. Calvé, \$1500 a performance; Mme. Sembrich, \$1200; Mme. Baines, \$1000; Mme. Nordica, \$800 (possibly \$1000); Mlle. de Lussan, \$700; Mme. Ternina, \$1000; Mme. Adams, \$300; Mme. Strong, \$250; Mme. de Vere, \$250; M. Alvarez, \$1000; M. Saleza, \$800; M. Van Dyck, \$800; M. Saligna, \$400; Herr Dippel, \$500; M. Edouard, \$500; M. Pol, \$500; Signor Campanari, \$300; Herr Van Rooy, \$500; Mme. Mantelli, \$200; Mme. Brema, \$200; Mlle. Bauermeister, \$100; Mlle. Olitzka, \$100; Signor Mancinelli (conductor), \$250; Herr Paur, \$150; Signor Bevignani, \$100.

This reminds us that the New York Sun accuses the Metropolitan audiences of colonias:

"It is a natural result of their interest in the boxes and not in the people on the stage that there should be very little expression of enthusiasm over what the singers may do. It takes something very thrilling to attract their attention to the stage. As the characters in the opera appear and are or are not greeted with an exhibition of mild enthusiasm, the attention of the audience is momentarily directed to them, but after a merely casual look interest returns to

the audience. So far it has always required some especial flash of brilliancy in the performance to awaken any response. Mme. Sembrich, in the lesson scene from the 'Barber of Seville,' Mme. Calvé, with her high piano note in the garden scene of 'Faust,' and M. Alvarez hurling out his top tones in 'Aida,' these are the lively sensations which distract attention temporarily from the occupants of the boxes. So far the Wagner music dramas have fallen evidently on the most unsympathetic ears. There are, of course, few opportunities for applause during the progress of these operas, but even the coldest audiences in the past have been moved to an occasional outbreak by some especially fine achievement, which impressed them so that it was impossible not to acknowledge immediately the satisfaction they felt. It was always customary to see the curtain rise three or four times after the close of an act in one of these works. After that came the crossing of the stage several times by the principal singers. These same spectacles have, indeed, been witnessed this year, but in so mild-mannered and perfunctory fashion that the audiences seemed little interested."

"What in the world is the matter with those people in front?" asked a prima donna the other evening in French. "Are they seated on their hands?"

"A protest of a German tenor who had been struggling to do his best was even more emphatic. 'My heavens,' he exclaimed, 'those people out there are as cold as pigs' snouts.'"

Ruskin unfolded a plan for musical education in a letter written in 1871: "Briefly, I mean the children to be taught pure and perfect, but simple, choral music, arranged to noble words, such as they can understand and desire to sing; they shall be disciplined so thoroughly that a false note shall be impossible to them; they shall never sing anything difficult or wonderful, but only what is beautiful, right and well within their powers—and those who do not enjoy such singing for its own sake, and whose affectation or vanity is unconquerable, shall be put out of the choir. I am chiefly at a loss for the music itself, and it will be long before I can get any small part of what I want accomplished, but the enforcing of accurate musical education as a quite necessary, unpretending and sacred duty, will be much."

The case between Charles Lecocq, composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and his former wife, from whom he obtained a divorce some years ago, has been decided by the Court of Appeals. The divorced wife claimed that the author's rights on all the works composed by Lecocq during the time of their marriage should be divided in community, and obtained a verdict in her favor from the Court Correctionnelle. Lecocq appealed against this decision before the Court of Appeal, and the Court this time gave a verdict in his favor. The Court considered that the rights of authors were defined by special usages, and finally decided that M. Lecocq's former wife had no claim of any sort on these rights. This is a point of law which has never been decided in France before, they say.

Ferotti has been added to the Grau Opera Company.—Josie Hall will join the "Mam'selle 'Awkins" company in New York, and Veronika Stafford, a young society girl of Syracuse, N. Y.



be in "The Casino Girl." She is  
fied; for has she not played Juliet  
ivate theatricals?—Carpentier's  
ise" was produced at the Opéra-  
que, Paris, Feb. 2, with marked  
ss. Carpentier, who wrote the  
eto as well as the music, calls his  
of a "musical romance." The story  
e of Montmartre and is simple. A  
oug working-girl falls desperately in  
v with a poet of the district. She  
s her parents, who are overcome  
ame and despair. Returning to  
e, hearing that her father is dying,  
es kept a prisoner until at last her  
tr in a rage throws her out of the  
o he then shakes his fist at Paris.  
his, the devouring monster that  
us of our girls."—Renard has left  
Vienna Imperial Opera House to  
ay an aristocrat of Bohemia—the  
country, neither Shakspeare's nor  
er's.—Three unpublished operettas  
llöcker have been found accident-  
at Berlin.—Tagliafico, a bass, who  
in this country in opera in 1857-58,  
ately at Nice at the age of 79.—  
success of Puccini's "Tosca" is  
ily increasing, they say.—Melba  
at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Feb.  
andel's "Sweet Bird" and "Ah!  
é lui." Her success was great.—  
e lauriet is back in London after a  
ort trip in Austria, Hungary and  
sa.—Hugo Heermann, violinist of  
kfort, played Joachim's "Hungari-  
concerto" at Colonne's with great  
ss—for him, not for the piece.—  
nty-one different operas were per-  
ed at the Dresden Court opera  
e last year.—"Carmen" has been  
rmed for the 800th time at the  
a Comique, Paris.

H. Stratham writes a letter of pro-  
to the Pall Mall Gazette concern-  
ymphony programs. His remarks  
ef more than local application. How  
hing conservative he is! He should  
en Boston, Mass.

SI—I have just received the usual  
ocetus of the coming season of the  
harmonic Society, to which I have  
er for many years an annual sub-  
er. I should like to call attention  
hat I think the mistaken policy  
ied by the society for some years  
e. The Philharmonic Society was  
rmer years an absurdly conserva-  
body, rarely recognizing a new  
oser. It has now gone to the  
he extreme, and every prospectus is  
le with a list of compositions to be  
oiced (some of which often prove to  
e very doubtful interest or value),  
t the repetition of the words "first  
in England," "first time at these  
erts," &c., as if the main object  
ing to a classical concert were to  
do something "for the first time."  
Professional musicians and musical  
ts, who are constantly making or  
sing music as a business, one can  
ay understand that the standard  
ols even of the great composers be-  
on hackneyed. But concert programs  
not supposed to be made out to  
e musicians and critics, but for  
enjoyment of amateurs, who are  
musically blasé. The real enjoy-  
e of music lies, after all, in hearing  
owever well one may, in a sense,

o a great composition, one is glad  
ar it once a year or so. But the  
harmonic programs are now so  
eod with new works that the stand-  
ones are nearly pushed out. We  
ed to go to the Philharmonic with  
ertainty of an evening's enjoy-  
e. We now, in not a few cases, come  
ored, and with a headache from  
ding to some noisy composition  
a has not, and never can have,  
claim to the title of "classical."  
he chief merit of which seems to  
at it is heard "for the first time,"  
hich one is tempted to add, "let  
pe it is for the last time."  
n addition to starving the great com-  
es, there seems to be a policy of  
ing the concerts shorter and short-  
r, and the audience are appealed to  
ery large type in the program  
ssist the directors in bringing the  
rt to a close shortly after 10  
k." Why this rage for brevity?  
e wants the concerts out so short?  
ed of us have "assisted" with en-  
vent at concerts which ended near-  
than 10, and we resent a policy  
to, to put it vulgarly, really  
nts to giving us as little as possi-  
ble for our money. This do-little pol-  
was curiously illustrated at the  
e of the last concert of last  
an, where the second part con-  
ed of two songs and a short  
n-known symphony of Mozart's.  
one of the songs was the first  
no air from "Euryanthe," which  
an instrumental prelude and accom-  
nment of singular richness and  
ty. Of this we were deprived, the  
npaniment being played as a piano-  
arrangement, the band, which  
t to have been playing it, sitting  
by! In the whole course of my  
e never heard such a stupid thing  
or at a professionally first-class con-

the Philharmonic Society wish to  
ed their subscribers together and re-  
ove their prestige, let them aim at  
iving the best possible performance  
e works of the great masters, in-  
ed of trying to attract us by a num-  
er of mediocre compositions given "for  
he first time." Here, unfortunately,  
here they fail; their performances  
e Beethoven's Symphonies are not  
ed to what can be heard elsewhere.  
Make the standard in that respect—  
e make their performances of great  
yphonies models of perfection—is  
he first thing to be done.

e New York World published lately  
n interview with Ternina, from which  
ote:

"Oh, I shall never finish studying,"  
said Ternina. "a diploma does not  
mean the end; it means only the be-  
ginning. The life of an opera singer  
is a continuous study and sacrifice—  
the sacrifice of one's own desires, in-  
clinations, preferences, even friends.  
The dreadful throat is ever the cause  
of dissension between one's self and  
one's wishes. If you would go out, it  
rains, and you must stay in. If you are  
tired and would remain in, you must  
go out; it happens to be a clear day,  
and you must take advantage of it."

"You practice every day?"  
"Yes, an hour in the morning and  
another in the afternoon. Engagements  
never interfere with that."

"Yet I can not really call these sacri-  
fices," resumed Ternina, "for nothing  
really amounts to a sacrifice if it helps  
me in my art. I get more than I  
give up. It is very fascinating. It is a  
life in itself. Yes, it is more," and  
Ternina was the personification of sin-  
cerity. "It is a life that has been lived."

"Is it the mere singing or the ap-  
plause that makes you happy?"  
"Why, both," answered Ternina  
naively. "I love to sing, and—with  
splendid candor—I love the applause,  
too."

"Of course I love the applause. That  
is what I sing for, and what I have  
worked for, and what I want. It is a  
help, the applause; it is encouragement,  
incentive, everything."

"Do you think any one can be a prima  
donna who has a small voice, but as  
much courage and perseverance as you  
had?"

"No, not any one. It will depend  
somewhat upon how small the voice in  
question is. Some voices are small be-  
cause they have never been properly  
brought out, and require training.  
Other voices are small and will never  
be otherwise. Then, it would depend,  
too, upon other conditions. Your Amer-  
ican women would have less chance  
for success."

"Why?"  
"Because they are handicapped by  
conditions over which they as individu-  
als have had no control. In the first  
place, there is the climate, which is  
salty and damp and changeful. It is  
not conducive to the production of  
singers."

"Then the life here is so different.  
Your mothers and fathers before you  
have led restless, exciting, nervous  
lives. They have rushed through their  
years. In America, if it is not an ex-  
cited hurry after dollars, it is the same  
feverish haste in search of pleasure.  
So you find little children here who are  
nervous wrecks, and nothing so severely  
affects the general health as bad  
nerves."

"Then there is another condition ex-  
isting in America which is not conducive  
to the production of great singers.  
American women have beautiful figures,  
but they don't think of themselves nor  
of posterity. In a country where 't is  
the fashion to lace it will always be  
the custom to import singers for your  
operas."

"If you went to my country you would  
be surprised at the percentage of fine  
singing voices. Indeed, the people who  
cannot sing are the exception. You  
would also probably die of ennui, for  
life is different there. We go at a slow-  
er pace and don't attempt to put so  
much into our years. Perhaps we don't  
get so much out of them, either, but we  
think we do."

7-19 Philip Hale.

#### HYACINTHS.

Yellow as wax and white as snow,  
Before the first month thinks to go,  
Or snowdrops dare to face the sleet,  
And trouble of the wakening year,  
Or aconite its winding-sheet  
Has burst, the hyacinths are here;  
Beautiful, brave, but O not dear—  
The coldest flowers that can be sweet.

The primula is not so cold,  
The teal not more stiff to hold.  
These fear no wind-touch, they invite  
Neither the shadow nor the light.  
With deathly sweetness they unfold  
Their chimeless bells of heavy gold,  
Cold crimson, and that lifeless white;  
The only soulless flowers that grow.

Immune and beautiful and dead  
No sun rejoices them, no blight  
Troubles them; they are aliens all.  
The withered ivy on the wall  
Denies them as no kin of his.  
They know no bane, they have no bliss,  
Death on their very hearts has fed,  
And so they know not they are dead.

Mr. John Drew, we are told by a  
critic of long experience and keen dis-  
crimination, wears in "The Tyranny of  
Tears" three studs instead of two in a  
dress-shirt, and he adds to this the  
solecism of a single-breasted white  
waistcoat. We are pained to hear this  
report, and we can hardly believe it  
is true, for Mr. Drew has long been  
accepted as an indisputable authority  
on the art of sartorial play-acting.  
However one might censure his occa-  
sional lethargy in action or his habit  
of keeping his hands in his pockets at  
the crisis of a burst of emotion, no  
one ever questioned before last week  
his passionate zeal in matters of cor-  
rect costume. If Mr. Drew has fallen  
below his high standard, we may well  
despair of the purity of the stage. We  
invite our friend, the Providence Jour-  
nal, to prayerful consideration of this  
calamity. Surely, Mr. Drew reads the  
Providence Journal daily; for the edi-  
torial articles on dress and deportment  
are invaluable and they should be writ-  
ten on tablets of gold.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin de-  
scribes "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" as  
a "foul performance," one of "familiar  
pieces that fester on the boards." Stick  
to commerce and humor, good  
neighbor, and let matters of art alone.

We regret to see that the New York  
Times does not appreciate Mrs. Piper.  
In an editorial article concerning Pro-  
fessor James H. Hyslop and his "in-  
vestigation," the Times says:

"It (his testimony) demonstrates nothing  
whatever about Mrs. Piper, except  
that she does precisely what is done  
daily in a hundred towns by persons  
whom even Spiritualists admit to be  
vulgar frauds, and that, whether or  
not she, too, is a vulgar fraud, her vis-  
itors from the Beyond are on an intel-  
lectual level with the ordinary fortune-  
teller's pack of greasy cards. Prof. Hy-  
slop's credulity is simply limitless. He  
is told that in an unnamed year a child  
died of fever. He admits it. The spirit  
ventures further and mentions typhoid  
fever. The professor says no. The  
spirit tries again—scarlet fever. Right!  
Wonderful! At last we have proof of  
the soul's immortality! Print reports,  
give lectures, revise science and theo-  
logy, etc., etc., etc. Now, seriously, is  
this work for sane men, for educators  
of youth, for professors in Columbia  
University? It is all so old, so old!  
Prof. Hyslop talks exactly as did  
Luther Marsh, the once famous victim  
of the once famous Diss Debar, except  
he is better versed in the technical  
terms of the psychologists."

This is unjust toward Mrs. Piper, who  
is highly respected in the community.  
She is no ordinary "Trans-Mejim".  
You cannot obtain an engagement for a  
sitting by mere offer of gold. Her cli-  
ents are pointed out by the spirits them-  
selves sitting in solemn council with  
either a President or a Governor—or is  
it "Imperator"?—at the head of the  
spiritual table.

Commend us to the Society Editor of  
the Chicago Times-Herald. We quote  
a few lines from a palpitating article  
inspired by Irving's first performance  
of "Robespierre" in Chicago.

"Every ivory shoulder was there that  
should have been."

Not one was shy.

"The mob was bursting with patri-  
cians, and society is getting to have its  
patricians even in its own ranks. The  
loges held many men of years who have  
piled up fortunes in this town."

"The whole house was so exclusive  
and formal that there was scarcely a  
seat that didn't sparkle and scintillate  
with the frost of hauteur."

"Some of the most fetching groups  
came straight from the big dinners, and  
they stood the gazings of the multitude  
with commendable indifference as they  
swept to places."

We have noticed the "frost of  
hauteur" in Chicago, for we have been  
in Chicago, as well as in Arcadia and  
Athens (N. Y.) We were once in what  
the Chicago Times-Herald would de-  
scribe as the palatial residence of a  
leading citizen, who made his fortune

by refusing to imitate the example of  
the Prodigal Son—that is to say, he  
stayed with the swine and they re-  
warded him. The house was not with-  
out a certain barbaric splendor, and,  
with our natural affability, we compli-  
mented the host. He straightened him-  
self, looked at us coldly in the eye, and  
uttered these words in tones that re-  
called a street car grinding round a  
curve: "Sir, I suppose you are now  
standing in the finest house in Pra-  
irie Avenue, or, for that matter, in  
Chicago." And he then invited us to  
iced apollinaris.

Depressed, conscious of the fact that  
your life has been one protracted fail-  
ure, your backbone becomes steel, your  
eyes brighter, your head is held proud-  
ly when a stranger asks you the way  
to a certain street—and you happen to  
know it. You are of value, after all.

A vegetarian is known by his breath.  
He gives forth the mild, sweetish odor  
of summer squash. This reminds us  
of a rule almost without exception: the  
more earnest a reformer, the fiercer his  
breath.

He was discussing the South African  
war—but discussing is a gentle word.  
"I tell you, sir, the necessity of ever-  
lasting punishment for Joe Chamber-  
lain proves beyond doubt the existence  
of a hell."

7-20-19

## "THE ROUNDERS"

"The Rounders," a musical comedy  
in three acts, book adapted and with  
original lyrics by Harry B. Smith,  
music by Ludwig Englander, was per-  
formed last night for the first time in  
Boston at the Columbia Theatre. Mr.  
Frank Pama was conductor. The cast  
was as follows:

Maginnis Pasha.....Thomas Q. Seabrooke  
Duke De Paty Du Cham.....Dan Daly  
Marquis De Macarrat.....Harry Davenport  
Siegfried Gotterdammerung.....D. L. Don  
Thia.....Phyllis Rankin  
Pribella.....Mabel Gilman  
Stella Giltedge.....Marie George  
Madame Seraphine.....Sarah McVicker

"The Rounders" is an adaptation of  
"Les Fétards," book by Mars and Hen-

nequin, music by Victor Rogé, which  
was produced at the Palais-Royal, Oct.  
28, 1897. The King of Illyria was re-  
presented as in love with a ballet-girl,  
who was made up to resemble Cio de  
Mérode, and this allusion to a famous  
visit of the King of Belgium to Paris  
was keenly relished.

The book of "The Rounders" is far  
better than that of the average mu-  
sical farce as it is now understood in  
this country, and it betrays in many  
respects its Gallic origin; for while the  
story and the situations are familiar,  
the scenes are managed with a skill  
that Mr. Smith, unaided, has never  
attained, and many of the lines smell  
pungently of the boulevard and the  
café. The original was called a com-  
paratively harmless play, but harmless  
is an elastic word in French.

It is sufficient to say that the adapta-  
tion is amusing, and that the cynicism  
with which the marriage relations are  
treated may be taken as purely Pick-  
wickian. It is a farce with just a lit-  
tle dash of pretty sentiment on the part  
of the modest wife from Philadelphia,  
and the farce is of the kind that was  
formerly described as "screaming" or  
"roaring." Yes, it is loud, at times  
very loud; but it is funny, often ex-  
cruciatingly funny, and it is a good thing  
for Bostonians to see such shows, it  
makes them sit up.

The music of the original is said to be  
tuneful and clever. A comic use was  
made of a trio in Chopin's  
Funeral March, to which one of  
the characters danced a gigue.  
This was alluded to last night.  
Mr. Englander's music is unpretentious,  
and it does not annoy or perplex or dis-  
tract. Some of the numbers are pretty,  
nearly all are melodious, and the song  
about stories told by Uncle Remus is  
charming and truly characteristic.

The company is a strong one. Mr.  
Dan Daly's methods are known to all,  
and they have been applauded in Lon-  
don as well as in Boston and New  
York. Last night he was a Duke that  
was supremely bored; he looked it, he  
said it; his deliberation in speech was  
never so irresistible; his authority was  
never so quiet and so absolute; and  
he danced, free from the delicious  
frenzy of his earlier years, bore in its  
melancholy grace, the suspicion of  
dual condescension. There was some-  
thing heroic in the impersonation. Mr.  
Seabrooke was amusing in a more con-  
ventional manner, and Mr. Davenport  
was excellent as the young Marquis.  
Mr. Don was funny in spots, especially  
in the scene where Maginnis Pasha in-  
tends the solo cornetist (Mr. Sol  
Soloman) with the performance of his  
favorite melody; but his business with  
the piano in the second act was too  
long drawn out, and it became tire-  
some. By action and by speech the  
comedians kept the large audience con-  
vulsed with laughter.

Miss Gilman was charming from the  
beginning to the end in every way. The  
simplicity, the sweetness, the archness  
of her performance, and the absence  
of affectation made her impersonation  
of the Philadelphia girl-wife one long  
to be remembered. Miss Rankin was  
an excellent attractive ballet girl,  
and her impersonation of Maginnis Pasha,  
the Marquis and a hundred others was  
casily explained. Miss George danced  
delightfully and sang the Uncle Remus  
song with spirit and understanding. One  
of the most noticeable numbers in the  
piece was the duet between Miss Gil-  
man and Mr. Daly—the duet concern-  
ing the personal advertisements—object  
matrimony.

The chorus girls were a beauty show  
that would have moved even the great  
Caliph of Bagdad. They were of all  
types; various, bewildering were their  
fascinations; and every girl alluring,  
desirable. The piece was handsomely  
mounted. There was only one out—the  
show was unnecessarily protracted; for  
the second act was not over till eleven.

I possessed four thousand bay horses and a  
haughty palace, and I had to wife a thou-  
sand daughters of Kings, high-bosomed  
maids, as they were moons: I was blessed  
with a thousand sons, as they were fierce  
lions, and I abode a thousand years, glad of  
heart and mind, and I amassed treasures  
beyond the competence of all the Kings of  
the regions of the earth, deeming that de-  
light would still endure to me. But there  
fell on me unawares the Destroyer of de-  
lights and the Sunderer of societies, the De-  
solator of domiciles and the Spoiler of inhab-  
ited spots, the Murderer of great and small,  
babes and children and mothers, he who  
hath no ruth on the poor for his poverty,  
or feareth the King for all his bickering or  
forbidding.

A correspondent writes us from Port-  
land (Me.) as follows:

"Dear Mr. Editor:  
"I read the following paragraph in a  
Boston newspaper:

"The assault took place on the Beacon  
Street mall, about 40 feet from the Joy  
Street entrance. Officer Sayward was stand-  
ing at the corner of Beacon and Spruce  
Streets. He heard the noise made as Mr.  
Lehmann fell heavily to the ground. Think-  
ing that he also heard a slight cry, the of-  
ficer jumped across the street."

"Did the officer jump in one or two  
jumps? In the interest of athletics will  
you kindly give your readers the width of  
Beacon Street at this point? This  
officer seems to have established a  
record. Or is it a not uncommon thing  
to take the narrow streets of Boston  
flying? For the honor of your town  
you should explain this. Yours truly,  
TRUTH SEEKER."

We heard a strange story yesterday.  
A widow, or rather an estate in a New  
England town, is sued by an apothecary,  
who claims \$3000 for taking care of the  
leg of the late husband. The apoth-  
ecary did not pull the leg daily.  
did he dress it. The husband wa



ated an a leg was amputated. Either the man was absurdly proud of his leg, or he had fond association, or he was superstitious about it—as some, who lose a limb or an organ, are; at any rate, he asked the apothecary to put it for him. After it was spiced and pickled, it was kept in the cellar, and the ex-owner would occasionally examine it, to assure himself that it was comfortable. The representatives of the estate allege that \$3000 is an exorbitant sum, that \$300 would be nearer the mark.

The New York Times continues its exposure of social life in the "metropolis."

"One of the dancing men last week was exhibiting with great pride his hose to some other men. They were silk of a very dark red shade, shot with green and gold, and ribbed. The shades were all very dark and were changeable in certain lights, the gold tint appearing with the olive green like bronze. Such hose would cost in New York from \$5 to \$10 a pair, according to the location of the shop."

The leading dancing men in Boston wear plain black stockings at 50 cents a pair, and in ordinary weather, we are told, they wear two pairs a week. High thinking, moderate dancing, and low "foot wear."

We are pained to learn from the Times that prominent New Yorkers are troubled seriously by the species of dress-shirt known as the "bulger." The Times gives several alleged remedies for bulging, but finds none of them satisfactory; thus it boldly asserts that "the little strap of linen to be fastened to the drawers," though recommended and used by poets and Western statesmen, is a delusion and a snare. The Times remarks parenthetically that "the waistband of dress trousers should not reach upward beyond the umbilical line of the abdomen when standing." Golden words, that should be pondered by sculptors, who are obliged to drape heroic figures in modern and conventional dress. Buddha, when engaged in omphalic contemplation, wore no trousers. "If in an emergency the shirt should bulge when putting it on, bend it or fold it at the end of the bosom." You can buy machines for this purpose at a reasonable price at any ironmonger's. It is a pleasure to find the

Times a foe to extravagance. "I would not advise a man to invest \$58 a dozen for evening shirts."

"If you are in mourning do not wear black shirt buttons or black sleeve links," says the only formidable rival of the Providence Journal. The sartorial philosopher might well have added, "And no matter how passionate your grief, neglect neither your teeth nor your nails."

"A 15 shirt takes a 16½ collar." This is an excellent working formula for little Willie to employ in solving problems during the hour between supper and bed-time.

The Secretary of the Commercial Travelers' Mutual Accident Association protests against the use of the word "drummer." But it is a good and well established word. Sir Walter Scott used it in 1827: "I find the Nos. of Lodg's book did not belong to the set which I consider yours, but were left by some drummer of the trade upon speculation." The verb "to drum," meaning to incite custom, is of high respectability, and some say that "drummer" comes from the habit of old-time peddlers announcing themselves by beating a drum at the town's end, a derivation that is perhaps unsound, but it is picturesque. Nor is this use of the word "drummer" to be confounded with "drummer—a horse, the action of whose fore legs is irregular," or "drummer—a thief who before robbing, narcotises or otherwise stupefies his victim," or "drummer—a trousers-maker."

Would the Secretary prefer "bagman", a term that goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century, but is, according to the best dictionaries, "somewhat depreciable"?

Would he prefer "commercial traveler"? It is vague and clumsy. And the abbreviation, "commercial", is not to be commended, although Dickens used it.

"More Castelvanes here". There are in this interesting family three Marquises, 16 Counts and one Viscount. "What! Will the line stretch out to the rack of doom?"

The New York Sun, in a thoughtfully considered editorial article on the Boston Authors' Club, remarks as follows:

"Nothing human is perfect, it is true, and even in this list there are noticeable omissions. An esteemed correspondent has already called attention to the absence of Prof. Arlo Bates with his wheel of fire. In the editorial trefoil the fourth lucky leaf seems lacking, namely, the editor of the late Moses Dow's philanthropic Waverley Maga-

zine, that crowning glory of East Boston and escape pipe for much irrepressible New England literary steam. If Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, editor of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, is admitted to the club, why not his great precursor, Moses King? Why not more Adamases, when the scourgers of college fetiches and of Puritan iniquities are within reach? Where is Prof. Barrett Wendell, the gynophillist, who has made Shakspeare illustrious by his approval? Where, too, is the foot ball strategist and philosopher who turned the mind of Boston to self-introspection by the ever-present question from which there was no escape: 'Do you wear pants?'"

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable that has never been mixed with sentiment?—atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain?—air that has never been cry or speech?—drop that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unpeakable. Deity also it has been—the Sun-God of worlds that circled and worshiped in other aeons. "Remember, Man, thou art but dust!"—a saying profound only as materialism, which stops short at surfaces. For what is dust? Remember, Dust thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! \* \* \* Thou hast been Light, Life, Love; and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!"

The learned physicians, Drs. Vincent Y. Bowditch, Blake, Williams, Ernst, have been analyzing, photographing, studying the dust of the Back Bay. After patient and searching investigation, they find that this dust is of no finer quality than the dust of the South End, Hyde Park or Jamaica Plain. In fact, the dust of this exclusive district is full of the bacilli of diphtheria, pneumonia, suppuration, tuberculosis. How! ye rich, ye counselors, ye learned men, ye delicate and perfumed women! Your houses shall be as waste places, and ye shall seek refuge in Everett or Lynn. Unless there are pavements of asphalt, the Back Bay will be, a dozen years from now, like the City of Brass as seen by the Emir Musa from an over-looking hill: "Void and still, without a voice or a cheering inhabitant. The owl hooted in its quarters; the bird skimmed circling over its squares, and the raven croaked in its great thoroughfares, weeping and bewailing the dwellers who erst made it their dwelling."

She sat in the street car and she read the advertisements. She turned to her neighbor and said: "When I am rich I shall try them all, every one of them."

The late Charles Francois Felu, the armless Belgian artist, could manage a knife and fork and drinking glass. He could mix colors; he could paint; he could shave himself. But he had one grievance: He could not gain mastery over a buttonhole.

The Daily News (London) says that one of his earliest recollections was of sitting in the garden while his mother taught him to grasp with his baby toes the bright flowers for which he cried.

But Felu was not the only one. We pass over the unfortunate armless who are seen today in dime museums. Camerarius, over three centuries ago, knew a man, born without arms, who ate and drank with the aid of his feet, and after dinner wrote fair and straight copies in Latin and German. He also knew a man who could handle a sword and throw javellins with his feet, a forward, naughty person, who was broken on the wheel for robberies and murders committed by him. Then there was Magdalene Rudolph Thuinby, armless, but of astounding accomplishments. Let Bartholin describe her: "With her feet she spins and threads her needle; she weaves; she charges and discharges a gun; with scissors and a knife she cuts paper into divers artificial figures; she plays at tables and dice; she drinks and swatches her little infant; she knows how to bring her feet to her breast and head, so as to take her child to her breast, as if she did it with her hands. She feeds both herself and her child and combs her hair." Then there was Antonius, described by Scaliger; there was the surprising woman of Britain, who was born with arms and legs distorted in strange and unusual fashion, who with her tongue could spin, thread a needle, tie knots, and write. Pictorius Villingenus—what a beautiful name!—knew an armless Spaniard who would with an axe give so strong a blow as to cut asunder at one stroke a reasonable piece of wood. As good Mr. Nathaniel Wanley remarks, when he comments on these marvels: "There is no stronger argument of the bounty of Providence than that power which God has given to Nature of supplying her own defects, and atoning for the privation of some members or perfections, by bestowing on others a superior degree of activity, force and capacity."

While we speak of men and women thus crippled, let us be statistical as

well as a tank of useful knowledge. There are within the limits of Greater London twelve systems of tramways. They comprise 102 miles of double line and 31 miles of single. The authorized capital of the various undertakings amounts in the aggregate to £4,883,044; the capital paid up totals £3,848,159; and the capital expended has been so far £1,618,774. In the year ended June 30 last the gross receipts were £1,235,633, and the working expenditure was £1,059,368. The number of passengers conveyed during the year was 273,702,799, and the number of miles run by the cars was 25,652,428. The working stock consisted of 16,528 horses and 1758 cars. No steam or electric power is in use on the London tramway systems.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A man was found the other day hopelessly intoxicated on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. He was carried in a comatose state to the nearest police station, and then searched with a view to the establishment of his identity, for he was totally incapable of giving any account of himself. It was found, however, that he had foreseen this emergency, and taken his precautions in consequence. Beneath his waistcoat, suspended from his neck, was a substantial copper plate, engraved on which was the following notice: 'Passer-by! I am out on the spree. If you find me drunk, please stretch me out on one of the boulevard seats. If you find me dead, send my body to my venerated uncle, M. Léon Crutel of Lyons, who has disinherited me because, in his opinion, I take too much drink.'"

The Watch and Ward Societies will be sadly disappointed. A statue of a woman representing the City of Paris will crown the gateway erected at the beginning of the Champs Elysées, the chief entrance to the Exhibition grounds. But the woman will not be naked and not ashamed; she will be clothed in the dress of a Parisienne of today. The name of the daring sculptor is Moreau-Vauthier.

S. G. says in the Pall Mall Gazette, in the course of a review of the last Blackwood: "I was especially grateful for remarks in a paper, called 'Musings Without Method,' upon the music-hall patriotism that displays itself by cheering young ladies who kick up their legs and display Union Jacks on their petticoats, and upon the literature produced to give lyrical expression to this class of sentiment. 'This kind of hysteria may attract pennies to the tambourine; it does not increase the dignity of our country nor the courage of our citizens.'"

## TURPEN-TURPIN.

A Vocal Quartet Thus Named, From Dayton, O., Gave a Concert Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall.

The Turpen-Turpin Vocal Quartet, which consists of Miss Clara Turpen, soprano, Mrs. Maude MacDonald, contralto, Mr. H. Alfred Preston, tenor, and Mr. Harry Brown Turpin, baritone, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Miss Henriette Weber was the pianist. There was a fair-sized audience.

The program included quartets from "In a Persian Garden," Russian quartets by Henschel, gipsy quartets by Brahms (Nos. 2, 3, 6, 8, 9), and quartets by Rossini, Schumann and Foote. There were solos by Mrs. MacDonald and Mr. Turpin, a duet for soprano and baritone, and Miss Turpen sang Liza Lehmann's flabby and dull "Endymion." Miss Weber played a piano piece by Christian Sinding.

This quartet enjoys a good reputation in Western cities, and it has sung with success at certain places along the New England coast. The proficiency of performance, however, is not at present so marked as to demand serious or detailed criticism. The ensemble at the best is only fair; it is that of an ordinary church choir. The balance of voices is disturbed at times by the obtrusiveness of the baritone. The intonation is generally true; there are proofs of intelligent and patient rehearsal, but the nuancing is still confined to elementary contrasts between forte and piano; there is little attempt at an impressive crescendo or an effective diminuendo, and there is little or no rhetorical accentuation.

Mrs. MacDonald has a beautiful, rich, expressive voice. This was given to her by nature. Art has done little for her. Her tones are not properly placed; they are deep in her throat, and since she is not yet full mistress of her breath, the phrase suffers. The soprano, Miss Turpen, has an agreeable voice which she uses with some skill. Her attack is good; her phrasing is intelligent, and she is excellent in ensemble. Mr. Turpin, who is an industrious student and a man of commendable ambition, should at once endeavor to rid himself of an annoying and destructive tremolo. The tenor had little to do, but he is apparently conscientious and amiable.

Philip Hale.

O son of Adam, how long shall thy Lord bear with thee, and thou every day sunken in the sea of thy folly? Hath it, then, been established unto thee that some day thou shalt not die? O son of Adam, let not the decreits of thy days and nights and times and hours delude thee with their delights; but remember that death lieth ready for thee ambushing, fain on thy shoulders to spring, nor doth a day pass but he morneth with thee in the morning and nighteth with thee by night. Beware, then, of his onslaught and make provision there against. Thou wastest thy whole life and squanderest the joys in which thy days are rife. Hearken, therefore, to my words, and put thy trust in the Lord of Lords; for in the world there is no stability; it is but as a spider's web to thee.

Camille d'Arville gives no satisfactory description of Mr. Crellin, a wine merchant of Oakland, Cal., to whom she is betrothed. She simply says: "He is perfectly delightful!" This is enthusiasm, not analysis. But Camille's first husband was a strong man, a carnon-ball tosser or something of the kind, who was not given to analysis and discouraged it in others.

They still insist in New York that Emma Eames's operatic temperature is above 40 degrees.

Naturalists assure us that the hog can be fierce and dangerous as well as brutal. The sad accident in the Subway confirms their opinion.

No actress knows how to die. H-s-s-h! Stay the incignant protest—lower the uplifted arm! We mean on the stage, and we do not make this statement on our own authority, for we seldom go to the theatre. Even now we shudder at the recollection of a Sunday School book devoured in the sixties. The story was of a boy who was tempted to see a play; he saw another, and he became a confirmed first-nighter—or did he die a sad death, blaspheming and hiccupping in jail? We have forgotten how the story did end, but we remember distinctly a picture of a young lad wearing a jacket, a tippet and a Willy hat, in front of a theatre door. The picture was entitled "The Way to the Pit," and the inference was that Satan was the manager, lesser devils were ushers, and the comedians were all lost and tormented souls. But we wander, we wander sadly. No actress knows how to die, says a physician in Paris, who, according to the Referee, has one hobby: to study how dramatic authors kill off their victims, and the precise way in which they die.

He pointed out to me on the opening night of 'A Perpeté' that M. De-courcelle had made an error in the first act in the great murder scene, because the man is first suffocated with laudanum and then strangled. Any medical man, he contended, would have seen this at a glance when he had regarded the pupils of the eyes, and accordingly there would have been no proof against the innocent victim. He afterwards elaborated his theory, and as a medical man protested against all authors, actors, and particularly actresses, for their want of knowledge of toxicology."

This physician also averred that Bernhardt was deplorable in death scenes "and always introduced symptoms of consumption that belonged to other diseases. Réjane was powerful when she should have been utterly prostrated. Half the men when mortally wounded screamed and yelled for minutes when they should have been absolutely unconscious." He accused Conan Doyle of many similar errors in his novels. De-courcelle said in answer: "Critics in the ordinary way are quite enough, but this latest development of a doctor sitting on an author adds a new terror to life. I draw the line at taking a play round to a surgery when it is finished."

We mentioned the case of this physician to Old Chimes, who in his younger days knew intimately several fine specimens of the sturdy athletic tragedian that did not disdain lurid melodrama but shone with screaming lustre as Sir Giles, Macbeth, Richard III, Jaffier. Old Chimes shook his head: "No, I am of the old school myself. I don't care whether they die correctly or incorrectly; I want them to die hard. I want my money's worth. I like to see them flop and kick and squirm and wriggle. I like to hear them sigh and groan and curse. I am not attending a clinic or listening to a medical lecture; I am seeing the end of a desperate villain. I say 'I am seeing'; but, alas, the play today is a different thing. Men and women do all sorts of caddish things but there is no shooting, no tundi in these modern plays, in which you can not tell the bad people from the good people, and in which all the character talk about something that happened before the curtain rose or will happen after the audience is dismissed. Who I see Banquo's ghost I want to see him



smouched with blood, and I want  
him pointing at his wounds and  
screaming horribly at Macbeth. These  
apparitions' are of no effect.  
I like the real stuff—Barry Sullivan  
and Richard—in the Tent-scene. That  
made me: Forrest said to me once,  
'Chies, young man,' said he—"we  
revere of Old Chimes, but we left him,  
we knew the story and it was a  
one.

Arablans have a beautiful cus-

Fig 23 - 1900

Iw easy is pen and paper piety for one  
to write religiously! I will not say it costeth  
nothing, but it is far cheaper to work one's  
heart than one's heart to goodness. Some,  
I suppose, may guess me to be good by my  
words, and so I shall deceive my reader.  
But I do not desire to be good, I most of  
all desire to be myself. I can make a hundred  
statements sooner than subdue the least  
of my soul. Yea, I was once in the mind  
to write more; for fear lest my writ-  
ing at the last day prove records against  
me. And yet why should I not write? That  
leading my own book, the disproportion  
of my lines and my life may make me  
myself (if not into goodness) into less  
than I would do otherwise. That so  
my writings may condemn me, and make me  
condemn myself, that so God may be  
able to acquit me.

Tere is hope for Molineux. He now  
smokes a corn-cob pipe instead of  
cigarettes.

Ms. C. H. Mann of New Jersey says  
toys demoralize children. They do  
not let children suck the paint; other-  
wise they are as harmless as the toys  
to grown persons. At any rate,  
Mr. Mann, spare us the Noah's Ark,  
the interesting family of the patri-  
arch, the elephant, and the rest of  
it.

D. Keeley of Gold Cure fame left  
a state of a million dollars. Rum  
dit.

Aman dropped dead in a variety  
show in New York. The newspapers  
promptly remarked that he was enjoy-  
ing the show.

M. Crellin, the betrothed of Camille  
Aville, is gradually assuming defini-  
te shape. Yesterday he was a more  
man, and all we knew of him was that  
he found him "perfectly deligh-  
tful—not imperfectly delightful, not deli-  
cious in spots—but "perfectly deligh-  
tful. Today we learn that he is a  
roboter, and that he is Superintendent  
of an oyster bed and President of  
a vineyard company—which is a per-  
fectly delightful combination. Tomor-  
row we shall undoubtedly learn his  
height, politics and favorite novel, and  
that Sunday his portrait may be ex-  
pected to appear in the newspapers,  
to a view of the vineyard and a  
diagram of one of his oysters warranted  
free from typhoid bacilli.

W read with rare pleasure about  
the efforts of leading citizens of Mil-  
waukee at Washington, who would  
unite the Democratic National Con-  
vention in a palatial brewery of the  
city of Beer. Of course beer is on tap  
at the headquarters in Washington,  
and this is a mere detail. There are  
bath-tubs full of champagne—and  
reminds us of several merry tales  
of "anecdotes" but this is our busy  
day and we really have no time to  
think of them, which is probably just  
as well. The champagne is  
served from tooth-brush and shav-  
ing-mugs, as is consistent with Jef-  
fersonian simplicity.

Arablans have a beautiful cus-

A this pother about Miss Olga Neth-  
ers and "Sapho" is a symptom of  
the Nation used to call chromo-  
lization. Men that have never read  
Dante's eminently moral novel shriek  
together with men that have not seen  
the play. It would be a safe wager to  
bet that over half the shriekers are  
convinced that "Sapho," either with  
one or two pp's, is the story of a  
man poetess of shocking life. It is  
reasonable to suppose that Miss Neth-  
ers is vulgar in this play as she  
is in other plays; no doubt the play  
itself is coarse, possibly indecent; but  
it is not the prurient curiosity that is  
excited throughout the country. Uncle  
Arms meditates a journey to New York  
to see the derided thing.  
Men and women and boys and girls in  
the towns and villages wonder why  
they should play and the play actress  
are indecent. Miserable and false  
translations of a fine novel are hawked  
about with a sledge as though the  
play were obscene literature.

The late William H. Beard painted  
two-legged animals engaged in the pur-  
suits and the amusements of men so  
that these animals were caricatures of  
the two-legged brothers. It might be a  
pleasant and lucrative task to paint men  
and caricatures of four-legged animals,

for, as some one has remarked, there  
is no man who does not bear a re-  
semblance, pronounced or faint, to  
some animal, as the bear, the lion, the  
hog, the woolly dog, the mastiff, the  
raccoon, etc., etc. We know a man  
that looks like a vulture; he is kind to  
his family, and he is a most respectable  
citizen, but he looks like a vulture. And  
if a vulture should be told this, he  
would surely be offended, just as you  
are vexed when you are mistaken for  
Ferguson or O'Hooligan.

Rome, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg  
and even London are now purely national  
capitals, just as truly as Boston and Phila-  
delphia and New Orleans and Chicago and  
St. Louis and San Francisco are local and  
provincial centres. New York alone is truly  
cosmopolitan.

No one would dare to dispute this  
statement, but there is no harm in  
asking, "Who made it?" Was it some  
eminent sociologist, an impartial  
foreigner or keen observation and  
judicial mind who has studied life and  
manners in the cities that he names  
so gayly? No; the author is a man of  
still greater authority; he writes editor-  
ial articles for the New York World.

Menelik, who is a lineal descendant  
of the Queen of Sheba, has decided on  
a uniform for his soldiers. It is a  
short, dark-colored tunic, with one line  
of buttons, corded with red for the  
soldiers and with gold for the officers.  
The trousers are so short that most of  
the leg is bare as are also the feet. The  
cap has a plume of feathers—those  
sporting by the officers are ostrich—  
which is held to the head by a species  
of round comb. The gallant soldiers of  
Costa Rica's army are also bare-footed,  
as are the intrepid Amazons of the  
King of Dahome.

Mr. Husymans, who, after writing  
novels for men only, saw a great light  
and resolved to renounce the world,  
the flesh and the devil, did not turn  
Trappist, as it was reported. He found  
the diet at La Trappe unsatisfactory;  
and they have an unpleasant habit  
there of getting up at 2 A. M. and con-  
tinuing religious exercises until 7 A. M.  
upon absolutely empty stomachs. So  
he is a Benedictine, a monk that is  
popularly supposed to subsist exclusiv-  
ely on cordial. He is writing a novel—  
for he is an oblate; if he were a full  
Benedictine, he could print only what  
his superiors approved. Now he gets  
out of bed at 4.30 A. M., has eight at-  
tendances in chapel daily, and goes to  
bed at what was once his dinner hour.  
For a novelist such a day cannot be  
called undisturbed.

There is at least one contented wom-  
an. Miss Ethel Henry, formerly in  
Mrs. Langtry's company, said to a re-  
porter: "You see that I have a very  
willowy figure, and that my waist is  
neither too small nor too large, but just  
right."

## Fig 24. 1900 DE PACHMANN.

### The Russian Pianist Gave a Chopin Recital Yesterday Afternoon in Music Hall Before an Enthusiastic Audience.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave a  
Chopin recital yesterday afternoon in  
Music Hall. There was a very large  
and enthusiastic audience. He played,  
according to the program, preludes op.  
28, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22,  
23, 24; mazourkas op. 7, B flat major,  
F minor, op. 56, C major; études op. 10,  
Nos. 3, 4, 9, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and op.  
25; Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12. There  
are to be added a mazourka, and waltzes  
as encore numbers.

This was a concert of special inter-  
est to music students, and Mr. Mudgett  
should be thanked for giving them an  
opportunity of hearing this distin-  
guished pianist at a most reasonable  
price. It is a pleasure to add that  
music lovers in general appreciated the  
opportunity and filled the seats at the  
higher prices. Programs devoted to  
the works of any one composer are  
generally boring and to be avoided.  
Orchestral leaders 20 years ago in  
Berlin—it may be the same today  
made such restricted programs once  
a week; thus there was a "Beethoven-  
Abend," a Mozart Abend, a Wagner  
Abend, and so on. Few, if any, com-  
posers could stand the test. A piano  
recital thus restricted is more dan-  
gerous than an orchestral concert. I have  
been obliged to attend Liszt recitals;  
how soon the brilliance of this com-  
poser became mere tinsel; his  
arabesques, ginger bread work; his  
grandeur, bathos; his sentiment, in-  
sincerity and flabby sentimentalism! But  
Chopin endures the test better than  
any other. And when his pieces are  
played by de Pachmann, you realize  
that Chopin is the supreme poet of the  
piano, and de Pachmann is his own  
beloved interpreter.

For de Pachmann by his performance  
yesterday proved that Chopin need not  
necessarily be offered up as a victim  
on the altar of a concert-grand piano in  
the presence of a multitude. Person-  
ally, I prefer to hear de Pachmann or  
any true pianist in a smaller  
hall, for intimate relationship is more  
quickly established, and there is not

the well-known irresistible temptation to  
force tone from fear lest tone will not  
carry. The performance yesterday only  
enlarged the admiration in which de  
Pachmann is already held by the music-  
lovers of this city. And how many  
pianists could hold the attention of a  
large audience through such a pro-  
gram?

To speak in detail of de Pachmann's  
performance would be to repeat what  
has often been said by the Journal.  
His technique is so thoroughly grounded,  
so amazingly developed, his sense of  
proportion is so sane and exquisite, his  
rhythm is so marvelous, that he is  
never obliged to force tone and the  
piano remains a musical instrument.  
His rubato is never a merely capricious  
freak, never a deliberate attempt; it is  
the true robbing and restoring, while  
with the apparent liberty of expression  
there is always an abiding sense  
of rhythm. I know of no one that  
plays as rhythmical a bass; I know of  
no one that prepares with such natural  
ease and suggestion the return of a  
first theme. No measure is slighted;  
no measure assumes undue importance.  
This master of the nuance often neg-  
lects the pedals to obtain a crisp, in-  
describable staccato or half-staccato;  
and then again by skillful mixture of  
pedals he gains surprising effects of  
color, when others see in the same  
measures only black and white. To  
him above all pianists may the words  
of Paul Verlaine be applied: "Not the  
color, but the nuance." It is easy for  
a pianist of modern training to remind  
you of the verse of the prophet Nahum:  
"The noise of a whip, and the noise of  
the rattling of the wheels, and of the  
prancing horses, and of the jumping  
chariots. \* \* \* and there is a multi-  
tude of slain, and a great number  
of carcasses; and there is no end of  
their corpses." But Mr. de Pachmann  
spares the composer as well as the  
audience. He has won the reputation  
of being the supreme player of Chopin.  
I find him equally admirable in certain  
pieces of Beethoven, Weber, Schubert,  
Schumann, Liszt. Yesterday he preferred  
to interpret Chopin, and he was more  
than an interpreter; for the voice of  
de Pachmann was the very voice of  
Chopin, the sad, moody, jocose, elegant  
Pole with the dainty hands, the fastid-  
ious manners, the hectic cheeks.

Philip Hale.

At this table have eaten a thousand Kings  
blind of the right eye and a thousand blind  
of the left, and yet other thousand sound of  
both eyes, all of whom have departed the  
world and have taken up their sojourn in  
the tombs and the catacombs.

Miss F. E. Buttes has offered to the  
Trustees of the New York Public Li-  
brary a collection of 1000 hotel and  
restaurant bills of fare. But she  
wishes the collection to be sealed and  
to remain sealed until the year 1350.  
Mysterious Miss Buttes! What is her  
little game? Will food in 1350 be chiefly  
a matter of pills and extracts? Will  
the people of that year wonder at the  
strict digestion of the men and women  
of 1875-1900? Is there a hideous simi-  
larity in these bills-of-fare, and is Miss  
Buttes plotting a posthumous and  
ironical revenge? Turn to the "Manuel  
des Amphitryons" (Paris 1808) and you  
may envy the diners-out of that year.  
Here, for instance—we pluck at random:  
—is a bill-of-fare for a dinner in winter  
and for 15 guests:

#### TWO SOUPS.

A garbure with turnips. Vermicelli.  
TWO RELEVES.  
A rump of beef à la languedocienne.  
A pike à la flamande.

#### EIGHT ENTREES.

A poulet, à la Périgaux. Saddle of  
mutton, à la bretonne. Calf's brains  
in pickle. Chopped carp, au soleil. A  
Carriack of game. Cold veal, sauce en  
poivrade. A sauté of partridge, à la  
Slingara. Sliced salmon en caissos.

#### TWO SUBSTANTIAL.

Westphalia ham. A big soufflé au  
chocolat.

#### TWO ROASTS.

Leveret. Fat Turkey.  
EIGHT ENTREMETS.

Teazles, à la moelle. Spinach à l'an-  
glaise. Lemon jelly. Little "jabou-  
sies." Salsify à la bayonnaise.  
Cauliflower, au beurre de Vanvres.  
Flane-mange. Little "puccelages."

And yet—and yet we should gladly  
swap this swollen bill-of-fare, with  
"jalousies" and "puccelages," for either  
one of two dishes: beefsteak and  
onions, or thin slices of salt pork fried  
in cream, with fried apples.

Read the account of the last days of  
the author of this "Manuel," as told  
by himself. "Behold him in an im-  
mense arm-chair. He crosses his legs,  
supports his stumps upon his knees  
(for he has no hands, but something  
resembling the flap of a goose), and  
continues his conversation, which al-  
ways runs on eating. 'The rains have  
been abundant,' he cries, 'we shall  
have plenty of mushrooms this au-  
tumn. How fine our vines are! What a  
delicious perfume!' And then he falls  
asleep and dreams of what he will eat  
on the following day!" Read, and  
choose simple fare!

We have received the following let-  
ter:

Boston, Feb. 19.

"Editor of Talk of the Day:  
"I notice that you sometimes refer  
to the interest which the Providence

Journal takes "in matters of eve-  
ning dress, and perhaps you say, therefore,  
be interested to know how that paper  
stood on that subject sixty years ago.  
When a small boy, living in Coventry,  
R. I., William Waterman, Esq., a near  
neighbor of my father, took the Rhode  
Island Country Journal, and after  
reading its political discussions turned  
it over to me to read the poetry and the  
"Thirty days later from Europe." About  
the year 1838, one evening as the editor  
sat in his sanctum (according to the  
poem which appeared in that week's  
issue) the devil made him a visit and  
they had quite an interesting interview.  
The next day, according to the poem  
of some dozen verses, he was rehearsing  
the incident to some friend, when an  
inquiry came up which led to the fol-  
lowing:

"And pray, how was the devil dressed?  
Oh, he was in his Sunday best.  
His coat was brown, his breeches blue,  
With a hole behind for his tail to run  
through."

"Hence we see that as long ago as  
1838, the Journal (the name of which  
has since been changed to the Provi-  
dence Journal) was careful in regard  
to the details of evening dress for all  
grades of society.

"Although I read the poem twice, the  
above verse is the only one that re-  
mains fresh in my memory today.  
J. L. H."

We prefer the verse as Coleridge  
wrote it to the variant quoted above.  
We give the original:  
And how then was the Devil dressed?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best.  
His jacket was red, and his breeches were  
blue  
And there was a hole where the tail came  
through.

We doubt whether the Prince of  
Darkness, who is a gentleman, ever  
wore such a costume even when he  
went about roaring like a society lion.  
As the powers of evil are confessedly  
stronger at night it is fair to suppose  
that Satan appears to best advantage  
in conventional evening dress. The  
horns and hoofs that the early Chris-  
tians horrified from Pan were long ago  
returned to that deity, and it is doubt-  
ful whether there is today even a trace  
of a tail. Satan is always in the fash-  
ion, as though he read the "Clothes  
Hints for Men"—that delightful and in-  
structive column published in the New  
York Times; he is never ahead of  
fashion or behind it. Whether you  
meet him at the stock exchange or in  
a lawyer's office, in the legislature or  
at the club, whether you give him the  
icy hand or introduce him to your wife,  
he is always comme il faut, as the  
hackmen say in Montreal.

"If you are in mourning, the hat band  
of your derby should be half the height  
of the hat." One quarter more and  
you will be regarded as ostentatious in  
your grief, like the Frenchman at the  
grave. One quarter less, and they will  
say you did not really love her. "High  
weeds on silk hats are only worn by  
widowers." We prefer "worn only"—  
but, after all, this is a mere detail. A  
high weed is a danger signal—and it  
might appropriately be red.

The Arabians have a beautiful cus-

Mr. G. R. Sims sighs for the days  
when Englishmen were less luxurious  
in habits, simpler in tastes, less hyster-  
ical and neurotic. "There was more  
Roast Beef and Beer about us in those  
days and we smoked pipes and drank  
hot grog. Roast Beef has had a great  
deal to do with the making of the Brit-  
ish, and so had hot grog. Read the  
war articles that our grandfathers  
wrote with a clay pipe between their  
teeth and a glass of hot grog at their  
elbow. Read the war articles that their  
grandsons are writing today on cigar-  
ettes and lemon-squash. There may  
have been too much spirit in the grog—  
there is certainly too much soda in the  
squash."

Among the Bedouin of the deserts  
the term "milk-man" is an insult.

It is said that the late George H.  
Norman took arbitrarily the middle  
initial of his name, and that it stood for  
no given baptismal or adopted name.  
We once knew a young man of Chicago  
who used the letter "X" in the same  
way. At college he was called Xorxes,  
Xenophon, or any other odd thing that  
begins with X—as Xury. He died  
young.

Fig 25. 1900

SPOKE last Sunday of a circular of  
the Handel and Haydn Society and  
complained because a paragraph,  
published originally in the Journal,  
was quoted by the Secretary of the So-  
ciety, and, as I said, was "garbled."  
Friday I had the pleasure of meeting  
Mr. Brabury, the said Secretary, and  
I found him to be, like Baptiste Minola  
in the play, an affable and courteous  
gentleman.  
He took the pains to bring with him





love in piteous tones in-  
voted too sentimental, and  
laugh at him. All but one For







fluence, there is artistic discrimination in all that Mr. Whiting does, and it is a pleasure to find that in his later pieces the workshop and the thought of the man at work are not so much in evidence as in his earlier compositions. Mr. Whiting played the suite delightfully.

Philip Hale.

Lord! would men let me alone;  
What an over-happy one,  
Should I think myself to be!  
Might I, in this desert place  
(Which most men in disgrace disgrace),  
Live but undisturbed and free!  
Here, in this despoiled recess,  
Would I (maugre Winter's cold  
And Summer's worst excess)  
Try to live out, to sixty full years old!  
And all the while  
(Without an envious eye  
On any, thriving under Fortune's smile)  
Contented, live! and then, contented, die!

A New Yorker died the other day in a Swiss village. An admirer wrote of his "true love of sport," his "serene and amiable life," and added: "As a pigeon-shot he held the amateur record for killing 98 out of 100 birds, and his reputation as a wing shot was international."

So pigeon shooting in a match is "true sport," and the slaughterer is an amiable person. No doubt he must be serene to have a steady hand. Such a gallant adventurer, however, as Captain Burton, a man whose daring was the wonder of the world, a man who was by no means squeamish about loss of life and who championed the ancient gladiatorial shows, wrote as follows in his "Book of the Sword": "It is regrettable to see this unmanly and ignoble 'sport' spreading abroad; there was pigeon-shooting at Venice during the Geographical Carnival, alias Congress, of September, 1881. All honor to the English Princes who are discountenancing the butchery at home. Fox-hunting is another thing; the chief good done by it seems to be the circulation of about a million of money per annum." And yet Burton on the next page has this note: "Alexander the Great is said to have crucified a tax-gatherer at Alexandria who killed and ate a famous fighting-cock. Verdict: Served him right." Absence or presence of fair play, as Burton says, should condemn or justify all the various forms of sport which are not mere or pure barbarities.

Boston is still the musical centre. Here "concert-bureaus" demand 20 per cent. of the amount received by a customer. Thus if Miss Portamento makes an engagement through a bureau and gains \$10, she hands over \$2 to the middleman. The concerts, as a rule, are in small towns, and the singer is obliged to deduct railway fares. In New York, Mr. Wolfsohn, a manager of international reputation, asks only 10 per cent. Yes, Boston is the musical centre.

Our faithful friend the New York Times, assures us that in England, and even in this country, there is an effort to introduce black silk pyjamas for mourning. This is indeed intimate grief. And not one dash of relieving hellotrope!

Richard Hovey was well known here. It was in this city that the first book which drew attention to him was published; it was in this city that he was

married. He was a man of striking appearance; his face was a composite of Alphonse Daudet, Sar Peledan and an Assyrian warrior. There was a suggestion of the mage and the necromancer. You would not have been surprised if he had entered the room through a trap or the ceiling. He was genial, loyal, an inspiring conversationalist; one who, without show of pedantry or affectation, opened the treasure house of a richly stored mind. He was an original and a positive thinker. He waxed enthusiastic and his talk became a sonorous chant when he told of his loving admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists, Verlaine, Whitman, Hérédia, Swinburne, Maeterlinck. To him, Defoe, by his "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana," was the first and the greatest of realists. You feel the influence of his idols in his poetry; but you also find there a clear, strong, individual note. He soars on sure wing in his dramas of Lancelot and Guenevere; and in these dramas are passages of Elizabethan fancy and grace of simple Greek intensity; but the man himself is more fully revealed in the "Songs From Vagabondia," and the superb song of the bugles, which was inspired by the American-Spanish War. His death, at an early age, full of promise, when Fortune had begun to smile on him, is a grave loss to American literature. He had known poverty, disappointment, happiness, success, and he had borne himself without complaint or undue elation; his stout heart was prepared for any fortune. Hail and farewell!

It is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence that when lightning strikes a church steeple and fires the church, as at Leicester, Sunday, it chooses a time when the organist is not in active service. It is the instrument that is destroyed. This reminds us of a speech made by Henry Erben, an old organ builder of New York, to us in 1876: "My boy, I never built an organ for a Unitarian church that the church was not struck by lightning. My organs are built to praise the Trinity."

And what do the ancients say about thunder in February?  
For every thunder with rain in February there will be a cold spell in May.  
Thunder in February, poor maple sugar year.  
In February if thou hearest thunder, Thou wilt see a summer's wonder.

Here is a specimen of the verse in "The Messenger Boy," the new musical comedy at the London Gaiety:

Her first was a curate, seraphic but slow,  
The other men called him a softy;  
His views, I believe, were remarkably "low,"  
His aims were remarkably lofty.  
He wanted Miss Mary to wed him and come  
To live in a Bermondsey lane,  
Instructing the sinners that dwelt in the slum—  
Which frightened Miss Mary Maclean.  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
Sent him away with speed;  
She liked the sinners that gave you dinners  
And not the poor sinners you feed.

And here is another that will be appreciated by all sea-farers:  
Oh! ask the advice of the Captain—  
He's such a remarkable man!  
It's awfully nice of the Captain  
To tell you as much as he can.  
If you want to be told why the ocean is cold,  
Or what makes the breezes to blow,  
Just mention the point to the Captain,  
For the Captain's sure to know!

We have spoken before of Mr. William Onions, better known as Mr. "Spring" Onions, the East End poet of London. Bacchus was once his god, and Mr. Onions was renowned as a mighty toss-pot before the magistrate. Of late he leads a better life, drinking daily only several quarts of tea. Mr. Onions, moved by "the present sad state of affairs at the Cape," sent a letter to the Prince of Wales, in which he incidentally said he would die for him, and inclosed an original poem. Nor did Mr. Onions forget to add a chorus, which runs as follows:  
Bah! how sane creatures in a far-off land  
Can be so brutal, so unmannered,  
For the life of me I can't understand;  
They've raised my ire, I'll vent my spleen  
On them, the rogues, to insult my Queen.  
The Prince of Wales, always the gentleman—even when Mrs. Langtry slipped a lump of ice down his back at a social gathering—acknowledged through his secretary the receipt of letter and verses.

Do you know that when I dream of the  
Iron ring hidden under the stone by the  
hand of a maniac, an unconquerable shiver  
stirs my hair?

We have received the following remarkable communication. We suspect that the author is an officer of the Boston Authors' Club—or if not an officer, a staunch supporter of that august society:

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Sir:  
The difficulties of obtaining the great element in the happiness of many American citizens—a drink—in Pittsburgh on Sunday are historic. The inclosed poem addressed to sympathizing friends in Chicago is an attempt to embalm the feelings of a suffering crumpler stranded, sweltering, and choking in the City of Smoke.

When last I did have ye,  
With no mind to deceive ye  
I enounced me intint to St. Louis to go,  
But a wire from me payble  
Finds me under the staples.  
This swelterin' Sunday in Pittsburgh below!  
It's dbyr and it's dthirty.  
From twinty or thirty,  
I've asked for the bank where the "high-  
balls" do grow,  
But the dom'd Presbyterians  
Have made interference  
And ther's niver a snifter in Pittsburgh below!

There's the strhate-cyars to ride in,  
Dom'd little beside, in,  
The way of distraction I'd have ye to  
know  
Save to sit at the windy,  
It's hotter than lady!  
And aware at the papple of Pittsburgh below!

Arrah! Mither Gung-gie  
I'm shure twould indig-ye  
The sad plight of strangers on Sunday to  
know.

Dear! Endow a gin-fountain,  
On the top of a mountain,  
I'd walk ten miles to it from Pittsburgh below!

Wid the church-bells a-chimin',

I'm sittin' here rhymin',  
Me brain like a windmill, me feelin's like  
tow  
Shure 'tis hell out o' season,  
'There's no rhyme nor reason,  
In a foretaste like this, here in Pittsburgh below!

Sind a bottle be wire,  
Me tongue is on fire,  
Shure it's drier than Agypt in Pittsburgh below,  
A hist! I'll sink me char-acter  
And hunt up an act-or  
'Tis the dhivill's own trick I'd not thought  
long ago.

So Prince Poniatowski, President of an electric company in San Francisco, has bought a beautiful isle of the sea, Basilian, southeast of the island of Minandanao, to be beastly and geographically particular. Basilian is the home of the Killilooloo bird, that feeds on diloon berries, which grow on the pamela bush. But you do not expect a Poniatowski to be buying islands or manipulating electric stocks. You like to think of him tall and melancholy, with sad eyes and a drooping moustache, mounted on a foaming steed, waving a sword and shouting, "Poland, alas, my unhappy country!" Or you like to think of him in gorgeous dress, moving with stately grace in the polonaise, or, in high and spurred boots, defacing a waxed floor by an exciting mazurka. There was a Prince Poniatowski—Joseph Michel Xavier Francois Jean were some of his first names—who was a musician and died suddenly in London, just as he had signed a contract to come to this country as conductor in an opera company. He wrote the "Yeoman's Wedding Song". You have surely heard it. There was a time when you could not possibly escape it, unless you had sought refuge in a hermit's cell. It was a thundering song, "Ho, ho, I gallop a-long," and the singer shouted till he was red in the face, and the pianist pounded and the hearers sweated enthusiasm.

"Champagne is procurable in Kimberley, but milk is not."

This reminds us of a queer story about the siege of Hamburg in 1844. The officer that defended insisted on the steady continuance of theatrical and operatic

shows. The prima donna was Josephine Mainvielle-Fodor, a great favorite of the French army. She was passionately fond of milk, and she was accustomed to large quantities of it daily. There came a time when there was not a cow in the city; all had been eaten. The prima donna was in despair; she swore she could not sing. This was real suffering. A sortie was made; brave soldiers made their way to where cows were pastured, and they brought one in triumph home. To keep the animal from the maws of those that cared not for cantilena or colorature, she was hoisted by pulleys to the theatre loft, where she was treated with tender, prayerful consideration, per l'uso de l'estimie e gentilissima cantante—as they say in the North End.

The editor of the "literary supplement" of the Saturday New York Times was hard pushed for copy when he published the 26 different readings of "The weary plowman," etc., that do not destroy the sense. We expect to see a thrilling account of how Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for a ridiculously small sum; and this will be followed by a discussion concerning the true author of "Beautiful Snow".

Sir Henry Littlejohn, at the annual meeting of the Scottish Burial Reform and Cremation Society, said that to him it was "a perfect comfort" to know that he was to be cremated. Nor can cremation ever be justly characterized as cold comfort.

"Bacon enthusiasts cite his 'Promus, or Common-Place Book,' photographic negatives of which have just been given to the Public Library, as a proof that he wrote the works attributed to Shakspeare. The lingual versatility of the man is shown from the fact that some of the lines are in Latin, many in English, and others in French, while here and there are Greek phrases." Lingual versatility, forsooth! Is this the chief quality of a great playwright or mighty poet? Who knows today the poems of Scaliger? Where are the plays of Casaubon? Would lingual versatility enable a man to shape the character of Cleopatra, Iago, Lear, Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch? The "Bacon enthusiast" of Boston is one of the most entertaining features of the Great Wild East Show, which gives, by the way, a continuous performance.

A Parisian correspondent writes: "An almost unique case of nervous disease was investigated at the last sitting of the French Academy of Medicine. The patient is a young Roumanian, whose malady has been observed by Dr. Marinesco of Bucharest. The most curious manifestation of his disease takes the shape of what is known among scientists as 'mirror-writing,' which means that the characters are

written backwards, so that when reflected in a mirror they are to be read in the ordinary way. Dr. Marinesco had observed that the hands of his patient, when unoccupied, were affected with a nervous trembling which ceased to a great extent when they were used for a definite purpose. Wishing to see what effect this symptom of the malady had on the handwriting, Dr. Marinesco asked the patient to write a few lines from dictation; to his astonishment he found that the entire passage had been written backward with absolute accuracy. The experiment was repeated several times with exactly the same result, and it is, in fact, impossible for the patient to write otherwise. When asked to trace a word with his foot on the ground it, too, was found to be written backward. The patient being a Jew, a final experiment was made with Hebrew. This language, as is well known, is always written backward but the patient, reversing, as usual the normal process, can only write it from left to right. Partial cases of mirror writing have been observed before, but none in which the tendency was so irresistible."

If I live to grow old (for I find I go down!)  
Let this be my fate in a country town!  
Let me have a warm house, with a stone at  
the gate;  
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald  
 pate!  
May I govern my Passion with an absolute  
 sway!  
And grow wiser and better, as my strength  
 wears away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Old Chimes called on us yesterday. The cold wind—it was surely the cold wind—had given him a fine polished mahogany complexion and his breath smelled of fireworks. "Did you notice," asked the chieffy old fellow, "did you notice last month that John Deep looked like some sort of a deep-sea fish? The resemblance is remarkable, absolutely startling, sir."

We answered: "Why, only the other day you said you did not go to the theatre; you said you did not care for modern plays, that the theatres were too hot, the air was foul, crowds annoyed you, or you gave some other reason."

"Possibly," said Chimes; "that day perhaps was not my theatre-day. By the way, I was interested by your statement that men in mourning are wearing black silk pyjamas. But why do they stop there? I saw Huxams at the club. You know his wife died about a year ago, and he is still in deep mourning, oppressively deep mourning and yet, sir, mark the inconsistency of the man. He drank a gin-fizz, when he should have ordered a black-strap. What is the old saw we were taught in the law-office? Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."

With courage undaunted may I face my last  
 day;  
And when I am dead, may the better son  
 say,  
In the morning, when sober; in the evening  
 when mellow:  
"He is gone, and has left not behind him his  
 fellow!  
For he governed his Passion with an absolute  
 sway!  
And grew wiser and better as his strength  
 wore away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

We quote from a foot note in "The Tears of the Heliades; or Amber as a Gem," a singular and entertaining entopk by W. Arnold Buffum: "Even the stork, the emblem par excellence of modern refinement, was not employed in Europe until the 17th century, although it had long been in use among the Fijians, and, in fact, belongs to the Second Stone Age, the remote period to which we are also indebted for most of our cereals, for that refreshing beverage, beer." Beer flowing down us from the Second Stone Age should be drunk always in steins.

Shun, as you would the pestilence, the man that stops you in the street and begins: "I heard a new one yesterday Jones dreamed that he died and went to heaven. When he got up to the gate St. Peter looked at him and said—Ten to one, the story is older than J. Miller's book, and unfit for publication. Even now professional story-tellers—tiresome race—infest the streets eager to tell you about St. Peter and Sherlo Holmes—but the point of the story was once a bone of theological contention. The motif is the subject of an essay by Sir Thomas Browne ("Pseudodoxia Epidemica," Book V, Chap. V), a Butler alludes to it in the first canto of "Hudibras."

The fasting of Mr. Milton Rathb is as nothing to the many instances in the books. Thus Guillaume Roulet, a learned anatomist and physician, knew a girl that "to the 10th year her age lived only upon air; she y



married and had children." Ermolao Barbaro was acquainted with a priest at Rome "that lived only by sucking in of air," daughter of the Emperor Clotarius and 1 years. Yes, there are many such instances. We mention only one, that of Francisus Nicholaus, a Switzer, a Swiss, who, after he had five children by his wife, became himself to a solitary life, far from home, "where he died after he had 15 years without any manner

of drink." The Bishop of Constance compelled him to taste food, "though very little, which he found to have extreme pain in each for three days after, the Nicholas told him beforehand of fear." Divers Princes of Germany visited the faster died greatly. "He was of a slender aspect, and emaciated in a manner, so that his image was like a kind of horror into those who looked upon it."

Our correspondent writes as follows:

#### Talk of the Day:

Why England makes war upon the African Republic because it is a republic, but there is another reason. The men who control the South African republics call Englishmen "boers," which means foreigners, and terribly misspelt (they spell it "boers"). How can an Englishman call Dutchmen to call a British Outlander? It is an insult, and must be avenged. The insult is avenged when one remembers that the English used to be more numerous in Johannesburg than Dutchmen. The English have left Johannesburg, and they fight to get back, not as Outlanders, but as permanent residents. Now, why cannot we do as Dawson City is in Canada. According to the latest census it had 10,000 inhabitants, including 786 women and 6 children. Of the adults, 3205 are Americans. Americans started to go to City; they are the majority; they are taxpayers, yet they are forbidden and not allowed to vote, or to control. If Johannesburg be a precedent, why not demand a similar in Dawson City, the majority remain American? Some Canadian are ignorant, and all Americans are fully civilized. So our conquest of Dawson City would promote civilization. A mining camp like Dawson City should be ruled by the people the moment they are the majority. Cecil Rhodes and Joe Chamberlain and Dr. Jameson understand things. When the Boer armies were defeated, the title in the gold mine will be transferred to Englishmen. Perhaps, the Dutch will be defeated Outlanders, and they may be forced to pay the taxes, leaving the Englishmen. Perhaps, however, they will not go that way. South Africa may retain home rule. As the majority is the majority in South Africa, it may say and do things as the war is over. On the whole, before we take Dawson City, let us know this African muddle turns into a Chamberlain will appear when we get there, and what Cecil Rhodes may say. But it is an outrage to let an Anglo-Saxon a foreigner and an alien. All gold mines should be in the hands of the English. What happens, let mankind beware of an Anglo-Saxon an Utlander. Men here seem to forget that Johannesburg was a mere mining camp, and not a city of passage, birds of prey, and few respectable women. The city will be beaten; and then?

There are concerts and other entertainments given by Anglomaniacs in the country for the benefit of the soldier. Why do not all such entertainers wear khaki?

#### Book 2, 1900

There is not without enemies. The beauty of its innumerable feet, inspiring the sympathy of animals, and the powerful stimulant of the brain, should not be surprised to find that it is extremely intense hatred.

Released to learn of the steady growth of the new Music Hall toward the city. This hall, on a commanding corner of Massachusetts Avenue—a site thought of by the person who actually happened to hold the land—many interesting problems. The chief problem, we are told, was to prevent the audience from passing electric cars. The orchestra is a playing or the singing. If these properties of the hall are to be treated, by specialists at the expense of the corporation.

It only took a mug, in his ear some musical drug. An Army of Rubberneckers and the unemployed will have

plenty to do after the Sappho force is over. "All Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish Minister to the United States, has obtained permission to take his harem to Washington." Before this paragraph goes to press, Miss Helen Gould, no doubt, will have protested to the Sultan by cablegram. And yet a cynic might say that the esteemed Ali should remember the proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle.

Was there not once a favorite song with the refrain, "O unfortunate Miss Bailey"?

Miss Frankie Bailey of Weber and Fields exchanged signals from her favored position in the chorus with an elderly gentleman—an old friend of her father—in the front row. Mr. Dave Warfield, a comedian of high moral standing, was shocked, and he exclaimed, when they were off the stage, "What a scandalosity!" for an outraged sense of decorum prevailed over his use of sane English. Miss Bailey, to use the chaste language of a reporter, "commented with much spirit on the elasticity of the comedian's cervical vertebrae." Later Mr. Warfield indulged in repartee: "Why don't you insure your face and have a fire?" And then—then—Miss Bailey gave him a good one with a rawhide. We repeat—unfortunate Miss Bailey; for she was promptly found guilty of "a breach of discipline," and discharged.

Mr. Eastburn, a young man of Iowa, called at Mr. Sutton's to take Miss Alice Sutton to church. Mr. Sutton met him at the door and told him to go away—to church, or to any other place. Whereupon Mr. Eastburn put three bullets into Mr. Sutton's abdomen. There was some excitement, but all reports state that Mr. Eastburn behaved like a gentleman, for he immediately went into the house and consoled Miss Alice.

Ireland has produced marketable tobacco. "Strong, coarse tobacco, containing an abnormal amount of moisture and of nicotine," has been grown in Meath, at a cost of fourpence a pound, and will sell at a shilling and fourpence. Ireland should at last be happy, as was Judge Hoar when shortly before his death he was able to smoke cheap and strong cigars made from tobacco raised in Concord.

Mr. Henderson of the New York Times enjoyed the performance of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera House. We quote from his review: "Owing to the illness of Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mlle. Oltzka was the Erda. A mere statement of this lamentable fact is sufficient. Miss Suzanne Adams sang the voice of the first bird and, judging from the heavy manner in which she did so, one might have thought that the bird was one with wet feathers."

If you wish information on any subject or in any language send a lock of your hair to us, postage prepaid. "Cut the hair a little back from the top of the head. Send the full length of the hair. Don't let any one handle it only long enough to put it in an envelope. Seal it up." Write your full name and age on the envelope. Inclose one dollar for examination. Our specialty is information about the chief events of the 18th century, although we are fairly well acquainted with the manners of the Arabians—that is, as far as the end of the sixth volume of Burton's Arabian Nights. This reminds us that the Arabians have a beautiful custom—

The news of the death of Otto Gumprecht recalls a fine example of the malignant spirit of von Bülow, the pianist, whether he happened to be in a contemplative mood or bellicose—the former mental condition was the more dangerous. Gumprecht was one of the rare music critics that settled things—at least to their own satisfaction—in Berlin during the late fifties, the sixties, and into the seventies. They were conservative—hide-bound is a better term—and when young Bülow came along with his Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner in concert, they opened on him with the verbal lynchings of that day. Bülow took pleasure in alluding to them as "The Cripples of the Press;" for Gumprecht was blind, Wierst was lame, and Engel was a humpback. By the way, there was once a music critic in Vienna who contributed to two newspapers. He had the chief qualification of impartiality: he was stone deaf. Boston is singularly fortunate in its music critics, who are all handsome men; free from any hidden physical infirmity, critics who are able to tell the difference between a symphony by Brahms and a symphony by Gussakoffsky with one hand tied behind them; and this is a severe test.

Dr. C. M. Depew says that he, as Senator, is "absolutely without influence in the matter of getting Government jobs for applicants." This is the fate of a professional humorist; no one is inclined to take him seriously. Monuments are raised, as a rule, to solemn persons.

Twenty years ago today, our old friend Mr. Edmond de Goncourt said—said—what did he say? Confound it; we have mislaid the book.

But 13 years ago yesterday Edmond gave the origin of the French saying, "To lie like a dentist." It was the Surgeon Lannelongue that explained it at a dinner. Two men fought in the street. One bit off the nose of the other, who picked his once useful ornament out of the gutter. In despair the unfortunate went up to the office of a surgeon-dentist who was opposite, a man named Carnajou. The dentist sewed on the nose and it stayed there. Carnajou boasted of his skill; no one at that time believed such an operation possible; hence the proverb; and Carnajou had such a reputation as a liar that a real surgeon who soon afterward made reapplications of flesh did not dare to mention them. Despres, a pupil of Dupuytren, fastened on a piece of finger, and when the patient came to show it after a week, Dupuytren looked at it, pulled it off and said, "It doesn't stick!" The Dictionary of the Academy made a distinction; it quoted (1835) the proverb: "to lie like a puller of teeth."

The Journal has received the following communication:

Boston, Feb. 28.

To the Editor of the Journal: The lines in Tuesday's "Talk of the Day,"

"It is awfully nice of the Captain, To tell you as much as he can." Reminds me of an incident which once occurred to me. I left Cologne in the early morning for London on a warm and dusty day in August, and reached Flushing about noon, when a Dutch steamer was taken for Queenboro. Going on board the ship, tired and dusty, I approached an official in uniform, and gently inquired of him if he could direct me to a place where I could get cleaned up. The individual aforesaid straightened himself up, drew in a long breath, and replied—"Go down below and consult the steward—I am the Captain of the ship!"

And then I observed that I had only one eye, and that was in the middle of my forehead! O silver looking-glasses inlaid in the panels of vestibules, how many services you have rendered me by your reflective power! Since the day when an angora cat gnawed away for an hour on my parietal bump, as a trephine saws through the skull, jumping suddenly on my back because I had boiled her kittens in a tub filled with alcohol, I have not ceased to hurl against myself tormenting darts.

Boston, with its Bacchante record, cannot afford to throw stones at Philadelphia on account of "Sappho." It is too bad that Daudet is dead, for he had a keen sense of humor.

Mr. Gericke must refrain from playing Goldmark's overture "Sappho" in Philadelphia—at least until the storm blows over. It is true that Goldmark's heroine has two p's in her name and lived in geographical not artistic Lesbos; but Philadelphians, who are stern moralists—except in matters of political bribery and corruption—are a little slow in comprehension, and we should not like to see Mr. Gericke beating the devil's tattoo in a dungeon cell for a year. The ancient Sappho was a little dark woman with black hair, and Alcaeus says that she had a beautiful smile. A charming creature, and we should like dearly to meet her in a better world, but just at present it is the part of prudence to feign ignorance about her doings; and also to say in a clear, bell-like voice, "I never read that dreadful book by Daudet."

With faithful photographs, the heated descriptions of reporters, the hysterical protestations of elderly ladies (both male and female), and the presence of the heroine herself, Magistrate Mott is enjoying the advantages of a liberal education. Occasionally his emotion overcomes him, as when he called out to a police sergeant, "Sergeant, don't you let nobody, nobody in that room." But perhaps he was not correctly reported.

Meanwhile we are delighted to see that the society of Greater New York indulges itself in rational and high-bred amusement. Thus the leader of a cotillon placed a chair in the centre of the floor, and "with much polite ceremony," invited a married woman to sit down. The ingenious and polished man, a very Alcibiades, then placed her husband and two other swells before her, and to each man he gave a cigarette. He that finished smoking first won the right to claim her hand. Of course, the husband was slow, and so he held a Japanese umbrella over his wife while she danced with the quickest smoker. 'Twas a pretty sight.

A young woman told us the other day that cremation might be made still more

beautiful. "Each intimate friend of the departed should have a little urn and a portion of the ashes. The urn should be decorative, so that the memory of the dead may be pleasantly preserved. How much better this remembrance than an unjust photograph, a professional triumph of angularity, or the wild attempt of an amateur after originality. You are obliged to apologize frequently for your dead. No, this photograph gives you no idea of her. Louisa's nose and mouth were perhaps a little large, but what photographer could catch her charm of expression—especially when she smiled."

A Congressman has introduced a resolution for the relief of the Baker family brought here from their sunny home by Miss L. C. Jewett. The Congressman thinks that \$3 a month will "purchase the necessities of life." By the way, what has become of the general and widespread interest in the afflicted family?

Ex-Capt. Oberlin M. Carter told a New York reporter that the members of the court-martial were not engineers. "They knew nothing about work in rivers and harbors." H-m-m! Unless we are sadly mistaken, Col. Mansfield, who had charge for some years of the fortification and the harbor improvements of Boston, was a member of the court-martial that condemned Mr. Carter; he is an engineer, and one of distinction.

Our friend the Sporting Editor, describing in terms of warm appreciation the ducks raised by Mr. Wilton Lockwood, that prince of portrait painters, and exhibited at the Sportsman's Show, spoke of them as a "fleet". The ancient noun of multitude in this case was "padelynge". The Sporting Editor has good authority for "fleet," although in England this use is now rare except in dialect. "Fleet—a number of persons, birds or other objects moving or employed in company". Examples given: "1400-50, A fleet of 500 knights"—1649, "A fleet of Scottish people"—1675, "I will convey you safe home with my fleet of lanterns"—1810, "A fleet of wild ducks had alighted"—1884, Cheshire Glossary, Fleet, an assemblage of birds when they come to their feeding ground or roosting quarters"—but Mr. Bradley questions whether this last dialect use may not be a Northern pronunciation of "flight". Of course the origin of the term "padelynge" is evident, and the term is so picturesque that it is a pity to let it go.

In the 17th century they were particular about sporting terminology. Thus the tail of a hart was the tail; but that of a buck, roe, or any other deer was the single; of a boar, the wreath; of a fox, the brush, or holy water sprinkler; of a wolf, the stern, and of a hare or coney, the scat. "A hart belloweth; a buck groaneth; a roe belletth; a hare benteth; a coney tappeth; a fox barketh; a wolf howleth". Perhaps the most curious ancient nouns of multitude were "an exaltation of larks," "a murmuration of starlings," "a shrewdness of apes," "a labor of moles".

Gilbert White in his "Natural History of Selborne" speaks of "teams of ducks".

Dr. Charleuil, physician to the Paris Opéra, tells of a strange discovery made by a friend who is a singer and also a bee-master—or an apiarist, if you are foolish enough to prefer that word. This singer was attacked with a persistent hoarseness, so that he was obliged to stop singing. He noticed that every time he was stung his voice was freer and clearer, and he finally claimed the discovery of a new remedy against impaired vocal-chords. Let every singer be his own bee-master or her own bee-mistress, and the singer will always be in condition. A large hive in the dressing room of the prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House would save Mr. Grau trouble and expense.

How unsatisfactory are these reports of tragedies in humble and daily life! Miss Maud Wilcox, "an attractive young woman," prepared buckwheat cakes for her husband at 6 A. M.—an unsightly hour. "When she put them upon his plate he flew at her like a tiger, and grasping her by the shoulders, shook her violently. He then threw the cakes into the sink." Then we read of a free fight, in which the mother-in-law participated gayly, and of a suit for separation. This is all very well—but did the cakes break the sink?

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Program of Reasonable Interest—Revival of Old Ballet Music—

Tschaikowsky's "Hamlet."

The program of the 17th Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor was as follows: Overture "Leonore," No. 1.....Beeth



From "Iphigenia in Aulis".....	Gluck-Glück
I. Air.....	
II. Dance of Slaves.....	
III. Tambourin.....	
IV. Gavotte.....	
From "Iphigenia in Aulis".....	
V. Chorus.....	
Overture "Hamlet".....	Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D minor.....	Schumann

Tschaikowsky's "Hamlet" was played for the first time at a Philharmonic concert in St. Petersburg, Nov. 21, 1883. The composer led it, and his symphony No. 5, which was also performed for the first time. I have read somewhere that these two works were played a short time before this at a concert of the Russian Music Society, but I do not find them on the programs of that society in 1888. The overture was played at Brooklyn, Feb. 14, 1891; Chicago, March 26, 1891; New York, April 11, 1891, and in Boston, March 5, 1892. As a whole, this fantasy-overture is not as effective inherently or superficially as either the "Romeo and Juliet" or the "Francesca da Rimini." The introduction, which announces the appearance of the Ghost is strong and suggestive; the second theme—the Ophelia theme, if you please—is of melancholy beauty, and there is the thought of the crazed maiden singing her simple tunes; but there is no long continued sweep of imagination, nor are the contrasting moods firmly established. Even the music accompanying the appearance of the Ghost did not make as striking an impression as when it was first played here; at least such is my recollection; for when the horns first sounded the dead of night, the crash that followed, as though all nature was dismayed at the sight of the awful apparition that walked in majesty the platform at Elsinore, was the one passage of the overture that remained in the memory. But we were not so accustomed to Tschaikowsky in 1892. After all, what music written to this tragedy is in any way worthy of the subject? Surely not Mr. Henschel's dismal suite. I do not think Mr. MacDowell's symphonic poem is among his most characteristic works. Gade's overture is amiably melancholy. Once in Paris I heard Berlioz's funeral march in Hamlet, with a cannon "to be fired without," but how many remember that the Prince of Denmark was a soldier, one praised by Fortinbras? Tschaikowsky in "Hamlet" does not illuminate the tragedy as he illuminates the story of the lovers of Verona or a musician and you try to put "Hamlet" into music, what moods are there for you to portray? The feeling of the supernatural, the irresolution of the hero; the fleeting presence of the fair Ophelia. Tschaikowsky was only moderately successful in the first and third, and he failed in the second. But to put Hamlet himself into music is no easy task. Furthermore, the finale is too laconic in expression of grief; it is as though the lamentation were abruptly checked; there is the thought of a dash, rather than a period.

The other pieces on the program do not call for extended comment. The first overture to "Leonore" is interesting chiefly because it is so different from the third, yet there are passages in it that only Beethoven could have written, passages that are of elemental simplicity, tenderness and depth of thought.

I do not care to hear the ballet music of Gluck in the concert hall. His music of this nature demands the stage setting and action. They that have seen the "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Alceste" and the other "Iphigenia" in German cities know how empowering is the general effect of a carefully prepared, sympathetic performance. Even the first lively ballet music contributes to this effect. Mr. Apthorp remarks truly that the gavotte is not in the customary gavotte rhythm, but the movement is nevertheless a gavotte. Gluck and writers of piano music in the 18th century were not always unctious in these matters. The passacaglia, for instance, is characteristic in 3-4, but Gluck has a passacaglia in "Alceste" that is in 2-4, and this is not a solitary exception.

Weigartner regards the D minor symphony of Schumann as inferior to the first and the second of the same composer. I fail to see why. It is true that Schumann's symphonies might as well have been written for a piano and four hands as for an orchestra as he understood it; but surely this symphony of peculiarly romantic flavor does not fall behind its companions, and the rhythmic treatment of the trio in the scherzo adds wondrously to the gentle regret and vague longing of the musical thought.

Philip Hale.

availability as themes, novel and characteristic, for the American composer. It was felt that this availability would be greater if the story, or the ceremony which gave rise to the song, could be known, so that, in developing the theme, all the movements might be consonant with the circumstances that had inspired the motive. In response to the expressed desire of many musicians, I have here given a number of songs in their matrix of story."

Miss Fletcher says that the melodies are reproduced "exactly as sung by the Indians." I do not question for a moment Miss Fletcher's sincerity and honesty; but I confess that I am a doubting Thomas as to the possibility of an exact reproduction of Indian music, even with the help of a phonograph, and I see little advantage or profit to the American or the Italian or the Russian musician in the study of these melodies. Mr. MacDowell has written an Indian suite; but the strength and the beauty of this music do not depend in the slightest degree on the Indian themes; indeed, the work would be still nobler if Mr. MacDowell had imagined his Indian themes. Mr. Ruben Goldmark, the composer of a "Hiawatha" overture, which was played here lately at a Symphony concert, studied Indian music in the Southwest, and he told me that it would be impossible to put down in our notation the tunes as they were sung, or intoned, or howled by the Indians of those regions; and he, with every temptation to use this so-called "local color," wisely wrote as though he had never seen or heard an Indian.

Miss Fletcher's book is a pleasant contribution to folk-lore. She tells tales and legends of a race that has suffered severely from the greed and injustice of white and professing Christians, and some of these tales are peculiarly pathetic. The majority of the tunes—if tunes they may be called—are harmonized by the late Prof. J. C. Fillmore. Toward the end of the book Miss Fletcher admits that "certain peculiarities in the Indian's mode of singing make it difficult for one of our race to intelligently hear their songs or to truthfully transcribe them." For this confession I can readily forgive her the use of the split infinitive; but why does she speak of the "rendition of his songs upon the piano" (page 119)?

Not long ago a paper by Mr. A. T. Cringan of Toronto, "Traditional Songs of the Iroquois Indians," was read by Mr. Curwen at the Imperial Institute, London. Mr. Maitland was Chairman. I quote from the London Times:

"The Chairman said: The questions to be asked in reference to American Indian music were, first, whether there was any unmistakable primitive character in the tunes, whether definite notes and monophony of rhythm were prominent features; secondly, whether there were peculiarities in the formation of the scales, such as would suggest the influence of ecclesiastical modes; and, thirdly, whether French influence was to be detected in a large number of tunes. Any genuine specimens of Indian music must be very precious. Mr. Curwen said that the songs of the Indians were only traditional; they had no musical notation. The music of the Iroquois who had embraced Christianity had been influenced by the hymns of the missionaries; hence Mr. Cringan had preferred to go for his inquiries to the pagan Iroquois, as the pure and primitive source of native melody. The Iroquois, which had been undertaken at the request of the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, had been difficult, owing to the way in which the singers would slide from note to note, their perplexing tonality, and the whoop and grunt with which their songs are closed. The pentatonic scale was largely, but not exclusively used. The Iroquois had, and several kinds of rattles. Mr. Cringan wrote down the first set of melodies by listening to them as they had been sung by a noted master of ceremonies; but on his second visit to the Indian reservation he took a graphophone with him, and made the Indian sing into it. The wax records were put on to the instrument at the close of the lecture. A number of the Indian melodies were also sung by Mr. Semer Betts. The Chairman, in moving a

vote of thanks to Mr. Curwen, said that, after hearing the tunes, it was clear that the primitive elements were not very prominent. There was not the distinct beating of rhythm which would have been expected. On the other hand, ecclesiastical modes were strongly represented; and in one of the songs he clearly found French influence."

Mr. de Ménil of La Vie Théâtrale (Paris) asked Gustave Charpentier why he called his new opera "Louise" a "musical novel." (The story of "Louise" was told in the Journal last Sunday.)

"Because," said the composer, "in a novel there are two distinct elements—the drama and the description; and in my 'Louise' I wished to treat both these elements. I have a descriptive part composed of the decorations, the scenic 'milieu' and the musical atmosphere in which my characters are thrown. Then I have a purely dramatic part, devoted entirely to the ac-

tion; so the opera is a true musical romance."

Mr. de Ménil asked: "Is 'Louise' a naturalistic work, or a realistic, or an idealistic?"

To which Charpentier replied: "I have a horror of words in 'istic.' I am not a man of theories. I wrote 'Louise' instinctively, as I do all that I write. I leave to others, to my dear critics, the task of bringing out the formulas, the tendencies of the work. I wished simply to do in the opera-house what I have already done in concert: to give the lyrical impression of sensations which I have felt in our beautiful and enchanted daily life. I had a right to do this: the street intoxicates me! The chief point of the drama is the struggle in the heart of Louise between two sentiments: affection, that chains her to her family, her father, the fear of leaving suffering behind her, and on the other side the irresistible longing for liberty, pleasure, happiness, love—the cry of her being that demands to live its own chosen life. Passion will conquer, because it is served by a prodigious and mysterious aid, one that has little by little breathed its dream into the young girl—Paris, the voluptuous city, the great city of light, pleasure and joy, which calls her imperiously toward an enchanted future."

Schalk, who was here as conductor in the spring of 1899, began his career at Vienna Feb. 9, with "Lohengrin." A new choral work, "Der Nornen Wiegengesang," by Fr. Gernsheim, was performed with success under his direction by the Stern Society, Berlin, Feb. 5. A new tenor, Audino, met with little success as Radamès at Naples.—Johann Strauss, Jr., son of Edward Strauss, is forming an orchestra to make a trip with it through Germany in the summer.—Antonio Mazzone, writer of operas, cantatas and unaccompanied choruses, died at Ferrara, at the age of 50.—Franz Blazek, the teacher of Dvorák and Bendt died Jan. 26, at the age of 81.—Berlioz's "Requiem" was performed at St. Eustache, Paris, Feb. 15. There were four supplementary brass bands. In the Dies Irae two were placed on each side of the great organ, and two in side chapels.—There is a report that Delna, discontented, will go back from the Opéra, Paris, to the Opéra Comique.—The national anthem of the Boers was written—words and music—in 1875, by Miss Catherine Félicie Van Rees, who was born at Zupphen, Holland, in 1831.

A requiem mass for three voices and chorus by Giuseppe Cecche-rini was performed at Florence, with success, although the music, they say, does not always follow the severe traditions.—What is a "lyrico-gymnastique" opera? Is it for acrobatic comedians, like Mr. Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper et al.? "La Coppa d'oro," words and music by Saffredini, is thus described; it was performed at the hall of an athletic society in Milan, Jan. 27.—The Kaim orchestra at Munich will perform these modern works: Olaf's "Nuptial Hymn"; A. Ritter's "Symphonic Waltz"; symphonies by Klose and Haussegger, Bischoff's "Benediction of the Storm"; Strauss's "Fantasia appassionata"; "Rhodope," a new opera in Vienna, music by Hugo Felix, is founded on Emile Augier's comedy "La Ciguë."—A piano quintet by Jan Blockx pleased in Paris. It is one of his early works.—A new tragic opera "Renard d'Arles" will be produced at Monte-Carlo, late in March. The music is by Noël Desjoeux.—A statue will be raised to César Franck in the Square Sainte Clotilde, Paris.—Miss Lydia Eustis sang songs by Fauré at a concert given by Lin Bussells, Feb. 6.—Puccini's "La Bohème" was eminently successful at Antwerp and Ghent.—At Ghent works exclusively by Belgian composers were performed early last month: Male choruses by Paul Lebrun, piano trio in D minor by Alb. Morel de Westgaver; "Scènes hindoues" for orchestra by Erasme Raway, prelude to "Alvar" by Paul Gilson, symphony in B flat by J. Ryelandt, "Efflorescence" by de Westgaver, symphonic tale "Sheherazade" by Vandermeulen, songs by Karel Mestdagh, Mathieu, Blockx.—Pauline Luca, who is surely 37 years old, proposes to take to herself a third husband, a singing teacher, Mr. Forsten, who leaves his home in Sweden to get a divorce from his wife.—Emilio Pizzi, who once sojourned in Boston, wrote the music for a new ballet "Vanitas et Amor" which failed lately at the Dal Verme, Milan.—The Emperor William has decided that the monument to Wagner in Berlin shall be placed in the Thiergarten and that it must not be larger than those already consecrated to Schiller and Lessing.—Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona" (1733) and Favart's "La Chércheuse d'esprit" (1741) were revived at the first of the "matinées de répertoire," at the Opéra Comique, Paris, Feb. 22.—At Melba's first concert in Berlin she sang "Sweet Bird," "Ah! fors è lui" and an

aria from Mozart's "Hercules" to which last Joachim played the violin obbligato.—May Corlette, a contralto in the choir of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of San Francisco, has been engaged by the Bostonians.

There will be a grand concert in Music Hall this evening. There will be an orchestra of 60 with Mr. Max Zach, conductor, and Mr. Otto Roth, concert-master. Mr. Giuseppe Campanari, the distinguished baritone, will sing with orchestra for the first time "Gloria a Te," by Buzzi-Pecchi, who is now a teacher in Chicago, also the prologue to "Tagliacci." Mr. Alfred de Voto will play piano pieces by Grieg and Moszkowski. The orchestral program will include the overture to "Mignon," a minuetto by Bulzoni, ballet music from "Coppelia," Strauss's "Kaiser" waltz, Liszt's Polonaise, Gounod's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (violin solo, Mr. Roth).

Mr. Ernest Sharpe of London, an American basso-profundo, will sing for the first time in Boston Monday night (8.15) at Steinhart Hall. He will sing "Honor and Arms," Italian melody by Rosa, Scarletti, Carissimi; old English melodies, "Love Will Find Out a Way," "A Soldier Should Be Jolly," "The Golden Vanity," Löhr's "Trinking Song," songs by Brahms, Schubert, Berger, Koss, and songs by T. P. Ryder, H. W. Parker, Hawley.

Miss Frieda Siemens (formerly known as Frieda Simonson) has arranged an interesting program for her piano recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday afternoon. It contains pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Moszkowski, Chopin, Wagner, Brassin and Poldini.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday night will include: Gollmark's overture "Sappho"; Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (Mr. T. Adamowski); Moorish Dances, J. K. Paine (first time); Beethoven's 7th symphony.

Mr. John Franklin Botume, assisted by Mr. Leon Van Vliet, cellist, and others, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall, Monday evening.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall Monday night, March 12, will include Grieg's quartet in G minor; Fauré's sonata in A major for piano and violin; Brahms's quintet in F, op. 86. Mrs. Szumowska and Mr. Zach will assist.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli's Roman Festival Mass and his offertory "Terra Tremata" will be sung under his direction in Tremont Temple, March 23. The solo singers will be Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Weltman, Thos. E. Johnson, T. E. Clifford. The sale of tickets will begin at Tremont Temple March 14.

Mr. Clayton Johns will give a concert, with Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Josef Adamowski, in Steinert Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 17, at 8 o'clock. Songs by Schumann, Brancan, Tschaikowski and Johns will be in the program.

Mr. Max and Miss Julia Heinrich will give song recitals in Steinert Hall the evening of April 2 and the afternoons of April 3, 5.

De Pachmann and Marteau will give chamber concerts in Music Hall Thursday afternoon, March 22, and Saturday afternoon, March 24.

Mr. Emil Mahr's students will give violin recital in Miller Hall, Tuesday, March 13.

The Musical Art Society of New York (60 singers), Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor, will give a concert in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, March 27. An orchestra of Symphony players will assist.

Miss Alberta V. Munroe, assisted by Mr. Carl Faellen, will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening.

There are at present two vacant scholarships in the violin department at the New England Conservatory. Music, which may be obtained by talented students of limited means who advancement and musicianship justify their receiving this assistance. Application should be made without delay at the Conservatory, on East Newbury Street, between the hours of 12 and 4. Applicants should bring their own violins and come prepared to demonstrate their knowledge.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, inspired by the last visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, protested again a nuisance well known to us in this city. He wrote as follows in the New York Times of last Sunday:

One of the features of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts in this town must be flatly proclaimed a nuisance. That feature is the program book. No doubt there is a certain amount of demand for these books, and persons might miss their aid in detecting some traits of the music, but those who sit in the concert room to try to follow the performance of a symphony and read the analysis of it, the book at the same time are trying to do what has never been done, a never will be. No one can carry on it

"INDIAN STORY AND SONG FROM NORTH AMERICA." By Alice C. Fletcher. 126 pp. with harmonized Indian melodies. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Miss Fletcher, who is holder of the Thaw Fellowship, Peabody Museum, Harvard University, has for some time been interested in Indian folk-lore and Indian music. In her preface she says: "At the Congress of Musicians, held in connection with the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha in July, 1898, several essays upon the songs of the North American Indians were read, in illustration of which a number of Omaha Indians, for the first time, sang their native melodies to an audience largely composed of trained musicians. This unique presentation not only demonstrated the scientific value of these aboriginal songs in the study of the development of music, but suggested their

availability as themes, novel and characteristic, for the American composer.



operations at the same time, that is what these persons are to do. It is not an answer to the assertion to say that people can do an opera with the aid of a list. In the first place it may well be doubted that people ever do succeed in following the performance of an opera with the aid of a libretto. In the second place the music drifts into their ears while they are reading the words, and the music is set to those words and intended to intensify their emotional

ing. It is not the case at all with a symphony. The words of the program are not at all connected with a symphony any more than a railway is accout of the stations and any along any line are connected with the scenery itself. You can't look at the scenery and read the guide book at the same time. You must do one of the operations before the other. In the case of music it would be best to read the program book before listening to the performance, and therefore it would be a good idea to send copies of the program book to each subscriber a few days before the concert. But the presence of a book in the concert room is of no value to any one, and it is a great

times, for example, finds him constantly annoyed by the rat of the paper as the readers of programs turn them over during the playing of the music. Hatchet-ed ladies, who look as if they never felt a deeper emotion than discomfort caused by a cold in the head, while the orchestra is playing by turning over the leaves of the program and reading the advertisement. When the soloist appears they listen. Then they go away and

of those who bask in the softness and light of culture. The music, rattle, rattle! It is one ceaseless wish of paper at these concerts, for what? A few clear, concise, well-directed notes, which might be of as much value as Mr. P's excellently written analysis of the music. And certainly they do something toward depriving the listener of any excuse for their interruption of the enjoyment of who go to hear the playing of the orchestra in the United States. These program books contain pages of valuable advertising! Ah, the rub. Yet it is not at all that the managers of the concert get large profits from this advertising. The program book ought to be of some use, or there should be some of inducing those who go to the concert just for the sake of the program to let their looks rest while the orchestra is playing.

Pittsburg orchestra gave a second concert in New York Feb. 26, when Mr. Herbert's new suite was performed. The New York Times spoke of it as follows: "Mr. Herbert's suite of four movements, entitled respectively 'Visions,' 'Aubade,' 'Triumph of Love,' and 'Fête Nuptiale.' These titles give a fair indication of the moods of the composer has endeavored to embody in his music. There is no attempt at elaborate form, and the composer has made no efforts at ingenuity in working out. His four movements are simply rhapsodical color and they are light in both the matter and general style. The composer's labors of the composer in the light opera have shown him the way to popular approval, and he has not been slow to tread it. The new movement, a compound of Wagner and Tschalkowsky in style, is the

Times was not exceedingly kind to Mr. Ludwig Breitner, who gave a concert the same day at the Waldorf.

entertainment was under such auspicious and plentiful feminine patronage that it assumed the character of a social function, which is a something and not to be lightly despised by the hand of criticism. Yet it is to be said that some comment can be made for the sake of pretending that there was an event in the world.

The program consisted of Mr. Breitner's Prelude for a Drama, written for orchestra; the Schubert-Liszt 'Arabesque' fantasia, César Franck's 'Symphonies' for piano and orchestra; an orchestral elegy by Brahms, and Saint-Saëns' 'Rhapsodie d'Auvergne.' The most serious of this list was the 'Wanderer' symphony. This is a composition which is of some pretty deep emotional content, but Mr. Breitner's performance of it would not have brought a blush of shame to the cheek of a child. It was a most respectable, polite performance, eminently suited to the gilded salon in which it was given, and to the elevated social position which listened to it. The composer was rewarded with a liberal amount of pattering of kid gloves. The program of Saint-Saëns had been here previously by Raoul Pugno, and they seemed hardly worth the effort of a repetition. They seemed to be tickling the piano with them.

Two original compositions which were introduced to his hearers of the kind that are made in rolls of goods, and cut off in suitable lengths to meet the demand of the purveyor. There seems to be no sufficient reason why compositions of this kind should ever end; and there is certainly no reason why they should ever begin. In the Francisco paper of Feb. 16, the 'The third symphony concert of the season, given at the Grand Opera yesterday afternoon, elicited an enthusiasm than the others, the orchestra showing themselves especially

generous in applauding Mr. Henry Holmes' new symphony, 'Fraternity.' This composition is put to a cruel test, standing side by side with the work of the great masters. However, it is bright and spirited in style, and makes up in fluency and vivacity what it lacks in depth and individuality. The three allegro movements have a similarity that is almost monotonous. A phrase from 'The Marseillaise' introduced at one point promises to give the symphony some of the color of Dvorak's 'New World' symphony, which is woven chiefly from the negro melodies of the South. But Mr. Holmes no sooner takes up this strong idea, borrowed from the 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' of the French Revolution, than he drops it again and wanders off into platitudes. He was rather grotesquely rewarded for his efforts by a bunch of California poppies, which seemed to please him immensely. This Mr. Holmes is a Londoner, who, born in 1839, now leads an orchestra in San Francisco. As a violinist, he made a tour of Europe in '55-'56; and he lived in turn in Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm. He had written four symphonies before he went to San Francisco. The first was played at Covent Garden in 1872. Alfred Holmes,

violinist and composer, who wrote symphonies and overtures, and died at Paris in 1876, was his brother.

Pierre Cornubert, the tenor who made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House Feb. 24 in 'L'Africaine,' came straight from Havana. He was 'formerly of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.' I find the record of his appearance there Jan. 18, 1894, as Werther in Massenet's opera. The Times spoke thus of his debut at the Metropolitan: 'Mr. Cornubert proved to be a young man with some important things in his favor. Perhaps the first of these things is his youth, for in that he has a possession which will give him ample room for needed improvement. So far as could be judged from yesterday's performance, most of his faults were those of inexperience and want of training in a good school. The associations of the Metropolitan Opera House will be of benefit to him. He has a true tenor voice of ample range and power and he sings in tune. The quality of his voice is somewhat white, but that is largely the result of bad vocal habits acquired in a school which forces voices to the front. He sings his lower tones badly, and he has but little command of pure cantilena. But his upper tones are strong and of admirable timbre, and with them he was able to achieve some good effects in the favorable passages of his part. He has enthusiasm, but he needs to learn the art of repression. Furthermore, he will have to rid himself of the habit of singing everything over the footlights at the audience before he will find complete acceptance in this town. After tearing the music of the first act to tatters, possibly through nervousness, he had better control of himself, and he sang the 'Paridiso' air fairly well. Of the refinements of vocal art he showed but scant knowledge, but he has time to learn much.'

Arnold Mendelssohn, whose opera, 'Der Bärenhäuter,' was produced in Berlin last month, is the son of a nephew of Felix Mendelssohn, and was born Dec. 26, 1855, at Ratibor. A lawyer by profession, he turned musician, at first for the church. He has been director of music of the university at Bonn, later at Bielefeld, and he is now teacher and church music director at Darmstadt. He has written choral works 'Die Frühlingsfeier' (Darmstadt), 'Der Hagestolz,' and an opera, 'Elfi, die seltsame Magd.'

Philip Hale.

My reasonings sometimes strike against the bells of folly and the serious appearance of that which is upon the whole only grotesque (although according to certain philosophers it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the buffoon and the victim of melancholia, for life itself is a comic drama or a dramatic comedy); however, each one is allowed to kill flies and even rhinoceroses, so as to rest from time to time from too severe labor. The quickest way, although not the best way, of killing flies is to pinch them between the thumb and the first finger. The majority of writers who have discussed this subject have calculated with an undeniable show of reason that it is preferable in many cases to cut off their heads.

Miss Frieda Siemens, who will play the piano here this week, was in Boston May 5, 1895, as a child-wonder with Gilmore's Band. She played a duet with Mr. Victor Herbert, cellist, conductor, composer and perpetrator of the music to 'The Amerer.' She was then known as Frieda Simonson, 'the little princess of the piano,' 'the child pianist,' 'juvenile prodigy,' etc., etc. The fact that she now prefers to be known as Siemens is annoying to certain New York critics who are nothing if not conservative. Witness their touching devotion to Lilli Lehmann, Jean de Reszke and other elderly ladies and gentlemen of song. Thus Mr. Mendelssohn indulged himself in this searching criticism when Miss Frieda played the other day in New York; 'Miss Siemens was known here some years ago as a juvenile prodigy, but she was then called Simonson. She went to Europe to study, and in some mys-

terious way lost the last syllable of her name and gained an e which she did not before possess. None of these events are directly related to her piano playing, but in these days, when the personality of artists is the subject of so much worship, it is not safe to let any item escape.'

We do not see why a woman or a man should not be allowed to change the last name without disagreeable comment, or the rude ordeal of marriage. The hideous monotony of a name often drives men to the crime of hyphenation, as in the case of Smith who is suddenly known as Mr. Fortescue-Smith—then there is Mrs. Fortescue-Smith, and in due and appointed time the little Fortescue-Smiths appear. Old Chimes met this particular Mrs. Smith last week. The awkward introducer merely mumbled, 'Mrs. Smith I should like um-um-um-gobbly-gobbly Chimes?' Old Chimes bowed with his own inimitable and stately grace. The hostess, mortified and pavid, exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Chimes, this is Mrs. Fortescue-Smith,' whereupon Chimes bowed twice. As he afterward explained to the hostess, 'I bowed once for the Fortescue and once for the Smith. Has she a hyphen? Yes?' And Old Chimes bowed a third time. Now Miss Siemens played in Germany in 1893 as Miss Simonson, for her name is thus recorded in the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of that year. And she probably played no better or no worse on that account. We observe with surprise, however, that she is advertised as 'Mlle.', although she was born in Hanover in 1884. 'Miss' is good enough for Boston, where English, barring a slight catarrhal accent, is spoken with remarkable purity.

We heard a patient complaining that a certain massage-woman was too gentle, too considerate. 'She does not hurt me; she does not make me yell.' Her criticism was well founded. The true word for 'massage' is 'shampooing.' Thus we find Hajji Baba, saying at the beginning of his account of surprising adventures: 'By the time I was 16 it would be difficult to say whether I was most accomplished as a barber or a scholar. Besides shaving the head, cleaning the ears, and trimming the beard, I became famous for my skill in the offices of the bath. No one understood better than I the different modes of rubbing or shampooing, as practised in India, Cashmere and Turkey; and I had an art peculiar to myself of making the joints to crack, and my slaps echo.'

The practice is an old one. Edward Terry alluded to it as early as 1616: 'Taking thus their ease, they often call their Barbers, who tenderly gripe and smite their arms and others parts of their bodies instead of exercise to stir the blood. It is a pleasing wantonness, and much valued in these hot climates.' Shampooing is best understood in Persia. An old woman, who, by 'scientifically drumming with her fists on his limbs,' put the predecessor of the present Shah to sleep, received a large annual salary. Dr. C. J. Wills speaks of massage as 'a feeble imitation of shampooing, or quasi-scientific principles.'

When the second Kalandar awoke in the underground palace-prison contrived by the Ifrit, Jirjis bin Rajmus, for his abducted mistress, the daughter of the King of the Ebony Islands, he found that delicious creature 'rubbing and shampooing' his feet, so he thanked her and blessed her. This massage, a term which is derived from the Arabic, was noticed by de la Brocquière in 1452. It was reserved for Western people to make the term one of reproach.

Only 'a limited number of students' at Harvard are asked to keep a daily journal, recording in as much detail as possible 'all the elements of life.' This is perhaps prudent, and yet to the Earnest Student of Sociology in the year 2000 journals kept now by all the students might furnish more valuable and entertaining documents. Few students have the courage of Casanova, or even Cellini.

One by one, all the great questions are settled. Thus we read the other day that 'the Pythoness of Delphi was, of course, a hysterical girl who was thrown into convulsions by carbonic acid gas.'

A surgeon in the French army has just discovered that stamp collectors may be the means of disseminating tuberculosis by means of the stamps. A man in his employ was a great stamp collector, and occupied his spare time in fixing the stamps in albums or on sheets of gummed paper for sale, moistening the stamps for the purpose with his tongue. Three hundred of the stamps were placed in sterilized water, and with some of the water eight guinea pigs were inoculated. Each died with characteristic tuberculous lesions. Children, says the journal, should be warned against placing any stamps near their mouth in order to

moisten them, and foreign stamps should be disinfected in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid before adding them to collections.—The Medical Press and Circular.

Take notice that in all these experiments the guinea pig is always it. Would it not be fair and reasonable to give this interesting animal a vacation for, say, a year?

Of course the New York critics did not care for Ternina's Isolde. Their idea of Isolde is something massive and concrete and very noisy.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll is lecturing on 'Our Wild Neighbors'. We understand that he prepared his lecture in an apartment house.

#### MR. CAMPANARI A SOLOIST.

The concert given in Music Hall last night in aid of St. Mary's Charitable Association deserved a much larger audience than was present. The soloists were Mr. Campanari and Mr. De Voto. There was a full orchestra, conducted by Mr. Max Zach.

Mr. Campanari had a sore throat, nevertheless he sang 'Gloria a Te,' a new song by Buzzi-Pecchi, and the familiar 'Toreador,' artistically and enthusiastically. The Buzzi-Pecchi song is especially adapted to his flexible and sonorous voice. But for the arrangement that he was suffering, the audience would probably have demanded more of him. Mr. De Voto played pieces by Grieg and Moskowski, displaying commendable sympathy with the compositions and a well polished technique. To great applause he responded with a simple encore.

The orchestra performed the overture to 'Mignon,' a minute by Bulzoni, the ballet music from Delibes, 'Coppelia,' Gounod's 'Hymn to St. Cecilia,' Strauss' 'Kaiser' waltz and a polka by Liszt. Mr. Otto Roth played the solo part in the Gounod number.

March 6, 1900  
**ERNEST SHARPE.**

#### The Canadian Bass Made His First Appearance in Boston Last Evening in Steinert Hall—A Concert That Fell Below Expectation.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe gave his 'first Boston recital' last evening in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Alfred P. De Voto, pianist. There was a small and apathetic audience.

Some advance notices spoke of Mr. Sharpe as the American bass who had refused to sing at Bayreuth, although the widow Cosima had tearfully entreated him. Other advance notices referred to him as the English bass who had sung with unparalleled success in Berlin. As a matter of fact, I believe Mr. Sharpe is the son of an English army officer and he was born in a Canadian town.

These advance notices did Mr. Sharpe a serious injury; for they were of such a flattering nature that lively expectation was aroused in the breasts of some who are still inclined to put their trust in foreign critics and the words of the passionate press agent. But some who know how easily a London audience is pleased and how easy it is to obtain laudatory press notices in Berlin, remembered the sad fate of Petschnikoff and Leonora Jackson when they fiddled in this city and in New York, and said to themselves: 'Come now, let us hear Mr. Sharpe and judge for ourselves.'

Mr. Sharpe is a manly, honest looking singer, without pretence or affectation on the stage, and I do not hold him responsible for the absurd puffery of his manager, or press agent. If you wish to know exactly what I mean by 'absurd puffery,' look at the advertisement of Mr. Sharpe's concert in the last Symphony program-book.

The singer must be judged by the standard that is set for him by himself or his manager. Judged by the standard set in this instance, Mr. Sharpe fell sadly below it. He has a true bass voice, the lower tones of which are full and sonorous; but the voice as a whole is not remarkable in any way, and it is without sensuous charm; it is dry. Mr. Sharpe has evidently studied his art, but the tones are not yet far enough forward; they are still inclined to bury themselves in the throat. His intonation and enunciation are praiseworthy. He is not an interesting singer. He did not last night individualize his songs, so that they stood out in bold relief. He tried to do this, but the effort was apparent. There was no strongly-defined musical or dramatic personality behind the song. There was no display of genuine temperament. There was no real authority in what he did. You saw a wholesome, sturdy man singing, and you realized that he was doing his best in three languages, and if it had not been for those unfortunate advance notices, you might have heard him for half an hour or so with no emotion deeper than that of amiable good-will toward an earnest Englishman or

Canadian who had shown you the results of careful coaching, but who had not yet mastered the art of tonal production and was still the victim of constitutional reserve.

Mr. Sharpe's program included Handel's 'Honor and Arms,' airs by Rossini, Scarlatti, Carissimi, old English melodies, German songs by Brahms, Schubert, Berger, von Koss, and



"American songs"—one by T. P. Ryder, which Mr. Sharpe exhorted and treated with reverential care; one by H. W. Parker, and one by C. B. Hawley. The concert ended with a setting by Hermann Löhr of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar," a ditty that is appreciated only by chronic and ill-mannered sufferers from Kiplingitis. Mr. Sharpe was heard to his best advantage in the little Cradle Song of Schubert, which he sang simply and without sentimentalism. Löhr's "Drinking Song," of which the program annotator said, "Its (the text's) quaint humor has been delightfully expressed by the composer," reminded one of the elephant's attempt to make mirth in Milton's "Paradise." Berger's "Die Fel" and von Koss's "Der König von Babylon," are pretentious, labored songs, in which the spirit of the text is not reproduced. There is a mighty straining; there is prodigious effort, but all is as naught. Von Koss's "Verlust," although the first phrase is reminiscent, creates at once a mood and illuminates the poem.

#### Philo Hale.

"I advise you to doubt everything except that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; that triangles which have the same base and same altitude are equal, or other like propositions, as for instance, that two and two make four."

"Yes," answered the man with the forty eels. "I am sure that it is exceedingly wise to doubt."

Give us the man that is not ashamed of his business, whether he be President of a trust, as the United States, a professor in a female college, a pianist (travelling or fixed), or a clerk in an "emporium". We heard lately of the manufacturer of a corset, a practical, sanitary sculptresque corset. This machine had brought the manufacturer wealth and reputation, or notoriety—which is, in some instances, more desirable than reputation. He was grateful—we are inclined to think he wore one on state occasions. But this man, honest, generous toward his help, public spirited, intelligent, was ridiculed because at an elaborate dinner, given at his own house, ice cream was frozen in a corset mould. The Earnest Student of Sociology frowned on a titterer next him, and, looking at the ice-cream, he exclaimed in an exquisitely modulated voice:

"Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears."

The bell ringer at a church in Galesburg, caught as to his neck in the rope, was drawn upward with such force that his head penetrated the ceiling, and incidentally broke an oak joist 3 by 12 inches. "Beyond a slight abrasion of the scalp, he suffered no injury". He was a colored man.

This reminds us of a tale told by the diligent Partholus about a religious person of 40 years of age, who had the hinder part of his skull so firm and compact that he was able "to endure a coach wheel to pass over it without any sensible damage to him."

The correspondent of the New York Sun in Bolivar, N. Y., is right: What this country needs is more ginseng. Three or more cups a day would remove any complaint, and possibly the more objectionable patients. Some might easily be induced to take it, on account of natural confusion concerning the precise meaning of the first syllable. The Korean plant is so expensive that only the richest manufacturers of fire-crackers, gongs and tea trays, and the most accomplished courtiers can afford in China this invaluable plant. The ginseng root looks, we are told, like parsnip, but it is not served with butter. Why does not Mr. Doogue secure a few roots for the Public Garden? He would thus secure the affection of our Chinese citizens, and incense would be burned to him in Harrison Avenue.

"The custom of blacking boots will be much more general", says the prophet concerning men's dress employed by the New York Times.

Mr. Gardner S. Lamson, formerly of Boston, has resigned his position as "Head of the Vocal Department" of the University in Ann Arbor. He has been at Ann Arbor for six years, and, accepting his resignation, the Board of Directors speaks of his work in terms of warm appreciation. "Both as a teacher and as an artist, he has always maintained the highest ideals. He has devoted himself without stint to the furtherance of the best interests of his department and of the school". Mr. Lamson will spend a year in Europe, and afterward he will make New York his home. His successor at Ann Arbor is Mr. William A. Howland of Worcester, who is favorably known in this city as a teacher and a singer.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean published lately an amusing article entitled "The Misunderstood Carmen."

"Isn't it all perfectly lovely, Nell?" murmured the dark-eyed girl in navy blue to the modest girl in black who sat in the next seat. "I simply dote on Carmen."

"It sounds very nice," replied the girl in black, "and I think that shade in the bodice of Carmen's gown

is simply exquisite; but, dear, do you really think it is proper?"

"Oh, I am sure of it," said the other girl. "Charlie, you know, has promised to introduce me to the man who wrote the piece, and I am positive that he would never dare to present any man to me who was not a perfect gentleman. Charlie told me all about him the other night. He is a middle-aged and eminently respectable citizen of Dubuque. His real name is Jones—Bizez is only the name he assumed out of respect to his father, who is a retired preacher, and, of course, opposed to theatres. Charlie says that Mr. Jones wrote this opera sixteen years ago, and every time it is played the managers pay him \$100. He turns over every cent of the money to his wife, who is fifty years old and a deaf mute. Charlie says, too, that not more than a dozen people know that Mr. Jones wrote the piece, and he only breathed the truth to me because we are to be married in April, and he knows that I would never tell it to even my dearest friends. So you must keep it a secret, dear."

"Why, you know, dear, that I would never betray a confidence like that. Mr. Jones may be a perfect gentleman, but, all the same, I must say that he has made Carmen a bold creature."

Mr. Paul Hervieu, whose play "Les Temallics" ("The Ties," as his title was absurdly translated), is now a member of the French Academy. He took the chair of Palleron. Hervieu started in life as a diplomatist—hence possibly his election—although women may have had something to do with it, for they are said to be passionate admirers of his work.

Mr. John F. Runciman in the Saturday Review thus speaks of the pianist type: "Nowadays we know him, with his whims, his affectations, his long hair, his narrow brain, his ignorance, his jealousies, his greed, his ingenuity in advertising himself, and (for I am speaking of the genuine artist, not the charlatan) his fine temperament and his genuine ability. We know above all his lack of manliness and how he loves to be made a pet of. \* \* \* I need not remind my readers of the dodges affected by pianists of late with a view of separating themselves from the mass of their colleagues and rivals. Some adopt very long hair; others behave at the piano so as to make one wish they could be put in a monkey cage at the Zoo and given a duob piano to amuse the children with their antics; others again have their astonishing private histories made very, very public; and so on. Seeing that these games as a rule succeed, and that the successful artist must submit to be petted by ladies, one cannot wonder at the large proportion of pianists who are, as Heller said, cracked, and who have also become mere toys or pets. \* \* \* It is useless to protest against this inartistic business. It will go on as long as society ladies love gentlemen with long hair, or monkey tricks at the piano, or mere displays of strength and agility."

March 7, 1900

#### THE DISCIPLE.

Mr. Johnson has just discovered the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, and he admires in a dazed way the "absurdly simple" analytical method of Auguste Dupin.

O that he were that sort of a man!

He shuts the book and goes out into the cold. He scrutinizes the passers-by and is astonished that men do not wear windows in their bosoms for his advantage.

He meets his friend, Abner Ferguson:

"How are you? Anything new?"

"Not a thing," answers Ferguson.

"What? Nothing?"

"No. So long. I'm in a hurry."

And Ferguson walks away quickly.

"Ho, ho!" says Mr. Johnson, who at last feels like a sleuth-hound; "what is the matter with Ferguson? He didn't look me in the eye, and he dodged my questions. Why is he in such a hurry? Look at him; he doesn't walk; he is sneaking away. His coat collar is turned up as though he had lost his cravat, snatched from him in a death-struggle. He keeps his hands in his pockets as though there were blood on them. Now he has disappeared. Why did he go into that dirty alley?"

Mr. Johnson grows pale. He stands still on the sidewalk and exclaims:

"I'll bet anything that that scoundrel has just killed somebody!"

We like to see Mr. Doogue writing about "The hidden depths of mother earth". If he has not yet secured a bulb for the Public Garden, he has at least heard it sing.

It is also a pleasure to find the Boston Herald speaking most respectfully of the character of Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, as though she were a mother in Israel, or the Lydia H. Sligo journey of her day and generation. But why insist on historical or pornographical accuracy? Let us all speak kind words when we can.

Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England makes her colonies. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a specially beautiful and fertile tract of country, he gets all his people round him and says, "Let us pray," and when all the eyes are shut up goes the British flag.

Boxing news from the other side of the Atlantic is pretty much of the character we have been accustomed to for some little while. There the battles, whether genuine or fake, and in which both sides always ought to have won, are fought over so many times on paper that you can scarcely make out what is meant to be straight or crooked. Such evidence as is produced after the events generally favors the theory that there is only a very poor pennyworth of straight business to the mercurious allowance of the other sort. The open manner in which principals or principals' friends accuse everybody else, and sometimes themselves, of flagrant "barneying" may have its profitable uses by way of advertisement. A natural result of this sort of publicly blackening the institution and all concerned in it—the referee, you will notice, is generally denounced as being either squared or otherwise interested in one side or the other, or incompetent—would, you might expect, speedily settle the business for good, or bad, and all. But still the game goes along.—The Referee.

Mr. Antoine Mordaglia of Hanover Street says there is a wonderful new street piano, "a combination of hurdy-gurdy, built on a much larger scale than is common today, brass band, string orchestra, organ pipes, and bells combined with the rest of the mechanism. It is very expensive and no one yet has felt rich enough to buy one and bring it over to America." Why didn't Mr. Mordaglia speak to Mr. Quincy about it when the latter was Mayor? Mr. Quincy took the sacred office simply and solely to educate Bostonians in aesthetics. The exorbitant price of that machine—or any other machine—would not have caused him to falter in his holy mission.

We have received the following communication:

Boston, March 6.

To the Editor of the Talk of the Day:  
"Alderman Tinkham's order providing for the appointment of a committee of experts to investigate the condition of the trees on the Common, which has been laid on the table for two weeks, is noteworthy for the discussion that it introduced. The main feature of the discussion was a report made to Mayor Quincy last December by the Superintendent of the Public Grounds Department. In that report the Superintendent dwelt forcibly on the destructiveness of the street refuse that is dumped upon the Common every winter. 'It has been a matter of surprise to me, year after year,' says the Superintendent, 'that the city authorities should tolerate such a deadly menace to the public health on a public ground.' The city authorities certainly cannot claim that they were ignorant of the existence of the nuisance. Besides, the practice made of the Common the most unsightly spot in the city, a constant eyesore from the beginning to the end of winter. It would be so today if the winter had not been so mild. Only a few weeks ago there was an exhibition of dumping on the Park Square end of the parade-ground. But the thing to be considered at present is that this use of the Common for a receptacle of street refuse is ruining a large part of the not many admirable trees within the precincts of the city. The centre of the city is almost treeless, and the Common and the Public Garden are positive oases in an arid, uninviting region of dusty streets and homely brick houses. The Superintendent says that 'the street snow, dumped upon what is naturally low ground, will alone accomplish the ultimate destruction of the trees.'"

"The Superintendent also speaks of the destructive features of the base ball playing that takes place on the Common in the summer. 'If ball playing could again be abolished and sufficient funds allowed to plow up, fertilize and reseed the slope, it would add materially to the beauty of the Common.' Alderman Gerry is reported to have opposed this suggestion on the ground that he and the Hon. Roger Wolcott had played base ball on the Common when they were boys, 'and he didn't believe that the boys of today ought to be debarred from their enjoyment.' There are two sides to the question. The Superintendent's is the side of public improvement; the Alderman's is the side of juvenile amusement. Perhaps the best way out of the dilemma would be to fit out the lower end of the parade-ground as an arena and then keep the boys strictly within bounds. Let loose, the small boy is more of a nuisance than the bold, unwashed sparrow."

"But first of all, preserve the trees. An expert committee should be able to point the way satisfactorily."

"A. D."

LOUIS C. ELSON.

The Well-Known Author and

## Critic Gave the First of Four Lectures in Steinert Hall—His Subject Was "The Story of German Music."

Mr. Louis C. Elson gave the first of a series of four lectures in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He took for his subject "The Story of German Music," and he told in a pleasant, easy manner about the origin and development of folk song. A synopsis might run as follows: Sketch of the troubadours, the knightly singers of France, their songs in praise of their noble mistresses, their worship of female beauty, which was often carried to an absurd point; how the minstrels and the jongleurs sang, example of the tales recited and sung to the people by the fountain or the bridge of a town; the instance of Aucassin and Nicolette, the first beginnings of song in German; the story of the minn-singers and their successors the master singers; What Luther did for German music (and here Mr. Elson corrected certain popular errors concerning Luther's musical work for (the Protestant church); how chorals, altered from popular street songs, were used as battle hymns, or in times of pestilence, in prison, and in martyrdom; how the folk song influenced certain modern composers; the use made by Wagner of tunes of minnesinger and master singer days, etc., etc. Incidentally there were many illustrations of the condition of woman in the different ages, of the manners and customs, of human life, in a word, as revealed in song. Mr. Elson sang various melodies, among them the song of Wolfram in the third act of Tannhauser. The lecture was educational to them that were not acquainted with the many books devoted to this subject and extant in three or four languages; and the compilation, which was never bald or dry in spite of necessary succinctness was an agreeable refresher of memory to them that have already studied. The second of these lectures will be given March 13 at 3 o'clock, when Mr. Elson will consider "Seven Centuries of English Song."

March 8, 1900

The big teetotum twirls,  
And epochs wax and wane  
As chance subsidizes or swirls  
But of the loss and gain  
The sun is always plain.  
Read on the mighty pall,  
The weed of funeral  
That covers praise and blame  
The —isms and the —anties,  
Magnificence and shame:  
"O Vanity of Vanities!"

We are behind in our correspondence. First of all we acknowledge the receipt of the following remarkable letter from F. E. C.:

Boston, March 6, 1900.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Here's some good stuff. I will give you a little storey of the Black cat if you think that it will give some feler in to trubel it is Best not to put it before the Public. I scene a ma in the army in 1863 wood disapea from others, an come back when H got what He want. He tolde me the way He did this, was with th Bone that He got out of the face of Black cat. He said that the way to get the Bone was to put the Black cat in a bag alive an Boll it until it was thurley don, then stand hefor a looking glass, take each Bone of face sepe. Place it in the mouth until you get certin one an you will disapear, then one you Shall keepe, an when you way to go somewhere an don't want anyone to see you, Place it in the mouth, an you cant Bee scene By anyone.

Query: Are Cheshire cats ever black? And what would be the effect on a man if he should take this bone with the singular property from a black Cheshire cat that has the habit of disappearing and leaving only its grin in evidence? Would the vanishing gentleman leave a grin, just as the Demon left behind him on similar occasions a distinct smell of sulphur?

B. F. K. writes:

"I am a father, and I have a daughter who is to me as the apple of my eye. She never caused me annoyance or grief until this week, when I learned that she had fallen victim to the 'tattoo-push.' Let me warn your readers by telling them of her wretched plight."

"Johanna sends \$125 and gets a cat with five coupons. She then chooses the color, style and size of a silk tunicat she wants and acquaints the tunicat-company with her wishes. Then she sells the five coupons at 25 cents each to five friends (or enemies). Each of them sends \$125 and directions to the said company and receives and is her five coupons, and so on. The total of the coupons reimburses to each \$125 sent."

"As soon as Johanna's five purchases have sent back their coupons and each, the company sends her, Johanna, the ordered petticoat. I found my daughter in the middle of her first



she says many of the girls (or in) their third or fourth year and the Post Office man at Bay office says they are sending several hundred a week."

rdly know what to make of communication. At first we hit a concealed and sneaking sentiment, but the Earnest Studentology says we are too suspicious. He is chiefly impressed by the female dwellers in the Back Bay, who wear petticoats, just as in the South End, or in Jamaica Plain, or at Hough's Neck. "Oh, I didn't know; something wonderful, I always supposed."

writes as follows:  
Boston, March 5.

Editor:  
I recently read an article on friendship made us wonder where acquaintance ends and friendship begins. I think the ins and outs of 10 acquaintance makes real friendship.

a hard question. What do you mean by "real friendship"? Cicero defines "nothing else than a communion of feeling on all subjects, and human, accompanied by feeling and attachment." See also that of Bacon. Mon-

as written nobly concerning friendship, and it was he that the men whose familiarity and hunt after are those which are honest, virtuous and sufficient image of whom doth distaste me from others." The long acquaintance may not be sp. There are gray haired husbands and wives who do not know friendship means—and some are acquainted with each other.

re fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, who after the daily contact of 50 years are not friends in the meaning of the word. Perhaps the notion of enduring friendship, as of marriage, is tact. There are women we have seen daily for a

le; we have talked and hit the bowl together; yet if one of should die today, we should speak words of genteel sorrow, and dinners as comfortably as on a before. And then there are they are always few—who can them easily on one hand—whose

rite from this vain, gaudy, noisy world change forever the look of and all familiar things. The never protests his friendship.

not see him or hear from him year, but when you meet, it is as if the separation had been only an hour. There are no explanations; questions; you are a little him—that is all. Friendship

depend on mutual loquacity. the feeling of companionship—when you are alone with a New-England dog. You sit and smoke and and are happy. Friendship

an institution for males. ne, through an interstice caught, crowd of workmen and drivers in a

barroom, around the stove, late of a winter night—And I unremark'd, seated in corner;

with who loves me, and whom I love, slightly approaching, and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the

hile, amid the noises of coming and going—of drinking and oath and smutty

two, content, happy in being together, speaking little, perhaps not a word.

March 9, 1906  
Fates are subtle girls! They give us chaff for grain. At times, the Thunderer, hurls, the bolted death, disdain

all that heart and brain conceive, or great and small, in this earthly ball.

Would you be knight and dame? Or you the sweet humanities? Or illustrate a name? O Vanity of Vanities!

I Smith, "the great stake holder," "As I grow in wisdom, I am more careful than ever with

gs." This is only the beginning of wisdom, the learning of the primer, the sage is he that is careful with

South is steadily degenerating, as a time when rifles, revolvers, lives regulated, persuaded and

at political conventions. We in with sorrow that fist fights were

us at the Republican Convention in Waco, Texas. Ichabod!

the Hall of Fame in New York to be the crowning attraction of the Great Wild East Show, of which

"among those of the distinguished dead inscribed in the hall." This story is not a probable one. First of all, the pecuniary outlay is unnecessary. Jay Gould's name will be remembered as long as the word "Erie" is on the map.

What a beautiful time de Régner family must have together! When they meet at déjeuner after the rest of the night and the labor of the early morning of the papa-in-law de Hérédia and Mrs. Henri de Régner and Mr. Henri de Régner read aloud to each other their fresh verses? They are all poets, and their days are one grand sweet song. Do they ask for vol-au-vent in measured prose or for a bird in lyric flight? Papa-in-law de Hérédia, by the way, was born at Fortuna-Cafeyere, Cuba, about 53 years ago. George

Moore wrote of him: "The fiery glory of José Maria de Hérédia filled me with enthusiasm—ruins and sand, shadow and silhouette of palms and pillars, negroes, crimson, swords, silence and arabesques. As great copper pans, go the clangor of the rhymes."

And Jules Renard, our old friend Jules Renard told this story to Miss Eustacia.

#### THE PORTRAIT.

That which struck me the first thing in the house of those poor people was a portrait of Victor Hugo glued to the wall between the fire place and the ceiling.

The great man, whom I love above all others, folds his arms and looks down with pity on the unfortunate family. Perhaps he helps them live. They have not read anything by him. Was Victor Hugo more than a bishop or a high official? They do not know. He was somebody who was mentioned frequently in the Petit Journal and buried at the expense of the State.

That's all they know about him. The portrait comforts them whenever they look up at it. It takes the place of the good Lord whom no one ever sees, and who should show himself more frequently lest they forget to pray to him.

And so we are alike in the same faith. Their devotion moves me, and with my eyes fixed on the portrait, I should exclaim "You have good, honest hearts!" and I should kiss the wife and the little ones, if the father did not say just in time. "I put it there to cover the stove-pipe hole."

Mr. Charles Fortin of the Paris City Council says that the hospitality accorded to French artists in the United States is not so great as that shown to Americans in Paris. By artists he

evidently means painters and not Anna Held and Pougère. His statement is true. Many American painters have been educated at the expense of the French Government, and as a mark of appreciation and gratitude, the American Government has taxed the pictures of French painters brought to this country. Nor is there generous hospitality shown American painters in all American cities. Thus a Boston painter

had been defined as a man who would be able to make a living in New York if he could only pay the expenses of removal.

Judge Fursman, discussing the tiresome "Sappho" case, remarked "There can be no fixed standard of morals."

Judge Fursman comes from Troy, N. Y., and, as deep thinkers have declared, morality is a matter of geography as well as chronology.

This reminds us that good Deacon S. V. White of Plymouth Church, and Miss Anna Maxwell Jones (names to conjure with), who are outspoken

against the immorality of "Sappho," boast that they have not read the book, that they have not seen the play. Of course they are thus without prejudice.

It appears that Mr. Pemberton's biography, "The Kendals," which has just been published, would have been written several years ago but for the "nervousness" of Mrs. Kendal, "who, except in the exercise of her art, has never courted publicity." "Write my husband's life if you desire," said Mrs. Kendal, the ideal British matron, in a fine burst to the author, "and only mention me as you would any other actress he has played with. His career should be written, and he does not mind, only ignore me as much as you possibly can. I prefer it." But we remember a book written by Mrs. Kendal all about herself, her views on art, her superior, unblemished, faultless character.

It was reserved for the Pall Mall Gazette to discover that Mr. Alan Dale of New York is the William Archer of the United States. Poor Archer! What did he ever do to the Pall Mall Gazette?

Gen. Cronje, they say, will be sent to the Island of St. Helena. It is to be hoped for the honor of England

that the jailer is not a descendant of Sir Hudson Lowe.

Mr. Frederick Boyle wrote an entertaining article on "The Courtesies of War." We should like to quote the whole of it—with the aid of shears and mutilage—and then spend a well-earned holiday in seeing Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill Monument, the Old South Church, the Boston Stone, and other objects of interest as yet unknown to us. But sordid prudence leads us to content ourselves with one of Mr. Boyle's instances, the tale of Tordenskiold, "the Nelson of Denmark" in 1715. "The Swedes engaged several English ships with their captains and crews. Tordenskiold met one of these, and the battle was desperate until he ran out of powder. Under a flag of truce he boarded the Englishman and explained the circumstances. His men were full of fight, his ship was not disabled; but unless the enemy would lend him some powder he must capitulate—and what a disgraceful triumph that would be for English gentlemen! It seems exquisitely funny to us, but our compatriot of that day did not see any joke, apparently. At least, he summoned his officers to council. Finally, it was determined not to lend the powder, but also not to take advantage of a brave adversary's misfortune. Each crew manned the yards, the officers of each vessel assembled on the quarter deck and drank one another's health. With hearty cheers they parted."

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Something like that of a mild kind seems to explain what one often sees when an absent-minded person, walking along a foot-path, sees a stranger coming the opposite way, "porting his limb" to avoid being run down. The absent-minded one, suddenly recalled to himself, makes a tack, too, but unfortunately imitates the other by making for the same side of the foot-path. When the stranger, finding his access barred on that side, walks over to the other, the absent-minded one again imitates him, and they again confront each other. And so they go on until the more wideawake of the two either stands stock still, or fetches a compass round the absent-minded one, and thus escapes him. The person who is preoccupied, or, as it used to be called, "in a brown study," has no volition of his own in matters other than those of which he is thinking, and is, therefore, at the mercy of every external influence.

There is romance even in New Jersey. A Miss Hopf, an orphan, lived with a Mrs. Badewitz in Fairview. Miss Hopf had and has a sweetheart, the son of the village ice-man, but Mrs. Badewitz, who evidently had never heard the popular song and didn't know a good thing when she saw it, objected to the betrothal. Nor could Miss Wanda, although she is "a brilliant performer on the violin," melt her heart as she had melted that of the young ice-man. True love was rewarded. She has been made post-master.

In spite of the Emperor William and his iron rule, they indulge in merry larks occasionally. Women of a literary and musical nature, female painters, play actresses, all combined to give a ball from which the monster man was excluded. There were parodies performed, as "The Girl Without Maxims;" there was a grand opera, "Men Have Outlived Their Usefulness." There was a circus, and "An Emancipated Woman" was exhibited in a cage, with the announcement that only men who had passed their majority would be admitted to see this savage animal. And then there was a newspaper that was full of biting attacks against the male.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Performance of Professor Paine's Ballet Music From the Opera "Azara" -Mr. Timothee Adamowski Plays Lalo's "Spanish Symphony."

The program of the 13th Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana  
Spanish Symphony for Violin and Orchestra, in D minor, Op. 21.....Lalo  
Ballet Music from the Opera "Azara":  
Three Moorish Dances.....Paine  
(First time.)  
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven

The ballet music from Professor Paine's opera, "Azara," was played for the first time last night. It is a sad commentary on the state of opera in this country that Professor Paine is obliged to look to Germany for a production of a work to which he has devoted his talent for several years. Let us hope that a production there will bring the composer the laurel wreath that should be awarded him by his own countrymen for a new dramatic work!

The effect of this ballet music, written for the stage, would of course be enhanced by scenery, costumes, groupings and evolutions. It is planned for the opera house and it is built on broad foundations. In the concert room the first two dances are more effective than the third. The first has the more decided character. In the second, the latter section of the melody given to the English horn is not well adapted to the peculiar character of that instrument, and it is inherently commonplace. As a rule the music is sonorously scored, even when melodic invention is not marked, and it will no doubt serve its purpose in the opera. There was hearty applause and the composer left his seat and bowed his acknowledgments from the stage.

Mr. Adamowski gave much pleasure by his performance of Lalo's fascinating work. It was a performance characterized by appreciation of rhythm, wooing cantabile, warmth of tone, direct appeal, brilliance of bravura, and a liberal and spontaneous exhibition of the true virtuoso spirit.

With the exception of a slight slip or two, the performance of Smetana's overture was delightful. And here again I must deplore the wretched plight of opera in this country. Shall we never know this musical comedy except by the overture? Beethoven's 7th symphony, the one with the wonderful allegretto, brought the end of a concert.

Philip Hale.

DELNA will go back to the Opéra Comique, Paris, in the middle of April. She will receive \$1500 a month for six months in each year.—Mr. David Bispham threatens to abandon the opera and concert stages for that of the legitimate drama. We may yet see him as Hamlet—or the Ghost.—As you know, they did not like Alvarez, the tenor, in New York. In connection with this simple statement, it is interesting to read what the Pall Mall Gazette said of him Feb. 23, for he sang the night before at a concert at Covent Garden in aid of the "Officers' Wives and Families Fund." He sang, with Patti, the love scene from the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet" and airs from that opera and "Faust." The Gazette said: "He sang and acted with fine intelligence and with excellent vocal success. . . . His vocalization in operatic moments had never before seemed to us to be so finely emotional, so exquisitely true." And of Adelina Patti, who is now nearly 57 years old, the Pall Mall Gazette said: "We have heard Patti, of course, in opera before the occasion of last night; but her extraordinary skill in acting—after all, in discussing operatic acting, you cannot use words of higher meaning than this—had never been so patently displayed, in so far as our memory goes. With quick, animate gesture, with sudden impulses, with significant turns and appeals, she showed us something altogether outside the convention of the time, the mere operatic decision of this particular moment. Moreover, she sang beautifully, with singular sweetness of voice, with extraordinary flexibility of intonation. We have no doubt whatever that any critic of intelligence, who went to hear her sing and act in this particular scene, and who beforehand was rather inclined to smile in a superior sort of way, must have been in the long run astonished both by the fine skill of her acting and by the wonderful adaptability of her voice to operatic demands."

—Pauline Lucca, who, they say, proposes to take unto herself a third husband—in order—will be 59 years old April 25.—Lecocq's new comie opera, "La Belle au Bois Dormant" (Paris, Feb. 19) is said to be without charm or originality, although the orchestration is distinguished. The story by Vanloo and Duval is a full version of "The Sleeping Beauty."—The operatic season at Monte Carlo began last month with a revival of Isidore de Lara's "Messaline," with Hégion, Tamagno and Bouvet. Melba and Tamagno are together in "Traviata" and "Otello." Kaschmann is the Iago in the latter opera. In "William Tell" the Mathilde is Miss Pinkert, "a young American who has studied in Paris and Italy." A lyrical tragedy in five acts, "Renaud d'Arles," by Noël Desjoyeaux, will be produced. The scene is laid in Arles during the age of chivalry and the struggles against the Saracen invader.

—The Millaud brothers will transport their Lyric Theatre in Paris to the Théâtre de la République for the Exhibition period, and de Lagoanère, with Miss Biana Duhamel, has taken the Renaissance for operetta.—Parisian managers decided to increase the prices of admission to their houses by 10 per cent., beginning March 1. This measure was not adopted by the four theatres subsidized by the State—the Opéra, the late Français, the Opéra-Comique and the Odéon.—The regulations of the French authorities on the subject of musical performances at the Paris Exhibition are as follows: Musical works and performances of all nations participating in the exhibition will be admissible. Musical societies, both French and foreign, will perform in the grand hall of the Trocadéro, and chamber music will be performed in the small hall. Musical societies will organize their concerts at their own expense and at their own risk. The greater portion of the seats in the grand hall will be at the disposal of the societies, who will be allowed to fix their own rates for the seats and will be entitled to the receipts, with sundry deductions. Foreign musical societies can only be admitted on the guarantee and recommendation of the Commissioner General of the nation to which they belong. Applications must reach the Commissariat Général before April 15.—Alfred Scott-Gatty and Nicholas C. Gatty wrote the music to "Tattercoats," a new musical play (Savoy, London, Feb. 22), in which Mrs. Beerbohm Tree took the part of the heroine. "Although her voice was not powerful, the quality of tone produced was so sympathetic as to produce charming effects."—They are finding fault in London with the length of the Queen's Hall symphony concerts, for some of them have lasted close upon three hours. "When one has to listen to two concertos and a symphony, in addition to numerous other lesser items, one becomes wearied and fails to appreciate the latter part of the program."

Here in Boston the Saturday night audience begins to be uncasy at 9.30, after only one hour and a half of music.—

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will celebrate the 25th anniversary of her first public appearance as a pianist by a recital in Chicago March 24. When she was 10 years old she played at a concert (Feb. 26, 1875), given in Chicago by the Beethoven Society, an andante by Beethoven. She studied under Bernhard Ziehn and Carl Wolfsohn, and in 1878 she went to Vienna to study with Leschetitzki. She returned to this country in 1883. In 1893 and afterward she gave concerts in many European cities. In 1896 she made an extensive tour in this country, and then in France and England. She is the wife of Sigismund Zeisler, a lawyer, and she has three sons, the eldest of whom is 13 years old. I am indebted for these facts to The Musical Age.—Theodor Gouvy's posthumous one-act opera, "Fotunio," has been accepted by the Opéra Corique, Paris. The Dresden Opera accepted his "Cid" in 1863, but it has never been performed.—Glinka's "Life for the Tsar" has been performed at last (Feb. 17) at Hamburg.—Dr. von Muncker, the burgomaster at Bayreuth, who helped Wagner, is dead.—W. R. Maxwell of New York has taken the Goldberg prize of the Royal Academy of Music, London.—Poor Saleza! He will nurse his bronchitis in France.—Ada Colley, the Australian girl with top notes, has been singing at Prague—same old thing, "first violin part of the intermezzo from 'Cavaleria Rusticana,' with the A an octave above the usual high soprano A."—Gemma Pellinconi talks of withdrawing from the stage to marry a Genoese Count. Is Stagno, the tenor, so soon forgotten?—A music society with half a million roubles capital, the Philharmonia, has been founded in Warsaw. It will have a large building, with concert hall. The orchestra will be 70 strong, led by E. Mlynarski.—Alexander Wiersbowski, a St. Petersburg cellist, met with success in Germany. He played Davidoff's fourth concerto, E minor op. 31, at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Feb. 15.—Larsen's new ballet-pantomime, "Die Göttin Diana," founded on a tale by Heine, was produced at Munich Feb. 11. The music is "very tuneful, clever, and brilliantly orchestrated."—Salomea Kruselnicka made her debut at St. Petersburg as Alda. She is warned against exuberance in song and action. A young contralto, Miss Cuccini, pleased mightily in "La Favorita."

—Giordano's "Fedora" did not please Hamburgians.—A new concert overture in D minor by the late August Winding was played at Copenhagen.—"Die Stiefmutter," a new Viennese operetta (Feb. 20), music by Leo Held, the son of the librettist, is founded on "La Femme à Papa," by Hennequin and Millaud.—Joseph Jongen's symphony, played for the first time at an Ysaye concert in Brussels, Feb. 11, met with favorable criticism for its true "symphonic feeling," plasticity and rhythm, thematic invention, personal ideas, lyric bursts, brilliant orchestration. "There are also some dull passages, useless and therefore exaggerated development, especially in the finale." Jongen was prix de Rome in 1897.—They say that Kubelik the young Hungarian violinist, has made an engagement of 300 concerts for \$125,000. H—m!—A new string quartet, No. 5, by Glazounoff has been played by the Quartet Society at St. Petersburg. It is said to be a masterpiece.—Franz Blazek, teacher of Harmony, died at Prague Jan. 26. He taught Dvorak.—A violin and piano sonata by Henry Schoenfeld of Chicago has been played by Henri Marteau and Miss Fulcran in Paris. Critics say it shows the influence of Grieg and Bruch, although they admit originality and technical mastery. This sonata took the prize offered by Marteau. At the same concert a violin sonata by Henri Février was played.—Some of Pierre Louys's very erotic songs of Biblis, set to music by Mrs. R. Strohl, have been sung in Paris by Henrietta Menjaud. "The themes have charm, tenderness, seductiveness and often burning passion. The accompaniments are of marked distinction."—Asger Hamerik gave a concert of his own works in Paris. Praise was lukewarm.

—Siegfried Ochs, the choral conductor in Berlin, has been made a Professor.—A string quartet, op. 11, by Suk, played at Ghent last month, was performed for the first time in Belgium.—Victor Herbert has been re-elected director of the Pittsburgh Orchestra for next season. This year's deficit is \$25,000. It will be paid by the guarantors.—Mascagni will visit San Francisco in August and will conduct his own works at the Tivoli Opera House.—Zenilsky conducted his new cantata for chorus and orchestra, "The Burial of Spring," at Vienna with success. The text is by Paul Heyse.—Humperduck is at work on a new opera. The libretto is by his father.—"The Prophet,"

by Meyerbeer, has seen the 50th anniversary of its first performance in Germany (Dresden, Jan. 30, 1850). The Fides, Mrs. Krebs-Michaelis, is the only one of the cast now living.—Vienna is to have a Mozart fountain in the square

that bears his name. It will cost \$6000.—A new piano concerto by S. Liapounov pleased at Cologne.—The grip has been playing havoc with the opera singers in Paris.—While they praised Melba's vocal skill in Berlin, the critics said that she was without a spark of true musical fire.—A choral work, "Sennenlied," by F. E. Koch of Berlin, was performed for the first time at Cologne.—Mascagni will leave sition at the Pesaro School and also the city.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet in Association Hall Monday night, will include Grieg's quartet in G minor, Fauré's sonata in A major for piano and violin; Brahms's quintet in F, op. 86. Mrs. Szumowska and Mr. Zach will assist.

Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture on "Seven Centuries of English Song" at Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon at 2.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli's Roman Festival Mass and his offertory "Terra Tremuit" will be sung under his direction in Tremont Temple, March 28. The solo singers will be Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Woltman, Thos. E. Johnson, T. E. Clifford. The sale of tickets will begin at Tremont Temple March 14.

Mr. Clayton Johns will give a concert, with Miss Marie Brema and M. Josef Adamowski, in Steinert Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 17, at 8 o'clock. Songs by Schumann, Bruna, Tschalkowski and Johns will be in the program.

Mr. Max and Miss Julia Heinrichs will give song recitals in Steinert Hall, the evening of April 2 and the afternoon of April 3, 5.

De Pachmann and Marteau will give chamber concerts in Music Hall Thursday afternoon, March 22, and Saturday afternoon, March 24.

The Musical Art Society of New York (60 singers), Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor, will give a concert in Music Hall Tuesday evening, March 27. The orchestra of Symphony players will assist.

Mrs. Caroline Gardner Clark will give a song recital in Association Hall March 14, when she will sing songs by Gluck, Mozart, Wagner, Brahms, Thuille, Fauré and local composers.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday evening will be as follows: Mozart's Symphony in C (K. 417); Beethoven's concerto in G major (Op. 58) von Dohanyi, pianist; Strauss's "T's Sphäre Zarathustra" overture, "Cotton."

They played at the Sportsman's S in Mechanics' Building a new two-step called "The Sportsman," by Salis Reya. "The peculiarly sweet tonation of the moose-call suggested to the writer that such a sound might easily be represented by writing a suitable piece for military band or orchestra in which the effect desired might be brought out by means of such instruments as the baritone, French horn or saxophone."

Mr. Henry M. Dunham, assisted by Mr. William H. Dunham, tenor, gave an organ recital at the Shawmut Congregational Church, March 8. He played Lemmens's sonata pontificale, Grieg's Chor freitag music, Bach's concerto in B minor, Riemenschneider's concerto prelude, Hägg's pastorale, Schumann's fantasy on "Ein feste Burg," Mr. W. H. Dunham sang Handel's "Wait Her Angels" and songs by Schott, Mackenzie, Gerritt Smith.

The New York Times said last night "It is worth while recording the quality of tone which the Kneisel Quartet now produces, as compared with the volume heard in past seasons. It is possible that the present second violin of the quartet, Mr. Karl Ondrick, is partly responsible for this, as his tone requires some effort on the part of the other players to enable it to be heard." But does not the music find the present tone of the quartet an improvement?

Philip F.

Here at the wine one blis.  
There someone clanks a cha  
The flag that this man furis  
That man to float is fain.  
Pleasure gives place to pain  
These in the kennel crawl.  
While others take the wall.  
She has a glorious aim,  
He lives for the inanities.  
What comes of every claim?  
O Vanity of Vanities!

And Mr. Jules Renard said in "Mistake, I do not think I have the story of

CORONAT.

Some years ago the book-keeper Herbert Wendell—he was young then—full of life—always said at the end of a meal:



...coronat opus." ...about the only words that ...his short schooling in ...He could translate them accu- ..."Finis," the end, "coronat," ..."opus," the work. That means ...ve eaten well, with appetite, ...e beginning to the end. The last ...ul was just as good as the first. ...l was worthy of the beginning." ...long time this maxim seemed ...and an easy thing to him. He ...xplain it, at home, among his ...without hemming or hawing; ...had the air of saying: ...there's a little of the Latin I ...that still sticks."

...The meaning of the word ...first became obscure. Wen- ...corresponding word only ...most difficulty. Soon it dis- ...ad forever. "Opus" was no long- ...ing but a foreign coin, bunged, ...plugged, without worth. ...omit opus," said Wendell to ...e put on the habit of refusing a ...fruit or a second piece of pie ...these words: ...coronat!"

...s enough. No one regretted the ...ord. They all still knew that ...d meant to say:

...I thank you. I have had ...ven the most thick-headed un- ...at least one of the two words, ...d "finis."

...his, I have finished—why of ...that's what it means, a child ...know that."

...the word "coronat"—which lit- ...little became unintelligible—it ...deep impression through its so- ...ness and mystery. In what sense ...ndell use it? For what purpose? ...e knew, but each one smiled ...dly, because it was surely in ...per place.

...s still better after Wendell made ...mind to use it alone. He threw ...finis" as meaningless and com- ...d kept only "coronat."

...a the one characteristic of old ...that which distinguishes him ...to other men of the little town, ...abit of saying on every occa- ...ronat, coronat."

...o longer says "yes," "Good ...r." "All right," "You don't say ...h simply says "coronat." He ...s old white head and mutters ...n," as though he had learned it ...nurse.

...the Filipinos are not fit to govern ...ses. Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala, ...in spotless white, says it is a ...sight in Manila to see a child ...ers playing the piano.

...F. T.: The poem to which you ...s written by Mr. Walter Leon ...ve the author of "A Local ...tion," that admirable study of ...n South End lodging house. We ...ve the poem was first published, ...nously, in the Chap Book— ...hat periodical was worth read- ...e date is therefore easily de- ...nd. We reprint it for the benefit ...s and for our own pleasure.

#### PRECEDENCE.

(An Apartment House.) ...e or here, to toll or pleasure led, ...tants pass, and cut each other dead. ...econd floor, administrators affronts ...d his father was a Governor, once; ...d-floor Smiths resent the fourth-floor ...fews;

...lader deprecate the fifth floor's gowns, ...s. Carrollton, the first floor—she ...e carriage chills the street, from nine ...t three.

...s the fate that here hath fixed her ...t, ...ries, how those people pay the rent.

...ville, beneath their several stations ...nk,

...itor abides, serenely drunk. ...er whether, if the boiler burst, ...e Carrollton would come out first?

...earn from an advertisement pub- ...in a New Hampshire newspaper ...t (r. — is a "mortician," as ...s a "funeral director"; that he ...graduate of the United States ...of Embalming"; and that he has ...ssistants".

...mural painting by Mr. Robert ...for the United States pavilion at ...ris Exposition includes a group ...tical of "Agriculture and Pro- ...tiness." "At the extreme left is ...dian with a stalk of corn and ...pumpkins, and nearby grows an ...pl tree." These pumpkins will not ...se the French, for they have long ...n the culinary glory of the veg- ...barroquantly claimed by the Ameri- ...as characteristic of their house- ...nd restaurant life. Pumpkin soup ...eet relished in France for years.

...is a recipe taken from a French ...book of 1822: Put slices of pump- ...n boiling water, drain in a strain- ...d put the mash in a bolting cloth. ...t it with milk, and put it over the ...Add sugar, a thickening of yolks ...gs, a little salt and a piece of

butter. Serve from a tureen with ...toasted and sugared bits of bread. ...Many prefer pepper and a greater ...quantity of salt to the sugar. Now in ..."The Cook Not Mad, or Rational Cook- ...ery," a book published at Watertown ...in 1831, and designed especially for the ...American public, you will find the ...recipe for "Pumpkin Pudding," and by ...this is meant pie; but no other use is ...suggested. The only soups mentioned ...are "soup made of a beef's hock," ..."veal soup" and "soup of lamb's head ...and pluck." But the French like pump- ...kin "en fricassée," and Sala tells us ...that boiled or fried pumpkin is eaten ...with roast meat in Australia.

## KNEISEL QUARTET.

### Seventh Concert of the Season—

Pieces by Grieg, Faure and Brahms

—Mme. Szumowska, Pianist, and

Mr. Zach Assist.

The program of the concert by the Kneisel Quartet last night in Association Hall was as follows:

Quartet in G minor.....Grieg  
Sonata for piano and violin in A major.....Faure  
Quintet for two violins, two violas and cello, in F major.....Brahms

Some find fault with Grieg's quartet because it is "too dramatic," because the music is not "within the frame of chamber music." These reproaches were made against the quartet by Borodin that was played this season by the Kneisels. I do not see the justice of such reproaches. The real questions are: "Does this music sound well? Is it effective? Has it a character, a decided mood? Is there originality, beauty, strength?"

Why are some so dissatisfied with the work of men of today, simply because these men write as the spirit moves them? Because Milton thought serenely in blank verse, or because Pope was master of versified see-saw, shall there be today no free and daring rhythms, no experiments in verbal color? Why should the moderns be compelled under penalty of social ostracism and the censure of professors to walk humbly in the footsteps of Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, and their disciples in the matter of form, who, by the way, are dead although they think they are alive? If a man today has anything to say, let him say it as it seems good to him; do not strangle him with the gag of formalism or tradition. If he has musical thought let him first of all express it in his own way. If the thought is strong or beautiful or noble, you can not kill it by a shrug of the shoulders and a sigh, "O for Haydn!" "O for Mozart!" Music is not a fixed, stationary art. Each generation has its own aspirations, longings, character, and when a whole generation is nervous, you should not be hurt if the music of that generation is not a calm stream, safely banked between tonic and dominant.

Now there may be a difference of opinion concerning the value of the musical contents in Grieg's Quartet and Faure's sonata. There are passages in the former that are to me disagreeable, no matter how admirably they may be played. There is occasionally a rubbing in of rank ugliness, as though the composer said: "You don't like that chord, or that progression; but you will like it, you must like it," and he repeats and repeats it, until your nerves are ready to shriek. But, as a whole, this quartet is one of exceeding interest. You surely will not deny that it has a pronounced character; that it is unmistakably music by Grieg; that there are exquisite harmonies and haunting melodies; and if there are passages that suggest a barren and frozen landscape, there is in the Romanze the thought of the warm and perfumed South.

The performance of this quartet did not come up to the memorable one, the one before this. There was not the same crystalline pureness, there was not the same demoniacal energy. Unless this music is played in a manner absolutely beyond reproach, it suffers more than do works of less romantic nature which are satisfied with accuracy and phlegm. I admit the difficulties in performance, and for any other chamber club the performance last night would have been one of unusual excellence; but the Kneisels have taught us to expect perfection both in the technic and in the interpretation.

And I am obliged to say that never did Faure's sonata give me as little pleasure as it did last night. It was first played here by Messrs. Loeffler and Baermann, June 28, 1892. Then Yvonne and Pugno played it Feb. 17, 1898, and they confirmed and strengthened the original delightful impression. Perhaps the players, Mrs. Szumowska and Mr. Kneisel were not wholly in the vein. The former played fluently; her running passages were even and distinct; but for once her touch was cool and brittle; and although it would not be easy for a pedagogue to say just why the ensemble disappointed, the fact remained that the sonata often seemed perfunctory music, merely the fruit of honest labor. Now before this performance we were sure that this same piece was something more than refined and polished music; and last night I remembered pages of true sentiment, true character, truly poetic fancy; I remembered, and I found them only in the memory. The performance was in most respects a careful one. But music by modern Frenchmen demands something more than general smoothness and accuracy; it demands Gallic feeling and imagination and

blood. In other words, I like to hear French chamber music played by Frenchmen; just as French orchestral music should be led only by a Frenchman or by a cosmopolite of flaming temperament. The next and last concert will be April 2.

Philip Hale.

Alike are clods and earls.  
For sot, and seer, and swain,  
For emperors and for churls,  
For antidote and bane,  
There is but one refrain:  
But one for king and thrall,  
For David and for Saul,  
For fleet of foot and lame,  
For pieties and profanities,  
The picture and the frame:  
"O Vanity of Vanities!"

"A number of Yale divinity students will shortly make a tour of New York city to study sociology at close range." What a pity that "Sapho" has been withdrawn from the stage! But there are other shows much more indecent—the Reverend Dr. Parkhurst says so, and he is an expert—and the virtuous District Attorney Asa Bird Gardiner has no desire to stop them—so the visit of the divinity students will not be in vain.

It is a little early for the sea-serpent, but a white whale was seen lately off Provincetown. Was it Moby Dick? That celebrated animal, pursued so fiercely by Captain Ahab and his merry men, has a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; three holes are punctured in his starboard fluke; he "fantails a little curious before he goes down"; his spout is uncommonly bushy even for a sperm-whale.

A woman sits at a front window of an upper flat. She watches the windows directly opposite and now and then she uses an opera glass. She sees a nurse with cap and apron standing by a man whose face is of ghastly pallor; he sits, dejected, in an easy chair. The nurse ministers to him with a peculiar tenderness. At another window below, a young girl is wiping her eyes before she turns to speak to some one, unseen at that distance, in the room. The watcher sits there by day and by night, and the opera glass is in her hand. Why this silent, prying observation? The house opposite is a private hospital, and the watcher knows that she, too, must submit to an operation, perhaps a month from now, perhaps a year from now. And so she passes her days, desirous to know all, and yet she would fain know nothing. If she could see the other-ono! If she could see the tools of the surgeon and examine them! "It probably is not so bad as I think!" she says to herself—and then she shivers and is sick at heart.

The atmosphere  
Suggests the trail of a ghostly druggist.  
Dressings and lint on the long, lean table—  
Whom are they for?

The patients yawn.  
Or lie as in training for shroud and coffin.  
A nurse in the corridor scolds and wrangles.  
It's grim and strange.

Some composers are dreamers; Mr. Mascagni is a man of action. The musician did not like the Mayor of his town, Pesaro. This is not surprising; even the Mayor of Boston have had sane and healthy enemies. Mascagni might have had a terrible, mediaeval vengeance; he might have dedicated his new opera to this Mayor; but the honest, open-hearted man contented himself with pulling the official's nose. Why did he not bite his adversary's ear?—see the instance of Turiddu and Alfio. Perhaps this aural liberty is reserved as a perquisite of the sunny Sicilian.

We were pleased to learn that a shoplifter, who was lately caught, carried in a pocket one of Mr. Parker's celebrated lucky-boxes. We mentioned the circumstance to Old Chimes, who answered, "Because a man is assured of luck, it does not follow that he should make no exertion to better his condition. Our misguided friend was following the spirit of the old maxim: 'The Lord helps him that helps himself.'"

It will be remembered that Mr. Parker, who knew the secrets of the Orient and the credulity of the West—where the sun goes down—advised his clients to eat apples early in the morning, soon after they left bed. We prefer the discrimination of Dr. Thomas Moufet, physician, chemist, naturalist, bee-master in the 16th century. And what does he say of apples?

"Apples be so divers of form and substance that it were infinite to describe them all; some consist more of aire then water, as sour Puffs called Mala pulmonacea; others more of water then wind, as sour Cas taras and Dione-waters. To be short, all apples may be sorted into three kinds,

Sweet, Soure, and Usavory. Sweet apples ease the cough, quench thirst, cure melancholly, comfort the heart and head, (especially if they be fragrant and odoriferous,) and also give a laudable nourishment. Soure apples, hinder spitting, straiten the brest, gripe and hurt the stomach, increase phlegm and weaken memory. Sweet Apples are to be eaten at the beginning of meat, but soure and tart Apples at the latter end. All apples are worst raw, and best baked or preserved."

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times gives this graphic description of the Duc d'Orleans:

"He is known to be a fat, effeminate young man, whose principal business in life is slaughtering little birds, and whose occasional outbursts into the political arena are marked by ingratitude to old retainers, and vile language for which an ordinary English stable boy would be severely smacked. He is the typical underbred booby. He commits the atrocities which seem to be natural to persons of very mixed blood. He has the vanity of the Frenchman, without the Frenchman's polish and wit. He has the pink-cheeked, yellow-haired brutality of the German, without the latter's stolidity and common sense. He has the appetite of Louis Seize, the viciousness of Louis Quatorze, and the treachery of Philippe Egalité. Of Henry Quatre he has only the beard, and that he owes to his barber."

And he then adds that some Englishmen of noble birth, outraged by the Duke's letter of congratulation to a caricaturist of Queen Victoria, proposed to catch him, empty a bag of flour over his head and then cover him with soot, after which a snapshot photograph of the scene was to be taken for widespread distribution in England and France. "This method of punishment is known in English slang as giving a man 'the miller.'"

But is the correspondent of the Times correct in the addition of soot to this pleasant punishment? The phrase "to give the miller" is not in the old slang dictionaries; but Mr. Hindley in his "Adventures of a Cheap Jack" (1876) describes the action as follows: "Some of his pals gave him the miller, that is a lot of flour is wrapped up in thin paper about the size of a fist, and when thrown, the first thing it comes in contact with, breaks and smothers the party all over."

mech 14, 1900

Life is a smoke that curls—  
Curls in a flickering skein.  
That winds and whisks and whirls,  
A filament thin and vain,  
Into the vast Inane.  
One end for hut and hall!  
One end for cell and stall!  
Burned in one common flame  
Are wisdom and insanities.  
For this alone we came:  
"O Vanity of Vanities!"

We regret to find Senator Hanna shuddering at the thought of Lieut. Gov. Woodruff as Vice President, because the boy orator and pride of Brooklyn wears on festival occasions a pink waistcoat. Because Mr. Woodruff sports a rich, even gaudy, garment at a dinner or a convention, it does not follow that he would wear one in a solemn session of the Senate. We have sometimes thought that the chief reason for a secret session is that the Senators may remove their coats, put their Senatorial feet on desks, and otherwise enjoy themselves after the manner of the free and enlightened American citizen.

Nearly everyone thinks he can play Hamlet or edit a newspaper. The Rev. Mr. C. M. Sheldon chooses a newspaper for the display of his varied abilities. We are old-fashioned, perhaps we belong to the noble army of old fogies, but we confess to a singular uneasiness when we hear anyone insisting on what the Saviour would do, should He visit New York or Boston—or "run a newspaper." It is bringing into irreverent contact the human with the divine, and there is an unpleasant assumption of infallibility on the part of the man who professes to know what Christ would do. Mr. Sheldon proposes to discard all divorce court news; but the Saviour talked freely with the woman of Samaria, and, indeed, the reproach was made against Him that He associated with publicans and sinners, that He ate and drank with them.

There is no newspaper that satisfies everybody. The newspaper that we should prefer would no doubt be voted dull and stupid by thousands of intelligent men and women, and disreputable by hundreds of our neighbors. We enjoy reading accounts of prize fights, although there has been of late in the reports a dreary monotony as well as the display of a limited terminology. Golf news, chess news, editorial articles on politics—all this is to us as though it had not been written; but we should like to read the true story of the Molleux case, and we are never tired of inquiries into the real character of the Man in the Iron Mask. Lillian Russell is not as near to us as is Cleo



ara, and it is a pity that there was no "society paper" with full accounts of the banquets at which Mark Antony was "quest of honor." We do not grow weary of reading "Items of Real Interest," such as: "Rubber boots were invented by the Chaldeans on account of the marshy character of their country." If by some mysterious dispensation of Providence we were called upon to edit a newspaper we should insist that a visiting singer or fiddler should show his skill at our office before the concert, so that the music critic, whose time is valuable, would thus know whether the concert should demand serious attention. We should insist that all dramatic criticisms should be written by the respective managers in advance of the performances; then there would be no possible difference of opinion between the theatre and the newspaper. All sassy items should be contributed by hostesses, by parents of betrothed or wedded couples, and proper names should be type-written, so that "smart" and "swagger" persons could not possibly be offended. Editorial articles should be signed by prominent politicians, promoters and advertisers. There should be no death notices, for death is unpleasant and often mussy. We should print the text of Mr. de Rénier's lectures in French, so that all those who show palpable enjoyment when they hear them in Sanders Theatre could have them translated for their benefit and at leisure. There should be a Department of Criminology, edited by an escaped convict, a retired hurglar, and an ex-book reviewer. We should always welcome suggestions from "Old Subscriber," "Veritas," "Citizen," and "Flat Justitia."

Mr. Kinnear, in his book, "To Modder River with Methuen," describes Gen. Cronje's facial expression as that of "sorrowing kindness, of a wistful desire to live at peace with the world, of a man who would exist clearly, pay his debts and go to bed on the right side of midnight." \* \* \* He is witty, satiric and full of domestic virtues and home kindness. The Commander-in-Chief of the Western Army of the Dutch Republic scarcely conforms in manners or ferocity with a British fire-side ideal Cronje. In an English suburban parlor he would be merely a gentleman with a beard; at Exeter Hall he would pass for a Sunday School teacher, or at least a middle-aged Christian, as against a man expert in all the engines of warfare and their use."

A leading doctor in Paris, lecturing on Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," proved—at least to his own satisfaction—that the Malade was sick, after all. "A patient complains of pains, and says his liver is out of order; symptoms indicate that his liver is all right, but the pains are real. He is suffering from a nervous affection which occasions them. And so when Argan complains of headache, sore eyes, lassitude and the other afflictions which Toimette scoffs at, the modern doctor gives him a sympathy which should be welcome after all these years. Naturally Argan suffers from nerves; a stork might be pardoned for succumbing in such an environment. His wife, his daughter, his maid-servant are a pack of good-for-nothings; his brother is a bore; and he, poor creature, goes to them for sympathy. His illness is imaginary, they say. The modern doctor replies that there are no imaginary illnesses, except those of our neighbor; and Argan today would find doctors just as ready to prescribe for him as in the days of Molière."

MR. ELSON'S LECTURE.

Mr. Louis Elson gave his second lecture in the series of four in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The subject was "Seven Centuries of English Song."

Mr. Elson talked, played and sang for an hour and a half. He talked about the songs of King Alfred's period, 1017, about the ancestors of the probable origin and the different adaptations of "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning," of "There Were Three Crows," and the different settings of the same, of "Derry Down," of "Sally Waters," and its Druidical origin, of England's sacred ballads and their adoption from the secular songs of the period. He then told interesting things about the primitive English organs, spoke about Henry VIII. and his musical daughters, of this exceedingly bad man's musical tendencies, of Elizabeth, and the silly story concerning her virginal playing and its effect upon Sir James. He spoke of lute music and its gradual disappearance; of the Elizabethan poets; of the songs of the Second's epoch; of Purcell, and lastly, of the modern English war songs as compared with the more ancient ones, and of the folk-songs. All of this was interspersed with some playing and considerable singing, all of which would have been very tiresome if told and sung and played by a man of less ability than Mr. Elson. The lecturer's vocabulary seemed almost unlimited, his store of knowledge at his fingers' and tongue's end, and if you were not charmed with

his singing, it certainly served the purpose. There was a fair-sized audience, which bestowed liberal applause. The third lecture will be on "Wagner and His Theories," March 20, in the afternoon, at 3.

March 15  
Gericke

Overture to the "Song of Hiawatha," Opus 23, III., "Phaëdrig Cro-Ballad-Cantata," "Villiers Stanford," "From boyhood trained," from "Oberon," "Weber," "Williams," Cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," "Coleridge-Taylor"

MME. CLARKE'S SONG RECITAL.

Mme. Caroline Gardner Clarke, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton, accompanist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. There was a good-sized and warmly appreciative audience. The stage was decorated with potted plants and flowers. Mme. Clarke sang a group of songs by Franz, an aria of Gluck—but why in German?—Mozart's "Non so più," songs by Brahms, Thulie, Dresel, Wagner, Beach, Rogers, Damsch, Hopekirk, Lang, Johns, Foote, Chadwick. Her vocal abilities and her voice are well known here, and it is necessary to say of her performance yesterday only this: She was apparently in excellent physical condition, she sang with marked earnestness and fervor, and to the evident delight of her many friends.

I had pointed out to me at a restaurant a man who had killed four men in street brawls, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

Mr. Timothée Adamowski said publicly March 13—or was it March 12? we cannot be too careful when large interests are involved—that, in his opinion, "Mr. Gericke is the greatest conductor in the world." It is a pleasure to know that there is such good felling, such esprit de corps throughout the orchestra. The old idea that orchestral players are vain, quarrelsome, envious, always trying to rise above each other—like snakes in a bottle—and fawning on the conductor while a carefully sharpened knife is ready to leap for his ribs—this, dear brethren and sisters, is an exploded idea now in limbo with the unicorn and the Cardiff Giant. The Boston Symphony Orchestral players always idolize their conductor, whoever he may be, Nikisch, Paur, Gericke, or Kneisel. They are justly furious if any outsider criticizes the character of the programs or the nature of the interpretation. It is true that there are some cool persons in the orchestra, who think their devotion to the conductor instead of proclaiming it at high noon from Music Hall. But Mr. Adamowski, who comes from the fair land of Poland, is of an emotional nature. He was devoted to Mr. Nikisch; he is devoted to Mr. Gericke; and he will not doubt be devoted to Mr. Gericke's successor. This is as it should be; for, unless the orchestral players support the conductor, of what avail are Mr. Aphor's program-books or new music-halls surrounded by whizzing, groaning, jangling electric cars? We repeat; whoever the conductor may be, the prayer of the player should be: "LEAD THOU ME ON."

The New York Sun published this paragraph:

"It is said that Timothée Adamowski of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be in control of the new symphony orchestra to be established at Warsaw. Many prominent Polish musicians have contributed to the organization, which is a stock company in its nature. Mr. Adamowski is not to be the conductor of the orchestra, but will have important control of its affairs."

Foreign newspapers do not confirm this interesting report. The Board of Directors of this new society, the "Philharmonia," is made up of Prince Lubomirski, Baron von Kronenberg, the composer Ludwig Grossman, and other officials are Count Zamojski, Count Tyseckiewicz, and Rajschman. The conductor, as now named, is Emil Mlynarski. Mr. Adamowski is not mentioned. Nevertheless, he may be the power behind the throne.

A singer, Mr. Lithgow James, died recently in England. From the obituary notice, you would infer that his chief recommendation was that he had been the first husband of Florence St. John. Miss St. John, whose real name by the way was Maggie Greig, has had several husbands, though for the honor of our country we hasten to add that Miss Lillian Russell surpasses her in matrimonial record as well as beauty. It would be interesting to

revive a Court of Love—an institution that was dear to the Troubadours—which would decide whether a man wins the greater reputation by being the first or the last husband of a stage-favorite. We remember distinctly the name of Marius, who was the intermediate husband, or one of the intermediate spouses of Miss St. John, for he was exceedingly noisy in the divorce trial, although it would not be fair to say that he was found sitting on her ruins. We are now reminded that the name of her first husband was James. But for the life of us we cannot tell the name of the present incumbent, although we read it lately and wrote it carefully on a piece of paper.

If you wish to cultivate the memory of little Willey and his sister Maude, it might be well to require them to repeat each night before they go to bed the list of Miss Russell's husbands with dates of divorce and death. After they have mastered this interesting and valuable list, other studies of like nature may be drawn from the lives of eminent comedians and musicians. If cards were arranged and printed, as in the game of Authors, an agreeable and instructive entertainment would be furnished, and young and old might profit thereby.

They were talking at the Porphyry about the difficulties encountered by a young man trying to make his way in Boston. One said, "I pity the son of rich and influential parents who depends solely on an education at Harvard and the fact that he was born here. Suppose he is a young lawyer? What is his income for the first 10 or 15 years? How many Harvard graduates, University or Law School, belong to the Curtis Club?" Another said, "Yes, his lot is harder than that of a rank outsider, who is not hampered by traditions, social obligations, fetish-worship, or the cult of the family-tree." And a third said, "The only one truly to be pitied is he that was born here of respectable parents in an unfashionable street. No matter how hard he may work, how brilliant he may be in law or medicine, there is always the vision of the icy hand, there is always the consciousness of bare toleration, permission to exist." Old Chimes added, "But even a Bostonian Brahmin is uneasy and humble in the awful presence of a member of a first family of Salem."

When we read that the repaired steamship Paris is to be henceforth known as the Philadelphia, we manufactured a jest concerning the probable rate of speed. But when we read that a Philadelphia Grand Jury has decided that "Sapho" is not an immoral book we threw the jest in the waste basket.

Mr. Bauer of Brooklyn objected to paying alimony to his wife who has brought suit for separation. One of his objections was that "she took to wearing bright red and yellow stockings." Mr. Bauer, who is a lithographer, is a man of severe taste.

Mr. George Grossmith has had unusual opportunities of studying human nature. For some time in London he held the position of Bow Street police court reporter, a position held by his father before him. We heard some one say when the entertainer was last here, "I wonder who writes the music of his songs." Mr. Grossmith not only writes the music of his songs, but he has written operettas as "Uncle Samuel," "The Gay Markee," an adaptation of Gilbert's "Wedding March," which Mr. Grossmith conducted.

An eminent and hardened pathologist heard President Eliot's speech in favor of vivisection. "I am not a sentimentalist," he said, "and I am not easily moved, but that speech brought tears to my eyes."

"Artist" writes to the Journal as follows: "Some time ago a painter in this city sent a picture to a committee here that examined with a view to exhibition in Philadelphia. The committee rejected the picture, although it had been praised highly by painters of reputation, among them Raffaelli. Nothing daunted, the painter sent her picture to Philadelphia, where it was accepted and honorably displayed. Furthermore this same picture has been chosen for the exhibition at Paris this year. It is the old story of the stone that the builders rejected."

March 16, 1900  
The vessel, though her masts be firm,  
Beneath her copper bears a worm;  
Around the Cape, across the Line,  
Till fields of ice her course confine;  
It matters not how smooth the breeze,  
How shallow or how deep the seas,  
Whether she bears Manila twine,  
Or in her hold Madeira wine,  
Or China teas, or Spanish hides,  
In port or quarantine she rides;  
Far from New England's blustering shore,  
New England's worm her bulk shall bore,  
And sink her in the Indian seas—  
Twine, wine, and hides, and China teas.

To E. E.: We do not know the pre-

mise character of the society entitled "Prudent Patriarchs of Pompeii." Why do you not address the "Premier" at his office in Saginaw, Mich. He would be delighted to give you all the necessary information.

One of Leonora Jackson's passionate press agents says that the young American always wraps her violin in an American flag. In the opinion of persons who have heard Miss Jackson play, all precautions to preserve the instrument she now possesses are wasted, however patriotic they may be. Miss Jackson is in need of a new instrument.—New York Sun.

Musicians are a never-falling well spring of joy and copy. Here is Mr. Eugene Sandow, for instance, the strong man, whom you well remember. He was once in Boston; learned physical claims and Harvard professors thumped him in the ribs, measured him in various anatomical sections and directions, looked at his tongue, and inquired if a spirit of purely scientific interest after his celebrated liver. A man of versatile accomplishments, he was used by ingenious advertisers, among them Miss Lillian Russell. In Liverpool some time ago, Mr. Sandow, rejoicing in his strength, lifted a piano, together with the, in this case, eminent pianist and endeavored to carry them off to stage—no doubt to the great relief of the audience. But he caught his foot in the carpet, and let the piano down before he could recover himself. The pianista, "Who was playing at 11 time," was seriously injured; brought action against Mr. Sandow and the historic twelve men in a boat the bulwark of our liberty, the two and the buckler of the oppressed, etc., awarded him \$125. Mr. Sandow appealed to a higher court, as do musicians from destructive criticism. The Judges in the Court of Appeals decided that he was not liable in damages, for there was not any evidence of negligence on his part. The moral of this is that pianists even in a moment of flight should keep at least one foot on the floor, if not on the damp pedal.

We are glad to learn that Bishop Codman did not reflect bitterly on the intellectual condition of the people of Maine. The Rev. Jedediah Morse, D., a departed brother, once minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, spoke over a century ago of the contemplated erection of a college near Casco Bay and added (in a paragraph on the "State of Literature in the District of Maine"), "it is but just to observe that a spirit of improvement is increasing." Our learned and departed brother described the people themselves—as they were just after a Revolutionary War—as "a brave, hard, enterprising, industrious, hospitable people."

New York in one of its rare but violent fits of morality is an amusing sight. The city is just now the most temper of that never disappointing wonder of wonders, the Great Wild East Show.

March 17, 1900  
Little Mary is dangerously sick. Her temperature is high, and the parents are uneasy. They promise her every morning a new plaything if she will be good and swallow her medicine. Every night the father brings a toy milk cart, or a dog that jumps a barks, and many such things from the show. Her pleasure is only for a moment, for she has no strength. She can only look at the arranged on a table near her bed. She and mother do not like to look at each other; they cannot understand the cause. Neither can Johnny. Flat on his belly, stares at the playthings, the useless luxuries which his sister will not allow to be touched. "But it's my turn to be sick!" he says.

There are several conditions attending deep and nourishing sleep in winter. The tip of your nose should be cold. There should be a stir in the air without the house, but not a howling wind. There should be the sound of a passing train and the thought of suffering men and women huddled together in a grotesque dress and positions in a sleeping car, in hideous promises. Or there should be the thought of heavy snow-storm and the consequent weariness of the belated, who tire their way, or sit impatient in a study car. Any suggestion of the distasteful, poverty, suffering of others at night will furnish the true and well-housed philosopher with pleasant dreams.

There died lately at Nice an old man named Eugene Vivier, who was once famous for his practical and for his extraordinary ability as a horn-player. By some strange covery or trick—which remains a mystery to the last—he could produce on his instrument three and even four notes at once, so that he could play pieces for three horns "with fullness of sound" from the one horn. He was a great friend of Napoleon.



and, after Sedan, Vivier found  
ent chiefly at Nice, in which  
published a queer book entitled  
le of That Which is Said Every-  
The book is a collection of the  
places we all indulge in. We  
a few examples:  
do nothing but quarrel from  
till night—and yet they adore  
er."  
Doesn't live far from here, for  
him go by every day."  
except the lobster and the ice  
wing was made in the house; we  
excellent cock."  
Shouldn't you grow fat? You  
ke exercise."  
Come, dear, we must not keep  
standing at the door. Good night,  
see you soon, we have had  
tful evening. It is always a  
to come here."  
Queer you didn't get the letter.  
it myself."  
We had several good offers in  
Ark; but I do not wish to leave  
ad."  
Now her well—fifteen years ago  
a stunner—and she is well-  
ad."  
Madam, you are wrong; it is  
that is worn now by our best  
supper with you? I do not  
ou, and if I should go, what  
ou think of me?"  
a pretty foot!"—"How you  
My shoe is twice too long and  
ies too broad for me."  
Should let your beard grow  
is more becoming."

reminds us to ask a question.  
Judas usually represented in  
legend as wearing a red beard?  
ve under this impression, but,  
Blavignac's "Histoire des En-  
we came across this para-  
"Fashion changes. Black  
re now preferred (1879), and yet:  
Carlot had a black beard; Cal-  
whom the torture and the stake  
elaxation, wore a black beard,  
ofaphers tell us, which was long  
oiled; Gilles de Retz, who drank  
ol and caressed the palpitating  
so many boys and girls, had  
so black that he was known  
beard." If a man had hair of  
ol and beard of another, it was  
ed in the Middle Ages to be of  
dm, and the man was shunned.  
curious belief was that of Eu-  
dalle, a writer on "ethnological  
ogy." He claims that man left  
ars of his Maker in a condition  
tion; as a perfect being, he  
hair; black hair and black  
re exceptions, anomalies that  
dy will disappear; when the  
ill be accomplished in the di-  
pla, all men will again be red,  
ths, restored to the original  
ill enter into the bosom of

red yesterday an article which  
be the manner in which cele-  
ddlers, singers, pianists came  
e stage. (Many come on easier  
they go off.) The writer, a for-  
nd the journal was the Lon-  
don Musical Courier—says: "Arthur  
takes the greatest possible  
escape the notice of the pub-  
ic. He is pictured as "winding his  
hugh the orchestra and bowing  
imperceptibly." How Arthur  
haged!

do newspapers comment on the  
the war in South Africa has  
ce a considerable diminution of  
a home.

French policeman is a man of  
rimination. A lady, who said  
a play actress, was brought  
he Cadi, charged with "ap-  
n the Rue Fontaine in an un-  
y attire. As a matter of fact,  
is no attire at all." The po-  
remarked in the course of his  
nd "Yes, that was at 3 o'clock  
orning on Feb. 2. If it had  
the middle of June, I should  
tarn no notice of it."

ch boy was tried lately in Eng-  
an incendiary. It was sug-  
e a lawyer that the case might  
ed on the principle of Fletcher  
alls, as applied in a well-known  
re it was held that "the owner  
amal which is not harmless in  
ate, or which he knows to be  
er dangerous, keeps it at his  
as liable for any injury which  
y," unless the person to whom  
ny is done brings it upon him-

now a man whose wife makes  
change his clothes four or five  
day. She thus proves to her-  
she is a leader in fashion.  
her splendor pales before that  
of Maria Savonensis, of the  
Minorites! When Eleonora  
ron was married to Hercules,  
of Esti, and was departing



## ERNEST VON DOHNANYI.

Ernest von Dohnányi, the pianist who made his debut in America Thurs-  
day night at Cambridge, and will play at the Symphony concert tonight,  
was born at Pressburg, Hungary, July 27, 1877. His father is a professor of  
Mathematics and Physics at the Pressburg Gymnasium. Ernest began to  
learn the piano when he was six, and he began to compose at seven. His  
first teachers were his father, who is a cellist, and Forstner. He played in  
public for the first time at Pressburg, when he was nine years old. His  
first chamber music was written in 1888-89, and his piano quartet was  
played in Vienna in 1894. In September of that year he entered the Academy  
of Music at Budapest, where he remained until June, 1897; he studied theory  
under Hans Koessler and the piano under Stefan Thomán. In 1895-96 he com-  
posed his piano quintet in C minor, and his symphony in F. In 1896 his  
symphony and an overture "Zrínyi" took prizes offered by the Liszt Verein  
of Budapest. Dohnányi studied afterward with d'Albert, then appeared in  
Berlin in October, 1897, and afterward in German and Austrian cities. His piano  
concerto won the prize at Vienna in a competition where Mr. Gericke was  
one of the judges. His first appearance in England was at a Richter concert  
Oct. 24, 1898. Since then he has played in many European cities.

to Ferrara—hence the corruption "Ta-  
ra-ra-boum-de-ay"—be made her a  
feast at Rome, wherein were an ex-  
cessive number of dishes, replete with  
the most precious and delicate meats;  
betwixt the services there were delight-  
ful shows. It lasted for seven hours,  
and all the servants, that they might  
answer the greatness of the feast,  
changed their garments as oft as they  
renewed the service.

## DOHNANYI

The program of the 19th Symphony  
concert last evening in Music Hall, Mr.  
Gericke conductor, was as follows:  
Symphony, C major, 425.....Mozart  
Concerto for piano, No. 4, in G major.....  
Cadenzas by Mr. Dohnányi.....Beethoven  
Symphonic poem, "Thus Spake Zara-  
thustra,".....Richard Strauss  
Overture to "Oberon,".....Weber

Mr. Ernest von Dohnányi made his  
first appearance in Boston last night.  
His first appearance in this country was  
at the Symphony concert Thursday  
night at Cambridge.

The young pianist is first of all a  
musician; not because he composed his  
own cadenzas to the concerto, for  
these cadenzas are by no means dis-  
tinguished—they are, in fact, respect-  
able and ineffective, as though the com-  
poser had been afraid of doing some-  
thing that would seem ahead of Beetho-  
ven's period, and thus they were mere-  
ly diluted spirits of Beethoven; not be-  
cause he wrote these cadenzas, I re-  
peat, but because throughout the con-  
certo he proved himself an admirable  
musician in the essential qualities; in  
firm grasp of the composer's ideas, in  
sense of proportion, in beauty of  
phrasing. He understood the music  
and he reproduced it as only an accom-  
plished musician can interpret.

I am aware that exception might be  
taken to his treatment of the first  
movement, for his tendency to coquette  
with the themes, to turn the frank  
allegro of Beethoven into a nauseous

thing, "a slow allegro," a thing espe-  
cially dear to certain Viennese, a thing  
beloved by certain Brahmsites. It is  
true that Beethoven indicated an "al-  
legro moderato," but this pace is dif-  
ficult from the "slow allegro" with the  
suggestion of a constant desire to sen-  
timentalize, to weep, to make the music  
"too beautiful." Mr. Dohnányi did not  
allow this tendency to get wholly the  
better of him, but the performance as  
a whole would have gained if he had  
shown more absolute frankness in this  
movement.

There is no need of speaking at  
length about his technic. It was al-  
ways ample, fluent, thoroughly under  
control, never obtrusive. His touch  
was agreeable, and if you found that he  
was not a distinguished colorist, you  
should remember that the concerto  
itself does not call for the nuances  
indispensable to modern music—and  
when I say modern I of course include  
Chopin, whose music might have been  
written yesterday by a radical—instead  
of "yesterday" I almost wrote "to-  
morrow." It was an eminently polished,  
thoughtful, musical performance.

It was a pity that he did not choose  
his own concerto, the one that won the  
prize at Vienna; for then we might  
have had an opportunity of judging of  
his own individuality. With the excep-  
tion of the wonderfully impressive sec-  
ond movement, this concerto of Beet-  
hoven contains little of real interest.  
There are few reminders of the great  
Beethoven. And in this second move-  
ment Mr. Dohnányi did not rise to a  
great height, as did d'Albert on a mem-

orable occasion in this city. Here was  
Mr. Dohnányi's one opportunity to re-  
veal a powerful, intense, masterful in-  
dividuality. The music was there; the  
opportunity was there; the pianist was,  
as ever, polished, musical—and that was  
all.

Whether this agreeable pianist has  
a decided individuality, whether he  
has temperament, great moments, fire  
that illuminates but not consumes—  
this can be answered only after he has  
been heard in compositions of another  
nature and another period.

An unfamiliar symphony by Mozart  
is in nine cases out of ten a wear-  
iness to the flesh, and it is mistaken  
reverence to exhumate it with the in-  
tention of galvanizing it. Better one  
strong modern work than a wilder-  
ness of symphonies of ancient pattern  
and conventional manufacture. The  
one chosen last night has interesting  
passages, especially in the finale. The  
middle movements are dull, and Mozart  
himself, if he were living, would be the  
first to yawn at them.

I wonder what he would say to Rich-

ard Strauss's symphonic poem. It was  
Mr. James Huncker who said that this  
piece should be played to an audience  
composed exclusively of poets, musi-  
cians and mad-men. Pages have been  
written about the music, and extrava-  
gant language has been used in praise  
and disapproval. The opening measures  
are sublime—it is as though the doors  
of eternity were opened, slowly and  
solemnly by unseen hands. But a few  
sublime pages do not make a sublime  
composition, especially when it goes on  
for half an hour or more. There is a  
wealth of beauty and strength in this  
strange fantasia, and there are pages  
that are curious rather than clear or  
satisfying. The dissonances do not of-  
fend so much as does the obscurity in  
which the composer's meaning is some-  
times hidden. Nor again would the ob-  
scurity irritate or perplex if by it any  
definite mood were established. The  
fugued passage entitled "Of Science" is  
a case in point; is it merely an intima-  
tion of the vanity of pedantry? But  
how beautiful, on the other hand, is the  
music that follows immediately the  
stroke of midnight! The establishment  
of two tonalities at the very close is not  
as disconcerting as is the manner in  
which the closing measures are treated  
in harmonic progression and orchestra-  
ly just before the establishment of these  
conflicting tonalities. And on many a  
page you feel the want of a deep-root-  
ed, firmly-grounded bass.

Each hearing reveals greater strength  
and beauty. And now, Mr. Gericke, why  
should we not hear Strauss's "Don  
Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben"?  
They have both been performed in  
Chicago, and the latter has made its  
way throughout Germany and the  
Netherlands; it has reached Switzer-  
land, and it has been played in Paris.  
The performance last night of this  
stupendous work was interesting, often  
impressive. The wretched box of whistles  
was inadequate in the opening meas-  
ures, and this whole passage was more  
overwhelming when it was heard here  
before. There were some instances of  
false intonation; the violin solo might  
well have been taken at a faster pace;  
and the final passages for the wood  
wind were breathy and not rigidly pre-  
cise. But these were little spots in  
the splendor of the performance, and  
the technical difficulties are great.

Philip Hale.

It may be remembered that Mr.  
Ernest Sharpe, bass, gave a song re-  
cital here March 5.

In the notice of the concert, I wrote  
as follows:

"Some advance notices spoke of Mr.  
Sharpe as the American bass who had  
refused to sing at Bayreuth, although  
the widow Cosima had tearfully en-  
treated him. Other advance notices  
referred to him as the English bass  
who had sung with unparalleled success  
in Berlin. As a matter of fact, I be-  
lieve Mr. Sharpe is the son of an Eng-  
lish army officer and he was born in  
a Canadian town.

"These advance notices did Mr.  
Sharpe a serious injury; for they were  
of such a flattering nature that lively  
expectation was aroused in the breasts  
of some who are still inclined to put  
their trust in foreign critics and the  
words of the passionate press agent."

And I also said in the same article:

"Mr. Sharpe is a manly, honest look-  
ing singer, without pretence or affecta-  
tion on the stage, and I do not hold  
him responsible for the absurd puffery  
of his manager or press agent. If you  
wish to know exactly what I mean by  
'absurd puffery,' look at the advertise-  
ment of Mr. Sharpe's concert in the  
last Symphony program-book."

The article from which I have just  
quoted was published in the Journal  
of March 6.

It appears that Mr. Sharpe was of-  
fended by a sentence in the first para-  
graph quoted.

In a letter written to me from New  
York and dated March 14, Mr. Sharpe  
says:

"I again assert that no such thing as  
you quote has appeared in print with  
regard to me. Many New York and  
Boston papers have had paragraphs  
stating that I was the only American  
who had been invited to study at Bay-  
reuth by Frau Wagner. These para-  
graphs are perfectly true. I am an  
American citizen, and I did spend the  
summer of '98 at Bayreuth studying  
the few roles suited to my voice at  
Frau Wagner's invitation.

"I am quite serious in saying that  
I wish you to substantiate your state-  
ment, and that if you can do so I will  
cause the paper which stated the false-  
hood to contradict it, as it could only  
have originated in malice.

"I do not doubt but that when you  
wrote the article entitled 'Ernest  
Sharpe,' you had in mind that some-  
thing similar to what you quoted had  
been said, and I trust to your fairness  
to either prove yourself right or own  
that you were wrong."

In other words, Mr. Sharpe claims  
that the statement quoted by me is a  
falsehood, and that it could "only have  
originated in malice."

I fear that Mr. Sharpe is somewhat  
lacking in a sense of humor, for I can-  
not otherwise understand why he  
brings forward the serious charge of  
malice. I learned that he was a Cana-  
dian, born at St. John's, Quebec, Aug.  
26, 1862, a son of Col. W. H. Sharpe,  
from an article, illustrated with his  
portrait and published in the London  
Musical Courier. The writer of that  
article stated that Mr. Sharpe had stud-  
ied under Archer, Arditi, and at Bay-  
reuth. Surely there is nothing mali-  
cious in this statement, even if it be an  
erroneous statement. To charge him  
with being a Canadian is not an act of  
malice. Inasmuch as the said article  
in the London Musical Courier was



written in a most friendly spirit and apparently with an intimate knowledge of the singer's career. I accepted the statements contained therein in the absence of any contemporaneous or subsequent contradiction.

The music editor of a large newspaper receives many, many advance notices. It is his duty to look them over, to take out what is news and of real interest to his readers. After he has used these notices he throws them into the waste basket. And some advance notices are of such an absurd or palpably false nature that they are immediately destroyed.

I received certain advance notices from Mr. Sharpe's agent; thus I once received a program of his concert of March 5, before that date. The heading of the program was as follows:

"Mr. Ernest Sharpe of London, England, is an American basso-profundo, who has won over four hundred such criticisms as those enclosed from the press of Great Britain and Germany, during the past four years."

Another advance notice that appeared in certain Boston papers, as the Herald, Feb. 25, read as follows:

"Mr. Ernest Sharpe, who is to give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, March 5, is an American who has won great praise in London and Berlin, and who enjoys the distinction of being the only English-speaking man who was invited to study the Wagnerian roles in Bayreuth, where he has been one summer at Frau Cosima Wagner's, enjoying the privilege of personal instruction from her in the roles suited to his voice. Mr. Sharpe will include in his program Loehr's setting of 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' which was composed for and dedicated to him."

Now I had read somewhere that Mr. Sharpe had been invited to sing at Bayreuth by the widow Wagner, but had declined on account of other engagements. Under this impression, I wrote as I did, and I really fail to see

why Mr. Sharpe should feel injured in any way by that particular sentence. (Perhaps he objects to the word "tearfully," which is a harmless bit of rhetoric, when you remember the emotional nature of Cosima.) Furthermore, I fail to see any malice in the quoted statement, however loosely it may have been worded. Nine persons out of ten would regard the statement as a warm compliment.

Since he denies it, and says he studied at Bayreuth at Cosima's request, I believe him and regret that he should have been disturbed. He should remember that in the broadcast transmission and publication of hundreds of advance notices of all kinds, errors will creep in and there will be unintentional inaccuracy. I do not keep newspaper gossip or advance notices in scrap-books, paged and indexed, nor do I keep them on file. I therefore cheerfully acknowledge myself in error, through misapprehension, and I take pleasure in stating that Mr. Sharpe affirms that he did not refuse Cosima; on the contrary, he studied Wagnerian parts in Bayreuth, where he enjoyed "the privilege of personal instruction from her in the roles suited to his voice." But I wish that he would clear his mind of the thought of malice. His advance notices certainly injured him by arousing undue expectation, by setting for him a standard of excellence which unfortunately he did not reach in performance, but they were framed with the earnest desire to help him.

Mr. Carl Faelten will give a piano recital Monday evening in Steinert Hall. The program will be prelude and fugue in A minor and smaller pieces by Bach; Beethoven's sonata, F major, op. 10, No. 2, Beethoven; Schumann's etudes Symphoniques. There will be introductory remarks by Mrs. Reinhold Faelten.

The first program of the chamber concert of Messrs. de Pachmann and Marteau, in Music Hall, Thursday afternoon, at 2.30, will be as follows:

Sonata, F minor.....W. A. Mozart  
Prelude and fugue, G minor.....Bach  
(For violin alone.)  
Aria.....Bach  
Fantasie-stuck, op. 27, No. 2.....Sjogren  
Scherzo tarantelle.....Wienlawski  
Mr. Marteau.  
Two preludes, two etudes, mazourka, waltz.....Chopin  
Mr. De Pachmann.  
Kreutzer Sonata, A major, op. 47.....Beethoven  
(Dedicated to Kreutzer.)

The program of the second chamber concert by Messrs. de Pachmann and Marteau, Saturday afternoon, at 2.40, will be as follows:

Sonata, D minor, op. 12.....Schumann  
Impromptu, Berceuse, Waltz.....Chopin  
Perpetuum Mobile.....Weber  
Mr. de Pachmann.  
Quatre Morceaux, op. 43.....Christian Sinding  
(Dedicated to Mr. Marteau.)  
Mr. Marteau.  
Fantasie, Op. 159.....Schubert

The program of the Symphony Concert March 31 will include Schubert's overture to "Alfonso and Estrella"; Grieg's "Peer Gynt," Suite No. 1; Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Mrs. de Pachmann will sing Saint-Saëns's "Marie," "L'Amour du Timbalier" and songs by Wagner.

Mrs. Madeline Schiller, pianist, assisted by the Adamowski Quartet, Mr. Maquarre, flute; Mr. Selmer, clarinet, and Mr. Hackebartb, horn, will give a concert in Association Hall Thursday afternoon, March 29, at 2.30. The program will include Rubinstein's Octet, which she introduced here. The sale of seats will begin at Music Hall Wednesday morning.

The performance of Augusto Rotoli's Roman Festival Mass and new Easter offertory, "Terra Tremuit," will take place at Tremont Temple on Wednesday evening, March 28. The sale of tickets, which began last week, is reported as auguring a notable success.

The Musical Art Society of New York, Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor, will give a concert in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, 8.15, March 27.

This society was organized six years ago for the purpose of bringing before the musical public a class of vocal composition practically unknown, but of great beauty, namely, the works of Palestrina and his school; of Bach, and the more modern masters of a capella music. The co-operation of the professional singers of New York was invited, and a chorus organized with the hope that it would ultimately develop into a model for similar societies, and perhaps form the nucleus around which the best amateurs might be grouped for more extensive work. These singers are paid for services at rehearsals and concerts.

One aim of the society, to attain an ideal standard of choral singing, has been pursued for six years with zeal and interest under the guidance of its founder and director, Mr. Frank Damrosch. The influence of the society on church choirs has been great, and from various places throughout the country have come announcements of societies formed for a somewhat similar purpose.

#### PROGRAM.

Crucifixus.....Lotti  
Cantagaverunt Oculi Mei.....Michael Haydn  
Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen.....Praetorius  
Stabat Mater.....Palestrina  
Cantata, "Ode of Mourning".....Bach  
Liebe Dir Ergeb' Ich Mich.....Cornelius  
Gold'ne Fluren, Wiesenland.....Dvorak  
Ungewisses Licht, Talismane.....Schumann

The People's Choral Union of Boston, under which name the advanced division of the People's Singing Classes is now incorporated, will give its third annual concert in Music Hall, on Sunday evening, April 22. The large chorus will be assisted by orchestra and soloists to be announced later, the whole concert being under the direction of Mr. Samuel W. Cole, conductor. Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," will form the program of the evening. Negotiations are in progress with several out-of-town artists, and the list of soloists will be announced as soon as completed. Additional interest will be given to the occasion from the fact that the oratorio has not been performed in Boston since Dec. 26, 1889. It was given under the auspices of the Handel and Haydn Society, with Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor, and Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss J. E. Houston and Mr. William J. Winch among the soloists.

Mr. Louis C. Elson will give the third of his lectures Tuesday afternoon in Steinert Hall, at 3 o'clock. The subject will be "Wagner and his Theories."

The programs of Mr. Max and Miss Julia Heinrich's recitals in Steinert Hall on April 2, 3 and 5 will include songs by Schubert, Brahms, Tschaiowsky, Foote, Nevin, Schumann, Richard Strauss and Franz, and duets by Henschel, Saint-Saëns and Goring Thomas. J. Melville Horner, baritone, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, April 12. The program will include the Cycle of Songs from Tennyson's "Maud," by Arthur Somervell (new).

Mr. Hermann Hartmann and his pupils are to give a violin recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, March 29.

The story of Arnold Mendelssohn's new opera, "Der Bärenhäuter" (Berlin, Feb. 9), is as follows:

Ruppert, a farm servant, loves above his station, Anna, daughter of the village Mayor, loves him in return. Frieder, the father, has, however, selected another husband for Anna, a dissipated nobleman, Junker Kunz Von Knausen. Anna has not moral courage enough to declare her love for Ruppert and aversion for Kunz, and denies before her father and the assembled villagers that Ruppert is her lover. So broken down at his sweetheart's faithlessness is the poor fellow that he goes off to commit suicide by drowning. On the way he meets Satan, who promises to avenge Ruppert's grievances and make him a great ruler. Ruppert must agree to certain conditions; he is not to wash himself, nor to cut his hair or nails, and to wear a bearskin garment until such time as a "pure kiss from the ban maid" shall free him from the ban. Ruppert accepts, and in the second act he is ensconced in the Satanic regions. He has been there a whole year, but has remained proof against all the temptations of the fiend and Hellja, his grandmother, to become one of themselves. He declines their offers of wealth and power, and demands to be sent back to earth again, even, if it

must be, in his bearskin garb. So Ruppert returns to his native village, where he scares everyone who sees his repulsive form. He wends his way to the lake, where he makes his moan in song. Anna, whose father and sutor are dead, goes also to the place where she begets her lover drowned himself, and leaves her voice imagines it to be his spirit. When she sees Ruppert her fright is so great that she faints, and he returns in despair to Hades. There he nearly succumbs to the fascinations of Hellja, who has made herself young and beautiful; but Anna turns up in the nick of time to save him by her repentant kiss. The young couple go back in triumph to the earth.

Eugen d'Albert's new one-act music drama, "Cain," was performed for the first time Feb. 17 at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin. It was eminently successful, and was immediately spoken for by the Dresden management. (At Leipzig, the manager will not accept any of d'Albert's dramatic works, from purely personal reasons, if we can believe the Musikalisches Woebenblatt.) The libretto by Bulthaupt is founded on Byron's tragedy, and some deplore that he introduced Lucifer, "for the scene between him and Cain although it is shorter than in the tragedy is superfluous, and without him the play would be of purely human interest."

A most powerful scene is that immediately after the murder when voices from the clouds call at first softly "Cain," and then the voice of the Lord (male voices in unison) thunder forth "Where is thy brother?" The music is in free form, yet not in slavish imitation of Wagner. Leitmotifs are not used in conventional form, but thematically and with a profound mastery or orchestral polyphony. The themes are sharply defined and characteristic, the dramatic feeling is intense, the orchestration is extraordinarily brilliant. At least so Otto Lessman says.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, who will visit this country next season, was born, according to a Berlin newspaper, from which I take these statements, at St. Petersburg, Jan. 26, 1875. He is the youngest child of a lawyer of that city. Between the ages of 3 and 4 he gave strong evidence of musical talent. He began his piano studies at the age of 6. His parents sought the advice of Anton Rubinstein, who told them that their son was possessed of extraordinary musical talent. When only 11 years old he had developed a mastery technique. Prof. Telstov was his teacher in the Conservatorium. At the age of 16 he won the Rubinstein prize. He had two years of study with Leschetitzki. His first composition, "A Serenade for Orchestra," was written when he was 12. He began his career as piano virtuoso in October, 1896, in Berlin, with brilliant success. With equally brilliant success he played in other large cities in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland.

Otto Gumprecht, influential music critic, died at Meran Feb. 7. Born at Erfurt April 4, 1823, he studied law at Breslau, Halle and Berlin, became Dr. jur. but in 1849 he became music critic of the Nationalzeitung, Berlin. He became blind through an accident, and little by little he confined his critical attention to the concert hall. Stiffly conservative, a foe to the younger school, his influence began to wane about 1876. In 1889 he had a stroke from which he never fully recovered, and after that he lived a comfortable and lonely life at Meran. From 1850 to 1876 he was reckoned the first of Berlin critics, one of the "great trio," the others were Gustav Engel and Richard Wuerst. Gumprecht wrote these books: "Musikalische Charakterbilder" (1869); "Neue musikalische Charakterbilder" (1876); "Wagner und dessen Bühnenfestspiel, Der Ring des Nibelungen" (1873); "Unsere Klassischen Meister" (two vols. 1883-1885); "Neuere Meister" (two vols. 1883.)

They are telling this story of Gevaert, the director of the Brussels Conservatory. He was conducting the last rehearsal of a Conservatory concert. When conducting, he is nervous, irritable—not a phenomenon in the musical world. Suddenly he heard a slight noise as though some one in the audience were leaving a chair. He stopped the orchestra, turned around, and saw a man tiptoeing his way out. Gevaert shouted: "I wish you to know, sir, that listeners are allowed here only through favor, and there must be no disturbance. Doorkeeper! Write that man's name down so that he shall not be invited again." The rehearsal was over and the doorkeeper was called. He said: "The gentleman who left during the rehearsal was the Duke of Vendome. He made a thousand apologies—but it was 12 o'clock—His Majesty the King expected him, had invited him to luncheon—he really couldn't stay longer." They say that Gevaert had at the rehearsal four hairs on his head. That night he was hairless.

I quote from the London Musical Courier an account of Philipp Wolfmum's new oratorio, "A Christmas Mystery With Biblical Words and Popu-

lar Playing," which has been performed at Berlin, Munich, Düsseldorf.

"The phrase 'Spielen des Volkes,' will be better understood by the following description: According to the composer's intentions the work should be given in a church, with living figures and pantomime, the musical apparatus being invisible to the audience. He designed a mystery stage to stand in the choir of the church capable of being concealed by a veil. The music, that is, orchestra, organ, choir and soloists—is to stand on a platform or gallery at the other end of the church, in the rear of the public and partly above them. This scenic plan has evidently influenced the composition of the oratorio, although it can, without losing any effect, be produced in a concert room. In the Middle Ages these mystery plays, with living figures and pantomime scenes, were common; in fact, after the institution of Corpus Christi, in 1264, every considerable town had a fraternity for their performance. In the 'Christmas Mystery' of Wolfmum the words of the Bible are sung in a recitative form, while the concerted popular scenes have a lyric stamp. In external form it deviates from the old oratorio more in the style and character of the music. The arlso style and the grandly constructed choruses of the oratorio are omitted and the orchestra is charged with the characterizations. Wolfmum's style is thoroughly modern and in the direction of Liszt's religious compositions, but it is still quite original. It is with this modern feeling that he has written the recitative and cantilene-like parts, while in the chorus and orchestra he uses (like Liszt) the old choral and popular hymn style. Thematically the piece is admirably constructed. He writes a counterpoint that admits of an astonishing polyphony and employs in all the diatonic Bach-like working out the conquests of modern orchestral technique. The instrumentation is full of rich color, but Wolfmum's marked sense for effects of tone never hides the voices in the orchestra. In the handling and arrangement of the textual matter this new oratorio is far removed from the old style, and opens new paths by its freshness and originality."

Wolfmum was born at Schwarzenbach Dec. 17, 1855. He studied at Altdorf and then at the Munich Royal Music School. From 1879 to 1884 he taught at Bamberg, since then he has been organist and music director of the University at Heidelberg, and he has now many honorary titles and offices. He has written choruses, songs, chamber music, and sonatas, and other pieces for the organ.

A correspondent sends the following extract from a criticism published in a newspaper not far from Boston: "A responsive was the organ to the skillful touch of the accomplished organist that the music was its own interpreter and it seemed difficult to believe that any more mechanical action of pedals and stops were needed to aid in the results, for the music spoke, and sang, and played, and soothed like the voice of heavenly voices."

Mr. William L. Hawes of New Orleans and Mrs. Clara G. Peterson of Philadelphia, sister of L. M. Gottschalk, have sent interesting mementoes of the celebrated pianist and composer to the Louisiana Historical Society Exhibit at the Fisk Library, New Orleans. Among the mementoes are: Original manuscript of Scherzo Romantique; closing of letter with autograph writer from Mexico, 1868; cabinet photograph of M. Gottschalk wearing decorations; silver wreath in velvet case, presented by Messrs. Chickering, Hall and Schirmer of New York; photographs of grave at Greenwood Cemetery, New York; decorations; bust 1869 Rio Janeiro, Brazil; L. M. Gottschalk, cabinet size, sitting at piano; in passe-partout, daguerreotype of Gottschalk at 3 years; autograph dedication of "Date City of Freedom"; original manuscript of "Rayons d'Azzur"; penholder used by Gottschalk; Gottschalk's illustration Concert Book, miniature of Camille de Brusele, grandfather of L. M. Gottschalk; two ivory fans and two pieces of old lace belonging to the great-grandmother of Gottschalk, Mme. Dynaule Valade; two old documents—one, a commission of Camille de Brusele (Gottschalk's grandfather), on parchment, Ensign, from King George the Third of England, 1785. The other, Free Mass greeting, bearing signature of great uncle of L. M. Gottschalk, Moreau de l'Islet, a lawyer of great merit, who drew the Civil Code of New Orleans, and originated the divisions of states into islets, probably from his name.

Mr. John F. Runciman wrote as follows about pianists in the Saturday Review (London):

"It will not be denied that the era of successful pianists is a poor image of the creature. Liszt, Rubinstein, and low—these men were, of course, all men; and there are a few pianists today who are as full of manhood as could be desired. Mr. Lamond, for instance, is robust physically and intellectually; and though one cannot call Mr. Busoni robust, yet when he is called to recognize, even when he is in his gentlest mood and playing most delicately, that here is a real man, a man of the exceptions. I am referring to the pianist type. Nowadays we are him, with his whims, his affectations, his long hair, his narrow brain, his incoherence, his jealousy, his greed, his incoherence in advertising himself and



[illegible]

less to protest against this business. It will go on as society ladies love gentlemen half, or monkey tricks at the bare displays of strength and leanness it is a comfort to them, whom few men and women, something better than the London Bowditch, inclines too much to delicacy, as genuine and always pleasant; Lamond is a giant; Brunel is an artist within his limits; and women we have Carreno and Fischer-Sobell."

Some one compared a well-known Western pianist to a woolly dog. Mr. Auger said, "But woolly dogs are not always harmless—witness the case of the one at Boiling Spring in Maryland whose coat caught fire last week as he was in front of the open fire-place. The beast was so frightened that he ran up stairs and hid under a bed." "Did he find the celebrated man under it?" asked Old Chimes.

Mr. Auger did not deign to answer the question. "He set fire to the house, this peaceful woolly dog."

"I never hear of dogs," said Mr. Jules Renard, who had just left his friend de Régulier at Miss Eustacia's, "without thinking of the dreadful accident that befell the Johnson family. If you don't mind, I'll tell it to you."

Tired by the long walk, the Johnson family decided to stop at a farm house, and Mr. Johnson pushed the gate open with his foot. He stepped back, because a chained dog barked in rage and jumped as far as he could toward him.

"So you never saw me before," said Mr. Johnson; "you don't remember me."

The farmer's wife was looking at the visitors through an open window.

"Does **your** dog blte, my good woman?"

"He'd bite if he could," said the woman; "when's he's loose at night, I pity the tramp that comes near him."

"Don't try it, unless you want your leg bitten."

"That will be all right," said Mr. Johnson; "meanwhile, will you give us some milk?"

She was in no hurry. Finally she brought it, and, as she had something else to do, she did not bother herself about them.

The Johnsons held their glasses of milk in their hands and sipped it while they walked about the yard. They looked at the poultry and the farming implements. But they were not wholly at ease, and they frequently turned to look at the dog, who kept up his barking behind them.

"O shut up," said Mr. Johnson; "don't you know that we are good friends?"

The black dog showed teeth so white that, as Mrs. Johnson remarked, any woman would be proud of them.

"A terrible beast!" said Mr. Johnson. "I don't care how brave any man is, he might well be afraid of him."

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Johnson, after they had looked at the stables and were finishing the milk in front of the dog.

Mr. Johnson repeated the names of celebrated dogs from Carlo to Turk. Not one of them produced the slightest effect on him; on the contrary he grew angrier and angrier. Mr. Johnson, who did not dare to go near him, flattered him vainly from afar.

"What a noise you are making! Be quiet or you will choke yourself. It is a good thing the chain is so strong!"

It seemed so strong that they all became venturesome. Since they could not calm the dog, they excited him; they threw sand at him, they barked with him, or, disdainful, they waited until he should be through.

"Whenever you are ready," said Mr. Johnson to him.

And the dog howled and foamed at the mouth. His jaws were crimson. He tugged so violently at the chain, that suddenly it broke and fell to the ground.

He was loose!

Immediately the Johnsons were petrified with fear. Mrs. Johnson kept saying "O Lord! O Lord!" Mr. Johnson who had been laughing, remained with his mouth open, as though he should laugh forever. The little Johnsons were too frightened to run. A tumbler fell and was broken, and the farmer's wife, with her arms in the air, ran toward them, slower, she thought, than misfortune.

But the dog was the most stupid of all.

He did not make the leap that was anticipated. He turned around and about. He smelled of the chain which no longer held him. As though caught in wrong-doing, he hung his head, and, with a low growl, he went into his kennel.

Mr. Pol—we do not remember whether Pol stands for Polydore or Polyphemus—Mr. Pol Plancon expects to retire from the stage at the end of the next season. He said to a New York reporter that he is terrified at the amount of work it would take to prepare himself for Gurnemann in "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, although he would like to be the first French artist to have the distinction of singing at Bayreuth. "But it is one thing to sing a role here in German in 'Tannhauser' and another to undertake such a laborious part as Gurnemann at Bayreuth. Mme. Wagner first asked me to sing for her in the Bayreuth performances two years ago, after I appeared first as Pogner in London. Felix Mottl con-

ducted and the invitation came from his recommendation. I should very much like to go to Bayreuth as the climax of my career, as I expect to retire from the stage at the end of the next season. I have worked hard and I think I have earned a rest. Fortunately it is no longer necessary for me to sing and next spring will see my last appearance and I think to be the first French singer to appear at Bayreuth would be a fine way of celebrating the end of my career."

Plancon will be 45 years old June 12. He made his debut at Lyons in 1879, as Saint-Bris. He first appeared at the Opéra, Paris, June 23, 1883, as Mephistopheles. (Ed. de Reszke made his debut at the Opéra in the same part two years later). Plancon's intention to retire into private life may amaze some, but Plancon is an artist, a great artist to the tips of his fingers, and he, therefore, desires to leave the stage when he is in the full splendor of his career. What a pity that others do not show like sense! Look at the sad spectacle of Lilli Lehmann, a rich woman of 62 years, clamoring for engagements and endeavoring to feign youthful and tumultuous passion. But in New York they are fond of fat and elderly stage-lovers, and it would, therefore, not be surprising to see her and Mr. Jean de Reszke in a succession of amorous scenes at the Metropolitan next winter. Mr. Emil Fischer might be added for a musical trio.

The New York Times speaks of a poem with the refrain "In the brave days when I was twenty-one," and adds that it is "ascribed to Thackeray." The said poem is an imitation by Thackeray of Beranger's "Le Grenier," and the first verse is as follows:

With pensive eyes the little room I view,  
Where in my youth I weathered it so long;  
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,  
And a light heart still bursting into song;  
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,  
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

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Would you creep by night,  
By the grey moonlight  
And gather a rose  
(No rose of yours)  
To plant in your breast  
Thorns and unrest?  
No rose that grows  
To this point allures.

To this point address.  
But a rose that blows  
Where the hedgelow grows—  
No rose of yours.  
But a rose free-born,  
That droops to your eyes?  
Ah! pluck it, be wise:  
For the scent endures  
If that rose be worn.

"No man should change his winter clothing in this climate before May 1, and even then it is a bit dangerous". Of course this is from the New York Times, which has usurped the place long held by the Providence Journal as sartorial counselor and sanitary monitor.

We are delighted to learn from the Times that no "perfect gentleman" comes out on Easter morning in entirely new raiment. "It is no longer a fashionable custom, and many men purposely put on their very worst clothes on that day". This news will be hailed with joy by many. We had thought of appearing on the street and in church robed in spotless khaki, and we were wondering how we could persuade the tailor to allow us this pleasure—for he no longer listens to the plea, "Money? Did you say money?" But think what an advertisement this suit will be to you! Now we are at rest. We shall wear our "very worst clothes" which are also our very best.

The Times alludes to "overcoats in mixtures". It is true that at an afternoon tea or any social gathering you find these overcoats—but take your time in the selection. Examine carefully the condition of the lining before you make your choice and 'rush to the front door. At this time of the year overcoats are deceptive.

Now that undertakers have formed a union and insist that their clients should use a union coffin, we understand that death certificates will not be issued unless it is proved beyond doubt and peradventure that the patient died in consequence of a union bacillus.

Old Chimes was pleased when he read yesterday the verse from Beranger-Thackeray's "Garret", "I fear," he said, "that the garret is no longer a literary institution, as it was in the days of Pope and Grub Street. The poet in the garret is now merely a study for the antiquarian. The great authors of today live in luxurious houses; they have check books; they dine on stewed meats and claret; they are clothed in purple and fine linen, and they fare sumptuously each day. When the less celebrated authors—

they that are simply writers, plain writers, and not inventors, soldiers, sailors, acrobats, lion tamers, specialists that have driven writers out of the magazines and the book shops—even these no longer write by the light of a guttering candle, in a bleak and wretched garret; they have at least a fish-tail burner and a radiator or register. Today no poet would dare to write

'Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Pride, envy, want, the garret and the jail.'

"You cannot imagine my friend Mr. T. B. Aldrich, for instance, writing such a couplet. He would consider it low. But Dr. Johnson had known the garret, I remember that when Dr. Burney visited the great man before he had a pension, the furniture in the garret was a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson gave his visitor the whole chair and sat in the one with three legs; he never forgot its defect, 'but would either hold it in his hand on rising from it, or place it with great composure against some support, taking no notice of its imperfection to his visitor.' Why, there was a good old word, it may be in use now in England for aught I know—'garreteer.' And the other day I saw the title of a book of the last century—I mean the 18th—which I should like mightily to read: 'An Essay on the Antiquity, Dignity, and Advantages of living in a Garret.'"

The New York Sun published Sunday a scholarly editorial article on the important question whether a phrase in the terminology of marbles should be "vense dubs" or "fen dubs." Inasmuch as the marble season is approaching—nay it is sporadically here—this question is a vital one, especially to us in Boston, the home of the Watch and Ward Society, the Authors' Club and other purists. The Sun sums up as follows:

"In all likelihood, therefore, the term 'vents' or 'vense' was good boy usage in Tennessee as well, and perhaps in other States south of the Ohio River, to which the games of marbles penetrated. North of the Ohio, however, the general boys' word seems to have been 'fen.' Prof. J. M. Hart reported it from Cincinnati: 'Fen heist,' don't hoist your hand while shooting, and suggested, 'isn't this fend from defend, like the French use of defendre, to forbid, to prohibit?' In that sense the word was found in New York and Jersey City, in the District of Columbia and in public schools in England."

"Fen" is certainly the word in many English counties, and it is the word in New England. Dr. Joseph Wright of the English Dialect Dictionary, says that the verb "fien," "I forbid," is the same word as the Middle English "fend," and he goes back to the French "défendre." There are many forms of the phrase, as "fen keeps," "fen twos," "fen slips over again," "fen halves" (when a boy finds money), "fen pleads," "fen heist," "fen clearances," "fen everything." But it appears that in Berkshire, England, the word is spelled "ven"—as in "ven knuckle-down." ("Dialect Notes" (part IV, Boston, 1892), says that in Georgetown, D. C., when boys saw a dead animal they would say "fen all around my family and spit out," and then would spit. Spitting, of course, as an act to safeguard the spitter has been practised for centuries and by almost all peoples. English country people, just before they bury a dead animal, spit on the ground, solemnly, as though in the performance of a religious duty.

We heard a woman say the other day at table, "I like this bread; its so nice and chewy." She is a New Englander by education. Did she invent "chewy," or is the term used freely? We never heard it before, and dialect dictionaries know it not.

Here is a story of life in London that we recommend to any dignified person who protests against the absurdities of farce comedy. A young woman in a shop said to one of her companions, "Poor old Krueger's dead; he died last night;" whereupon the girl addressed was polite enough to smile—just as you smile at the old and dull story told you as "something new" by Mr. Bangerhold. The smiler was instantly dismissed by her employer. Instead of weeping and wringing her hands, she went before the magistrate. She said that her hours were from nine to ten with short meal-times. The employer answered that she was always "jarking" and "getting into corners." Were these the dark corners with which Lucio reproached the "old fantastical Duke?" The magistrate decided judiciously that it was no crime to laugh, however secretly he may approve Baudelaire's denunciation of the foolishness of that action, and he gave the young woman a pound in lieu of notice with costs. A reporter added: "Perhaps an employer should rather be glad that a young lady, who probably has literally to 'stand and wait' for 12 hours a day, has energy enough left for smiling."



And dainty meats I doe defile,  
Which feed men fat as swine,  
He is a frugal man indeed  
That on a loaf can dine.  
He needs no napkin for his hands,  
His fingers' ends to wipe,  
That keeps his kitchen in a box  
And roast-meat in a pipe.

A tobacco firm that manufactured nearly 1,750,000 pounds of snuff last year claims that the habit of chewing snuff is likely to take the place of the habit of chewing gum among the factory girls of New England. This statement is derided "indignantly" by dwellers in factory towns of this State. Meanwhile the demand for snuff is increasing rapidly.

Now snuff is a venerable institution. It was mentioned in literature as long ago as 1789, though in that century the Irish were spoken of as being singular in using it. King James in his famous treatise against tobacco did not mention it, and, by the way, this same King was the first in England to incorporate into a company the tobacco-pipe makers. Not that snuff-takers were openly encouraged by all the authorities. Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated in 1590 all those who were found taking snuff in St. Peter's at Rome, and in 1624 Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in church. In the time of Charles II. the use of the snuff-box was considered a dandyism. In one of Wycherley's plays, a swell who has just returned from France and despises everything English, speaks contemptuously of a young Londoner, and sums up with "In fire, to say no more, he never carries a snuff-box about with him." In one of Congreve's plays, Tattle, courting Miss Prue, gives her a snuff-box. Was it like the one mentioned by Southey, of another of pearl and silver, with a tube and a spring, by which the snuff was shot up the nostril? Voltaire tells us that snuff was considered so coarse that at the court of Louis XIV. it was not allowed to be taken, but books of etiquette of the period show us that the habit was widespread. Here is advice given in one book: "It is not the thing to take snuff, nor to chew, unless a person of position, who is privileged, present it to you in a familiar manner. Then you should take the tobacco; or at least pretend to, if it be distasteful to you." And here is a quotation from another and later work: "You should rarely take tobacco in company; you should not always have a snuff-box or a handkerchief in the hand, or a hand full of tobacco. Take care lest it fall on your linen and clothes, for it is disgraceful if one find you in this condition; and in order to prevent all this, take a little at a time."

To take snuff gracefully is a rare accomplishment. The box should creak like that of Lemaitre when he played as Robert Macaire. Inasmuch as "Damen" is now regarded as humorous in genteel comedies, you might be allowed to say "Dam'mel" after a pinch, as though you were a rich East Indian uncle in a nankeen waistcoat. Some of the best men we ever knew—alas, the ground knows them now and holds them tenderly—took snuff. They walked and sat in their own perfumed atmosphere; they were kind and wise and good, we thought in boyish days, because they took snuff. If the factory girls only took snuff as it should be taken! Dipping, although an interesting operation from an anthropological standpoint, is no better than chewing gum, and it is not to be endured. And yet, if Mr. Dapperskins shudders at the thought of kissing a pretty girl that dips, why should not Mary of the mill cock her nose at the idea of kissing a cigarette smoker, who resembles in odor the mountain goat?

Mr. Krueger, "dressed in a rusty frock coat, the front of which was sprinkled with tobacco," and smoking a pipe, said to a reporter, "We feel that every American should be with us in this struggle for liberty." But Mr. Krueger does not know how many Anglo-manics are among us. We heard one say last week—he was born in the South End, but he has forgotten the fact—that the Americans had never conquered the English in battle. Yorktown was mentioned. "Yes, but the French won that fight." Saratoga was named. "H-m-m. That battle didn't amount to anything." He was reminded of New Orleans. And then he showed distinct excitement. "Yes, but what did the cowardly Americans do? They sneaked behind cotton-bales, while the English advanced like heroes." Poor Mr. Krueger, he does not dream of the existence of such Americans, nor does he realize how the Golden Calf is worshiped in this country.

Mr. Augustus Thomas has put Goldsmith, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Garrick into a play. Why does not some playwright study the Authors' Club of Boston? He might find there rich material; but the play should be produced this year. At

the end of 25 years the characters would probably be considered as fictitious in spite of any playwright's noisy protestation to the contrary.

Whatever the commission of experts may decree with regard to the trees on the Common, may they spare the educational labels. What should we do, for instance, without the "Ulmus Americana"?

Yet I am here; I'm stilled in this day,  
Shut up from Thee, and the fresh East of Day.

I know Thy hand's not short; but I'm unfit—  
A foul, unclean thing! to take hold of it.  
I am all dirt, nor can I hope to please.  
Unless in mercy thou lovest a disease.  
Diseases may be cur'd, but who'd relieve  
Him that is dead. Tell me, my God, I live.  
'Tis true I live, but I so sleep withal,  
I cannot move, scarce hear, when Thou dost call.  
Sin's lullabies charm me, when I would come,  
But draw me after Thee, and I will run.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is naturally in a highly nervous state when he hears of the alleged threats of the Boers to destroy property. It was to gain property that he made his war; it is all on account of property that Englishmen are killed by Boers who are defending their land and their liberty. And if no property will be gained by England, of what advantage then are the loss of life and the spending of money? Furthermore the thought of anybody destroying property is repugnant to Mr. Chamberlain.

Wellesley College does not fear the trusts even when they bring gifts. By the way, would President Arthur T. Hadley or Yale refuse a million of dollars given to his college by Mr. J. D. Rockefeller? Or would he parody the saying of Vespasian, and ask the professors whether they were offended by any smell of oil about the check?

Sappho will go before a jury. Will she be as fortunate as Phryne, in her famous case? There were many old men on the jury that acquitted Phryne.

"A monument will be placed over Maud S."

Nor Maud nor Dexter was the first to be thus honored. The monument of Euthydicus was once famous throughout Greece, and it bore a metrical inscription which may be thus translated: "Column of marble, of whom art thou the tomb?"

"Of a fleet horse."  
"His name?"  
"Euthydicus."  
"His glory?"  
"He conquered in the games."  
"How often was he crowned?"  
"O many, many times!"  
"Who was his guide?"  
"Cueranus."

"O glory greater than that of demigods!"  
Another ancient monument bore this inscription: "The black Hippius, sired by Aquilon, conquered in 113 races, won the second prize 56 times, and the third 36 times; and also this: 'Aquilon, the blue-black horse, sired by Aquilon, won 130 races, carried off the second prize 88 times and the third 37 times.'"

Bucephalus had a city for his monument: the Emperor Hadrian wrote an epitaph for his dearly loved Borys-thenes; and the Emperor Verus raised a monument to Volucris in the Vatican.

Dr. William T. Councilman is an eminent pathologist; but when he told the

Merchants' Club that the hospital dated back not quite 1000 years, did he not forget the discovery about a year ago at Baden near Zurich of the hospital of the Roman Seventh and Eighth Legions, a hospital furnished with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical and surgical apparatus, "the latter including probes, tubes, pincers, cauterizing instruments, and even a collection of safety pins used in bandaging wounds?"

Why would it not be a good plan to revive the old practice of burning publicly any book or picture that is considered by the Watch and Ward Society as "objectionable," "immoral"? Gabriel Peignot compiled a critical, literary, and biographical dictionary of the principal books that were condemned to the fire, suppressed, or censored. The book—it was published in 1896—is a standing warning—not to authors, but to prudes and bigots. You may read therein, for instance, of poor John Lyser, whose treatise on polygamy was burned by the executioner under the command of Christian V. King of Denmark. You would fancy, would you not, that Lyser was naturally a terrible, roaring fellow, built sturdily, and with fierce, bushy black whiskers? As a matter of fact, he was a poor little man, thin, somewhat

hump-backed, pale, restless, a dreamer. He was also passionately fond of chess, and in his poverty, he went to Versailles, where he hoped by his skill to be supported at the court. But he had no luck, and, going back to Paris, he died at a way-house. Remember, too, that he was not a practical polygamist. On the contrary, his one wife was a burden. But he argued in favor of polygamy and cited the cases of the patriarchs, especially Lamech. These burnings on the Common, with the additional attraction of music by a brass band and the presence of the Mayor, would be a picturesque sight, and they might help trade, if the railway companies could be persuaded to sell excursion tickets. We recommend Rabelais, Shakespeare, Goethe, Horace, Montaigne, Chaucer, and the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel for the first bonfire.

Mr. Alexander Duval of the Duval restaurants in Paris has received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor as a reward for his services to the public. Is not this the Duval that, in his younger days, when he preferred a bird and a bottle to the family bouillon, was in love with Coral Pearl and threatened to blow out his brains in her apartment? An English woman by birth, she did not lose her brains; she asked him to go out in the hall before he pulled the trigger, for her drawing-room carpet was a new one.

Magistrate Flammer of New York thinks that there should be a decision handed down to settle the question "just where does music become criminal?" We see his finish, if he is obliged to listen to the testimony of musical experts. There are estimable persons in Boston who regard the music of Richard Strauss as criminal and see the composer as a mad man with straw in his hair and an irresistible desire to commit murder. There are hundreds of men and women who consider music immoral when it is played on Sunday in a beer-saloon. They say, "Where there's fiddling, there's sin." It is true that there is music which provokes the wish to kill the composer; but this music is written by men of blameless life—indeed, some of them are professors.

We invite the attention of sociologists, humanitarians and philanthropists to the merry doings at the New International Park, near Queens, L. I. "Five sets of traps have been erected, and the pigeons are placed in them by trappers in an underground tunnel. The dead birds are retrieved by boys instead of dogs, and it was found that about 125 birds could be shot in an hour from one set of traps by this method." America is still in the van of civilization. And woman, lovely woman, has her rights and triumphs in this noble sport. Thus we read with pleasure that Miss Oakley, "a clever woman wing-shot," killed 10 birds straight, "grasseed all her pigeons in fine style," and divided first money with male contestants.

## MECH 23. 1900 DE PACHMANN--MARTEAU

First of Two Chamber Concerts by  
the Eminent Pianist and Violinist  
in Music Hall—A Concert That  
Gave Much Pleasure.

Messrs. de Pachmann and Marteau gave the first of two chamber concerts in Music Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a good sized and very appreciative audience. The program included the Kreutzer sonata, the sonata in which Tolstol finds awful depths of depravity, a sonata for violin and piano by Mozart, a beautiful work of its kind; violin pieces by Bach (prelude and fugue in G minor for violin alone, and the well known aria), a fantasia-stück Op. 27, No. 2, Sjoegren, and Wieniawski's Scherzo tarantelle; preludes, etudes, a mazourka, and waltzes by Chopin. The piece by Sjoegren, a piece of original and charming fancy, is not familiar here. The composer, who is best known in Boston by his songs, was born in Stockholm in 1853. He studied there at the conservatory, then at Berlin under Kiel and Haupt, and in 1890 he was appointed organist of a church in Stockholm. He has written two violin sonatas; a setting of Ibsen's "Bergmand" for bass voice and orchestra; an episode for orchestra, "The Journey of the Three Kings through the Wilderness," which was played in London last year; songs, and piano pieces.

This concert gave much pleasure. Mr. Marteau has grown steadily in breadth and authority, and the promise of his early virtuoso years has been richly fulfilled. His tone is full, sympathetic, noble; his technique is no longer the slap-dash technique of the virtuoso that desires to startle at any cost; his sentiment is unexaggerated, and he is now serene and self-poise in the presence of a masterpiece of composition. He always had virtuoso blood, now he is mature in musicianship.

de Pachmann in the waltzes was oh-day humor, as was seen by his playfully humorous and fantastic songs. As ever, the characteristics that distinguish him from other artists—marvelous sense of rhythm, color, infinite skill in nuancing, a fabulous technique, and a touch that belongs to him alone—these were fully displayed. Nor were these displayed only for the glory of Chopin. This pianist, who, by some, is singularly misunderstood, showing himself an admirable musician in the music of Beethoven as well as that of Mozart.

ter was a liberal education in the art of singing a melody and in the skillful treatment of what now seems to us of this nervous period pleasant and jingling padding. To hear him in the sonata by Beethoven was to know that he is a musician of solidity and depth. The ensemble was for the most part delightful. There might be a question concerning the choice of certain tempi in the sonata by Mozart, but there was so much which gave pleasure that it would be foolish to insist on this point.

Philip Hale.

No man knows what work means unless he lives by it. If I dropped my quill, sir, I should get no dinner. The gentlemen who lecture on labor, and whose dinner is safe, cannot understand that. They can stop when they are tired. The man born to a trade, whatever he achieves in voluntary industry, never works at all. He does good, doubtless; he can be no more said to work than a polo-player, or Grace on the cricket-field, or Dr. Pusey when he sits down to chess with a competent opponent. It is only play. The test of work is—Do you live by it. Unless you do, I defy you to understand the real feelings of a working man. I hate work; I specially hate the only kind of work that I find pays. But one must live, you know. \* \* \* Walter, another bottle of that Laitte!

One of the chief surprises of the season is the fact that the Boston Herald refuses editorially to acknowledge the singular charm of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's literary style.

Judge Robert Grant—to whom there is no income worthy of consideration under \$10,000—will be glad to know that Mr. Henry Hart of the Third Avenue Railroad, New York, "is no pauper," although he had a narrow escape. Mr. Hart is by no means in easy circumstances, for he is worth only a few millions; and his income is sadly reduced, for he made only \$1,500,000 last Tuesday; nevertheless his friends are confident that with strict economy he will be able to meet his household expenses, especially as it will soon warm weather, and he can save furnace coal.

The discovery has been made in Washington, D. C., that Senator chairs bought at a high price for so mahogany are of a cheap wood with thin veneering. And are not some of the sitters in these seats, sitters of J. C. front and ponderous sentences, mahogany bags, blown-up bags, who are liable to explode or shrivel, who they seem outwardly most important?

When a Kentuckian heard that Senator Blackburn was not drinking whisky he lifted up his voice and hands, and said: "A Kentuckian, a thoroughbred, a lover of fast horses and beautiful women, and not a whisky drinker? Never a Kentuckian. Never a Kentuckian." We met a specimen of the Blue Grass gign. He was sounding the praises of a Colonel Shrub. "It is true, sir, that he loves whisky, but he never forgets to put women above drink. Always a gentleman, sir. I have seen him induce himself five times to himself, looking glass on a festive occasion, but with a grace, an elegance! Colonel Shrub, sir, is always the gentleman!"

How quickly the French forget! England gave £125,000 to the sick and wounded French in the Franco-Prussian war, in addition to hundreds of thousands of pounds for food to those besieged Parisians.

The male animal caged is almost always an interesting study. The Mr. William Douglass of St. Louis wife awakened him from pleasant dreams at 6 A. M. and asked him if he did she tell him?—to get up and look at the fire. He answered: "Make thy yourself; that's what I married thee for." She made the fire, and then slapped her face. A Judge "expounded" to him that it was the husband's duty to make the fire, and fined him \$5. We hope this case will be appealed. Surely the duty of the husband in matter of kindling the fire depends largely on the weather. He is bread-winner, and if on a frosty morning he should catch cold and be incapacitated, his whole household would suffer.

The New York Times reviewer is because Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in a published book speaks somewhat lengthily about his grandfather's Amoris and his infatuation for Walker, "the most regrettable ego in Hazlitt's life." But as Le Gall well says, "to pretend to know"



more the "Liber Amoris," is, in degree, as though you should life of Coleridge and never isper "oplum." But whereas "a weakness was disastrous, was only silly." And what lectually strong has not at e in his life I en enamored an whom the world calls un- Hazlitt is all the more inteli- ovable and human for this blot" deplored so self-right- y this reviewer.

riend—or rather acquaintance, e editor told in the Journal e story of a new opera in e Martin et Martine," but he did a queer story connected with en the opera was produced, e lendés pointed out that the as an adaptation of a story by e, and he claimed that the share ad author should be acknowl- o the program. The French So- Dramatic Authors—probab- r societies chiefly interested ng, i. e., themselves—made no ed not a finger, but the widow, r her husband, will not down; epared to prove that there is in rather than adaptation. ow is the sister of the late ue Sarcey, the ventripotent, who was ill at ease in the e of Ibsen, Antoine, Maeterlinck r terrible moderns. The Matin ar learned that the widow is a school teacher; and it now cover the law costs if the So- w do nothing in the matter. No a this seems a ridiculous pother rry B. Smith or Mr. Cheever d and other earnest and inde- adapters, who put on the e of their carpentered job, e French," and then sleep e—with their audiences.

ers, Grau and Savage will give epera in English" at the Metro- n New York. But will they e oind singers who can sing in- n, in English, not as though e a hot potato in the mouth, e a wild, exotic accent like t of the pert Miss Lulu? Plancon would be able to do e has the gift of tongues— e marvelous enunciation and e of German, a language e meaning to him; but at least e of our ambitious young e not make themselves unde- e their native language in e church—and yet some of e a brave enough—bravery often e stupidity, especially on the e the battle-field—to sing songs e and German, and they plume e on their three months'

For women form an Amazon e Pretoria, why do they wear e idea of the proper costume e is derived chiefly from the e memory of the celebrated e "the Black Crook"; but per- e costume would be hardly e war. The Amazons of good e of Dahome were dressed as e s their prowess was, unfor- e for humanity, not fictitious e women might well copy it.) e now fillet of blue or white e the hair, and the bosom was e by a sleeveless waistcoat of e colors, giving freedom to the e and buttoning in front. The e upper, of dyed stuff, mostly e pink and yellow, extended to the e, and was kept tight round the e a sash, generally white, with e depending on the left. The e tette was rendered more com- e by an outer girthing of carriage- e belt, European-shaped, but e rde, of black leather, adorned e cyries; or of bandeolers, con- e in separate compartments 12 e wooden gunpowder boxes, like e inlifer-matches. The bullet- e a few iron balls, hung by e oiler strap to the dexter side, e preserved in position by being e under the cartridge-belt. All e knives, or short Dahoman falch- e \* \* \* The firelock, a good solid e marked article, was guarded by e rymms, and protected from damp e of black monkey-skin tightly e the breeching, and opening to e. Many had long tassels dang- e from the harrels."

uch 24  
THE MADMAN.  
e going down of the sun Felix e itself by the fireless hearth. He does e candle. He lets the night e and, like a faithful servant, en- e the table and the bed. Soon he e out only the pendulum which e and fro in the unseen clock, e the moon comes up, e eases this; he feels that she is e tly, among the trees. They wish e her with the tips of their branches, e hold of her. But she slips by, e e, and pours before her, to an- e coming, light, like a flood of

Felix moves his lips and stretches out his hands. He prays her to come nearer. She touches the edge of the roof. She comes still nearer, peers in at the window, and it seems as though she would tarry awhile.

And then, with pale and expanded face, while in his heart emotion bubbles like a spring, Felix plays to the moon, on his left arm as a violin, with his right arm as a bow, a sweet tune that knows no ending.

The Board on Classification of the United States Board of General Appraisers handed down this decision March 20: "Harmonicas, jewsharps, music-boxes and magic lanterns, when intended for the amusement of children, and chiefly used as such, are toys, and are not assessable as musical or optical instruments."

Evidently the Appraisers do not appreciate the jewsharp, an instrument which, between the lips of a master, produces beautiful sounds of a melancholy character. The instrument has sonorous names—guimbarde, trompe laquais, bombarde, trompe de Béarn, rebute, aura, spassa pensiero, mundrommel, brummelsen, crembalum scaccia-pensieri, mocarga, cymbalum orale. It is an ancient and honorable instrument of Asiatic origin. It has harmonics, and acousticians have worked ingenious problems with it. Senebier framed a machine for concert use, ten jewsharps, each with its own tonality. And there have been brave jewsharp virtuosos, not only among the Hottentots and the dwellers on St. Kilda, but in European cities. Thus there was Mr. Koch (1761-1792). An amazing performer, he fell at the age of 21 into the hands of a recruiting officer, and, as a soldier, he poured out his woe through his beloved instrument at Magdeburg. An unsympathetic officer reported the grave offence to Frederick William II., who heard the soldier play. The delighted monarch gave Koch leave of absence, and the virtuoso awakened admiration throughout Germany by his passionate performances. His biography, written by G. D. Geissler, was published at Augsburg in 1793. Then there was the still more surprising Eulenstein, who gave concerts 60 or 70 years. He performed upon 15 instruments, by which he obtained a compass of four octaves. And his biography was written in mock of envious Time.

The jewsharp a mere toy? Go to! likewise, tut, tut! Beaumont and Fletcher knew it, Hakluyt mentioned it, Bacon treated it with respect.

Some claim that it was the joy of the men in Genesis. It is found on Egyptian vases, among Etruscan reliefs, as well as in ancient China, India, Bengal.

One deep thinker attributes the invention to Tubal Cain, and argues that as Tubal was a worker in iron, he surely invented an instrument becoming to his trade, not a lyre of wood with strings of gut. He wrote a book to prove this, "Essai sur l'antiquité et

le mérite de l'instrument nommé Communément bombarde, petite lyre ou trompe d'Allemagne" (Nancy, 1779). And there are many wonderful things in this little book. Thus the author—"D \* \* \* des académies de, etc., etc."

—claims the song of Moses after he had crossed the Red Sea was played on the jewsharp. "It is not likely that a nation which fled hurriedly, in a single night, and was laden with many necessities, should amuse itself by taking useless things; but it is easy to believe that the Jews carried jewsharps in their pockets, for the weight and size would not seriously incommodate them. And so there is no doubt that the Royal Prophet played on a jewsharp when he sang and danced before the Ark. Translators have used the word harp; painters have pictured him with the harp, but it is more plausible to think it was the jewsharp. For what sort of a figure would this king, already old, have cut, when he leaped and danced before the Ark for a considerable space of time, if he had borne a harp suspended from his neck? For however light this harp might have been, it would have at last become heavy, and it would certainly have embarrassed him and impaired seriously the precision of his steps." The learned author also claims that Achilles was never without a jewsharp at the siege of Troy, and that it was the favorite instrument of the Roman soldiers.

There was a French dance at the beginning of the 17th century known as "The Jewsharp," and today the world adds to the treasures of French slang. Thus a carriage with queer and discordant springs, a clock with weights, a door that creaks, a never-tiring voice—these are popularly known as jewsharps.

And last of all, it was a jewsharp that inspired the immortal syllogism of John Phoenix: "David was a Jew—Hence 'the Harp of David' was a Jewsharp. Question—How the deuce did he sing his Psalms and play on it at the same time?"

Yes, we are fond of the jewsharp, although we never could master the tech-

nical difficulties presented by it. It is a soothing instrument, adapted admirably for street use in the evening. How different the accordion! Do you remember the old song?

Jimmy Gordon played the accordion, causing terrible woe;  
His sister she'd sing ditty songs;  
The neighbors all went "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

## DE PACHMANN.

### The Remarkable Pianist Plays Familiar but Ever Welcome Pieces to a Large and Enthusiastic Audience in Music Hall.

It was not the fault of Mr. Marteau that he was not present in Music Hall yesterday. His manager had unfortunately for Bostonians made an engagement for him in Montreal, which he was bound in honor to fulfill. Mr. Marteau was sorely disappointed, for he had looked forward to introducing to this public certain pieces written for him by Christian Sinding, and dedicated to him. It is to be hoped that this admirable violinist will visit us again this season.

Of Mr. de Pachmann there is nothing new to be said. Even in New York the critics are beginning to realize that he is a pianist of serious claims and genuine importance, and for this concession we should be duly grateful; for it is a step, as the Cambridge woman said when she learned that the Australian savages ate their prisoners, cooked, and not raw.

Yesterday Mr. de Pachmann was at his best—and when this is said, the warmest eulogy is necessarily implied. He played the sonata by Beethoven superbly—and the same might be said of his performance of the other pieces, grave or light. And yet it would be unjust to pass over unnoticed his wondrously poetic interpretation of the sonata by Chopin. No one has approached him of late years in his treatment of Chopin, and no pianist that visits us has given more truly musical pleasure. All in all, he is the most satisfying pianist that has played here for several years.

The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 53, C major.....	Beethoven
Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 4, F minor.....	
Sonata, Op. 35, B flat minor.....	Schubert
Barcarole, Op. 60, F sharp major.....	Chopin
Berceuse, Op. 57, D flat.....	Chopin
Etude, Op. 25.....	Chopin
Prélude, Op. 28.....	Chopin
Mazurka.....	Chopin
Invitation à la Danse.....	Weber

NOT long ago Mr. Walter Damrosch promised to give up conducting so that he might devote himself to composition. This announcement was received with mingled joy and apprehension. But he has broken his promise; for he now declares his intention to begin a series of summer night concerts early in July at Carnegie Hall, New York. Whether Mr. Franz Kaltenborn will resume his summer concerts at the St. Nicholas Rink has not as yet, I believe, been decided. The ever delightful music chronicler of the New York Sun remarks: "Mr. Kaltenborn has become nearly as great a favorite with women as Mr. Damrosch, in spite of the fact that his wife plays so conspicuous a part in his affairs." This reminds me that the last time I saw Mr. Damrosch conduct—you couldn't help seeing him, for he kept waving his arms solemnly without regard to the tempo of the pages—I sat next a man and his wife who were in exuberant evening dress. They were evidently strangers, for the woman's skirt was as handsome as her bodice, and the true Bostonian woman at the opera dresses carefully only to the waist, knowing full well that there is no place to display a gorgeous skirt. The wife said, "Who is that young man conducting?" Her bored husband replied, "That's young Damrosch." "Is he a good conductor?" she asked. "He ought to be; he married a daughter of James G. Blaine." And then I knew that my neighbor was a stalwart.—The Carlisle Indian Band will give a concert in New York next Wednesday. I wonder if there are any foot ball players in the company. There is an Indian girl violinist, Miss Zitkala Sa. One of the members, Robert de Poe, is 23 years old and he can play any instrument set before him, though the windy object of his love is the euphonium. His father is said to have been an Indian chief of the Rogue River tribe.—Lovell Langstroth of San Francisco, who studied the cello at the Brussels Conservatory, is a member of Ysaye's orchestra.—Maj. Day, who wrote "The Music and Musical Instruments of Southern India and the Deccan," died from wounds received in the war with the Boers.—Reginald de Koven is at work on a new opera, "Foxy Quiller," for Jerome Sykes. His "Maid Marian," a companion opera to "Robin Hood," will be held back for a year.—César Franck's "Les Beatitudes" will be sung at New York tonight by the Lieder-

kranz for the first time in this country. Van Rooy will sing the music allotted to "The Voice of the Saviour"—Carrie Bridewell, contralto, who sang at the Maine Festival last fall, is now a member of the Grau Opera Company and will sing in "The Magic Flute."—Mr. George W. Proctor, pianist, of this city, will play with Theodor Thomas's orchestra in Chicago April 13-14.—Eduard Strauss will bring his orchestra here next fall for a tour through this country and a visit to Cuba. The first concert will be in New York about Oct. 15.—A new ballet pantomime, "Cleopatra," in four scenes, scenario by A. Mercklein and Jean Bernae, music by Pfeiffer, has been produced at the Casino, Paris, with Borroni of the Scala, Milan, as prima ballerina. The Era (London) gives this description of it: "Cleopatra" is the last episode in the life of the renowned courtesan. Mark Antony, whom she welcomes, is entranced by her beauty, and promises to crown her queen of the world. Bewitched by her caresses, he leads with her an idle life, whilst Octavius, at the head of a victorious army, advances against him. His faithful lieutenant, Tersidius, supplicates him in vain to remember that he is a soldier, and that duty calls him; but the Queen holds him in her toils, until Tersidius rushes into the palace announcing that Octavius has invaded the town, and that all is lost. Sobered down by this unexpected event, Mark Antony, to avoid the shame of being taken a prisoner, stabs himself and falls at Cleopatra's feet, she having previously killed herself. For the part of Mark Antony the managers of the Casino de Paris have secured the services of a first-class pantomimist, M. Leflamand, well known in Marseilles and in all the South of France, who makes the most of his many opportunities. He is most ably seconded by Mlle. Angele Héraud who mimes with real talent the part of Cleopatra, accentuating more the womanly than the queenly side of the character."—"L'Enfant Prodigue," with Jane May as Pierrot, will be revived in London.—Melba returns to Berlin the end of

the month. She will sing in concert and opera. She has had offers by opera managers at Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfurt and Hamburg.—The ballet "Cinderella," composed shortly before his death by Johann Strauss, will be performed for the first time at the Berlin Royal Opera House, probably after the summer holidays.—The advance sale was so small at Moscow that Mascagni canceled the engagement.—Lithgow James, the tenor whose death was announced lately in the Journal, brought an "operetta company of his own to America in the seventies and afterward became a member of Miss Abbott's company. In the Franco-Prussian War he was arrested as a German spy, and was presented by the French Minister of Marine with an opera glass for saving a boy from drowning at Havre." He left the stage about 12 years ago.—The opening night of the opera season at Covent Garden will be May 14, and the performances will continue until July 30. Mottl will lead the "Ring," which will be given twice in its entirety.—The Referee says: "English choirs desirous of obtaining French 'crowns, palms and medals' will have an opportunity afforded them at the Paris Exhibition, where in July will be held several choral contests. British choirs are cordially invited, but they will have to pay all their expenses, and the British Commission points out that 'the details of the methods upon which the competitions are to be conducted are not definitely given in the regulations.' English bands are also invited in the same manner, but in neither case can the inducements held out be described as alluring."—Mr. Henderson said of Sembrich's Eva in "Die Meistersinger": "To those who have learned to understand and love the beautiful art of Mme. Sembrich, her impersonation of Eva was no surprise. She reveals to the audience the real German maiden, homely in manners, impulsive in sentiment, eager in love. Her Eva is a girl of the people, but as charming as one can imagine. Her delivery of the dialogue was distinct in enunciation and full of meaning, and her voice, by reason of her consummate art, was admirably suited to the music. She must be credited, too, with wearing perfectly appropriate costumes. Altogether her Eva was most enjoyable, and added another to her list of striking successes."—They had a singular concert in London Feb. 19. There were 500 performers.

"The array of mandolines, monolas, guitars, lutes, mandolons, cellos, harps and gondolas, and all kinds of music, was most imposing, not to say alarming, and looked big with possibilities; but when Signor Marchisio began to move his baton and the mighty host began to agitate its strings, the effect suggested a festival of the long-vanished tinke-tackle organs that used to stomp about our streets on a kind of still, and be played by obtrusively unwashed Ital-



in a costume (triously combining the Sunny South and the Smoky East. Singly or in small combinations, the mandolin is capable of being tickled into an agonized crescendo, but the earnestness of the noble 500 overlooked such trifles, and they twiddled and twanged with the zeal of a wasp in a honey pot, but the body of tone was ludicrously incommensurate with the muscular energy employed, and blessed unanimity was rare. Concerning the gondolin, the statement that 'instead of having to learn it, the gondolin itself teaches the player music and harmony in the easiest and most perfect manner,' suggests that the instrument plays on the performer. Mr. H. M. Millington executed a solo on it, however; did a good deal to make it speak; he stroked, alternately brushed, patted and whacked it with little sticks and big sticks, until the instrument lying flat on a table, his movements suggested the renovation of his summer suit."—Giordano is at work on a score for a libretto made from one of Rostand's unacted comedies. Mascagni is to use as his next subject an early Roman tragedy.—Some complain—the music critics are not among them—because there are so few concerts in Boston this season. It is true that there are not as many visiting singers and players as usual, but some local clubs have much business; thus, the Apollo Quartet had 27 engagements this month.—Blumner, for years conductor of the Berlin Singakademie, has resigned his office.—Count Zamoyski has given the Warsaw Opera House 40,000 roubles to better certain orchestral instruments.—Joachim has been fiddling in Italy.—They have raised \$12,500 for a Brahms monument at Hamburg.—A new symphony in B flat by Ludwieg Neuhoff was produced at Hagen.—There are 22 pupils from North America at the Stuttgart Conservatory.—Heinrich Vogel, the tenor, who is now 55, proposes to leave the stage on account of his health.—"Tristan und Isolde" in Russian was sung lately for the first time at St. Petersburg. A local journal says, "With only moderate success, and the reason is that Wagner is not specially beloved here, and the opera is indeed dull and wearisome."—Litvinne was the Isolde and Jerschoff the Tristan.—They are still rowing in Berlin because Joachim, in his address at the dedication of the Brahms monument at Meiningen, did not mention von Bülow among the chief propagandists of the Brahms cult.—Mascagni is now living in Venice. He lectured there lately on "The Revolution in Musical Art." After he had expressed his admiration for the genius of Wagner, he criticised the young Italian composers that imitate him as well as the critics that advise such imitation, and he insisted that it was high time to return to true national Italian music, that of Cimarosa and Mozart with arias, duos, trios, choruses, etc.

The Musical Art Society of New York, Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor, will give a concert in Music Hall, Tuesday evening at 8.15. The program will be as follows:

Crucifixus.....Lotti  
Cantate "Ode of Mourning".....Michael Haydn  
Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen.....Michael Haydn  
Stabat Mater.....Palestrina  
Cantata "Ode of Mourning".....J. S. Bach  
Liebe dir Ergebe Ich Mich.....Cornelius  
Wienlied.....Dvorak  
Ungewisses Licht.....Schumann  
Talsamane.....Schumann

I spoke last week of the organization and the purpose and the personnel of this society. Organized six years ago, it has performed works by Palestrina, di Lassa, Vittoria, Nanini, Lotti, Anerio, Gabrieli, Allegri, Corsi, Donato, Verdi, Aichinger, Arcadelt, Michael Haydn, Mozart, Praetorius, Depres, Sweetinck, Calvisius, Leisinger, Eccard, Bach, Morley, J. S. Smith, Wilbye, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Cornelius, Brahms, Herzogenberg, Kjerulf, Tschakowsky, Leopold Damrosch, Walter Damrosch, Gretchaninoff, Bortnyansky, Cui, Leslie, Liszt, Othegraven, H. W. Parker, Breckway.

The first concert was given March 3, 1894, in New York. The program included Palestrina's Stabat Mater for double chorus and choruses by J. S. Bach, Leslie and Brahms. Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Plunkett Greene and Mr. Henri Marteau assisted. The last concert in New York was the 15th of this month, when Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist, of this city, and a chorus of 800 from the People's Choral Union assisted.

Mr. Henderson wrote as follows in the New York Times of last Sunday:

"There is a report that this society is contemplating a journey to Boston with the intention of giving a concert there. Such a plan might be carried out with a hope of success, for Boston is a musical town. And it would be returning something for the benefits we have received from the New England city. Boston has given us its orchestra, and we could not do better than to return

the compliment by sending her our Musical Art Society. We have no organization which more fittingly represents all that is highest in our musical life."

Mr. Louis C. Elson will give the fourth and last of his series of lectures in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon. The subject will be "Our National Music and Its Sources."

Mr. Augusto Rotoli will give a concert in Tremont Temple Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, when his noble Roman Festival Mass and the Easter offertorium "Terra Tremuit" by him will be performed under his direction by a chorus of 200 voices, accompanied by the organ, Mr. Walter J. Kugler, organist, cellos, double-basses, and kettle drum. The solo quartet will be Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Waltman, T. E. Johnson, T. E. Clifford.

Mme. Madeline Schiller will give a piano recital in Association Hall Thursday afternoon at 2.30. She will be assisted by the Adamowski Quartet, Mr. Maquarrie, flute; Mr. Selmer, clarinet; Mr. Hackebarth, horn. The program will include Rubinstein's octet, which she introduced to this city.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday evening will include Schubert's overture to "Alfonso and Estrella"; Greig's suite, "Peer Gynt," No. 1; Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor ("Scotch"); Marie Brema will sing Saint-Saens's "La Plancée du Timbalier" and Wagner's "Schmerzen" and "Träume."

The first of Mr. Max Heinrich's recitals will be given in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, April 2, when he and Miss Julia Heinrich will sing songs by Schubert, Brahms, R. Strauss, Tschakowsky and duets by Henschel and Goring Thomas. A second recital will be given Tuesday afternoon, and a third on Thursday evening.

Mr. Stephen Townsend will give a song recital soon in Steinert Hall.

Violin pupils of Mr. Hermann H. Haetmann will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. The program will include pieces by Boirelli, Simonetti, Wieniawski, Sitt, Bazzini, Thomé, Hellmesberger, re Beriot, Mendelssohn, Papini.

The United States Carlisle Indian Band, Mr. Dennison Wheelock Director, will be at Keith's the week of April 2. This will be the only appearance of this band here. Miss Zitkala Sa, who was born at the Yanktown Agency, South Dakota, will play. She is a pupil of Mr. Gruenberg of this city. Distinguished in oratory as well as music, she has shown a literary gift, and is a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly. One of the features of the program will be Mr. Wheelock's own "Aboriginal Suite." The program will include pieces by Rossini, Greig, Wagner, Verdi, Gounod, Meyerbeer, and there will be clarinet and euphonium solos, as well as songs and glee.

A new work was performed at a Crystal Palace Concert March 3: "One of the most promising of our rising young composers is Mr. Josef Charles Holbrooke, sometime pupil of Mr. F. Corder and Mr. Westlake at the Royal Academy of Music, where he won several prizes and the Sterndale-Bennett Scholarship. Although not yet 22, his compositions include a symphony, two symphonic poems, a concerto for piano and orchestra, an orchestral suite, two suites for strings, two quintets, a quartet, a sextet for strings, and three pianoforte trios—a list that testifies at least to earnestness and industry. His symphonic poem, produced for the first time, is entitled 'The Raven,' and is an attempt to musically illustrate the celebrated poem of that name by Edgar Allan Poe. It is program music of the most pronounced kind, and consequently the listener is chiefly employed in endeavoring to connect the episodes of the music with the incidents of the gloomy poem. Thanks to Mr. C. A. Barry's analysis, one was able to do this without excessive mental effort. Viewed musically, the supernatural element is cleverly suggested, especially in the opening section marked 'molto adagio-sostenuto,' but later it is obvious that the composer's desires are greater than his command of orchestration, and his endeavors frequently result in crude effects. He has manifestly studied Tschakowsky's scores, but not sufficiently to apprehend how the Russian master gets the rich and thick volume of tone which so distinguish his writings. Mr. Holbrooke, however, has made good use of the little opportunity for contrast which the poem offers, and one of the most expressive themes being introduced at the opening of the last section gives interest to the conclusion, and the work leaves the impression of being one of decided promise."

Coleridge-Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha" was performed for the first time in London at the People's Palace, March 3 (The work was written for and produced at the North Staffordshire Triennial Festival last year.)

According to Miss Clara Butt, Sir Ar-

thur Sullivan is writing a grand opera for Covent Garden, in which the English contralto is to play the principal part. "Indeed, Sir Arthur Sullivan is at present preparing an opera for me which we hope to produce at Covent Garden next season. The heroine is to be a contralto tall and dark, instead of the petite soprano, as is the case in most operas. For me Wagner is, of course, impossible, and most other composers' contralto roles are exceedingly nasty and disagreeable characters."

Nordica gave this account of her singing Norma in "Don Pasquale" to Brignoli's Ernesto in Chickering Hall, New York, in 1884:

"It was when I was a young girl, studying in Boston, that I first saw Brignoli. He was singing in Boston and in an emergency had sent to the Conservatory to see if any of the pupils could sing for them. I was sent, and sang an aria from the 'Star of the North.'"

"He had never seen or heard of me before, my teacher did not believe in my singing in concerts, but he was enthusiastic, and prophesied that I would be a singer."

"That day he went home with me to Dorchester to talk to my parents, and sat down to the piano and played the music of 'Faust' and explained it. I had never heard it before. He stayed to dinner that night—it was an afternoon concert—and from that time he never lost sight of me."

"Then I came to New York to study, and I sang again with Brignoli in some concerts that Gilmore gave in the Grand Opera House. I sang the 'Miserere' from 'Il Trovatore' with Brignoli singing behind the scenes."

"Then he was to have his benefit in Chickering Hall, and he wanted me to sing Norma. I did not know anything about 'Don Pasquale,' had never seen it, but he said he would teach me. He played beautifully. So he taught me and I sang it, but I remember how awfully nervous he was that night. He himself made me up and put on the black and rouge, and I didn't know anything about it, all the time fairly trembling with nervousness. But that was nothing compared to my feelings."

"And I remember at dinner that night, as we drank our glasses of claret, he said:

"You are young and have your future before you, and I drink to your success. But you must drink to my health, for if I have that I shall have all the success I need."

"He was an old man then, and that was the last time I saw him, for I went abroad, and he died while I was away."

"I didn't know much about the stage then, but we had simple scenery, such as it was, and I don't think they changed the scenes. I believe the stage was decorated with flowers and palms, and wasn't it Damrosch—Leo Damrosch—who led the orchestra?"

"What did I wear? I don't remember. A little black gown, I think, and then a simple evening gown. It was a great success, and I really made quite a hit. Brignoli always prophesied that I would sing, and I think now that if I could live to be 2000 years old, perhaps I might become a singer."

Philip Hale.

men 26. 1900

Rosy clouds like feathers in a sky of liquid green.

Bands of gray silver and dove-color between. Where but in dreamland, O where but in dreamland might such a sky be seen?

Such a sky gleamed yesterday at ending of the day.

The brown trees were leafless and the long streets gray:

But west and east, O west and east, there ran a rainbow way.

Clouds that dripped with amber, and clouds that lapsed from green

Into the perfect sapphire; and dove-color between.

In such a sky, O such a sky might God's white throne be seen.

The Christmas rose still lingered, but the air was soft as spring:

A woman waited by me, a furred and child-like thing.

But in her eyes, O in her eyes, I saw life withering.

Milk-white and pearl-white and silver-white the sky.

It brooded above us as evening drew more high:

And I came from dreamland, O, I came from dreamland, and a dazed man was I.

Mr. George Glissing has written his record of a sojourn in Italy. Here is at last a book by him that is free from the smell of fried fish.

In one respect, at least, the Rev. Mr. Sheldon was a conventional editor, according to his own confession. "A great portion of his time was consumed by visitors."

We are glad to know that the late Rev. Dr. Shearjashub Bourne did not bestow his Christian name upon one of his sons, and thus revolted against a family custom. No doubt Shearjashub was an excellent man, perhaps he was superior to his brother, Mahershalalhashbaz; but think of a poor boy weighted down with such a name in this generation of scoffers!

Some one said that there were religions to burn in Boston. Our faithful and usually accurate friend, the Rev.

Jedidiah Morse, D. D., minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, said that in 1796 there were 19 houses for public worship in this city: "Of which nine are for Congregationalists, three for Episcopalians, two for Baptists, one for the Friends, one for Universalists, one for Roman Catholics, one for Sandmanians, and one for Methodists." Sandmanians? Is there today a Sandmanian in this city?

The Rev. Mr. Morse, however, spelled the word wrong, or his printer betrayed him; for this sect is known to theological historians as Sandemanians, not Sandmanians. It took its name from Mr. Robert Sandeman, a Scotchman who published his sentiments in 1757, formed a congregation in London, emigrated to Boston in 1764, gathered a church in Danbury, Conn., in 1765, and died in that town in 1771. (We do not vouch for the accuracy of these dates which are taken from a not always trustworthy writer.) Among the characteristics of this sect were their love feasts, required and partaken by diners together at each other's houses in the interval between the morning and afternoon services; the kiss of charity used on this occasion, "when they deem it necessary and proper;" abstinence from blood and things strangled; washing each other's feet; community of goods, "so far as that everyone is to consider all that he has in his possession and power liable to the calls of the poor and the church;" the unlawfulness of laying up treasures upon earth, by setting them apart for any distant, future or uncertain use. Second marriage disqualified for the office of elder. We have all sorts and conditions of sects in Boston; we even enjoy the companionship of Chelas and Mahatmas; but is there one Sandmanian to day in this city?

Mr. G. R. Sims says that in the United States "a spittoon became an expectorator, and is now a cuspidor. Did you ever hear the word 'expectorator'?" The English invented a word "expectoratory"—as in Blackwood's magazine (1836): "The expectoratory (we mean the principle cabin) of a handsome American packet."

Mr. Sims, commenting on the hat shown England, claims that extracted from American newspapers sent to him although they are "foully abusive" of England, do not represent the American people. "I have looked through the long list of signatures appended to an American petition for intervention which my correspondent sends me, and what do I find? The bulk of the name show that the writers are of German, Dutch and Irish origin. . . . The American-Irish are the descendants of men who drew in hatred for England with their mother's milk. The Germans loathe us because the Germans always have loathed the English. . . . We shall forgive France directly she makes the slightest friendly advance. We shall forgive her a one forgives a pretty woman who having in a fit of hysterics roundly abused us presently smiles and says she didn't mean anything. But the German insults we shall remember; one remembers the insults of a swagging, ill-bred man."

The Prefect of the Meurthe and Moselle claims that at the present day one out of every nine Frenchmen is the victim of the alcohol plague.

Some were disappointed because M. Ernest von Dohnányi did not wear his hair long, and they argued at once that he could not be a first class pianist. P. Dohnányi is a Hungarian, not a German, and even in 1791 the Reverend Nathaniel Wanley acutely observed that the use of long hair in Germany, France and other places "by degrees hath grown out of reputation." He gave the chief occasion of this: "About the year 1450 Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, fell into a long and unknown kind of disease; and amongst various other remedies made use of for his recovery, his physicians advised him to cut off his hair, which in those days the nobility wore very long. When he had so done, finding that by reason of the novelty of the thing he was laughed at by his friends, and the nobility about him, he sent forth an edict that all his courtiers, and nobility in his dominions should have their hair cut in such manner as he himself had. Five hundred noble sons were shorn at Brussels in one day the same day; and that all others should do the like, Petrus Vasquibacchius, a noble person, was appointed to take the charge and care."

men 27. 1900

Come, heavy souls, oppressed with the weight of crimes, or pangs, or want of your light!

'Come down in L-thee's sleepy lake; Whatever makes you ache'

Drink healths from poisoned bowls! Breathe out your cares, together with your souls!

And Death's a slave, Which all may have! There's no distinction in the grave!



a year loads before Death's bro  
sigh out! Groan once, and groan  
ore!

of there are publishers that  
There is Mr. Charles Scribner,  
nce, who is putting a passenger  
and new bathrooms in his  
house at a cost of \$15,000, prob-  
bly the convenience of authors  
happen to call upon him.

Times mentioned a sad infirmity  
day—"the peculiar disease  
h! very well known to the  
profession—as check-paralysis.  
painful ailment. The patient  
get his hand into his pocket,  
act with a checkbook causes  
hers to contract in a violent  
hus he is unable to pay bills  
an object of universal sym-

ew York Sun of March 23 said:  
oy actor-manager, Tony Pastor,  
at his 35th year of dual duty  
ut." We fear that Mr. Pastor,  
m we personally have the  
admiration, is not duly appre-  
Boston. It is our belief—al-  
hwe are not positive in this—  
has never been invited to sing  
Symphony concert in Music Hall,  
us he has been accustomed for  
sing with orchestral accom-  
t. The fact that he occasion-  
is a topical song should not ex-  
pudice against him; for this  
of song was invented by Aris-  
n, or at least perfected by  
there is an unfortunate dispute  
out of the scholiast's remarks  
ring a corrupt text.

request of Uncle Amos we give  
de for the punch that overcame  
of Manila and Montepelier on  
orn: "Juice of one lemon, two  
ts of fine sugar dissolved in a  
meral water, one-third Jamaica  
d-third port wine, one third of  
dash of maraschino; mix well,  
two glasses with cracked ice."   
moral water is not absolutely ne-  
ry. Water from the dear old  
ever well will do. After three  
lasses you will not notice the  
ne.

King has written another poem,  
oms are crowded, therefore we  
t fibe that usually accompanies  
ouncement.

O. Howard of Washington,  
arns us all against the ap-  
h of a terrible insect, the con-  
angursuga. Although we are  
amateur in bugs, we do not  
s insect is so much to be feared  
egalaktophagus rinobolos. (In  
ols, please accent the penult.)

wellers in Middlesboro, Ky., ran  
ff their town a Mr. Burguer,  
ncr, "because he was thought  
detective in search of evidence  
s the assassin of Goebel." The  
nvas surely only a pretext. As  
known, the piano tuner insists  
ng tunes after he has jarred the  
nd stabbed the ears in the pur-  
his legitimate calling. No one  
rd these tunes except as played  
her. No one ever saw them in  
ld form. Are they written sole-  
r piano tuners, or do the tuners  
them? Behold, we show you a  
ystery. The dwellers in towns  
ucky are naturally at present  
ghly nervous condition. The  
ur of the tuner was too much for  
ople of Middlesboro. And they  
eyond the outer wall.

Nv Jersey girl saved her money  
wt to New York where she tried  
val theatres to enter on a his-  
career, as the press agent would  
They told me I was too young  
experienced." An incredible  
nt in part! Is any one too in-  
diced today when sassily lead-  
kyard beauties and belted earls  
up on each other's heels in their  
the stage?

e understand why burglars, high-  
mi and sneak thieves inveigh  
the professional promoter, but  
red our eyes when we read that  
e in a great congress at Berlin  
ild tips as undignified, immoral  
drading, and passed resolutions  
h all on the public not to give  
en we remembered that where  
the heaviest tipping, the wages  
t lowest. The evil is steadily  
h in this country. There are so  
y of the suddenly rich who wish  
ss even a waiter.

ramatic editor of the Pall Mall  
describes the late Mr. Julia  
op Taber as an actor, "inclusive  
ished in style, of acute sen-  
it and with a firm grasp of char-

has been written about Ros-  
ew play, "L'Aiglon," and Sarah  
it's performance in it, but no  
e has mentioned, at least to  
nowledge, the fact that Bern-  
ad the courage to be in on the

opening night a reform which managers  
in Paris have had long in view—but  
only in view. She decreed that women  
wearing hats shall not henceforth be  
admitted to the orchestra stalls of her  
theatre.

Sad news from London. The Rev.  
Prebendary Whittington, who is over  
75 years old, says that the Aldermen  
of that city eat less and drink less  
than in the good, old days. But what  
are Aldermen for? To attend "ban-  
quets" and be driven in hacks. Less  
distinguished persons acquire the hack-  
habit, which is indeed easily contracted,  
expensive, and clinging; but the hack  
was invented especially for Aldermen.

Whales in the sea  
God's voice obey.

"M. W. H., the chief book-reviewer  
of the N. Y. Sun, is a voracious reader  
and a voluminous writer. It is a sur-  
prise to find him ignoring in a long-  
winded review of Eddard's "Book of  
Whales" the chapters devoted to cetol-  
ogy by Herman Melville in "Moby  
Dick." He does not even quote Mel-  
ville's ingenious definition: "A whale  
is a spouting fish with a horizontal  
tail." It was reserved for the N. Y.  
Times to discover Melville a few days  
ago. Some correspondent took him out  
of his grave, dressed him in fresh  
linen, brushed his hair, scented him  
with sweet waters, and propped him  
up in a chair for the inspection of the  
thousands of Times readers who exer-  
cise their minds over such questions  
as "Which is the greatest historical  
novel?" "Was Thackeray really a  
cynic?" "Which one book—the Bible  
is not reckoned—is indispensable to  
you?" etc., etc. This correspondent,  
by the way, referred to Melville, as  
"the late William Herman Melville,"  
and closed his eulogy as follows: "In  
his latter years he (Melville) perpetrat-  
ed some queer poetry, which like Walt  
Whitman's, Browning's and Kipling's  
'Barrack Ballads' are not for the likes  
of me. A line must be drawn some-  
where." True, Mr. Peter Toft, true;  
and we draw it at Mr. Toft.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll claims that, ex-  
cept for novelists, "the palmy days of  
sincere authorship are for a while over  
and the return to Grub Street is immi-  
nent. The gradual but unmistakable  
dislike for leading articles, and the  
kindness for catchpenny productions,  
that is displayed by the more modern  
editors, is a sign that thinkers and con-  
scientious artists are in for some lean  
years." A commentator adds: "There  
may be something in what Dr. Nicoll  
says. He is a shrewd student of the  
signs of the times. The question then  
that is now before all capable literary  
men is, 'Shall it be death or dishonor?'  
or, in other words, 'Shall it be Grub  
Street, or lucrative articles on "Brides  
Forsaken at the Altar" and "Marriages  
of Freaks"?' Meanwhile I find in the  
Athenaeum the following advertise-  
ment, which seems capable of obviat-  
ing residence in Grub Street for some of  
us: 'Why Most MSS. are Declined.  
How acceptance may be generally en-  
sured. Hope for every MS. (however  
frequently rejected). If no success, no  
payment.—Apply, &c.'

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a bit-  
ter review of Mr. John W. Bookwalter's  
"Siberia and Central Asia." "Mr.  
Bookwalter," it says, "is an Ameri-  
can merchant, unversed in history, lan-  
guages, or politics, and therefore but  
slenderly equipped for the task he set  
himself of comparing the development  
attained by civilization in Northern  
Asia with its outward manifestations  
in his native land." Referring to sun-  
dry statements made by him, it adds  
"It is, perhaps, a mere coincidence that  
the same well-worn calumnies have  
long disgraced the German press, and  
that Mr. Bookwalter's patronymic sug-  
gests a Teutonic origin."

## Musical Art Society Sings.

## The Program Was Most Varied.

The Musical Art Society of New York,  
Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor, sang  
here for the first time in Music Hall  
last evening. It was assisted by Mr.  
J. Wallace Goodrich, organist, and  
members of the Boston Symphony Or-  
chestra.

The story of the origin of this society  
has already been told by the Journal.  
The society is composed of about 50  
carefully chosen singers, who are paid  
for time spent in rehearsal and in con-  
cert. The society was founded in De-  
cember, 1893. The formidable list of di-  
rectors, associate directors, founders,  
subscribers to the founders' fund, mem-  
bers and associate members was printed  
at length in the program-book.

The program was as follows:  
Cruentifixus (eight-part). . . . .Lotti  
Stabat Mater. . . . .Palestrina  
Caligaverunt oculi mei. . . . .Michael Haydn  
Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen. . . . .Michael Praetorius

Comest Thou, Light of Gladness? . . . . .Herzogenberg  
Cantata, "Ode of Mourning". . . . .Bach  
Goldne Fluren. . . . .Anton Dvorak  
Wienelied. . . . .Anton Dvorak  
Ay Wakin Ol. . . . .Arranged by Lambeth  
Ye Banks and Braes. . . . .Arranged by Lambeth  
Liebe dir ergeb' ich mich. . . . .Cornelius

### Genuine Pleasure.

The first genuine pleasure was awak-  
ened by the fine performance of  
Haydn's "Caligaverunt Oculi mei." The  
music itself is more grateful to mod-  
ern ears than are the pieces that pre-  
ceded under the conditions which nec-  
essarily attended. The music of Pal-  
estrina and composers of that class is  
foreign to men and women of this pe-  
riod, first of all on account of the ab-  
sence of the tonalities to which the  
latter are accustomed. Under proper  
conditions it is the highest and purest  
type of religious music, for it makes no  
direct appeal, it is free from the sus-  
picion of earthly feeling or emotion, it  
is as a thing ensiled and mystic. In a  
cathedral, sung by singers trained in  
the traditions, the effect is irresistible,  
o'erpowering to any hearer of imagina-  
tion and sympathy. In a shabby hall,  
shabby in spite of the brave attempt  
last night to make it less bleak and  
forbidding, with glaring lights and not  
one circumstance of architectural beau-  
ty, worship, or tradition, this music  
must make its way unaided; there is  
absolutely nothing to put the average  
hearer in sympathetic mood. The mu-  
sician may wonder at the marvelous  
weaving together of voices, at the in-  
credible polyphonic skill, at the pure  
spirit of the composer, but unless he  
be a man of rare spiritual concentra-  
tion the music is to him chiefly a con-  
trayantal masterpiece. No matter how  
well it may be sung, there is little or  
no thought in the audience of the sol-  
emn service for which it was written.  
Then, too, you must take into consid-  
eration the great difficulties that attend  
the performance of such music; and you  
have a right to doubt whether a con-  
ductor, unless he has made a special  
study of such music under a master  
who is acquainted thoroughly with tra-  
ditions, can interpret with due atten-  
tion to the indispensable and approved  
nuances, with unerring accuracy in the  
matter of tempo.

### Lotti and Palestrina.

For these reasons I say of the per-  
formance of the pieces by Lotti and  
Palestrina only this: There was a  
highly creditable attempt, and there  
was an opportunity given many to  
gain at least some idea of master-  
pieces of ancient vocal composition.

But the first genuine interest was in  
hearing the music of Michael Haydn.  
Here the listener was reminded of the  
sorrows and longings and hopes of  
poor humanity, and the musical ex-  
pression was no longer an exotic lan-  
guage, or the quivering of celestial and  
mystic voices.

The same may be said in varying de-  
gree of the choruses that followed,  
although it was a pity to find the so-  
ciety wasting time on the two pieces  
by Dvorak. Take Bach's "Ode of  
Mourning," for instance, which was  
sung without the arias and with the  
omission of two recitatives. The  
first recitative that was sung was dull  
and dreary, but how dramatic the sec-  
ond, "From Lofty Towers." How  
noble the fugued chorus, how inspiring,  
how positive—I might well say muscu-  
lar—and triumphant in its faith! And  
the chorales are for the most part in-  
describably beautiful.

The society shows the results of  
careful training, in attack and release  
of chords, in the sustaining of phrases,  
in dynamic gradations. The quality  
of tone was not strikingly rich in any  
part, nor were the parts invariably  
well balanced, but there was true mus-  
ical strength in forte passages, and  
there was always the thought of re-  
serve strength. The intonation in the  
music by Lotti, Palestrina and Bach  
was not always pure, but the difficul-  
ties in the "Cruentifixus" and the "Sta-  
bat Mater" are great. On the whole,  
the society made a very favorable im-  
pression and New York may well be  
congratulated on having such a bene-  
ficient factor in its musical life. The  
singers and conductor were heartily  
applauded by a good-sized audience,  
and it is to be hoped that they will  
honor this city henceforth with a year-  
ly visit.

Philip Hale.

Once on a time Azrael passed by Solomon  
in a visible form, and in passing looked  
earnestly at a certain person who was sit-  
ting with the King. That person not liking  
the earnestness and the expression of his  
look asked Solomon who it was, and Solomon  
replied it was the Angel of Death. "He  
looks as if he wanted me," said the affrighted  
man; "I beseech you, therefore, order the  
Wind to carry me instantly to India!"  
Solomon spake the word, and no sooner  
was it spoken, than the Wind took him up  
and set him down where he desired to be. The  
Angel then said to Solomon, "I looked so  
earnestly at that man out of wonder, because  
that being commanded to take his soul in  
India, I found him here with thee in Pal-  
estine."

### THE BRIDE.

With loud, passionate outcry he  
flung open the door and rushed into the  
room. For a moment he stopped, blind-  
ed by the red light, and the two tall  
slaves seized him and hurried him be-  
fore the King, who looked upon him  
grimly and motioned the slaves away.

"What is your wish?"  
"The damsel, the damsel!" cried the  
old man. "She said she would tell her  
name if I opened the door, and we  
should enter into joyance. O King,  
where is the damsel?"

The King did not answer, but said:  
"I know that you were forced by the  
very sight to open the door. It was  
fashioned in the days of Hakem-Bem-

illah by the magician Abdallah, to-  
gether with yonder door. He that be-  
holds the first door is seized upon by  
the fantasy that he has only to open it  
to have his soul's desire. Now it has  
been handed down from Hakem-Bem-  
illah that he who enters shall tell his  
wish to the King, and if it be a worthy  
one, it is granted when he opens the  
second door; but if it be unworthy, he  
shall surely die. Therefore, old man,  
your story."

His passion was stilled. He bowed  
before the all powerful will of the  
mighty King, whose name is as the  
music of viols; and thus he spoke:

"I am a Christian, and I come from  
a far land. I am a cobbler, and my  
stall is in the market-place. From my  
boyhood I have been lame and unable  
to do those things which men rejoicing  
in their strength may do. By day I  
am chained to my bench, a cripple. By  
night—praise be unto God!—I am free.  
In the white day, in the warm sun, I  
am most respectable, and they say of  
me, 'An estimable, worthy man, in-  
dustrious, sober, safe.' If they knew  
of my night-life they would cry out  
'witchcraft!' They would scourge me,  
pluck my beard, and cast me out. Some  
day it must come to that, nor do I  
greatly care.

"When the hour of vespers rings, my  
work is over. I slip away. Lameless  
is banished. I walk under tall trees  
that swing censers in the sacrifice of-  
fered up by some invisible priest at the  
altar of the crimson sunset. The time  
is solemn, and gladly would I prostrate  
myself and pray for deliverance, but  
already the wine of joy works in my  
blood. Perchance this night the damsel  
will consent unto my pleading. If not,  
I shall at least have my fill of brave  
things, for from the market-place, as  
the shadows fall, as the veil is lowered  
which shall shield me, I am joined by  
companions whom you cannot see. I  
have named them with names which  
are secret. With them I go adventur-  
ing in a dim and far land, a country  
where the landscapes are such as you  
admire, where only those things hap-  
pen that are as you would have them.  
Thus it has been with me for many  
years.

"It was today and I sat in my stall.  
There was a rumble of wheels and a  
carriage drawn by stallions stopped and  
darkened my light. A masked woman  
alighted, and at the sight of her I trem-  
bled; for what did she there in the sun-  
lighted market-place?

"Tonight," she whispered, 'you shall  
meet and know me. At last I am con-  
quered by your love. Wait for me to-  
night in the Avenue of Poplars and we  
shall go together to the Palace of Red  
Lights.' Before I could speak she was  
gone, and sunlight streamed again into  
the stall. 'Uncle, wake up,' said an  
apprentice; he pulled my sleeve, and I  
fell to work, rejoicing, knowing that  
the visitation was for me alone.

"How I prayed and longed with a sick  
longing for night! Her words were in  
my blood like wine. Tonight my life-  
long quest was to end! Yea, O King,  
if you knew what it were to be a  
cripple, with a heart that leaped to  
love, a man that all his life had not  
known kiss or embrace of woman, you  
would now know how I waited for  
night, while I tapped with my hammer  
in the stall.

"Years and years ago I first saw the  
damsel, yet was it also after many  
years of sitting, crippled in my stall,  
hiding my eyes from the pitying looks  
of maidens that walked with lovers.  
I saw her first one black, warm night  
as I wandered down the Avenue of  
Poplars, as I counted stars and dreamed  
of love. She was veiled and clothed in  
black. The invitation of her eyes was  
as a beacon. Her white hands beck-  
oned from behind her robe. And then,  
even then, I should have claimed her,  
but as my arms yearned for her, there  
fell upon me the numbing thought, the  
freezing fear, that under the flowing  
robe there was nothing to embrace.

"'Why do you fear?' she mocked;  
'you are not a cripple here.'"

"I do not fear," I cried, and I pressed  
forward. She eluded me, as a butter-  
fly sports with a rooted weed swayed  
by wind to semblance of freedom.

"In the Palace of Red Lights, where  
joyance reigns, we shall meet."

"Your name—that I may weave it  
into prayer and song. Lead unto the  
Palace of Red Lights!"

"Not yet, not yet."

"And though I pleaded even in tears,  
so it remained. Night after night I  
walked the Avenue of Poplars with my  
love, and I watched the red lights of  
the palace where they shone on the  
hill; yet would she never lead me  
thither, and, did I offer to embrace,  
she would flit away, frowning, or stand  
smiling at my powerless arms as again  
they were smitten by the thought that  
beneath the hinting robe there was, in  
truth, nothing to embrace.

"But tonight, O King! I found her in  
the Avenue of Poplars. She was wait-  
ing for me. She was grave and sweet.  
Her many moods melted into the mood  
of the bride. Hand in hand we walked



down the dusky Avenue of Poplars and nearer shone the windows of the Palace of Red Lights. We came to a door.

"Within," she whispered, "you shall know my name. All fear ended, O my beloved, we shall embrace." And as my blood burned within me she passed through the doorway. The door clanged in my face. I entered, she was gone; and now, O King, where is my love, my bride for whom I have yearned and waited?"

"Verily we are Allah's, and unto Him are we returning!" said the King. "Have your wish. Pass through that door."

With eager hands the old man pushed his way. Warm, odorless air swam about him; soft darkness enveloped him as in a cloak; standing before him, brilliant with unconcealed beauty, with arms outstretched, was the Bride, the Long-Desired.

"Well," said the doctor, "old Anthony is finally dead."

"So?" answered the apothecary, who ceased fumbling among his many-colored rhials. "Did he die easy?"

"Yes; for a time he was plagued with dreams, but he died easy."

"It must have plagued him to dream. I knew him well; he was a sensible old soul, industrious, sober, safe. Those dreams must have plagued him sorely."

"I'm not so sure about that," answered the doctor, and he shook his head as he walked away.

#### THE QUIETIST.

#### MR. ELSON'S LECTURE.

Before a small audience, Louis C. Elson, the widely known musical critic of this city, delivered last evening, in Steinert Hall, the last lecture of the series of lectures on interesting musical topics, which he has been giving on the last four Tuesdays. Last evening his subject was "The History of National Songs," and Mr. Elson illustrated his lecture with vocal and pianoforte selections, which doubled the pleasure of the evening. In speaking of a number of our national songs, Mr. Elson showed how they started in one locality, and when war came, and because of their rhythm and marching melody, were taken by a certain regiment, then from camp to camp they went, and from one section of the country to another, through the singing of it by the soldiers, until the whole country sang it.

The lecturer related the history in detail of the national anthem of the French, and also of the English, but confined himself during the greater part of the evening to speaking of the origin of many of our so-called national songs. He showed that, with one or two exceptions, the tunes of our national songs did not originate in the minds of Americans.

In conclusion, Mr. Elson said that he believed that in the future an American would give us a national song which would not be a battle hymn, rather sounding the note of peace, but in it would be found still the note of the trumpet and a good marching melody.

#### MR. ROTOLI'S CONCERT.

Performance of His Roman Festival Mass and Easter Offertory, "Terra Tremuit," in Tremont Temple Last Evening.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli conducted last night in Tremont Temple his Roman Festival Mass and his Easter offertory, "Terra Tremuit." The chorus was assisted by Mr. Walter J. Kugler, organist, two double-basses and a kettle drum, and this quartet: Mrs. Paul Walker, Miss Pauline Woltman, Mr. Thomas Johnson and Mr. Thomas E. Clifford. The audience was large.

The Roman Festival Mass is more or less familiar to the music lovers of this city, for it has been performed without as well as within the church for which it was composed. It is not necessary, therefore, to comment upon it in detail at this late day. It is enough to say that early impressions concerning the strength, beauty and majesty of many of its pages were confirmed on a third or fourth hearing. The fiery jubilation of the opening measures of the Gloria, the pathos of the Et Inarnatus, the dramatic intensity of the Crucifixus, the simple and massive Sanctus, the flowing grace of the Benedictus, and the appropriate restfulness of the Dona Nobis—these features of the work, as well as many instances of technical skill, were again revealed in clear light, although the performance itself was, on the whole, inferior to those that preceded it. The organ misbehaved itself early in the Gloria, and the mishap and the tinkering in that was done to the instrument in the sight of the people necessarily shook in a measure the confidence of the chorus and quartet. It was announced that Mrs. Walker was a victim to the prevailing distemper, and Miss Woltman was asked for her. Miss Johnson had little solo work. Mr. Johnson, with his voice of natural

beauty, sang the moving phrases allotted to him with pagan indifference. Mr. Clifford bore away the solo honors of the evening. The intonation of the quartet, as well as that of the chorus, was not faultless. The chorus, which came together from the different choirs solely for love of the music and as a tribute of affectionate respect for Mr. Rotoli, who has done so much for Roman Catholic music in this city, was heard to best advantage in the forte passages, although in other passages it at times showed well directed musical interest.

I believe that the "Terra Tremuit" was performed last night for the first time in concert. As a whole, it is not equal to any movement of the Mass in originality of invention or in ecclesiastical spirit. The dramatic opening and the impressive ending do not atone for the commonplace that are between them.

Mr. Rotoli was warmly received by his many friends and admirers, and he was several times obliged to bow in acknowledgment of hearty applause.

#### Philin Hale.

I assert, for myself, that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is a mirage and not action. "What?" it will be questioned, "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" Oh no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it.

We are not so much interested in the Cape Cod Canal bill as in the question whether Cape Codders say "youme," "thayme" and "weem." The evidence in the case is contradictory.

The honest farmer is advancing steadily the price of milk. This reminds us that the galaktophagi or milk drinking races of the truly civilized countries, which are those commonly known as barbarous, prefer artificially soured milk to the sweet, for they prefer fermentation outside their stomachs.

There are already pathetic incidents in the Mussey case. He has been in such a state of mind that he has not shaved himself for several days. Everybody in Rutland sympathizes with him, and the tender-hearted jailer gave him his own bed to him for night thoughts. You should remember that Mr. Mussey "misappropriated" a large amount, and you should therefore not be surprised to hear him described in a day or two as a martyr. You may also expect to read a detailed account of his meals in jail and a precise description of floral tributes sent by young girls and elderly maidens.

We cannot believe that Superintendent Damrell would so far forget himself as to dictate in the matter of the erection of a Venetian palace in the Fenway—a true Venetian palace with slippery floors, a picture gallery, a practical dungeon under the leads, a doge or two, and an adjacent gondola—especially when, as we are informed on trustworthy authority, there will be steam-heat, window screens and sanitary plumbing. Boston is sadly in need of a palace, and when a citizeness is willing to build one that will surpass that fancied by Claude Melnotte at Lake Como, she should not be bothered by specifications or limitations. This palace will be a boon to the city. Uncle Amos and other visitors will include it in the list of things that must be seen when they are personally conducted by an expert guide.

Mr. H. J. Feltus, editor of the Bloomington (Ind.) Star, proposes to run his newspaper next Saturday as Satan would do it. Mr. Feltus is not original in his plan. The Daily Champion of Atchison, Kan., was run for one week "as the Devil would run it." The issue of March 13 is now before us. Mr. John P. St. John contributed a blood-curdling article on what Satan would do in the editor's chair. One quotation will be enough:

"The first thing the Devil would do would be to write a salutatory. He would give it an intense religious tone. He would shout for 'Old Glory' and scream for liberty, and pitch into the Mormons, but he would not say a word about the thousands of slaves, and our Government-salaried Sultan and his 17 wives, under the protection of the American flag on the Island of Sulu. He would openly favor bimetalism, and secretly work to put the Government on a single gold standard basis. He would talk long and loud about the 'People's money,' but place them at the mercy of the national banks to get it."

The first page is further adorned by a column headed "Devilinities" and a thrilling tale of an immoral St. Joseph floor-walker. The leading editorial is headed "A Devil Sermon." We learn from the "Digest of Local Happenings" that "Miss Buena Scruggs left Monday afternoon for Denver to take a position," and that Mrs. Ella Booker, matron of the Union Depot, has undergone a remarkable transformation: "She is a colored lady, but several years ago she began turning white and is now almost as white as any white woman."

In this Atchison newspaper there is much that is in execrable taste, and there are passages that are offensive

to any sober-minded agnostic. And it is the Reverend Mr. Sheldon that in large measure is directly responsible for such vulgar profanation. About three centuries ago a singular book was published at Paris which purported to tell the adventures of a certain Jacques Saleur in Australia. The sixth chapter treats of the religion of the Australians and it begins as follows: "The most delicate and hidden subject among this people is religion. It is an unheard of crime even to mention it either in discussion or by way of explanation. Only mothers in the early years of their children acquaint them with 'Haab,' that is to say 'the Incomprehensible.' The Australians believe that this incomprehensible being is omnipresent and they venerate Him beyond measure; but they order the young to adore him always without ever speaking of Him, and they believe that the greatest offence toward Him is to make His divine perfection the subject of their talk; so that you might say that supreme religion with them is not to discuss religion." There is a dispute about the authorship of this book; some attribute it to a once debauched but repentant monk, Gabriel Poignu; others to "a Gentleman of Bretagne." However this may be, the author seems to us to have had a nobler idea of pure religious feeling than that entertained by the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, even though the latter has not

yet appeared on the lecture platform. Over 60 years ago Thackeray, incensed and shocked by the promulgation of the new "Messianism" according to George Sand, exclaimed: "O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light, that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it?"



ANOTHER IN THE JOURNAL'S SERIES OF PORTRAITS.

#### MARIE BREMA.

Marie Brema (Braun) was born at Liverpool. Her father was a German and some say that her mother was a Virginian. She began as an actress at first in amateur theatricals in Liverpool, and then she made her debut in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at Oxford, June, 1891, in Henry Arthur Jones's company. She had meanwhile studied singing under Bessie Cox and Henschel, and she made her first appearance as a singer at a Monday "Pop" concert at London in February, 1891. Her operatic debut was as Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana," London, Oct. 19, 1891. She then sang Orpheus, and she traveled in a concert company with Gerardy and Plunkett Greene. After other appearances in opera and oratorio, a pupil of Alfred Blume, she went to Germany, learned the part of Kundry under Levi and sang it and Ortrude at Bayreuth in 1891. Her fame soon spread and since then she has appeared in opera and concert in leading cities of Europe. Her first appearance in Boston was April 1, 1895, as Brangaene in the first performance of "Tristan und Isolde" in this city. Her son, a bass baritone, was married to Rose Ettinger, an American coloratura singer, in December of last year.

me 30 1900

So I have harvested my womanhood  
Into one tall green bush of southernwood;  
And if the leaves are green about you feet,  
And if my fragrance on a day should meet  
And brace your weariness, why, not in vain  
Shall I have husbanded from sun and rain  
My spices if you chance to find them sweet.

I have grown up beneath the sheltering  
shade  
Of roses; roses' poignant scents have made  
My sharp spice sweeter than 'twixt went to  
be.

Therefore, if any vagrant gather me  
And wear me in his bosom, I will give  
Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and  
live,  
And wake to find the rose a verity.

Gather me, gather. I have dreams to sell,  
The sea is not by any fluted shell  
More faithfully remembered, than I keep  
My thought of roses, through beguiling sleep  
And the bewildering day. I'll give to him  
Who gathers me more sweetness than let's  
dream

Without me—more than any lily could—  
I that am flowerless, being southernwood.

This poem was published in the Journal July 19th of last year. At the time and since then inquiries were made concerning the author; and no wonder, for seldom in these days of Mr. Kipling do a poem of such fragrance and loveliness appear. We are now able to state that "Southernwood" was written by Miss Norah Hopper, an Irishwoman, and it is to be found in her "Songs of the Morning" published lately by Gray Richards, London.

Now that we have paid tribute to it, let us proceed to the cold, stern business of the day.

It appears that the word "vernekerij" is a Boer word which means "swindling combined with wholesale bribery and corruption of the returning officers." There is a corresponding phrase in English: "political shrewdness." And there are some who would consider "Tammany" as a translation in one word.



Chimes was shocked early this morning. Perhaps it was the surprise, I am falling mentally"—here the old buck coughed vigorously and about in such a manner that he appeared to contradict him—"but we shook together and my heart was water when I saw an auto-drawn funeral procession. I can find no definite objection, but the manner seemed incongruous, impermissible, horrible. I am not sure but that I should prefer an auto-drawn automobile; the former would be more bright and cheerful. Friends in New York tell me that the hearse is now fashionable. I understand that many are using it." There was profound and condemnatory silence on the part of the audience, while Mr. Auger was puzzling his brain over Old Chimes's preening.

Ernest Student of Sociology, expects to go to New York with us, and as an expert on morality, or at least, in large villages, relieved of the "I do not think the ostentatious" woe was ever so expensive as evolving in this country as in New York. My friend Mr. Geo. R. Sims is recently about the improvements in the country by the funeral association, and in the course of his remarks he told a story bygone days. One of his relatives, left this expensive. The mourners at the funeral themselves from boxes of the gloves, and they were adorned with broad black silk scarfs, and hats were smothered with Mr. Sims said in an aside in those days always took a coffin to a funeral because the weeping a good one. Struck by the news of the outlay, he expected the coffin lid would be raised by the deceased occupant, and he asked the undertaker whether the heirs of a dead man find his popularity an excitement, whether the heirs and executors ever grumbled. "Well, sir," replied the undertaker, "I've no doubt would if we gave them time, but on the other hand, 'Always send a tear in the tear is in the

not true, as Mr. Sims intimates, a minimal stuffer usually asks for deposit when the departed pet is put to his establishment bedewed in mistress's tears? Otherwise, the emotional moment has passed, and is left on his hands.

to hear of the passing of George R. Sands, "for nearly 48 years a champion clog-dancer." We can't say that we ever saw him, but in younger days, when we frequented the haunts of sin, all clog dancers were like, even in dances known as "clog." They all wore an expression of indomitable resolution, and they said, "We'll keep this up till it kills us!" From the waist down they were rigid; below, their agility was marvelous. Did they ever relax their faces in private life? Dancers exerted a singular fascination, but the apparition of a homesteadian prepared to dance in wooden shoes drove us to the door.

belong of the wooden shoe! There was one woman who came to country and showed us how to dance. "The Maseot" could charm. Her name was Paola-Marie. She was in this country had pretty slippers, just as Michaela had. She too often is dressed in slippers to her feet when she is wandering through the mountains.

March 31, 1900  
who laughter in the natural world, a bird or fish, though no sad doubt, a creature to them untroubled. I tried to check the mirth-compelling. He roars his solemn thunder out of the sleeping woods. The eagle screams every. A hawk must strain a serious throat to his hilt defiance at the sky. A falconer, jealousy have found a voice. A hawk or rapture the brute bosoms. A hawk is symbols for her nobler joys, her sorrows. Who had dared foretell a man, by some sad mockery, to learn to laugh who learns that he is a die?

note this sonnet for a twofold purpose, first, to fill space; and then, to note the poet that he has forgotten the existence of the laughing-jackass, which has excited the admiration of the ornithologists.

ment has been made repeatedly the royalties from "David" are the sole support of the widow and children of the author. Mr. David did not leave a widow behind, but his wife died several years ago, and the publication of the book with the authorities of the Boston Public Library disputed for weeks the propriety of putting it into the hands of readers.

A soprano in New York, who sings at a fashionable church, swore in court that she has been living on \$66 66 a month since she has been in that city. To the lawyer who expressed surprise and polite incredulity, she replied, "I do. I have no diamonds." It is hard for a singer to be good to her mother on \$800 a year.

There are interesting things in Rome besides St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the fever there is a "Prophet of Beauty," who proposes to construct on a hill overlooking the city a Forum of Beauty, "which will be a temple of art, because art is the religion of civilization—an asylum for those ready to work for the Beautiful." His wants are few. "I do not smoke, because smoking agitates the brain. I do not drink, because wine agitates the blood. I eat only vegetables"—he does not say whether these vegetables grow above or below the ground, and this is an important matter—"the money which I receive will be hoarded until it is sufficient to carry out my design. Life is worth living only for the Beautiful." This young gentleman, who would be an inexpensive guest, should come to Boston, and efforts should be made to induce him to construct his forum in the Fenway, the future home of all that is beautiful. Furthermore, he would enliven our streets by his presence, for he goes about bareheaded, with hair curling on his shoulders, wearing sandals, and clad from head to foot in spotless white. His name is Luigi Loporfida, in case the Mayor wishes to invite him here. We shall be happy to put him up at the Porphyry, and no doubt receptions and afternoon teas can be easily arranged in his honor.

Keep away from Monte Carlo this year. A correspondent writes: "Disputes are occurring every moment as to stolen or mislaid stakes and vanished winnings. Newcomers have the pleasure of seeing their money picked up from under their very hands by respectable middle-aged women, who, if a word of remonstrance is mildly attempted, burst into voluble abuse, generally in French or German."

Touching tales are told in London of the sick soldiers in the hospitals. They all brought back the chocolate boxes given to them by Her Most Gracious Majesty, and nearly all of them refused even to nibble the chocolate, preferring to wear it next their heart by day and at night to sleep with it under the pillow. "They seem to have an idea," and the reporter's voice is choked with tears, "that it would have been something like sacrilege to eat the chocolate, however great the temptation in times of want and hardship on the field." And some of them preferred tobacco.

Mr. Ferguson heard a surgeon say last week that the only foreign substance he had ever found in the vermiform appendix was a tooth-brush bristle, and he then and there vowed solemnly never again to brush his teeth.

Dr. Leyds wears spats.

"Applegarth," a name that has been prominent of late, is an old English word which means "orchard."

The row in Congress brought back the memory of good old times and showed that public spirit is not dead but is merely slumbering.

Dry grew palates and tongues with excitement and expectation. Plugs were becoming exhausted, and Representatives also. When Keitt, tired of talk, bespoke Reuben Davis, "O Reuben, Grow's a tarnation backguard, and I've concluded to clinch him." This said, up to his feet he sprang, and, loosening his choker, straightened himself for a grip, as a bar-hunter down in Arkansas. Squares to go in at the bar, when the dangerous varmint is cornered. "Come out, Grow," he cried, "you black Republican puppy. Come on the floor, like a man, and darn my eyes, but I'll show you."

Miss Justine Ingersoll of New Haven has interesting theories concerning cats. She declares that they should not be fed on milk, which "fills their systems with impurities." She knows this, for she has had autopsies performed on many cats. She believes in "homoeopathy and reform of diet." "Fresh fish, not market fish, is good for cats." Therefore feed your cat on shad, lobster, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, smelts, brook trout, and, when it is possible, catch them yourself. Miss Ingersoll says nothing about valerian or catnip, but she claims to be a Buddhist, and finds "psychic companionship" in her pets. She is probably not aware that the cat generally becomes a witch from the age of seven years to that of twelve, and that all the cats that wander over roofs in February are not really cats, but witches, which it is the duty of every good citizen to shoot. On the contrary she thinks highly of the cat and says with Mr. Oliver Herford:

I'm like the dog, she does not cure

With common man her thoughts to share,  
She teaches us that in life's walk  
"Tis better to let others talk,  
And listen while they say in stead  
The foolish things we might have said.

## April 1, 1900 TWO CONCERTS.

### Marie Brema in Saint-Saëns's Ballad at the Symphony Concert— Mr. Ernst von Dohnányi Gave His First Piano Recital in Music Hall.

The program of the 20th concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Music Hall last night, was as follows:

Overture to "Alphonso and Estrella".....Schubert  
"La Fiancée du Timbalier".....Ballad with Orchestra.....Saint-Saëns  
Suite No. 1 from the music to "Peer Gynt".....Grieg  
Songs with Orchestra.....Wagner (The Accompaniment scored for Orchestra by Felix Mottl.)

(a) "Schmerzen."  
(b) "Trauerzeit."  
Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn

This concert provoked amiability and the gentleman-like joy that according to Athenaeus is one of the chief objects of music. The overture by Schubert is interesting solely from the standpoint of the antiquarian. There is little of the genius of Schubert in it, and the second theme of the allegro is, as Mr. Apthorp says in the program book, "exceedingly simple"—that is, if by "simple" he means "foolish." The suite by Grieg was delightfully played, and the Scherzo of the symphony gave much pleasure. The first movement of the same symphony is skillfully made and all that, but it reminds one of an apparently endless and genteel Songs Without Words that is finally overtaken by a smart shower. No wonder that Mendelssohn dedicated the work to Queen Victoria. It probably at last excited her to write her celebrated Journal.

Marie Brema sang, or rather recited

dramatically, Saint-Saëns's "Fiancée du Timbalier," which was composed in 1887 and first sung at a Lamoureux concert, Feb. 19, 1888, by Mrs. Montalba. I say she recited rather than sang it, for I do not wish to dwell on faulty intonation and faulty tone-production. She recited with considerable facial expression and pectoral emotion, and she was often effective. The songs of Wagner were better suited to her voice and Bayreuth delivery, and by them, also, she won applause.

Mr. Ernst von Dohnányi gave his first piano recital in this city yesterday afternoon. There was a fair-sized and appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge.....Bach  
Sonata in A-flat major, Op. 110.....Beethoven  
Impromptu in F-sharp major, Op. 36.....Chopin  
Valse in C-sharp minor, Op. 64, No. 2.....Chopin

Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel.....Brahms  
Barcarolle in G major.....Rubinstein  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 9.....Liszt

Mr. Dohnányi has well-developed technique of the highest order; for one technique differs from another technique in glory. He is a thoughtful, intelligent musician. His aims are high, his art is pure. He plays with understanding and without deliberate affectation. On the other hand, he is a man of broad and simple contrasts rather than a master of nuances. Admirable as his technique is in elemental respects, he has little tonal variety. He is a draughtsman, not a colorist. While his personality at once commands respect and admiration, he is not magnetic, not temperamental, and to me he is not sympathetic. Whether as the years go by he will gain in emotional feeling, whether his performance will be of more human interest—these are questions that can be answered at present only by a guess. He is now at an early age so self-controlled that a display of youthful exuberance, or even sheer virtuoso extravagance, would be a healthy symptom, one full of promise for the future. It is easy to praise him, but the praise comes from cool lips and an unmoved heart.

Philip Hale.

JOHANN PETER EMIL HARTMANN, one of the most celebrated of Danish composers, died March 10 at Copenhagen. He would have been 95 years old in May. Although of a musical family, he began to practice law, which he soon forsook, for his first opera was produced in 1832. A fertile composer, he wrote symphonies, overtures, cantatas, operas, a violin concerto, songs, piano pieces. One of his cantatas was occasioned by the death of Thorvaldsen, the sculptor. He was the first of the romantic Scandinavian composers, for his first operas antedate any work by Gade. Until shortly before his death Hartmann continued to compose and perform his duties as organist at Our Lady's Church, Copenhagen. His son Emil (born in 1836), some of whose works have been performed here, died in 1898.—Cecile Thevenet of the Opéra Comique, Paris, will create the leading part in Leoncavallo's "Zaza" at Rome.—A young Russian girl, Miss Niniidoff, made her debut with success at the Paris Opéra March 10

as the foolish page in "Roméo and Juliet."—Isadora Duncan has been illustrating in the dance. Homeric hymns and idylls of Theocritus in London. Her "exceptional beauty of face and figure" was praised. She danced "The Water Nymph" to "some pretty music by Ethelbert Nevin."—Tamagno "did not shine as Alfredo" when he sang with Melba in "Travolta" at Monte Carlo March 7. Our old friend Pandolfini sang with her in "The Barber of Seville."—Mr. W. J. Henderson is not fond of cello concertos. When Mr. Leo Schulz played Schumann's at a Philharmonic concert the Times spoke as follows: "There is nothing more dispiriting at any time than a cello in the act of catering to that is what the writers of concertos for it usually make it do. Schumann's was no exception to the rule, and, great as he was, it would be better for his fame if his acrobatic composition for the cello were permitted to repose in silence. Grumbings in the bass, wild leaps in the tenor and hurried walls in the soprano register of the instrument, and most of them a little off the key, are not conducive to respect for the art of playing on the cello. Mr. Schulz can leap and vail, and get off the key, with the best of them, but there does not seem to be any just cause for such doings."—Nor was Mr. Henderson moved to tears by Marie Brema's performance at the same concert: "Mme. Brema sang the familiar air from Cluck's opera with exaggerated pathos and with much physical contortion. She seemed to be in great pain, but she should have let the music express it, and not have tried to convey it to the audience by heavings of the shoulders and gurglings of the voice. These things are not pretty, and they are not musical. Neither can there be any praise for the manner in which the lady sang the songs. Her style was artificial and forced in all of them."—We seldom have "folk-song" concerts in this little village. A Mrs. Kate Lee has been lecturing on "folk-songs" and singing some of them in London, and her entertainment seems to be out of the beaten track. I quote from a London journal: "The concert concluded with a dissertation on folk-songs by Mrs. Kate Lee, who sang several quaint examples of old English ditties. In the good old days every trade had its songs and the spinning-wheel, the loom and the plow were all musically provided. Steam and steel, however, have driven these songs into tradition, but to hear them is to obtain a glimpse of the sentiments and mode of life of our forefathers. Nurses' songs seem invariably to have been of a blood-curdling character. Stories of the ghosts of murdered people revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and the last words of ladies and gentlemen who had forfeited their right to live, appear to be the favorite subjects for cheering despondent patients in the bours of convalescence. Passing events, of course, supplied an inexhaustible field for song-writers. The lines so inspired were in most instances fitted, or it would be more accurate to say made to fit, into the rhythm of some popular tune of the day. A curious example of this method, entitled 'The Earschire Tragedy,' was sung by Mr. Phillips. The story is gruesome and highly melodramatic. A certain Gamsel, envying the wealth of her elder sister, pushes her into the river. The victim is whirled down to the mill wheel, where she is pulled out by the miller, who, having robbed her, pops her back again into the stream. Poetic justice is satisfied by the miller being hanged and the naughty younger sister 'dying of eating salmon cheese.' This story has been wedded with ludicrous effects to strains of the liveliest character, a genuine old country dance tune with the irrelevant refrain, 'And I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.'—A "dramatic" overture by Otto Manns, played at a Philharmonic concert in London March 8, "is a musicianly work, showing earnestness of purpose and the proverbial flattering admiration for the methods of Brahms and Wagner. If the composer had been 17 instead of seven-and-twenty, I should regard it as a composition of great promise; but nowadays a musician is supposed to know a good deal when he has passed his first quarter of a century in smoky cities, and to have developed a musical soul—i. e., an individuality. This does not seem to have yet happened to Mr. Otto Manns." At the same concert Esther Palliser, who some years ago was here in comic opera, posed as Brünnhilde.—A man by the name of Charles Clair, advertised as "the celebrated and unique soprano soloist," has been singing in Paris.—Mr. Boutarel was staggered by the performance of Strauss's "Heldenleben" in Paris under the direction of the composer. He wrote in the Ménestrel: "His symphonic poem is a conception of the highest order. The complexity of the technical resources is extreme; the families of in-



elements are complete, the leitmotif runs throughout, dividing and subdividing the musical molecules; and it seems to me that the most highly endowed men of today fall into the error of the artists of the Roman decadence, who through love of color and display, placed mosaic reproduction above painting, and substituted for the free conception of genius a work essentially minute and sluggish that does not agree with the flight of thought. I do not pretend to impose on genius the word of Jehovah when He created the ocean; I do not indicate to anyone the limit beyond which he should not step, but I think that there is something greater and more beautiful than to please an intellectual few who are often bored and without sensitiveness to impressions, and that is to find the speech by which an infinite number of human beings may be raised in generous rivalry to restorative enthusiasm. This is the only way in which Art can work out its social function and play its part in a state. Now I admire as much as any other person this poem by Strauss. Toward the middle and toward the end the musical fluid sets in vibration the soul and establishes a sympathetic communion between the hearer and the powerful, victorious composer. The fervor and the sincerity make you forget certain bizzarries which are not in accord with the grandeur of the whole. The idea obeyed by the composer is to make music speak to the intelligence; the portrayal of the hero on the field of battle, the indication of the pacific work accomplished by him after the victory, the appearance of the wilderness especially, gained by simple methods and with indisputable charm, all this should be praised with warm conviction. Strauss is 36 years old; he has nothing to learn in the technique of his art. Where will he go in the path that he has chosen? I do not know and I do not dare to think; but before he extends the limits of experimental Wagnerism, I wish that he would try to speak to the people. Neither Beethoven nor Wagner disdained to write popular works in the highest meaning of the phrase."—Mascagni threatens to lecture on the early years of Verdi. Mascagni is his own press-agent.—When they wished to perform "La Resurrezione di Cristo" at Modena, Perosi asked \$300 for himself, \$400 for the music, \$480 for the orchestra, \$250 for the chorus and \$500 for the solo singers.—Sebastian Ronconi, a brother of the great Ronconi, is dead. He, too, a baritone, was once celebrated, but his last years—he died at the age of 90—were years of poverty and wretchedness.—Carl Bechstein, the piano maker, died at Berlin March 6. Born in 1826, he established his own factory in 1856.—Karl Deppler, once a famous flute player, and since 1865 conductor of the Stuttgart Opera House, died March 10 at the age of 74.—Puccini's "La Bohème" is making its triumphal way through France.—Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedict" did not please at Breslau.—Saint-Saëns, in his latest book, declares that the dilettanti who formerly did not wish to make the least effort to comprehend music, now are enthusiastic over that which is dark and unintelligible. They say, "If I understand it, the music must be poor; if I do not understand it, the music must surely be good."

A new symphony in C minor entitled "Walt Whitman" was performed at the Crystal Palace, March 10. The composer, William Henry Bell, is now in his 27th year. His prelude to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1895, as was his symphonic poem "The Pardoner's Tale" last year. The London Times said of the new work: "Unfortunately, Mr. Manns thought it advisable to omit one of the movements, a set of variations, owing to the length of the symphony; so great, however, was the merit of the work that it would have been far more interesting if it had been played and one of the other numbers of the program omitted. The symphony shows a great advance upon anything that Mr. Bell has done previously. The somewhat exaggerated allegiance to Wagner, which he showed in his earlier works, is less noticeable, and the symphony shows a great amount of originality in both conception and treatment. The first movement is a very vigorous piece of writing, brilliantly and effectively scored, and possessing considerable melodic charm. The symphony is in no sense 'program' music. An admirable performance of it was given, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon have an opportunity of hearing the work in its entirety."

The Referee said: "The symphony is an achievement of distinct artistic worth. It is not program music, but is an attempt to express in musical terms the impressions left after perusal of Walt Whitman's writings, and the result is eminently satisfactory."

Through a mistaken idea that the length of the work would prove greater than the patience of its listeners, the second movement was omitted, but as the three numbers which were given only took 35 minutes, and firmly held the attention, the curtailment is to be regretted. The first movement is instinct with vigorous life, breezy and exhilarating in character, and remarkable for power of development and effective use of the brass. The third number is an elegy, dignified and sustained, and possessing a second subject which sings itself into immediate acceptance. Its conclusion is impressive, and would be wholly admirable had not the device of the reiterated descending scale in the bass been employed by Tschaiakowsky in the coda of the first movement of his sixth symphony. The last number, headed "Con multo brio," is gay, vivacious and exuberant, but the thematic material is not so strong; the music, however, is saved from becoming commonplace by its masterly development and orchestration." Mr. Bell took for the motto, "To Mine Own Folk." The omitted movement is a Humoresque, variations on a theme with a waltz finale.

The program of the Kneisel concert Monday evening in Association Hall will include Schumann's quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Dohnányi's piano quintet (Ms); Beethoven's quintet in C major. Messrs. Dohnányi, pianist, and Mr. Zach, viola, will assist.

Mr. Max and Miss Julia Heinrich will give the first of their song recitals in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon. The program will include songs by Richard Strauss, Tschaiakowsky, Brahms, Schubert, and duets by Goring Thomas and Henschel. Their second recital will be Tuesday afternoon, when the program will include songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Lalo, Foote, Nevin, and duets by Henschel.

A concert will be given in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, at 8.15, by Mr. Philip Dalmas, baritone, of the Société Humbert de Romans, Paris, assisted by Miss Gertrude Rennyson, soprano, and Mr. Victor da Prato, violinist, of Brussels. Mr. Dalmas will sing arias and songs by Gluck, Meyer, Cavalli, Palladino, Giordani, Saar, Beyer, Loewe, Dalmas. Miss Rennyson will sing songs by Massenet, Saint-Saëns and others. Mr. da Prato will play pieces by Lalo and Wagner-Wilhelmj. A duet from Meyer's "Sigurd" will be sung.

The third and last of the Heinrich recitals will be given Thursday evening. The program will include songs by Schumann, Franz, Dvorák, Foote, Schubert, and duets by Saint-Saëns and Thomas.

Mr. Dohnányi will give his second piano recital in Music-Hall Saturday afternoon at 2.30. The program will include Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor op. 35, No. 1; Schubert's sonata in A minor, op. 42; Brahms's Rhapsodie, op. 119, No. 4; Beethoven's andante in F major, and Capriccio, op. 129; Dohnányi's Intermezzo in F major and Capriccio in B minor.

The program of the Symphony concert Saturday evening will be as follows: Goldmark's overture "Sapho"; concerto for piano in C sharp minor, Beach (first time), Mrs. Beach, pianist; ballet-suite, Raubau-Mottl (first time here); Borodin's Symphony No. 1.

A concert devoted to local composers—S. B. Whitney, John Orth, Frank Lynes, Marion Osgood, George L. Tracy (quartet for strings, MS.) will be given by Miss Marion Osgood at 179 Tremont Street, Room 49, Monday evening.

Mr. Grossmith will make positively his last appearance in Association Hall Friday evening, April 27, and Saturday afternoon, April 28.

A concert of peculiar interest will be given in Association Hall April 11 at 8.15 by Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg, soprano, assisted by her instructor, Mr. William Heinrich, Mr. Samuel Kinder, baritone, and Dr. Kelterborn, pianist. Miss Fogg lost her sight some years ago, as the result of a long and most painful sickness, and she has pursued her studies in the face of other difficulties. Mr. Heinrich writes me: "I have ventured to arrange general public appearances in a small way during the past year, and at all of these she has created unbounded enthusiasm; her hearers being delighted with the purity and flexibility of a voice, though not heavy, yet of such fine timbre as to be very effective in halls of more than ordinary size. This is the first pupil without sight I've ever had, and I naturally feel a deep interest in her career, and want the opinion of wiser heads than my own. Through Mr. Emil Paur, Mme. Marcella Sembrich was kind enough to invite us to sing for her at the Touraine on the occasion of her last visit to Boston. She said she never heard a more beautiful quality of voice and she praised highly her school and

method." The program will include songs by Proch, Arne, Foote, Abt, Verdi, Bellini, von Flieitz, Richard Strauss, Mattel, Chadwick, Bach-Gounod.

Mme. Madeline Schiller, assisted by the Adamowski Quartet and others, will give a recital in Association Hall, Monday evening at 8. The program will include Rubinstein's octet in D minor, and piano pieces by Beethoven, Schytte, Liszt, Joseffy, Schumann, Chopin, Tausig.

Mr. J. Melville Horner, baritone, assisted by Mr. William Dietrich Strong, pianist, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, April 12, when he will sing songs by Tschaiakowsky, Brahms, Cornelius, Wagner ("The Two Grenadiers"), Carmichael, Nevin, Cowen and, for the first time in Boston, Arthur Somervell's cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud." Mr. Strong will play pieces by Scambati, Blassman, MacDowell and Aus der Ohe.

The fourteenth May Music Festival at Cincinnati will be held May 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Theodore Thomas will be the director. The chief works to be performed are the Ninth Symphony, Tschaiakowsky's "Manfred" symphony, Liszt's "Faust" symphony, Berlioz's "Te Deum," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," excerpts from "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," and "Parsifal"; Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben," Brahms's "German Requiem," César Franck's symphony, Stanford's Ode, "East to West," and orchestral pieces by Schubert, Wagner, Chernihai, MacDowell, H.W. Parker, Ducas, Tschaiakowsky and others. The solo singers will be Embrich, Schumann-Heink, Ben Davies and Bispham. In Berlioz's "Te Deum," the large double chorus will be reinforced by a choir of 300 boys, and to the orchestra of over 100 will be added "military drums and trumpets." The program is one of unusual catholicity and importance.

A German medical paper contains a description of Mozart's ear. This description is based on the picture of two ears, Mozart's and one belonging to an ordinary person, which hangs on the walls of the house in which Mozart was born. The writer of the article referred to, Dr. P. H. Gerber, of Königsberg, proves Mozart's ear to have been very remarkable, so remarkable, in fact, that it does not escape the ordinary observer. The outer lobe, which in most individuals assumes a beautifully curved outline, has in the ear of Mozart several more or less abrupt and angular divisions. The inner shell, on the other hand, which is generally waved in characteristic lines, is in the case of Mozart almost an even plain, devoid, as it would seem, of all distinctive character. The little lap which is found at the bottom of nearly all ears, and is, indeed, distinctive of the human ear as such, is almost entirely wanting. Nevertheless, Mozart wore a ring through the small apophysis for a lap of which his ear could boast. Taking the ear as a whole, we should describe it as a broad ear, such as is not usually found among the Caucasian races, but rather among negroes. Here, then, is a curious instance of an ear which, from the outside, seemed rather defective than otherwise, and was yet in its inner working so delicately accurate. So far the German's description.

Brahms once wrote Mr. Henschel concerning metronomic indications as follows: "Your question strikes me as rather indefinite—whether the metronome marks before the different movements of my 'Requiem' should be strictly adhered to? Why, just as well as those to be found before other music. I am of the opinion that metronome marks go for nothing. As far as I know, all composers have as yet retracted their metronome marks in later years. Those figures which can be found before some of my compositions—good friends have talked them into me; for I myself have never believed that my blood and a mechanical instrument go very well together."

Philip Hale.

April 2 1897

All that is done for money is mediocre. It was with the Renaissance that money came into art. The Greeks did not build the Parthenon for money, nor did the French build Chartres Cathedral for money; the recompense in either case was the joy of art. And as money entered into that art the work of the artist slipped out of his control. Art is produced in the youth of a nation, when a nation is small, when national enthusiasm is awakening, and visions draw into a national focus, and the intellect of everyone is akin.

We are going to New York for a few days, and the Earnest Student of Sociology is going with us. The Historical Painter is in Topeka, elaborating his sketches of the Reverend Mr. Sheldon. We tried in vain to persuade Old Chimes to accompany us, but he, fixed in his everlasting seat at the Porphyry, smiled at our endeavor. "What should I do in New York, in that noisy, brazen

town? I should find no better Scotchman than that which the faithful Charlie provides. I admit that I admire the women of that great city, but an elderly man with a paunch would be flouted by those to whom he could with self-respect pay light and airy compliments, and here, by the window, through which I never see a face that quicker my pulse, I can dream of Baudelaire 'tall, pale women drowned in satin.'"

It is a long time since we have seen Broadway or quaffed a marvelous beverage for the benefit of celebrated musicians in a certain restaurant of Fourteenth Street, and the journey now seems full of peril and adventure, if it is seldom that we wander from our own steam-radiator. We go this way because we have been assured by prominent members of the Watch and Ward Society that New York was never more moral, so free from painful sights, the street and in the theatre, as it is today; that the stranger is safe from the insidious advances of bunco-steers and still more dangerous foes; that a good Bostonian, in other words, can carry there a week without temptation, and on his return look his family and the janitor calmly in their respective eyes. Were it not for this assurance, and we shall carry sworn affidavits in our pocket—we should not dare to put our head into the mouth of the tiger.

We have made extensive preparations for the journey. We have provided ourselves with sandwiches neatly deputed in brown paper, a copy of Saturday Evening Transcript and a volume of Mr. Emerson's works to be read ostentatiously, if others sit near us. In vain have we urged the Earnest Student of Sociology to buy at least a new pair of trousers. His reply was, "I have a soul above trousers." This reply, while it is no doubt correct, both psychologically and anatomically, shows, nevertheless, his native obstinacy and indifference to the conventionalities, which even deep thinkers should respect. For what says that great traveler, Sir Richard F. Burton? "The Anglo-Americans are the only people who have the common sense to travel (where they are not known) in their 'store clothes,' and reserve the worst for where they are known."

And this reminds us of a sad experience. When we were urging Old Chimes to honor us with his company, a young member of the Porphyry, Mr. Reginald Dazzleway, looked us over and said, "I hope you will not wear your everyday clothes in the metropolis, if you do, you will be invited to buy a gold brick as soon as you strike Forty-second Street." Although his manner was supercilious, we took occasion to pass by a full-length looking glass in another room, and we saw that a hypercritical person, a writer of "Hints About Men's Dress," might claim that our trousers dragged at the heels and bagged at the knees. We ordered a new pair at the tailor's whom we had not seen for years and years. He assured us that they would be chaste and cheap and cut in the prevailing fashion. In due time they

were delivered. The trying on was an event in the household, and the children, who gathered about, were in a high state of excitement. The aid servant, who came upon us suddenly, laughed right out loud, and the we were convinced that something was wrong. By standing on a chair we obtained a comprehensive view, as though we had stood on Pisgah's height. And then we were reminded of the clothes that Artemus Ward ordered in his village for his trip to London. "The clerk said he know'd they was all right because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashions reg'lar. This was an infernal falsehood." Our trousers had, indeed, "A Welch appearance." But the clerk, who said in excuse, "I thought you wanted 'em comfortable," has but to work on them with shears and um, and fortunately they are all right below the knees.

During our absence this column will be written by an elderly man, a serious turn of mind, who is thoroughly aware of the dignity of his calling. Controlled by him, the column will continue to be an educational force to the community.

Little children who are given to stuffing themselves should remember the melancholy fate of the fifth Sultayman bin Abd al-Malik, who died after eating at a sitting a lamb six fowls, 70 pomegranates and 11½ pounds of currants.

Mr. Herbert Small of this city was in The Conservator a noble tribute to the memory of Richard Hovey. We quote one paragraph:

"What is needed, it seems to me, are a few golden pages of biography connecting Hovey's work with the man himself. I can think of no more moving and beautiful in our literature. The man ate and drank and laughed and hundreds never guessed how fully he had cherished and how fully his ideals, how ably he had



to accomplishing them. He to all corners, and until the or so only a handful of friends that he was a scholar in the definition. He praised Maeter Verhaeren, or Mallarme, and to fools, the fact that his ism was as coarse and nearly, as Whitman's. He and was unconcerned—they and yet his word as to a piece to be finished was better men's bond; and one need consider the variety and scope of his other undertakings, that the activity of his mind is extraordinary. Such a man, with the face of some mean and thinking misconception, with illustration of that noble irony reveals the squalor and weakness of much of the spectacle of our life. Yet the irony think, was in his own only once happened to hear of another, and that was in his own account, but because represented to him an ignoble, Hovey's friends sometimes for him, but he was not often discontented, even, for He was too big a man."

What is N.Y.  
Music by  
Recital April 3  
TWO CONCERTS.

Quartet Concert. With a Work, and the Heinrich

most Kniesel Quartet concert of on was given last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi, and Mr. Max Zach, assisted, and the program included Schumann's Quartet in A major, No. 3, Beethoven's Quintet in C, opus 29, and a Quintet for two violins, viola and cello, in E (MS.) by Dohnanyi, heard last evening for the first time, but natural that the chief interest should center in the last-named, for no other reason than that the composer is essentially a modern, at twenty-two years old. This was written six years ago when he was scarcely sixteen years old, considering this work serious, it is worthy of the most careful study, this must be strictly Lohengrin and above all, it must be recognized that it is the work of a man who has been reared upon the like, and we are accustomed to consider everything by a high standard, and there will be no one who will say to themselves, "Why, let us see, how does this compare with such and such a work?" That is not the question. Let it stand by itself, and for itself let it answer the questions, the important questions on its own. The main thing is this. Is this music, on the paper and off? In words, does it sound well? The two both questions are yes, and you have said all. The work stands on broad lines, the thematic is interesting, and the composer is not afraid of writing a tune. If course, is its death knell, and working out is invariably interesting. It does not halt, it is a dawdle, and the interest is at the end. On a first hearing we try the last movement is the specially the fugue passage in middle portion. The adagio is not uniformly charming passages, and the adagio has many fine moments. It may be found, as doubtless there is, that the work lacks to some variety, that there is a sameness in the general style of the movement, regardless of their being marked adagio, etc., that the continual use will weary one upon repeated hearings. Perhaps so, but it must be recognized again that the composition is written at a period in the composer's life when restraint is unknown. His enthusiasm is unbridled by maturity. In spite of all, the verdict is unhesitatingly in favor of the work. A brilliant achievement for a young man.

The work was given a most excellent performance in the whole. Mr. Dohnanyi showed himself to be a most excellent ensemble player, his clear, clean style showing to fine advantage. The playing of the quartet was up to the standard. The Beethoven quintet was given in fine style and with a finish. This work, by the way, was the first program of the organization.

#### THE HEINRICH RECITAL.

First of a series of three vocal recitals by Miss Julia Heinrich and Mr. Max Heinrich was given yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Miss Heinrich sang songs by Schumann, Brahms, and Richard Strauss, and they sang together duets by Schubert and Thomas. The chief interest lay in the Strauss songs, these are most interesting, they are immediately, and their effect is immediate. The "Serenade" makes a good one, but its accompaniment does not detract from the melody. The charming combination of accompaniment and voice is worthy of the casual remark concerning "Heart's." Truly a most interesting group of songs. Miss Heinrich has improved since she gave her last time. She has been that she did yesterday afternoon both as regard tone and interpretation. And do you ask in what way,

then, has she grown? It is principally in style and manner of delivery, for she is blessed by nature with a noble voice of most liberal compass, which, with maturity and her most fortunate surroundings, is bound to develop along the proper lines until it becomes the servant and the absolute medium of a fine interpretation. We say this sincerely, honestly, gladly.

There are many who condescendingly say that Mr. Heinrich's art is of the past. This may be true of the voice, but not of his art. He is, and long will be, a very fine singer. Would that the singers of our present generation, those we mean with the rare voices, those of the golden tone—would that these singers had the deep, honest interest in their art, an interest sufficient to encourage the development of the power of interpretation, such as this singer has acquired by labor and thought. Mr. Heinrich's singing of Schubert's "Serenade" was a lesson not only to the singers, but to many pianists and organists who delight in playing "arrangements" of this song. Instrumentalists and especially accompanists may learn considerably by attending recitals of this sort.

There was a fair-sized audience and the singers were obliged to repeat two of the numbers. The second recital will be given this afternoon at 2.30.

## TWO RECITALS.

The Second Heinrich Recital—Recital by Philip Dalmas, Gertrude Rennyson, and Victor Da Prato.

Miss Julia Heinrich and Mr. Max Heinrich gave their second song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Heinrich sang songs by Schumann, Lalo, Nevin and Foote. Mr. Heinrich sang a group of Schubert's songs, and the Four Serious Songs by Brahms. They sang together the three duets in canon form by Henschel.

It was an interesting program. The Brahms songs stand for all that is gloomy in more than one sense of the word, and yet there is beauty in the second of these songs. Perhaps we were not in the mood, for these are moody songs, intended to be sung by a moody singer, to a moody audience. The songs had their effect, for we distinctly heard weeping closely behind us, and we admit that we were by several degrees more serious after hearing them than we were before.

Miss Heinrich sang much better yesterday afternoon than on Monday. Her beautiful voice was in better condition, and she sang with more warmth, a keener appreciation of the composer's intention, and hence with greater freedom and firmer delivery. Mr. Heinrich's work to those who possessed the brains to understand his art, his great art, was a delight, and to those who crave beautiful tones and nothing else his singing must necessarily have disappointed. The duets were very pleasing. The audience was small but exceedingly appreciative, and after the duets the singers sang again. The last recital of the series will be given Thursday evening at 8.15, when Mr. Heinrich will sing songs by Schumann, Dvorak and Schubert, Miss Heinrich songs by Franz and Foote, and the program will include duets by Saint Saens and Thomas.

### RENNYSON, DALMAS, DA PRATO RECITAL.

Miss Gertrude Margaret Rennyson, soprano; Mr. Philip Dalmas, baritone, and Mr. Victor Da Prato, violinist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

- a. Vertigo's air from Pilgrims of Mecca (1764).....Gluck
- b. Ryssoor's Air, from Patrie.....Paladique Mr. Dalmas.
2. Air de Salomé, de Hérodiade.....Massenet Miss Rennyson.
3. Concerto for Violin, First Movement.....Lalo Mr. Da Prato.
4. a. In Amor (660).....Cavalli
- b. Invocation of High Priest, from Sigurd.....Reyer
- c. Recitative and Stanza of Jeremy from La Comédie de Richesse.....Philip Dalmas Mr. Dalmas.
5. a. "On the Wild Rose Tree".....Rotoli
- b. Cantilena, Voice and Solo.....Duvernoy
- c. La Cloche.....Saint-Saens Miss Rennyson.
6. a. "Caro mio ben" (1752).....Gordani
- b. "Jeg ved enstedt mellem Barskovs vens Traer".....Frants Beyers
- c. "O lass dich halten Goldne Stunde".....Jensen
- d. Sissies Begräbniss.....Loewe
- e. "Parted Lips".....Philip Dalmas
- f. The Huntsman's Song.....Philip Dalmas Mr. Dalmas.
7. Parsifal Paraphrase.....Wagner-Wilhelmy Mr. Da Prato.
8. Grand Duo, from Sigurd.....Reyer Miss Rennyson and Mr. Dalmas.

In many ways this was a singularly interesting program. It was selected with remarkable taste and with no small degree of the fitness of things, for the program ranged from one of the early Gluck operas, 1764, to one of the most modern works, Duvernoy's "Helle," produced at the National Theatre, Paris, April 24, 1896. And there were equally important things in between. On the whole, a most remarkable program, and in some ways interesting, although some of the operatic selections lost much of their true flavor when sung apart from the works in which, in many instances, they fit most pleasingly. The Lalo number was hopeless and helpless without its orchestral accompaniment.

Miss Rennyson, we are told, is a native of Norristown, Penn., has studied at the New England Conservatory, and has just returned from Paris, where she has been for the past three years, presumably studying. Of the gentleman, diligent inquiry has revealed nothing beyond the fact that Mr. Dalmas is

from Paris, and has sung in London and Philadelphia. Mr. Da Prato is a pupil of Ysaye.

Miss Rennyson has a most excellent voice. It is not well placed, and her enunciation is poor. She sings with considerable authority, no little understanding, and shows that she has studied earnestly and seriously, but her tones are at times guttural and shockingly forced. She was heard to better advantage in her second group of pieces, and she responded with another song, the only one, by the way, in which the words could be understood. Mr. Dalmas possesses a most pleasing high baritone voice of liberal range and fine quality. He takes everything so seriously, however, that his singing has a sameness about it which otherwise would make it exceedingly interesting and causes a frequent dragging of tempo.

There is little to say concerning the violinist. Mr. Da Prato's tone is poor, his intonation often false, and his playing is without individuality. The unknown accompanist, for his name did not appear upon the program, played most acceptably, with the exception of the first number, in which he was at times too prominent.

There was a very friendly audience, and applause was frequent.

## HEINRICH RECITAL.

Last of the Series Given in Steinert Hall.

Miss Julia Heinrich and Mr. Max Heinrich gave the last of a series of three vocal recitals in Steinert Hall last evening. Miss Heinrich sang a group of Franz songs, three songs by Arthur Foote, and three new songs from manuscript by Charles Loeffler, the violinist. They bore these titles: "Timbre Oubles," "Adieu, pourjamales," "Les Paons," the group being termed "Intermedes." Mr. Heinrich sang four songs by Schumann, Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and the "Gipsy Songs" by Dvorak. Mr. Heinrich announced that Mr. Loeffler's songs had been prepared on short notice, and owing to the difficulties of the accompaniments Mr. Heinrich Gebhardt would play them.

Mr. Loeffler's songs are most ingenious creations. They are different from any group of songs you might name, and they are not only curious, but interesting. You cannot say with truth that they are melodious in the ordinary meaning of the word, and at the same time they fairly teem with melody, both in the accompaniment and the voice part, but by what might be termed almost kaleidoscopic harmonic invention much of what otherwise would be straightforward melody drifts into the harmonic whole, and at times disappears entirely. On a first hearing these songs impress one, as has been said, as being most ingenious creations. More intimate acquaintance may show them to be more than that. They were very well sung, and Mr. Gebhardt played the accompaniments understandingly.

Mr. Heinrich was indispensed, his voice being in such poor condition that he sang but three of the Dvorak songs. Miss Heinrich was recalled after Mr. Foote's songs and added another number.

There was a good sized audience and applause was most profuse.

### NOTE.

The Fadette Orchestra of women players will give a concert in Association Hall this evening. This will be the orchestra's first concert appearance in Boston for six years, and is an event anticipated with great pleasure by friends in Boston as well as by musicians who are ready to be convinced that woman can succeed in orchestral music as she has in all other branches of the art.

April 8, 1900  
MR. HARRY FIELD, "the Canadian pianist," gave a concert in Leipzig a month ago. It appears that he is well and favorably known there. His program included a "Heroic" sonata, new and in manuscript, by "the American composer," Louis Campbell Tipton, of which the Signale said: "A piece in one movement, that is neither fish nor flesh, that is to say, neither sonata nor heroic, and the musical thought contained therein is of only slight importance." "Brigitte," a German version of Messager's "Veronique," was produced at the theatre in Wien, Vienna, March 10. "The music is finely made and piquant." "A new operetta, 'Fraulein Präsident,' by Alfred Müller-Norden, was produced at Hamburg March 10, while the next day saw at Erfurt the first performance of an opera, 'The Winter's Tale,' text founded on Shakespeare's play, music by Baldwin Zimmermann, who is a conductor there. The operetta chosen for the farewell performance at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, was 'The Geisha.' The Signale says that Hans Richter has been invited to conduct 'the great music concerts in Boston.' The prelude to Hans Pfitzner's opera, 'Die Rose vom Liebesgarten,' was played in a concert given last month by the Society for the Advancement of Art in Berlin. Otto Lessmann described it as the emptiest, most platitudinous, and at the same time bombastic work that he had heard for many years. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will make a long con-

cert journey, beginning April 19—Breslau, Graz, Venice, Milan, Turin, through Switzerland, Alsace, Baden, Hanover—with Hans Richter as conductor.—Enrico Bossi's new cantata, "Canticum canticorum," dedicated to the Queen of Italy, was performed for the first time March 14 at Leipzig by the Riedel Choral Society. The text consists of passages from "The Song of Solomon," which the composer takes in the old theological sense as symbolized of the love of Christ for the church. The cantata is praised highly for the workmanship displayed and for natural elegance of feeling and expression.—An opera, "Das Stille Dorf," by the well-known song writer, Alexander von Pflügel, succeeded at Hamburg. The New York Times says: "Astounding—ly enough now, more than 71 years after Beethoven's death, a hitherto unknown manuscript from his hand has been discovered, not in some remote quarter, but in the very heart of this city, where he so long worked and lived. The fortunate finder is Herr Rouland, Director of the choir of St. Peter's Church, in Vienna. Turning over a lot of manuscripts, he found some by Schubert and some by Beethoven. Among the latter was the manuscript of his rondo in E flat for piano-forte and orchestra, which has now passed into the possession of the Society of Friends of Music, in Vienna. The learned librarian of that society, Herr Eusebius Mandyczewski, has now published a description of this manuscript. It is worthy of note that the discovery of the original fully establishes the correctness of the supposition of Otto Jahn, the author of the 'Life of Beethoven,' viz., that this rondo formed part of the master's piano concerto in B flat. Dr. Mandyczewski says that Carl Czerny completed the unfinished rondo most effectively and altogether in Beethoven's spirit." One of the manuscripts by Schubert is a song of Ossian, "Loda's Gespenst" (1816).—Ernest Thomas, in an article written from Paris for the Guide Musical, declares that Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," led at a Lamoureux concert by the composer March 11, is "a nightmare. A man must be very skillful to make such a work; but when he has the talent of Richard Strauss he should not employ it in tricks of this kind." Mr. Thomas adds that certain composer-critics of Paris praised loudly "Don Quixote" because Strauss, as a conductor, might perform some of their pieces in Germany. Surely nothing could be fairer.—Paris critics, remembering Pauline Viardot's singing of "The Fri-King," find that Lilli Lehmann at a Colonne concert March 11 was not as effective in portraying terror and anguish, although they admire her art. This reminds me that Maurel, according to the latest Paris music journals, is in that city rehearsing the part of Mathis in "Le Juif polonois."—A new work for harp and orchestra, composed by Wildor last autumn in Venice, was played for the first time March 12 at Paris. It is said to be eminently interesting and well worth hearing.

Why cannot Mr. Schuecker add it to his repertory?—They talk of reviving Mozart's opera, "Idomeneus" at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, with Jeanne Raunay and Cossira.—Delna proposes to sing the part of Carmen.—Rossini's "Italiana in Algeri" has been revived at Milan.—Felipe Pedrell is editing for Breitkopf and Härtel a complete edition of Vittoria (1540-1595). There will be eight volumes, two of which will appear this year.—The prompter at the Residenz Theatre, Wiesbaden, has celebrated her 50th anniversary of active service.—\$1000 is asked in Vienna for the manuscript of the first movement of Beethoven's sonata, op. 111. In a letter written by Rubinstein, which is offered for sale, is this sentence: "Have you seen 'Tristan' or 'Rheingold'? The first is to me actually mad; the latter is at least cracked."—The New York Times says: "Among the many important engagements Maurice Grau is making for his season at Covent Garden this summer is that of Emil Paur, who has entered into a contract to conduct the German operas during the month of July. While Mr. Paur has not as yet arranged to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House next season, it is practically understood that he will be included in the list of conductors which Mr. Grau will have."

Arthur Poughn has written a long account of Massenet's new oratorio, "The Promised Land," which was performed at Paris, March 15, at the Church of St. Eustache. The article from which I quote appeared in the Ménestrel, a music journal published by Heugel, who is the publisher of many of Massenet's works; therefore, Mr. Poughn is inclined to take a cheerful view of this composer. He is amazed at the ease with which Massenet passes from one subject to another with a dexterity and a mastery that belong only to those "that have the gift of



April 10 1912

## MADELINE SCHILLER

Piano Recital Given by Her in Association Hall With the Assistance of Symphony Players—Revival of Rubinstein's Octet.

Mrs. Madeline Schiller, assisted by Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski, Zach, Keller, Maquarre, Selmer and Hackebarth, gave a concert last evening in Association Hall. The program was as follows:

Sonata, "Appassionata".....Beethoven  
Octet, D minor, op. 9.....Rubinstein  
"Leber die Steppes".....Schytte  
Etude de Concert.....Liszt  
Concert Study.....Josephy  
On Chopin D flat Waltz.....Schumann

Romanza.....Bereuse  
Rhapsodie, No. 3, op. 47.....Chopin  
Valse-Caprice "Man lebt nur einmal".....Liszt  
Polonaise, E major.....Tausig

The Octet by Rubinstein has not been heard here for some years, unless I am gravely mistaken. I am told that Mrs. Schiller introduced it here about 25 years ago, and it was played in 1883 or 1884. The revival last night was by request. Some of the older members of the audience may have found pleasure in the incitement to reminiscence and perhaps they preserved their faith unshaken; but I doubt whether many converts were made among the younger musicians and amateurs. The ensemble was not always excellent; for Mrs. Schiller played with more enthusiasm and strength than discretion and the pleading cry of a solo instrument was often drowned in foaming billows of piano passages. Nor were the strings always beyond reproach. The octet itself is for the most part as dead as King Pandion, a door-nail, or Chelsea. There are passages in the first movement that might still give pleasure if they were played with a due sense of proportion, and the scherzo might still pass as a piece of superficial brilliance; but the andante is of a type that fortunately is now wholly out of date, and the same may be said of the finale.

Mrs. Schiller played her solo pieces with far more facility and spirit than at her concert last season. There was a display of thoughtfulness in the sonata by Beethoven, and the performance of Liszt's etude was in certain respects to be commended. She was least successful in the interpretation of sensuously romantic feeling, for she is a player who at the best is straightforward and without appreciation of the subtle nuances that characterize the leading pianists of today.

Her many friends who remembered her indefatigable labors here for many years in the cause of music, applauded generously and sincerely.

Philip Hale.

What yeoman shall swear that he is descended from Alfred? What dunce, if he is not sprung of old Homer? King No God bless him! fathered us all. Then he up your heads, oh ye Helots, blood potent flows through your veins. All of us his monarchs and sages for kinsmen; nay, fells and archangels for cousins; since antediluvian days, the sons of God verily wed with our mothers, the irrepressible daughters of Eve. Thus all generations blended: and heaven and earth of one; the hierarchies of seraphs in the uterine skies; the thrones and principalities in zodiac; the shades that roam through the nations and families, flocks and folds of the earth; one and all, brothers in essence, oh, be we then brothers indeed! Then more let us start with affright. In atheology what is to fear? Let us compose ourselves to death as fagged horsemen sleep in the saddle. Let us welcome even ghosts when they rise.

A correspondent asks us why fish is eaten on Friday. This is a question that might naturally incite much wading discussion. Some one wrote to the New York Sun a few days ago:

"The ancient custom of the Jews of buying fish on Friday, although not a biblical precept, is founded on a biblical ground. When fishes were fruitful and blessed them, saying or fruitful and multiply (Genesis, 1, 22), and it is supposed that this blessing extended to fish when partaken of as food. Accordingly fish was introduced in the Sabbath meal on Friday evening as an element of strength in the Jewish tradition. Peter being a fisherman by trade, was able to supply the kitchens of Jewish families with fish for their Friday evening Sabbath meal and thus brought in contact with the service of families and housemaids of the high families and was well known to them (Matthew, xxvii., 58, 69, 71). When Christ espoused openly the cause of Christ consequently was boycotted his party to age was reduced to the families. He followed his new teaching, so the Jewish custom of partaking of food Friday evening was introduced and the first Jewish Catholics by Peter and his followers even after the Sabbath was transferred to Sunday."

A learned person lately used the New York Mall Gazette as the waste pipe of his intellect. He began by citing St. Augustine, who relates that St. Ambrose, "questioned by Monica, replied: 'When I am at Rome I fast on Saturday when I am in Milan I do not. So advise you, whatever church you wish to observe the custom of the place.'"

of the classical oratorios and choruses. "Hiawatha" is a work of marked individuality and, moreover, is unique in containing the first chorus written for civilized singers upon an aboriginal or Indian—only an incident of the work, it is true, but a noteworthy one. In this performance, which will take place in Newburyport Tuesday evening, April 17, the Boston Festival Orchestra will assist and the soloists will be J. C. Bartlett, Gwyllyn Miles, M. S. Edith Kierski-Bradbury and Miss Edith McGee. A special train will convey orchestra and visitors to Boston after the performance.

Mr. W. L. Henderson, in the course of his comments on Schuch, compliments the Boston Symphony Orchestra: "What was gained for the art of music by bringing Mr. von Schuch here? It was a very good advertisement for Mr. von Schuch and if Mr. Grau intends to engage him as opera conductor for next season it was a fine and expensive method of introducing him to the public. But what good did it do? What did it prove? To how many persons in the audience did the familiar overtures to 'Der Freischütz,' 'Oberon,' and 'Euryanthe' sound otherwise than they had in days gone by? A few musical connoisseurs, and perhaps some of the newspaper writers, may have discovered some changes from the conventional treatment, and perhaps the orchestra, under the stimulus of a new personality, played with more spirit than usual. But was Mr. von Schuch able to transform the Metropolitan Opera House into the Boston Symphony Orchestra? It will generally be conceded that he did not. In spite of the grave assertion contained some time ago in one of our morning contemporaries that he could in one hour so completely master any orchestra as to make it play precisely as he desired it to. Mr. von Schuch attended the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra one week ago Thursday, and there is no doubt that he wished from the bottom of his soul that he could make the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra play like the men from the New England metropolis; but his hypnotic powers failed at the vital moment.

Mr. von Schuch is credited by those who are acquainted with his work in Dresden with being a thoroughly competent operatic conductor in the circumstances which surround him at home. These embrace a permanent institution in which rehearsals are plentiful and his authority firmly established. There was no reason to suppose that he could come here, and with an orchestra new to him, produce the effects which he produces at home. Nor was there any reason why the public should be expected to betray a devouring curiosity at what he might do with his readings. Conductor worship has reached a pretty high state of development in this community, but it has not gone so far that the general public will rush to hear how a new man will read old works like the three Weber overtures with which Mr. von Schuch elected to begin his concert. And, as for music itself, it cannot be said that it reaped any immediate or lasting benefit from this recent importation. Bring Mr. von Schuch to America to stay, give him a good permanent orchestra, or make him the conductor of the German works at the Metropolitan Opera House, and we shall be able to tell whether he is to confer any lasting benefit on music in this land. Bring him here to conduct two or three occasional concerts with an orchestra which never saw him before, and he becomes a mere sensation of the hour without a single artistic reason for his presence."

Philip Hale.

Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi gave a second pianoforte recital in the Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, the programme being:

Mendelssohn: Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, opus 35, No. 1.  
Schubert: Sonata in A minor, opus 42.  
Brahms: Rhapsodie, opus 119, No. 4.  
Beethoven: Andante favori, in C major, "Die Ronda a Capriccio, in G major, 'Die Wuth über den verlorenen Groschen,' opus 129.  
Dohnanyi: Intermezzo, in F major.  
Capriccio, in B minor.

The twenty-first Symphony concert was given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening. The programme was:

Goldmark: Overture, "Sappho," opus 44.  
Mrs. H. A. Beach: Concerto for Pianoforte, in C-sharp minor, opus 45 (M.S., first time).  
Rampou: Ballet Suite freely arranged by Felix Mottl (first time in Boston).  
Borodin: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major.  
Mrs. H. A. Beach was the pianist.

How have you helped me, O Dives?

I walk in the darkness, with Sin,  
To the courts of the Temple I came  
All blindly to worship the Name;  
But your mantle of purple and gold  
Hid the shrine that I sought to behold,  
I walk, in the darkness, with Sin.

I pray tonight may be the last

That God shall give me to endure,  
If there be God—I am not sure  
That on your doorstep die outcast.

A Mrs. Murphy of Kansas City has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he refuses "to keep his person clean." Her sister testified that Mr. Murphy, who is a wealthy real estate dealer, washes his face and hands only once a week, and another woman swore that he had a fixed time for his washing, which was done, appropriately, on Monday; but there was no testimony to show that he was

stretched that day on a clothes-line, either in the back yard or on the roof. The French would insist that Mrs. Murphy is too fastidious. Some of their finest men and women would have regarded Mr. Murphy as too particular. Queen Marguerite of Navarre did not hesitate to say to her lover in a dialogue written by her: "See these beautiful hands: although I have not cleansed them for a week, I'll wager they are cleaner than yours." The indescribably dirty and gallant Henry IV. almost boasted of his contempt for water, and Madame de Verneuil in a fit of anger told him that he stank like carrion. Mrs. Murphy should read Alfred Franklin's "Les Soins de Toilette," in the series, "La Vie Privée d'Auteufois"—also any true account of royal life at Versailles in the eighteenth century.

The long, solemn gentleman with the piercing eyes tapped gently on the shoulder of the encores fiend in front of him.

"Allow me to present you," said he, handing the applauder a small paper package.

"What does this mean?" asked the recipient, wrathfully, as he opened the package and found about \$2 in dimes and nickels.

"It means this," replied the solemn gentleman. "I have noticed your earnest efforts to have everything twice. Therefore, I have taken up this small collection in order that you may come tomorrow, instead of trying to get your two performances in one evening."—Indianapolis Press.

A choir-singer sends us the following communication: "I dreamed that I came late to rehearsal. The choir-hymn tune was a queer thing in the key of C, and this was the first stanza of the hymn, which I remembered perfectly in the morning and at once wrote down:

"Queen Semiramis and her horse,  
They slept beside the road, of course;  
But John S. Dwight, immortal soul!

At last has reached the heavenly goal."  
The first two lines I can trace in a way to Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," which I was reading that evening—but why John S. Dwight, whom I never knew, never saw, and of whom I never even think?"

A Paris correspondent thus describes in the Pall Mall Gazette Edmond Rostand, the dramatist: "A man of striking presence is this fortunate dramatist. Time, perhaps, has thinned his flowing locks, but not yet turned them gray, nor deprived him of his figure, which, in the case of a successful French playwright, is of itself remarkable. He has the soldierlike air, and upcurled moustache, and carriage of the head. He is, also, not without suggestions of the D'Orsay type. He looks as though he had been molded—'melted,' I am reminded, is the proper word—into his frock coat, and his shirt collar is

turned down at the points over a 'twice-round' black satin cravat of precisely the 'cascading' pattern that the great Alfred prescribed for our forebears' wear. But then, this dandy wears white spats, which the other would have regarded with a troubled eye."

Here is a pleasant bill of fare for Americans in Paris: Russian beer soup; West Indian pepper-pot; Korean dog cutlets with hot gin, and jam to follow; Mexican maté and tortillas; tripe à la mode de Caen, and Anjou wine.

To go back to the author of "Cyrano" a moment. Mr. Wyndham, who has lately appeared as the nose hero, does not accentuate the facial feature of Cyrano, and his nose is much admired by the conservative British. One journal, disparaging Coquelin's nose, says: "In the Frenchman it was a feature to laugh at—a common farcical nose, a thing that was not so much ugly as ridiculous," while it finds that Mr. Wyndham's nose has "a despairing nobility of its own" and is such that, when he makes love, "the spectator never sees the incongruous profile of a tip-tilted nose as an interference between him and the scene he is witnessing." As the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette justly remarks: "Such reasoning is possible only from one who cannot have the slightest acquaintance with the play." Cyrano speaks of the nose "that precedes me in all places by a quarter of an hour," and again, telling of his dreams and disillusion, he hursts out, "And I suddenly perceive the shadow of my profile on the garden wall." As the reviewer says: "Unless this last line is fully realized, where is the significance of the play? A Cyrano whose face falls short of the monstrous, and who 'bears about with him the air of a fallen archangel,' is a contradiction in terms. Mr. Wyndham's innate charm and the winning accents of his voice give him a great natural advantage over M. Coquelin in the part. But there will be no two opinions as to the issue if this all-important question is deliberately shirked."

After "Andromeda," an "Apostrophe" in "very style," and many other "cello" pieces, the overture to "Bramaire" songs and piano pieces. I admit that this is a good one, and I do not find in all Europe the musician who can enter the lists against him in this variety.

The text is from Deuteronomy and Joshua and there is not a word that is not in the Vulgate as translated by Silvestre de Seve. The oratorio is in three parts. The first, "Moab," recalls the promise made by the Lord to Moses on Horeb, that he should cross the Jordan and go into the land flowing with milk and honey, with the curse pronounced on those who would not keep his laws and the blessings bestowed on the obedient. The second part, "Jericho," tells of the overthrow of the town by the Israelites and the curse launched against the impious one who should try to rebuild the city. The third, "Canaan," describes the joy of the Israelites at entering into the promised land, and there is a song of gratitude to the Lord for His enduring mercy.

There is only one solo part, "The Voice," which is sometimes a tenor, sometimes a baritone, and again a soprano.

Mr. Pougin mentions these features of the oratorio. In the first part, a theme "Hear, Israel," which occurs frequently and is varied with skill; a fugue, in which the subject is given first to the tenors, and the coda of which is of a "superb grandeur and nobility." "Then there is singularly dramatic feeling in the curse laid by the Levites on those that disobey the Lord." At each item of oburgation, the people reply with a powerful "Amen."

The second part opens with an orchestral prelude, and after a chorus, comes a march which follows the words of the Voice (Joshua vi., 2, 3, 4, 5, 10). Seven trumpets in a solemn figure contribute "without extravagance to the incomparable brilliance." This part ends with a majestic chorus.

The third part begins with an orchestral pastoral and a chorus in which the theme of the Voice is used. The Voice has an exquisite solo, "People blessed of God." This leads to a final chorus in which Israel sings in pompous strains the glory of the Lord.

"All that I can say," says Mr. Pougin, "is the joy that one experiences in hearing such music, in finding oneself in the presence of a sane, noble, lofty, strengthening work, which uplifts one's thoughts, exalts the purest sentiments and shines with the most radiant

beauty." The conductor was d' Harcourt.

Mme. Madeline Schiller, assisted by the Adamowski Quartet and others, will give a recital in Association Hall Monday evening at 8. The program will include Rubinstein's octet in D minor, and piano pieces by Beethoven, Schytte, Liszt, Josephy, Schumann, Chopin, Tausig.

Mr. J. Melville Horner, baritone, assisted by Mr. William Dietrich Strong, pianist, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, when he will sing songs by Tschalkowsky, Brahms, Cornelius, Wagner ("The Two Grenadiers"), Carmichael, Nevin, Cowen and, for the first time in Boston, Arthur Somervell's cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud." Mr. Strong will play pieces by Scambati, Blasman, MacDowell and Aus der Ohe.

Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg, soprano, assisted by Mr. William Dietrich Strong, tenor, Mr. Samuel Kinder, baritone, and Dr. Kelterborn, pianist, will give a concert in Association Hall Wednesday evening. The program will include songs by Froch, Arne, Poote, Abt, Verdi, Bellini, von Flieitz, Richard Strauss, Mattei, Chadwick, Bach-Gounod.

A correspondent writes as follows to the Journal: "American in birth, education and sympathy, Emil Mollenhauer believes in the American composer, among other native institutions, and he is about to give a fresh exhibition of his courage and progressiveness in matters musical by introducing to New England a new American work. This is the 'Hiawatha' of Frederick R. Burton, a dramatic cantata of which the New York press has already said its word of approval and which comes out with the reputation of having been found a worthy vehicle for the delightful or sublime fancies of Longfellow. In the four years of his effort with the Newburyport Choral Union, Mr. Mollenhauer has led that city to discover that its latent love of music needed only vitalizing to become an asset of value where the inhabitants take annual account of artistic stock, and the musical people of the city, for their part, have had the good sense to subscribe liberally for tickets at the beginning of every season; and the combination has resulted in a career which has witnessed good performances of many



re sensible was the answer  
that ideal broad churchman  
unfitted common sense Eras-  
asked why he did not fast:  
is Catholic, but my stomach is

did not become obligatory on  
ers of the Church till the end  
rd century. The Council of  
eclared that anyone eating  
lung the 40 days of Lent would  
oart in the Resurrection, and  
hat the offender should not  
oed to partake of animal  
ding the remainder of the  
the Middle Ages any-  
ght eating meat in Lent  
teeth knocked out, but  
ne named death as the pen-  
me, on the plea that the fowls  
and the fish of the sea had  
ted on the self-same day, in-  
hemselves by eating poultry,  
ionally a bird—conduct which  
n their severe episcopal cen-  
Bishop of Orleans, in the  
ntury, inveighs against the  
who would not on any ac-  
butcher's meat, but who had  
e to take peacock, pheasant,  
ensive bird, or delicacy in the  
fish. "It seems to me that  
ly abstain from certain meats  
they want a change, or be-  
stomach, tired of the or-  
d, requires something out of  
to be coaxed to perform its  
ctions." A writer mentions  
only bird allowed to be eaten  
Catholics during Lent was the  
goose. The prerogative, of  
bird is said to be immensely  
explained as follows: "There  
all island, called the Pile of  
es, where are found the broken  
old ships. These fragments  
nt certain spume that in time  
nt certain shells, wherein is  
hing in form like a bit of silk,  
whereof is fastened into the in-  
he shell, even as the fish of  
nd muscles are. The other end  
d fast into the belly of a rude  
lump, which in time cometh  
ape and form of a bird. When  
ectly formed the shell gapeth

\* \* \* In short space after it  
two full maturation and falleth  
hesea, where it gathereth feath-  
ogrowth to a fowl bigger than  
ad and lesser than a goose."

Ius be more specific concerning  
fish is permitted in Lent, be-  
ere is a tradition that fish were  
nir the curse at the 'Fall,' and  
efore exempted from the list  
rohibited food. In Christ's life,  
om the miracle of 'the loaves  
s,' and the extraction of the  
ncy from the mouth of a had-  
e fact that He ate fish after  
urrection was regarded as a  
al consecration of the creature.  
th custom of having a fish liet  
of abstinence is probably of  
e origin. The fish plays a prom-  
nt in pagan mythology. Take  
n illustration the story of the  
in the Mahabharata, the in-  
te of Vishnu in a little goldfish,  
rious legends about various  
r the prophetic properties at-  
ted to them. Aquatic animals were  
ad sacred to Venus, and hence  
been conjectured that on the  
o the goddess (Friday) fish was  
o honor of her. On the other  
e know that the transformation  
e goddess into a fish deterred the  
e on the banks of the Euphrates  
ating fish. Besides the religious  
ere, there were no doubt sanitary  
on for the selection or rejection  
in fish during the days of ab-  
n. Sometimes the preference for  
sh was dictated by purely senti-  
al considerations. Take, e. g., the  
h choice of cod as specially ap-  
e to Lent. The story runs that  
blman who had been taken prison-  
y he Turks was employed by his  
e as a gardener. The daughter  
enhouse, happening to fall in love  
n, promised to secure his release  
on of his marrying her. The  
rinate nobleman, having already a  
d several children at home,  
ll consented to a second marriage,  
n having been settled to mutual  
ction, he made his escape and  
rived home with wife and number  
he day was Holy Thursday, and  
ginal family were celebrating  
y by a dinner of cod and peas.  
econd wife, it appears, was most  
dily received, and in order to com-  
e the auspicious meeting it was  
e that cod should be specially  
enturing Holy Week."

April 11 1902

ase-agent never coaxes. You may  
en you go into his office, that you  
ay of doing him a favor, but he  
ot you think it for long. No sooner  
stated your simple wants to him  
gins to show his contempt for you,  
n mention your rent he shrugs his  
de and produces uncomfortable top  
f old and battered Early  
house, which he throws at  
ead and charges enormous  
or; and if you remonstrate  
d another 10 pounds aasily, in case

you should take the...  
"Bath," he replies "Two hundred and fifty,"  
in a threatening tone; and when at last you  
apologize and try to escape, he calls you  
back and asks you fiercely whether Drixton,  
Baltham, or Sydenham would be too far out  
for you. While you hesitate, being much too  
frightened to tell him that it would, he  
grudgingly promises you window-boxes, a  
liveried porter, and a view of the Crystal  
Palace, with a chance of the electric rail-  
way being brought to your door in 10 years'  
time, for something like 90 pounds. On your  
timid refusal of this splendid offer, he asks  
you, in a tone rigid with contempt, for your  
name and address; and then you slink away  
and never hear from him again.

Auntie Rodgers, a negress, who died  
April 8th at Perry, Oklahoma, was a  
woman of distinction; for she was 100  
years old when she fell dead, and as  
husbands—in due and orderly procession  
—she had known four negroes, one In-  
dian and one white man. And thus she  
might have said with Schiller's Thekla,  
"I have lived, and I have loved, and  
die."

How much richer her life than that  
of Miss Catherine Goggin of Chicago,  
although the latter claims that she  
lives "a birdlike life." Miss Goggin  
gives nine reasons why she has not  
taken to herself a husband, whereas  
Benjamin Franklin formulated his im-  
mortal advice under eight heads. Such  
reasons as "He might like tidies," and  
"Because he might not be an orphan"  
are distinctly frivolous. No man likes  
tidies or anti-macassars. This reminds  
us of a story. When Bouvet de Monvel,  
the French painter, was in this coun-  
try he made many calls, for he was of  
a gregarious disposition. In a New  
York parlor he leaned in a sofaesque  
attitude against a wall, and when he  
arose to go, lo, there was a formidable  
grease spot on the wall, a spot made  
by his anointed and artistic hair. The  
woman to whom he had been saying  
pleasant words breathed hard for a mo-  
ment and then said: "O Mr. de Monvel,  
won't you please write your name un-  
der that spot, so I can have one of  
your signed pictures?"

To go back to Miss Goggin. Another  
of her reasons for remaining single is:  
"He might demand an itemized account  
of household expenditures." No, he  
would make this demand only once. He  
would have trouble enough in his own  
business. "Marriage would necessitate  
daily letter writing when either he or  
she might be away." This shows how  
little she knows about the domestic re-  
lations. Forms for such an emergency  
are now sold by all fashionable sta-  
tioners, with blank spaces for dates  
and pet names. We forget—another rea-  
son that influences Miss Goggin: "He  
might be fond of using pet names." Yes,  
he might call her "Goggy, old  
girl," but she would not mind it, after  
the first shock. The last-named reason  
is as much to the point as the eighth  
of Franklin: "He has not proposed."

The N. Y. Times publishes passionate  
letters concerning the "all destroying  
steam laundry." Among these letters is  
one by "Housekeeper," who suggests  
that despairing souls should make in-  
quiries "for a good, capable woman to  
do laundry work," i. e., to do the  
washing. "Housekeeper" is a sly  
humorist. A "good, capable" washer-  
woman! Her price is far above rubles.  
Washing and ironing are among the lost  
arts, and a successor to Wendell Phil-  
lips might be easily eloquent for an  
hour on this theme alone. Shirts from  
the old-fashioned "good, capable"  
washerwoman always smelt faintly of  
pipe tobacco, a smell far preferable to  
the sickening odor of linen-rotting  
chemicals that are used in either the  
steam or hand laundry of today.

But how maddening is this smell of  
tobacco on certain occasions—as when  
you are inevitably debarred from the  
weed. Politeness required our pres-  
ence at a concert the other night, al-  
though we dislike such entertainments  
and rarely attend them. The pianist  
was pounding madly, and the piano  
was standing the attack with stolid  
heroism, and a young woman behind  
us was purring with esthetic enjoy-  
ment when suddenly there was a feet-  
ing odor of tobacco. Some smoker  
went along the corridor and a kindly  
draught bore the smell to our nostrils.  
It was a good cigar. We wondered  
where he got it and how much he  
paid for it. And at least a dozen men  
who had been dozing or were looking  
as though they had just been sentenced  
to St. Helena, sat up and sniffed. One  
had the courage to leave the room.

The musical compositions written for  
the Paderewski prizes are to be played  
in Boston, and here will the judges  
sit in solemn congress. There are to  
be many judges, and among them are  
the critics that have written beauti-  
fully about Mr. Paderewski. These  
critics will come all the way from New  
York—probably in a palace car fur-  
nished with baskets of champagne and  
precious boxes of cigars and cigarettes.  
What a pity that some of the Boston  
critics did not know this before they  
took an unfavorable view of the emi-  
nent Pole's performances here this sea-  
son!

April 12, 1902

#### 'TIS SPRING.

'Tis spring! The nerve food ads unfold  
Their robust beauty to the eye.

'Tis spring! We read the ads and feel  
That only those who slay need die.

'Tis spring! The air is full of life  
And also full of unnamed germs.

'Tis spring! O'er marbles comes mad strife,  
And youth chides youth in reckless terms.

'Tis spring! The landlord now lies low,  
And those who want repairs must wait.

'Tis spring! And base ball zephyrs blow,  
While eight league teams strike pennant  
gait.

'Tis spring! Let's to the golf links hie,  
In garb that sears the passing train.

'Tis spring! Now flower seeds we buy,  
But buy and plant and watch in vain.

'Tis spring! The honest farmers sow,  
While green goods dealers promptly reap.

'Tis spring! When tides of travel flow,  
Then shall the farmer cheer his sheep.

'Tis spring! That's why these lines are  
sprung

Instead of verses on the snow.

'Tis spring! And poets yet unhung  
Write not like this with cheerful glow.

W. H. H.

Melba's late husband, "Kangaroo  
Charley," is a perfect gentleman. His  
claim in court was desertion. This re-  
minds us that Mr. Hichens, in his la-  
test novel, "The Slave," speaks of "a  
world renowned prima donna in a gar-  
den hat and a white muslin dress spot-  
ted with mauve orchids," who was  
"talking French with a vivid colonial  
accent. Her companion was a big boy  
who hated music. She loved big boys,  
and, as she hated music, too, they  
naturally had a great deal in common."  
\* \* \* She had been born with an iron  
will and with an inordinate ambition,  
and God had given her one of the love-  
liest voices in the world." Mr. Hichens  
declares that she cared more for a good  
tip on the Grand Prix than for all the  
operas ever composed, and he describes  
her eyes as "greedy, unimaginative."

"F. N. R. M." in the New York World  
speaks harshly of our old friends Henry  
Clay Barnabee, Esq., the Coquelin of  
the New England coast and interior;  
Billy Macdonald, at the mere sight of  
whose peerless figure hundreds of wo-  
men have swooned; George Frothing-  
ham, the coiner of the term "gesonder,"  
a word that may be applied by any one  
with a slippery memory to the inani-  
mate or the animate.

"The Bostonians have grown seedy.  
Their voices are worn; their comedy is  
threadbare; their stage productions  
have become economical. Once they  
were the ideals; now they are out-  
classed by nearly all their competitors  
in the field of comic opera."

It is a cruel world. The truly sym-  
pathetic and imaginative speak kindly  
of Thebes, Carthage, Palmyra, Baby-  
lon and charitable institutions for the  
aged. Why should the Bostonians be  
singled out for scorn and contumely?

The Pall Mall Gazette in a review  
of "The Rivals" remarks: "The truth  
is that John S. Clarke and Jefferson  
and others have built up Acres into  
something very like an incubus and  
the time has arrived for some reform."  
Alas, among the "others" was Wil-  
liam Warren in his later years.

We like to read Mrs. Langtry's de-  
fence of her play, "The Degenerates,"  
and we admire her strenuous efforts  
to elevate the stage. What a pity that  
she cannot lecture here before the Play-  
goers' Club! (But perhaps the Club is  
still alive.) Mrs. Langtry is a serious  
thinker. She speaks of the "basic mo-  
tive of the drama." No flippant person  
ever uses such language. What a com-  
fort it must be for Mr. Hugo de Bathe  
to know that while he is fighting for  
the commercial gain of England, his  
wife in a far distant land is strug-  
gling—even in the face of opposition  
in New Jersey—to maintain the purity  
of the stage. And she is not a fanatic.  
On the contrary, she admits that the

"indiscretions" of Mrs. Trevelyan make  
the play interesting.

Remember the sad fate of Mr. John  
Stoffer, mathematician and astrologer,  
who was born at Justingen in Swabia,  
Dec. 10, 1452. He foretold a great deluge  
for the year 1524 and thus upset the men-  
tal equilibrium of many elderly ladies  
and gentlemen who displayed a singular  
reluctance to float to glory. Elated by  
the fact that his dismal prophecy pe-  
tered out, "he foresaw that he should  
be in great danger from something  
falling upon him on a certain day, and  
because he knew that his house was  
strong enough, he sent for several  
learned men into his study, in order  
to divert himself by their conversa-  
tion. There arose a dispute among  
their sober cups; he takes down a book  
from a higher place in order to clear  
up the point in question; but the nail  
being loosened, the shelf, on which  
the books stood, fell upon his head,  
and wounded the unfortunate old man  
in such a manner that he died."

O learning is a blessed thing! We  
like to think of Tandemus, a heretic  
at Antwerp in the 12th century, who  
was magnificent in his dress and in-  
fatuated his followers to such a degree  
"that they drank the water wherein  
he had bathed himself and preserved it  
as a relic"—which was no easy thing to  
do, but perhaps "or" instead of "and"  
would make the author's meaning clear-  
er. If Tandemus were here today he  
would sell lucky-boxes, or cure sick  
people by telling them to concentrate  
their minds on various ceilings.

A deep thinker asked lately in this  
column whether a man with false teeth  
loses control of them in a moment of  
excitement.

G. P. W. answers as follows: "As to  
the loss of control of false teeth. This  
often happens to teeth that are not  
paid for. It is an old saying among  
the builders of false teeth that they  
are never just right until paid for. By  
the way, have you noticed the man in  
the street car who, wrapt in absent-  
minded beggarly thought, drops his  
plate on his tongue and juggles with  
it, first on edge, then bottom up, then  
deftly flopping it to place with a look  
of satisfaction?"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling sailed from Cape  
Town yesterday—alas, not for St. Hel-  
ena.

The foreign mails bring us important  
information. Thus we learn that 20  
Russian ballet girls at Monte Carlo  
wear short dark skirts instead of the  
traditional white ones; Sir James  
Crichton Browne, the celebrated physi-  
cian, denies the rumor that he is in fa-  
vor of the abolition of chairs and the  
adoption of the floor as the proper  
place to sit and lie on; the name and  
address of the contractor are indelibly  
stamped on every pair of British army  
boots in such a manner that they can  
be clearly seen after the boots are worn  
out; therefore any case of fraud can  
be immediately traced and brought  
home to the offender.

### MISS GLADYS FOGG.

Her Concert in Association Hall  
With the Assistance of Her  
Teacher, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich,  
Tenor, and Mr. Samuel Kinder,  
Baritone.

Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg, soprano,  
assisted by her teacher, Mr. Wilhelm  
Heinrich, tenor, Mr. Samuel Kinder,  
baritone, and Dr. Louis Kelterborn,  
pianist, gave a concert of unusual in-  
terest last night in Association Hall.  
There was a large audience and the  
applause was frequent and hearty.

Miss Fogg, who had the misfortune  
to lose her sight some years ago, has  
a voice of liberal compass and marked  
flexibility. She was suffering last night  
from a sore throat, so that her lower  
tones were eluded or hoarse; but her  
indisposition did not destroy the natu-  
ral beauty of her middle and upper  
tones. These last are of peculiar sweet-  
ness. Nor did her indisposition affect  
seriously any display of vocal art. She  
seems to be a natural singer, who has  
studied diligently and with good results.  
She sang Proch's air and variations;  
Arne's "Polly Willis"; the old Irish ditty,  
"The Gap in the Hedge"; Foote's  
charming "Irish Folk Song"; Abt's  
"Postillion," and arias by Verdi and  
Bellini. She was accompanied by her  
teacher, Mr. Heinrich, who sang an  
aria from "Iphigenia in Tauris," and  
songs by Richard Strauss and Chad-  
wick. Mr. Kinder, a baritone with a  
good voice, sang songs by Von Flieitz  
and Mattel. Dr. Kelterborn contributed  
to the pleasure of the evening.

April 3, 1902

### MR. HORNER'S CONCERT.

Arthur Somervell's Cycle of Songs  
From Tennyson's "Maud" Sung  
for the First Time in Boston  
—Mr. W. D. Strong Plays Piano  
Pieces.

Mr. J. Melville Horner, baritone, as-  
sisted by Mr. William D. Strong, pian-  
ist, gave a concert last night in Steinert  
Hall. There was a small and friendly  
audience. The program was as follows:  
Pilgrim song.....Tschaiowsky  
Erinnerung.....Brahms  
Angedenken.....Cornelius  
Die Heiden Grenadiere.....Wagner  
Thirty-two variations, C minor.....Beethoven  
Cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud,"  
.....Arthur Somervell  
Gavotte, A flat minor.....Skambati  
Etude, A minor.....Hasegan  
From Sea Pieces, op. 55, No. 2, in E ma-  
jor.....McDowell  
Gigue, op. 8.....Aus der Ohe  
They Are the Gascony Cadets.....Carmichael  
At Twilight.....E. Nevin  
Lord's Ballad.....Cowan  
Arthur Somervell is a name not utter-



ly unknown in Boston. Some years ago Mr. Gardner Lamson introduced his beautiful "Once at the Angelus" and Mrs. Franklin-Salisbury, or one of her pupils, sang the equally beautiful "Shepherd's Cradle Song." Somervell was born at Windemere, was a graduate of Cambridge, and studied under Stanford and Parry in London and under Kiel in Berlin. When he was in Berlin (1882-1884), he was a delicate youth, who suffered from heart disease and had the singular fancy that his own suffering was laid upon him so that some poorer mortal might escape it and be happy. But he has lived to write many pieces; a mass in C, which was sung by the Bach Choir, London, in 1891; several works of long breath for various Festivals; an orchestral ballad "Helen of Kirkconnel," songs, piano pieces and church music. I think his last composition is a work for chorus and solo voices, "Meditation," for use in Lent.

This cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud" was sung last November at the Salle Erard by Mr. Rac. A cycle is, as a rule, to be dreaded, no matter who the composer may be—Beethoven, Schubert or Brahms—for there is pretty sure to be a lack of variety; but this cycle is not open to this reproach. It is a pity that the composer did not pass over those ineffably silly lines of Tennyson:

I kissed her slender hand,  
She took the kiss sedately;  
Maud is not seventeen,  
But she is tall and stately.

For the most part his choice was felicitous. The cycle begins with the fierce opening burst of the poet, and the music hints at the Kundry music in Parsifal. "A voice by the cedar tree" is exquisite in musical and imaginative treatment, and "She came to the Village Church" is a page of rare beauty. Equally delightful is "Birds in the high hall-garden," although at first I thought the pianist was trying to remember Schumann's "Bird as Prophet." There are charming, harmonious in "I have led her home." Undoubtedly the most popular number will be "Come into the garden, Maud," for Mr. Somervell has actually had the audacity to set these words to music after Balfe. Does anyone sing Balfe's tune today? I think a Scotch tenor, Durwent Leley—his name is something like that—sang it at a Patti concert in Music Hall, and I remember a formidable tenor, Mr. Branson, who was with Emma Thursby, Franz Rummel, and T. Adamowski in the Strakosch company, the winter of 1880. He invited Maud in tones that made the backs of the hearers turn to water, as though he were crying in a wilderness instead of a garden. Mr. Somervell's setting is melodious and graceful, and there is the suggestion of the dancers dancing in tune. The simplicity of the passage, "For I thought that the dead had peace," is far more effective than the melodramatic rush and pother of the madman's dream, and the music to "O that 'twere possible" must be reckoned among the most poetical fancies of modern song writers. The cycle as a whole reveals a thoroughly well-equipped musician with a genuine gift of melody, with noble aims, with pure imagination. In his fastidious eagerness to avoid the commonplace, he is occasionally vague, and I beseech him to take in future the study of works by one Johannes Brahms.

Mr. Horner sang with marked appreciation of the meaning and purpose of poet as well as musician. He distinguished nicely between the lyrical and the dramatic; he steered clear of extravagance, and with a voice that is not naturally sensuous he often moved by his sincerity and authority. His vocal resources were not as marked. In the cycle and in other songs he not infrequently failed to sustain his tones; the beauty of phrasing was thus marred; and there was unnecessary and false accentuation. The song by Wagner is interesting only from a historical standpoint. The songs by Tschalkowsky and Cornelius gave much pleasure.

Mr. Strong should first cure himself of distressing physical mannerisms. The accompaniments by Somervell are not easy, but a pianist should not invite attention to this fact. Too often Mr. Strong stormed and thundered to the injury of the singer and the music. His performance of Beethoven's variations was hard, labored and dull. He must have worked patiently to secure his present technical proficiency, for he has a certain coarse technique, a plausible technique, that is without refinement. He has yet to learn the use of the pedals, and he is apparently ignorant of the fact that noise is not a synonym of sound. The pile-driver has technique, but it is not generally admitted to the list of musical instruments.

Philip Hale.

My brother the architect also slightly complicated matters by offering me his services for nothing. I suppose it is because I am a woman, but I never can help taking things when they are offered me for nothing. I remember a happy afternoon I once spent with Lionel at an exhibition, where they offered us free samples of different kinds of food, and we ate them all. We were never allowed to go to an exhibition by ourselves again. And, perhaps, if I had been firm and refused the kindly offer of my brother the architect, I might have found the flat I did want, instead of the one I didn't.

Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates says that uncleanness is by no means confined to the poor. We fear that she tells the truth. A Back Bay car smells just as bad as any other.

Poor Baden-Powell! What does he do during the siege—for he is a non-smoker.

The sea-serpent is not a fable; and in the sea, that snake is but a garden worm.

Alderman Coughlin of Chicago should be invited to visit Boston next week that we may see his new Easter suit. The coat is a long frock of black and white checks, each two inches square, and the trousers are of the same pattern. The waistcoat is of silk worsted with glittering spots of gold. Mr. Coughlin further embellishes his person with white kid tennis shoes, a white silk hat, bright red gloves, and a green satin "puff scarf." If he will accept Mayor Hart's invitation, we shall invite the Frock Coat Editor of the Providence Journal to be our guest during the Alderman's stay. Have you ever noticed how reluctant any Alderman is to wear striped patterns? After all, these officials are not wholly without imagination.

D. writes to the Journal: "If the Earnest Student of Sociology is still in New York, you may welcome the inclosed paragraphs." The E. S. of S. is again at his lodgings in Blossom Court. We understand that his visit to the Metropolis was not without effect on the verdict in the Netherlands case. Here are some of D.'s paragraphs:

And he told me he lived in Bohemia. I asked him where that might be. He said it was bounded on the north by Little Italy, on the south by Chinatown, on the west by the Dutch kitchen and on the east by the rising sun. He said it was a country where there was no sunlight. The sun was forever just about to rise but he had never seen it rise. He said all the young men there called one another "oldman." The form of salute sounded something like, "Havadrink, oldman." There are very few aged men in Bohemia, so perhaps it is out of compliment that they call each other "oldman."

A woman in the car was talking earnestly to a studious looking young man. I heard the words astral, transcendental, circle, higher life, etc., and I could hear his voice more distinctly. He said: "Yes, but it's all bosh, it's simply you people with an extraordinarily developed imagination who are catering to it. As Rider Haggard went to unknown Africa, as Irving went to Astoria, so you go to Skyland and Ghostland. One says it might be so, and another says she thinks it is so, and the third is positive of it. It's such a delightful study, you don't have to prove anything, no one can contradict you"—but just then the conductor hesitated between Bothnia and St. Cecilia, settled on St. Bothnia—and I got out.

I am quite near sighted—in fact my eyeglass has been my closest companion for years and has sunk deep into my affections, as well as the sides of my nose. Now the other day I had the misfortune to break my glasses. On my way to the optician's I passed more pretty women than I had ever before seen in Boston at one time. How I missed my glasses, for I take delight in the loveliness of coloring and curves.

Artists claim that the air of America is too rare; that it presents objects too clearly; that the hazy atmosphere of the Old World is better fitted for their trade. Why does not the ambitious American artist develop a streak of Myopia?

The following "personal," published in a New York newspaper, is of more than parochial interest:

"A Kismetish bachelor desires the acquaintance of a clever woman; object, matrimony; hundreds answered my last Sunday's personal, but oh, so few cleverly; one of the brightest gave no address (please do, now), and a Boston woman wrote, 'If you can't find a clever woman in New York, try me.' Being an astronomer, I am sweeping the heavens for a new and unknown star, and if you can light my path please twinkle on OPEN EYES."

And yet we are pained to learn that a Boston woman answered a man who uses the hideous adjective "bright" to characterize the mental attainments of male or female.

Was the simnel cake ever popular in New England? W. F. W. thus describes it: "The simnel of old was a boiled and varnished, baked and varnished, Christmas pudding. You usually gave it to your mother-in-law at Easter. There is only one mother-in-law on record who ever dealt with it properly. She made a footstool of it."

Mr. G. R. Sims is delighted with the growth of courtesy in war fare. He believes that in the near future there will be intervals for dinner and tea, and that battles lasting all day without intermission will be considered barbarous. "The eight hours movement will also have spread to the army, and work will cease for the day at a fixed time according to the season of the year. When the day's work is over, the officers and the men on both sides will fraternize. There will be dinner parties given by the chiefs, and this interchange of hospitalities will tend

more than anything else to promote good feeling and chivalry in the actual fighting." And he cites the case of the man who had both his legs cut off on the railway by a passing engine. He took off his hat to the driver and said, "Oh, pray, don't worry; it's a mere nothing."

April 14, 1900

And this was the epic age, over whose departure my late eloquent and prophetic friend and correspondent, Edmund Burke, so movingly mourned. Yes, they were glorious times. But no sensible man, given to quiet domestic delights, would exchange his warm fireside and muffins for a heroic bivouac, in a wild beechen wood, of a raw, gusty morning in Normandy; every knight blowing his steel-gloved fingers and vainly striving to look his cold coffee in his helmet.

We propose this day to be strictly educational; to invite your attention to a change in diet that may be of benefit at this time, when microbes are thicker here than native authors and other geniuses, a statement that is more convincing to the outsider than any statistics of death and disease; to also divert the mind by "dramatic chat"—chat being a pleasanter word than chatter. We have, in all instances, studiously avoided the expression of any personal opinion, lest we should give offence to tender souls of all ages.

Dead donkeys in Paris are converted into soup (pot au feu), prime joints and sausages. When you eat horse meat, ask for a dark-colored one, for white and gray plugs yield an inferior article. There will be a great many Americans in Paris this year.

Has any one of our readers eaten a hedgehog, the interesting little animal that presages wind and rain—but no one should be deterred on this account from eating one. Dr. Thomas Moufet, late in the 16th century, recommended this food, and he was a good, as well as learned, man. Hear him:

"When I consider how cleanly the Hedgehog feedeth, namely upon Cows milk (if he can come by it) or upon fruit and mast; I saw no reason to discontinue this meat any longer upon some fantastical dislike, sith books, nature and experience hath commended it unto us. For as Martial made Hares flesh the daintiest dish of the Romans, so in Hippocrates time the Hedgehog was not of least account among the Grecians; which he commendeth for an excellent nourishment, were it not something too moist and diuretical. Nay (as some affirm) it nourisheth plentifully, procureth appetite and sleep, strengtheneth Travellers, preserveth women with child from miscarriage, dissolveth knots and kernely tumours, helps the Leprosy, Consumption, Palsy, Dropsie, Stone and Convulsion."

And yet a sensitive person might shrink from this fare, not because the hedgehog figures in demonology, but on account of gratitude. For when the devil had smuggled himself into Noah's Ark, he tried to sink it by boring a hole; but he was baffled, and you and I, dear Augustus, were saved by the hedgehog stuffing himself into the said hole.

A London reviewer considers Ibsen's "When we Dead Awaken," and instead of groping for hidden significance or subtle meanings deduces from the play these commonplace truths:

(1) That if you marry a sculptor with the artistic temperament, you will probably be so much boied by his egotism that you will even prefer a bear hunter of disgusting habits.

(2) That a stark-mad lady who was once your model is not the safest person to go up a mountain with, as there are limits to the patience even of an avalanche.

Maia, the wife, speaking of the Professor's "Resurrection Day," says that all the world knows it is a masterpiece.

Professor Rubek—"All the world knows nothing! Understands nothing!"

Maia—"Well, at any rate, it can divine something."

Professor Rubek—"Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can all go into ecstasies over."

The reviewer adds: "It is a temptation to believe that this is an angry sneer from the master at his worshippers who insist on reading into his works a philosophy which he disclaims."

We read this personal of thrilling interest:

"Edward, come back quick to your inconsolable Gladys. The piano has been sold."

Mr. Harry B. Smith, the eminent librettist, has gone to England in search of rest. "He will write the second act of his new opera on the steamer and send it to New York by the next returning ship." Sea sickness will not dampen or choke his wit. The third act will probably be written on the train to London. Mr. Smith's third acts suggest this workmanship. "No other writer in this country ever made so much money from his pen." And think of the depth from which he rose, the

obstacles that would have crushed a weaker mind, a feeble soul. Mr. Smith was once—hold on to something, hard, and it would be well to have a tonic at hand—Mr. Smith was once—music critic.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the New York Times mentioned him this week in a review of his latest "offering"—"The Viceroys."

"The book was written by Mr. Harry B. Smith, who has the operetta libretto habit, and who turns out such book by the gross (more or less). \* \* \* The libretto is, without qualification, unworthy of the attention of those who care for cleverness in operetta, and I will prove stupid to those who do not. There is the merest semblance of story, and that is inane and stupid. There is not a line of dialogue that shows either wit or humor of an order higher than those of the street corner. There are no good comic situations, and there is not a single dramatic point. The attempts at fun are of the poorest and baldest sort. \* \* \* Operetta has sunk to a pretty low level when such a book as this can find its way before the public. But it was an encouraging sign that last night's audience received the proceedings with but few evidences of genuine amusement."

Some one suggests that there should be a "Chat Noir" established in London and New York, for the benefit of artist, musician, playwright. "The cur praise or curter blame of fellow-craft men in assembly is infinitely more stimulating or more tonic to the artist than half a column of cold print from some unknown, who, perchance, has quite misconceived his aim." Another answers that there is one fatal objection to the scheme so far as London is concerned: "The percentage of really promising young writers is so infinitesimal that the supply would speedily be exhausted. A great mass remains, whose mind symbolism is identical with sensualism, drama with dullness and disease. Obviously it would not be in the interests of their 'limited editions' that the truth should out."

Mr. Sims, who has not taken part in this discussion, knows one dramatist who reads criticisms with equanimity. "When he has produced a play he carefully avoids reading the notices. He has them all supplied by a Press Cutting Agency, but puts them aside unopened. At the end of a month, if the play is running to big houses, he turns to the notices and reads them. If they are good, he smiles and is glad. If they are bad, the sting has gone out of them. Should his play have been a failure, he does not read the notices at all. He drops them into the fire and remains in blissful ignorance of the things the critics may have said at his expense. This dramatist's plan is a very sensible one; we might very well as a nation follow it as regards criticisms of the foreign press on our tactics in the Transvaal." Mr. Sims often entertaining as a raconteur, we are not compelled by any law to believe him. Who is this philosophical playwright? Is it Mr. Sims himself? The player, singer, playwright, who "attention was called" to an article may be seen sitting on the doors of the morning after a performance, waiting impatiently the approach of the carrier.

April 15.

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

A Fine Performance of Familiar Works—A Word About Mr. Beach's Concerto Played at the Preceding Concert.

The program of the 22d Symphony concert, given last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "Military".....H. W. F. Meyer  
Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner  
Symphony No. 1.....Brahms

The symphony by Haydn was led with marked care by Mr. Gerike, and the performance was delightful for spirit, precision and finesse. The pleasure with which the work was heard came more from the exquisite performance than from the inherent beauty of the music, for many of the pieces are little better than padding. The children of this world have lost in large measure the capability of enjoying the affability and amiability of music, in which there is no goal to analysis—except in which there is no goal to self-inspection, nor are we to be consoled by the assurance that Brahms was a skilled musician. All this is no doubt unfortunate, and some may regard it as almost criminal, but the truth remains that in this symphony Haydn does not get the other side of the skin.

The prelude to "Parsifal" is another matter. It gains, of course, immensely when it is heard at Bayreuth, the orchestra hidden, and in the darkened theatre. Whether it is truly sacred music, or merely pseudo-sacred, a question that need not be discussed here, although it has served pomp and ceremony in Germany, France, Belgium and



"We have received from Chicago a 'new list of marriageable gentlemen.'"  
The circular is headed, "A Few Nuptial Attractions," and the opening sentence is as follows: "The following descriptions are those of men who are in correspondence with us, representing some of the most substantial Business and Professional men in the United States and noblemen of Europe, who would not be connected with any other organization of this nature on earth."  
"Red Book 164. Middle-aged baron, says he can wed only a lady with the commanding nose."



ance, is heir to his father's estate, including an immense castle, must have wife who can sustain herself among the nobility of Europe. Wants correspondence of good family only."

No. 3262 is still more exacting. He is of large size, has over \$200,000, is a Protestant and a widower. "Wants intelligent, refined wife of literary taste, who is fond of children, no woman who powders her face or wears false teeth or is ill tempered needs address him, for none but a true lady is desired."

3123, a general manager of a railroad swears that he is "splendid looking," and surely he would not lie about a little thing like that. 3203, a retired minister offers as an inducement "shrubbery, trees, and garden." 3126, a successful physician is "very affectionate." Red Book 166 is a young man who has everything for "a pretty little wife who would adore him." We recommend heartily in this list of spring goods, 3259, "a splendid miner of Idaho, with all kinds of wealth, is a fine singer and goes in society of the best always, college educated, fine ancestors, and thinks a good deal of pedigree." 3212, like Tennyson's Maud, is "tall and stately;" he prefers a brunette, for winter as well as summer. 3063 has \$5000 and "wants a wife who is up to snuff." Does this include a woman acquainted with the practice of dipping? 3256, bachelor, well-proportioned, tall and manly, "wants no butterfly of fashion." 3046 is "strikingly handsome." We see him now, in a tall silk hat, Seymour coat, lemon-colored cravat, and spats. 3155, wealthy brewer likes to see everyone happy, "wants whole souled wife, no scold." 3049 has "a commanding social position" as chief of the fire department in his town. He is often on the top round of the ladder.

Mr. Octavius Brewster of Chatham, Mass., in a letter to the N. Y. Sun defends with dignity the character of the Cape Codders: "Reference is made to the large size of the drinks taken by Cape Codders. This is a slander. I have never seen more than three-quarters of an ordinary tumblerful of whisky taken at one drink unless the imbiber considered himself very well acquainted with the person offering the treat, when naturally a less modest drink might be taken. Cape Cod is all right."

Mr. Harry Furniss tells a story of Mr. Justice Hawkins, who had a horror of draughts, and used to close up every cranny of his court, to the discomfort of everybody. A brother Judge said to him: "Oh! Hawkins, I had a frightful dream the other night. I dreamed you were dead and taken to Woking to be cremated. I caught the last train down, and bribed an official to let me peep through one of the loopholes of the crematorium. All that I saw was a heap of ashes, but I heard a voice cry out: 'Shut the door, Keating, there's a draught here!'"

Now, a story somewhat like this was told here, and at the expense of this city, early in the winter. The Raja Randhir from Chandrodava visited Boston in the fall. The polite coldness of the families to whom he presented letters and the severity of the East Wind superinduced pneumonia and he died. His body was burned at the crematorium. After a reasonable time his faithful body-servant requested that the furnace door should be opened. His request was granted. And lo, the Raja sat up and said impatiently, "Shut that door."

Now which story was told first? And is it not to be found in some cuneiform inscription?

The women census clerks at Washington demand, besides other things, "some place to heat curling irons." The Chamberwell Guardians in England were shocked at the conduct of a woman who came before them for relief with her hair fastened in curlers. They reduced the relief which she had been in the habit of receiving and denounced her conduct as indecent. These things, like polygamy and cannibalism, are largely geographical.

The Cornhill for April opens with an interesting poem, "The Souls of the Slain," by Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy starts with the conceit "that a line drawn straight as a bird might fly from the scene of the South African battles strikes the English coast at Portland Bill; and along this invisible line come the homing souls, eager to reach the old surroundings and to learn what is said of them by those they left behind. Mr. Hardy makes this no text for cynicism, but for a curious and profound philosophy; they are remembered, but memory dwells fondly, not on their brave deeds, but on this or that little trick of gesture or speech."

Avoid uncooked celery. Deep thinkers say it puts typhoid bacilli into your interior works.

Southern Senators are proposing Edgar Allan Poe as a Southerner for Miss Helen Gould's Temple of Fame. Poe was born in Boston and he worked and suffered in Philadelphia and New York as well as Richmond. We suggest respectfully the name of Coogler, if a Southern poet is demanded.

F. L. says in the Pall Mall Gazette: "The exact effect of arsenic on the complexion I have never seen satisfactorily explained, but Dr. Armand Gautier, Professor of Chemistry to the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, has lately communicated to the Académie that he has found this metal in perfectly appreciable quantities in the skin and hair of persons who have not taken it either internally or as a cosmetic, and he explains its presence as due to the gland in the neck known as the thyroid. How the thyroid gland contrives to attract arsenic from the atmosphere—for it is not to be supposed that the human body is alchemist enough to manufacture a metal—remains to be seen; but it is strange how there seems to be a sort of connection between metals of a particular group and the organs of respiration. Arsenic is well known to be eaten in large quantities by the Styrian and Dalmatian peasants—from whom, indeed, the perfumers of the seventeenth century may have learned the secret of its preparation—to enable their lungs to support the rarefied air of the mountains; and now we hear of vanadium, an excessively rare metal, of somewhat similar properties, as being a sovereign remedy for consumption. Dr. Laran, who has studied the subject experimentally, holds that it has a similar effect on the blood to iron, to which, however, it is vastly superior in large doses it acts as an irritant poison; but as even in an impure state it costs at present as much as 7s. a grain, it is not very likely to be abused as arsenic was on its first introduction."

## HANDEL AND HAYDN.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" Sung at the Last Concert of the 85th Season

—A Superb Choral Performance

—Mr. Mollenhauer Closes Brilliantly His First Year of Conductorship.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, closed its 85th season last night by a performance of "Elijah" in Music Hall, which was crowded with an applause audience. The two quartets were thus composed: Johanna Galski, Marian Van Duyn, Clarence B. Shirley, Gwilym Miles; Mrs. Alice W., Mrs. Mabel Pearson, H. B. Coughran, H. Parmelee. The boy's part was taken by Howard Snelling. The orchestra was the Boston Festival, Mr. Cotton, concertmaster, and Mr. Tucker was the organist. The performance of the chorus was superb, and it reflected the greatest credit on the patient and intelligent labor of the conductor in rehearsal. There was, when the occasion required it, a powerful body of tone that was still musical. There was confidence, authoritative attack. There was clearness in polyphonic passages. There was distinguished phrasing. There was as much nuancing as is possible in a chorus of this size. Seldom, if ever, have I heard such thrilling chorus singing as in "Thanks be to God," especially in the pages beginning "But the Lord is above them." On the other hand, "He watching over Israel" was sung with a charm and a delicacy that are not often to be expected from a large chorus. It is a pleasure to add that the admirable results of Mr. Mollenhauer's labor and skill were fully appreciated by audience as well as chorus, and that he was presented at the beginning of the second part with the wreath which he so justly deserved. His control of the orchestra was equally marked, and the men played with a precision and a clearness that have not been common at these concerts in past years. All in all, a memorable performance, so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned.

Mrs. Galski was in good voice and she sang the music of the widow with a dramatic effect that was due rather to her art than to the notes of Mendelssohn. Her performance of the first part of "Hear Ye Israel" was broad and impressive, the delivery of the allegro, although it was always respectable, did not reach as high a level. Mrs. Van Duyn, a woman of noble physique, in the contralto music of the first part appeared as a parlor-singer with a voice without distinction; but her delivery of "O Rest in the Lord" was beautifully simple and sustained, free from any exaggeration, musically phrased, and for once the air was restful without being soporific. Mr. Shirley sang with taste, even when his tones were throaty. The female trio was poorly given, and the double quartet in the first part was about as usual. I hope the time will come when this number will either be omitted or rehearsed diligently. The recitatives were delivered for the most part with refreshing good sense, without dragging and without false sentiment.

Mr. Miles set for himself a difficult task. On former occasions in this city

he has appeared as an honest, straightforward singer, successful in heroic and tumultuous parts, but in at ease in music that required finesse—as in the part of Mephistopheles in "The Damnation of Faust." His Elijah was in many ways an agreeable surprise. His reading of the part was dramatic in the portrayal of intense devoutness, in unshaken faith in a tribal deity. There was the wild flavor of the man from the hills, the man that frightened Ahab and Jezebel by his fierce denunciation. There was the necessary touch of pathos, virile pathos, the grief of a strong man who feels that his life work has been thrown away. Nor was this performance by any means a slavish imitation of that of his countryman, Franz von Daves. Mr. Miles was not always equally successful in the vocal part of his performance. He was inclined to force tone—if he were of larger frame he would have more confidence in his strength and would not thus fall into the trick of overblowing, which trick marked seriously his singing of "Is Not His Word Like a Fire." Time and experience will undoubtedly chasten this vocal extravagance. It is enough to say that his performance last night was always interesting and often truly effective.

Philip Hale.

April 17, 1900

"The Singing Girl," a comic opera in three acts, music by Victor Herbert, lyrics by Harry B. Smith and libretto by Stanislaus Stange, was presented by the Alice Nielson Opera Company at the Boston Museum last evening for the first time in this city. The occasion was also the benefit of Samuel McKee, T. B. Lothian and J. R. Keen, attaches of the Museum, and the house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Paul Steindorff conducted, and the principals of the cast were:

Duke Rodolph.....	Eugene Cowies
Count Otto.....	George Tenney
Prince Pumpernickle.....	Joseph W. Herbert
Aufpassen.....	Joseph Cawthorn
Stephan.....	John Slavin
Frederick.....	Edward S. Metcalfe
Francis.....	Louis Kelso
Marie, sister of Duke Rodolph.....	Lucille Saunders
Elsa.....	Jennie Hawley
Mina.....	Barnetta Mueller
Greta, the Singing Girl.....	Alice Nielson

Francis Willson and his company began their annual Boston engagement at the Tremont Theatre last night in "Cyrano de Bergerac," a new three-act comic opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. This was the cast: Cyrano de Bergerac, a soldier of fortune, Francis Willson; Christian de Neuvillette, of the Cadets of Gascony, A. M. Holbrook; Capt. Castel Jaloux, Commander Cadets of Gascony, F. S. Heck; Ragueneau, pastry cook, devoted to the muses, Peter Lang; Count de Guiche, Christian's rival, Robert Frederick; Montfaucon, an actor, M. Holbrook; A. Filar, the Captain of the Cardinal's Guards, Joseph M. Ratliff; Roxane, Cyrano's cousin, Lulu Gaser; Lise, wife of Ragueneau, Josephine Knapp.

Over here in England I'm helpin' w' the hay,  
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;  
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!  
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.  
There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyond the heavy trees,  
This livin' air is mothered w' the hummin' o' the bees;  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat  
Past Corrymeela, w' the blue sky over it.

There is the Amateur Lover of Nature, just as there is the Amateur New Yorker, the man that became acquainted with New York comparatively late in life, who makes surprising discoveries when he visits that city, who is silent and looks like a storage-warehouse of horrible and mysterious secrets when there is talk about the immorality of the metropolis—and yet how disappointed he is if no one appeals to him as an expert!

There are times when, tired by the din and the smell and the chatter of the town, you long for a solitary life in a village, or on a hillside, or by the sea. You repeat to yourself wise saws of the ancients. You please yourself by exclaiming: "God made the country, and Cain built the first city." But you have become so thoroughly acclimated to the murderous atmosphere of the town that you would find village life impossible. The absence of little things to which you are accustomed would fret you, would destroy philosophical composure, which you, poor fool, consider a characteristic of village life; dainties in food, plenty of ice convenient, fresh oysters, beer on tap, the morning newspaper, the possibility of the theatre, the panorama of the street, the consciousness of the discomfort of the dwellers in the slums, the sight of tall buildings colored by the setting sun, the cowardice or the fury of a crowd. Your passion for solitary life is purely cerebral. You enjoy the country much more when you know that you cannot see it. By country we mean the real thing—not the theatrical imitation in the suburbs. Can you imagine yourself happy, contented on the top of a mountain for more than 50 years, even though you were honored, like the late Mr. Levi Beebe, as a weather prophet? Perhaps this passage from Euripides

haunts you?

O blessed and happy he, who, knowing the mysteries of the gods, sanctifies his life, and purifies his soul, celebrating orgies in the mountains with holy purification.

This happiness is not acquired suddenly with the assistance of a dealer in real estate. No one can become quickly intimate with a mountain, which, always dignified and shy, is now inclined to be morose and suspicious for members of clubs and picnickers have taken liberties with it and left incongruous tin-cans and bottles on its insulted flank, or crowned its head with paper bags. Or would you be satisfied with processions of clouds and stars? Would not the winds and the strange voices heard in the ravines or on cliffs fill you with terror, and finally unsettle your reason? No, it is wiser to prate about hermit life in your club or to hold your purpose of retiring to the country as a threat over your wife.

We saw three women in a street car that were disfigured. One, when she smiled, showed a hideous cavity in her upper set of teeth. One had a dark mole on her cheek, a repulsive mole, not unlike that which Iachomo describes so amorously to the jealous king. The third had an ugly mark on one side of her nose. Apparently reconciled to their lot, they talked together in high glee, sisters in misfortune. How hard some they would have been without these blemishes! And we thought of stories—of Hawthorne's tale of the old legend which tells how Gualtier won the daughter of Hippocrates and freed her from imprisonment in a snake's body by kissing her loathsome mouth. Perhaps we dozed, for the sun was hot and the car was slow. We looked again with look of admiration tempered with respectful pity. We rubbed our eyes. The women were radiant, without blemish. They had all raised their black dotted net veils.

Melba sang again in concert at Beethoven, March 29, with her eminent a mirror and fiddler, Joachim, and an orchestra. Our old friend Otto Lessmann took a melancholy view of her art, and even went so far as to call Tost's familiar "Good-by" slush-words to that effect. He began saying that she was foolish to give another concert, for in spite of popular applause, the "shabbiness" of her artistry was more apparent with each performance. He paid full tribute to her beautiful and smooth voice and to perfection of her trill, but declared that as a singer she is equaled by many. He asked, "Is her concert repertory small as one would believe from looking over her programs?" "She would cold in Mozart's aria from 'Il Re pastore'; she sang the mad scene from 'Lucia' without freedom, and the aria from 'The Barber of Seville' without grace. It would be more prudent to keep still about her singing of son Richard Strauss ('Ständchen') in English and Brahms ('Meine Liebe grüß') in German fared wretchedly." And then Mr. Lessmann rapped judgment over the knuckles for taking part in such a concert.

This reminds us that Dr. Hugo Goldschmidt in Lessmann's music journal roasted Mr. Reinhold Hermann, who was imported to lead the Handel and Haydn the season of '98-'99. Mr. Hermann led lately in Berlin a performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Dr. Goldschmidt commented sourly on the fact that Mr. Hermann had underrated the difficulties of the task just as he had overrated his ability as a conductor. "His phlegmatic conducting induced leaden boredom." And then the critic wrote pleasantly concerning details of the performance.

April 18, 1900

For the one soul in things, taking matter like wax into its hands, molds and remolds—how hastily!—beast, and plant, and the babe, in turn; and that which die hath not slipped out of the order of nature but, remaining therein, hath also its change there, disappearing into those elements which nature herself, and thou too, art composed. She changes without murmuring. The oak tree falls to pieces with no complaining than when the carpenter fits it together. If one told thee certainly that on the morrow thou shouldst die, or at the farthest on the day after, it would be great matter to thee to die on the day after tomorrow, rather than tomorrow. Strive to think it a thing no greater than that thou shalt die—not tomorrow, but a year, or two years or ten years from today.

Mr. John C. Farrar, the hero of Waterbury, Vt., is praised for his "wonderful nerve."

"In the afternoon," writes a reporter the modest Suetonius of rulers, fraud and crime—"In the afternoon Farrar coolly performed his toilet."

And yet Mr. Farrar must have been in a desperate mental condition, for sat through a vaudeville show.

"Coolly performed his toilet," like to hear of such deliberation, approve of dawdling in what may be called the private routine of life. William Cobbett thundered against morning gown and slippers. "In short



ed youth, "be your business or what it may, dress at once for a and learn to do it as quickly as," and he spoke earnestly of being able to shave in five minutes with cold and without a glass. Southey the "moderate average of nine" and then worked out a calculation which showed that a man who three score and ten has, in all, consumed 2730 hours in the shaving himself, whereas, if he his beard grow, he could in his hours have learned to read, speak seven languages. When we younger and wiser, we once received cards from S. Austin the exhausting Allibone of the ny of Authors. These cards against the awful sin of time. Five minutes spent each looking out of the window, or d hands, or in vague con- of the Infinite or in om- contemplation finally summed up of laziness, and the question d, "How will you account for of time?"

ils in this life come from un- in the morning. Thus if bank d Cashiers would not be in d hurry to get to the bank, d not be able to plunder stock- d depositors so methodically. d gentleman of excellent family d income killed himself be- he left word, he was "tired d the same things." Think of d monotony of morning life, d yourself in bed and yawn; d duty drags you out, just as d years a chapel-bell summoned d school to early and shivering d. You poke your feet into slip- d; the operation of shaving; d decision as to the necessity of d gain underclothes or linen; then d clothes, as though you were d in active service. You gobble d and a newspaper; there is a d for a street car; there is d from a strap; and you are at d with a dash of shaving soap d on ear and biscuit crumbs on d ostache. And for what? d by is too fine a thing to be d haste. We know a man, and d of him now with reverence, d fingers at conventional du- d oozes after he has had eight d hours of sleep. After he has d his bath, he lies down again d from the exertion. He then d Stet cap on his head—associa- d has, for he drank Scotch the d ere—gets into the tub, where d for 15 or 20 minutes and reads d. Then in bath-robe he drinks d glasses of water and eats d range. He shaves himself as d ynd slowly as though he were d hanged. He then examines d of shirts, which leads him to d the methods pursued in d "American Hand Laundry." He d cravat to suit the sky and d of the day. About an d half after he parted himself d he consumes a cup of coffee d. He reads the newspaper d xpression of ever increasing d pt. Finally he saunters toward d corner, and there he waits d es a car with empty seats. d of him lazy? He has all eter- d of him. And we claim that d arls better prepared to meet d bins of the day than you, who d mented when some one de- d as a hustler. It is true that d berate one is working for d they may not appreciate his de- d or they may discharge him. d a mere detail. Others will d him at a princely salary,

paper tells us that Mr. Var- d distinguished golfer, who sur- d enthusiastic followers of the d by the sobriety of his costume, d "manesque nose." We are d ear this; for we do not wish d misfortune to even a golfer. d anse nose—according to that d authority, J. W. Mollett, B. d a, generated and hybrid style d ture and ornament. In the d ete there is an incongruous d n of the horizontal and d nethods of construction; and in d ament a similar dissonance of d al conventional or fanciful ob- d gusson says that a Roman- d was avowedly an attempt to d elical forms to Christian pur- d Mr. Vardon has a "Roman- d" it might be more polite to d a bugle as classic rococo.

Editor: "That new reporter has d late name."  
ran Editor: "What is it? He d o spar me for 50 cents."  
Editor: "His first name is La

of the Chicago police has d order prohibiting smoking d in a uniform. This is con- d his part. No one can en- d or a cigar unless he is in

loose comfortable clothes. The Chief might also well insist that policemen should not drink beer standing.

The following passage is an extract from a letter written by the late Dr. St. George Mivart a few weeks ago: "I have no more leaning to atheism or agnosticism now than I ever had; but the inscrutable, incomprehensible energy pervading the universe and (as it seems to me) disclosed by science, offers profoundly, as I read nature, from the God worshiped by Christians."

The Earnest Student of Sociology noted April 16, at 12.30 P. M., in Boylston Street, a conservative hand-organ in action. A conservative hand-organ is one that produces tunes from "Il Trovatore." The type is, unfortunately, fast becoming extinct.

April 19, 1900

Thy song comes up from the north,  
O poet, unto me,  
Bitter as spray of the shoreless sea  
Whereon my heart put forth.

No port or bay she found,  
No light upon the wave;  
The sea was dark and cold as the grave,  
The sky as dark around.

She drifts for evermore  
Beyond my reach or call;  
And I, till death may end it all,  
Am lonely on the shore.

Thy song comes up from the north,  
O poet, unto me,  
Bitter as spray of the shoreless sea  
Whereon my heart put forth.

Vermont is, indeed, a famous State, and inasmuch as she is our native State, we have a peculiar right to be proud of her. She is the State of Foote, Collamore, Phelps, Dewey, Hood of Sarsaparilla fame, and Farrar. She loves her sons, and whenever one distinguishes himself she pays him grateful homage. Thus to the returning Farrar was awarded what is known in newspaper language as an "ovation". People met him at railway stations, stared at him through car windows, insisted on shaking his hand. At Waterbury he was "escorted"—and was there a brass band? The fact that he had slept in prison "rankled in his heart", but the loving words of his fellow townsmen were as balm to his sensitive soul. In the train he put for two hours "his whole soul and mind" into games of whist; nor did he once lead from a short suit.

No, Vermont has not changed since Jedidah Morse, D. D., minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, described the Green Mountain boys, toward the end of the 18th century, as "living together amicably, and assisting each other through the toils and difficulties of life".

Melba is "mightily pleased" over the divorce from her husband, Mr. Armstrong, who is familiarly known as "Kangaroo Charley". "She disclaims all intention of having even momentarily considered marrying Joachim, who is almost 80 years of age". Melba should be accurate even in bursts of indignant denial. Joachim was born in 1831. And at last she finds true love in her devotion to her next husband, a courageous man. This recalls the famous line of Victor Hugo, concerning the transformation of Marion Delorme.

We published lately two stories about a corpse in a crematory demanding that the furnace door be shut, that he might be out of a draught, and we asked which story was told first.

"Arizonian from Tucson" writes: "This story was told originally 15 years ago of the man from Yuma, Arizona, the hottest place in the United States."

We read that a wife in a village of this Commonwealth ran away from her husband and took with her his false teeth. Perhaps this was the cruellest vengeance she could inflict; perhaps she still loved him and wished to wear an intimate souvenir near her heart; perhaps she was not willing that he should endure mental pain by chewing the matter over. There are several explanations.

Miss Eustacia, who was a radiant vision last Sunday, says that this reminded her of a personal experience. "We changed cooks last week; not that we were dissatisfied; on the contrary, Maggie was the only girl we ever had who made buttered toast to Uncle Chimes's satisfaction; and you know he is fussy in spite of his philosophical talk. But Maggie was going to marry a plumber Easter Tuesday, and Wednesday she was to go to New York to live in his palace on the Riverside Drive, New York, so I found a successor, made in Sweden, a pretty girl, highly recommended. Uncle looked at her the day she came, and said, 'I think you have made a sensible choice'—and yet she had not boiled a potato. She went out Sunday afternoon, and I thought I would look about the kitchen. Maggie had left it in a frightful condition. Broken glass and china were hidden away behind pots and pans, and near a jelly-mould I found

a set of false teeth. I threw them at once out of a window, and thought to myself, 'What will the plumber say? But he's rich and can solder in her new set.' Then the appalling thought came over me, 'Perhaps they belong to the Swede.' I have watched her. I told Uncle, and he has examined Olga carefully—not too carefully, for I have had to caution him about spoiling the maids by flattery. Of course, she has said nothing about it, and I cannot ask her point-blank. Every now and then I wonder whether certain peculiar tones in her voice are due to Swedish accent or dental imperfection."

And on his deathbed Mr. Reginald Bolivar assured the weeping bystanders that some of the pleasantest hours of his life had been spent in eating stewed plums with clotted cream.

The Era (London) chronicles the marriage of an "American comedian and tramp musician" to "a ballad vocalist and pianist." Students of stirpiculture will watch with interest the career of the offspring.

Mrs. C. A. Mead of the Illinois State Horticultural Society said in the presence of hundreds of women: "If you desire relief from social and domestic cares, throw off your corset, put on a gingham gown and acquire peace of mind and health by hoeing potatoes, cultivating young onions and nursing morning glories." Advice that should be given by every mother to her daughter. You cannot accustom the female too early to the onion. All couples perhaps may not be . . . The doubly-wedded man and wife, Pledged to each other and against the world With mutual onion.

But there should be no absurd squeamishness on the part of the wife, when in the mute embrace of her returning lord she scents the piquant odor. The onion is an excellent remedy for deafness and chilblains. Seen in a dream it presages sickness or something still worse:

To dream of eating onions means  
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,  
Secrets found out or else betrayed,  
And many falsehoods made and said.  
Furthermore, applications of onion juice promote the growth of the hair,

Many are making out lists of names to adorn the Hall of Fame in New York. It is a harmless amusement, calculated to test the memory and furnish innocent mirth. It is a curious fact that the name of Walt Whitman has not yet appeared on a list, and yet throughout Europe the four great authors of this country are held to be Whitman, Poe, Emerson and Mark Twain. Whitman was more than a poet; he was a seer, a prophet.

What is the origin of the term "dead-head"? The slang dictionaries say it is an Americanism, and the Oxford English Dictionary says the word in its colloquial meaning originated in this country. But Mr. Frederic Stanley has the following ingenious theory: "In the Muscum at Naples I was much interested in a case of theatrical tickets found in a tragic theatre in Pompeii. They were made variously in bone, ivory and metal. You are aware, perhaps, that to this day the gallery of an Italian theatre is called the pigeon loft. Well, the little tickets for this part of the auditorium were in the shape of pigeons, while varying devices were used for other parts of the house. What attracted my attention most curiously, however, was a set of diminutive skulls modeled in ivory. These were used solely by those having the right of free admission. Now does this not suggest the very possible derivation of the term?"

The Wine and Spirit Gazette—we read it thirstily—has before it "a computation made by a brewer of this city (New York). According to this computation it costs a brewer just 78 cents to manufacture a barrel of beer of the quality that is generally placed before the customers in the average barroom. This cost of 78 cents, of course, includes only the liquid contained in the barrel, irrespective of trucking, office expenses, interest on capital invested, etc."

April 20, 1900

#### EASTER SONG.

The world "smells April" and looks May,  
'Tis near the time of Easter Day,  
And winter-cold indifference,  
Like an old garment, we put by,  
And keen and glad is every sense,  
And hearts are green that were so dry.  
The least leaf on the orchard spray  
Feels itself kin to all the sky.

I am a leaf, and I renew  
Today my youth. How long I grew  
Without the sun I do not care.  
'Tis near the time of Easter Day:  
Lent lilies sweeten all the air,  
And winter waiting fades away.  
Life is well-nigh too sweet to bear,  
And spring too dear a word to say.

And Spring brings in her train the  
Ringling brothers. We like to see

their faces in circus-unity on walls and boards. What a combination these brothers and the Sutherland sisters would make!

It is well-nigh impossible to buy a good pair of scissors in this city. Those "made in Germany" have driven out the English.

Mr. Dippel, tenor, who wished to dismember Mr. de Nevers and bore holes through various portions of his Polish body, has been sued for rent by a prosaic woman of New York. Dippel, by the way, is a provincial term for "Döbel," which has various meanings. bearded daniel, chub, set-pin, plug. Mr. Dippel has been a serviceable plug to Mr. Grau, who has used him to fill many holes in casts.

The "hermit of Albany" was undoubtedly a nephew of the Cardiff Giant.

Mr. Arthur Walker, a second-hand furniture dealer, testified at the Morrison murder trial that he was a poet "for recuperation, recreation and rest only." This describes the condition of the Boston poet (Poeta Bostoniensis). There are no strictly professional poets, either practical or sanitary, in this city.

That was not a bad line of Father Brosnathan about "conferences" at Harvard University: "A conference is when a student, if he feels like it, goes to his professor and has a talk about his studies."

And it was Father Brosnathan who finds that "young men have frittered away four years in Dr. Eliot's college with the French drama of the eighteenth century and lectures upon the private life of the Athenians with stereopticon lectures."

We are glad to learn that cremation at Mount Auburn is free from "any objectionable feature." That burying-ground has an old and honorable reputation, and it would be a pity to see its fame melt away in the heat of competition.

Justice Beekman of New York decides that to call a man a "scab" is libelous. Are there any judicial decisions concerning the use of the word "lobster" in political, economic, or theological discussion?

A correspondent writes to us from Paris in praise of Exhibition Commissioner Peck: "He represents the typical Chicago combination—hog and hustler."

Mr. Lorenzo Hatch made this statement lately at the Porphyry: "I can buy a live ox in Chicago, bring it to Boston in a palace car and at full passenger rates for the space occupied, supply the animal with food, tobacco and fiction, have it killed at Brighton, and then sell the meat at a profit to me and at a lower price to the buyer than that which is quoted by the members of the Meat-Men's Trust." Alas, that life should be so cheap and beef so poor and dear!

One of the indisputable proofs of a healthier moral tone pervading New York city is a sign in a Broadway window not far from Fortieth Street: "All the Congress water you can drink for five cents."

Iris, for scandal most notorious,  
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"  
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,  
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red;  
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence  
Talks half a day in praise of silence;  
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,  
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

The cable is hot with reports and denials of reports concerning Melba's matrimonial and professional plans. Be cool, be cool. She is not remarking the map of Europe, and the price of bread and beer will not be seriously affected. Remember that she will sing in this country next fall, and even now the press agent is earning his salary.

"Books have their fates!" Yes, and their press agents. Every publisher has a hired puffer. Sometimes the puffer masquerades as a reviewer. For three or four months you are told that Miss Cynthia Button's story, "To Get and to Keep," is the greatest novel of the last 50 years. And then Mr. Percy Monckton Van Heusen's "Bollingbrooke Chubb's" is hailed as the supreme work of fiction. We are disappointed, however, at finding Mr. Joel C. Harris perspiring violently as he tells his dreams about Miss Johnston's two books—which "represent the high-water mark of American fiction since Hawthorne died." Why this limitation? Why does Mr. Harris keep timidly on this side of the Atlantic? Why lug in Hawthorne?

We have ordered a copy of "How to Prepare Essays, Lectures, Articles, Books, Speeches and Letters," by Mr. Miles, who has just been put in pickle by sour Andrew Lang. Whatever is roasted by Mr. Lang is generally worth reading. Mr. Miles says: "In many American schools the children are taught to make speeches at a moment's notice;" to which Mr. Lang replies: "In



England children are not taught to make speeches at all. Were we to adopt the American plan, our sufferings at public dinners might be less, but our nation is not oratorical. We can exist without much making of speeches."

Mr. Lang further says: "Great quantities of 'Headings' are given, thus: 'Versatility.' Here we must ask whether the person was good at one thing or many; Alcibiades, Caesar and Gladstone were versatile." Not to quite the same extent! Alcibiades was an orator, a rascal, a General, and an accomplished rake. Clearly he could give points to Mr. Gladstone, who, like Alcibiades, was an orator and a Homeric enthusiast, but did not race, or lead armies, or sit up all night drinking, or mutilate the statues in the public streets, or aim at being a dandy."

April 21, 1900

All things are now as they were in the days of our buried ancestors—all things so did in their elements, trite by long usage, and yet ephemeral. How ridiculous, then, how like a countryman in town, is he, who wanders at aught. Doth the sameness, the repetition of the public shows weary thee? Even so doth that likeness of events make the spectacle of the world a vapid one. And so must it be with thee to the end. For the wheel of the world hath ever the same motion, upward and downward, from generation to generation. When, when, shall time give place to eternity?

"Mr. James Francis Smith arrived in Paris last night."

And who is Mr. James Francis Smith? A messenger boy, who follows the example of Mr. R. H. Davis, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. R. U. Johnson, Mr. J. C. Harris, Mr. T. N. Page, Mr. T. B. Aldrich and other authors who solemnly unfurl their full names to the winds of fame. And so, by the way, does Mr. Ellsha Slocum Bottom, who has just been promoted to the head of the thread department at MacWhorter's Emporium. Ten to one, your newsboy on the corner signs his name John Apollinarus Kleczynski.

And on his deathbed Mr. Reginald Bolivar said to the weeping bystanders: "I began to take less interest in my business, when I found myself sweating violently just below the ears without any apparent provocation."

There are various reports concerning the cause of the dissension in the Rusie family. Some say that Amos, maddened by strong drink, pasted his wife in an eye; but this is manifestly absurd, for pitchers never drink, however long their ears may be or how often they may go to the well. The story that Amos and his wife quarreled over a lost collar button is much more reasonable, and this quarrel would never have happened had they been in the habit of using separate dressing rooms. We seize this Rusie affair as a text. Wedding bells are ringing throughout the Commonwealth. Let no bride delay, whatever her husband's pecuniary condition may be, to insist at the very start on a separate dressing room, even if the husband be obliged to dress in the dining room or the kitchen. No man is a pleasant sight in his flannels and with unshorn face and tousled hair. An athlete is absurd when he is struggling, arms in air, with a stiffly starched shirt, which, like the ghost in the play, will not down. Amos Rusie, a name to conjure with, a name to strike terror on the ball field. Now imagine this giant in half dress, with flapping suspenders, chasing a collar button over the floor; the wife laughing violently and saying, "Amos, you're a sight!" the master of the ball mopping his face, bumping his head and knees against obtrusive unsympathetic furniture; angry words; a slammed door; tears and threats of divorce. A man should never allow himself to be seen in "tumultuous privacy," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Emerson. He should never be surprised at his intimate toilet. For no man is as finely proportioned, or delicately curved and shaded, or physically seductive or aweinspiring, as he thinks he is; half-dress makes him positively grotesque; and even the most respectful women suddenly are endowed with a preternaturally keen sense of humor.

Mr. Ferguson, back from Europe, told his adventures at the Porphyry. He had been warned against the Captain of the Bulgaria, who was a fine example of the traditional old sea-dog, whose brutality and profanity were considered as the efflorescence of seamanship. Ferguson at first was deathly sick, but he managed to stay on deck. He saw the Captain coming, and he hailed him: "Good morning, sir. Isn't it pretty rough?" To which the Captain answered: "Rough? Why in hell shouldn't it be rough the first day out, you blankety-blank, etc., etc., etc." Ferguson went below. The next

day, again on deck, he saw the Captain watching him. Ferguson had learned his lesson. The Captain broke the silence. "Well, sir, you are looking better today." Ferguson roared out: "Why in hell shouldn't I be better the second day out, you blankety-blank, etc., etc., etc." The Captain put out his hand: "Come into the cabin and have a drink, and won't you sit at my table?"

There are persons who are born to sit at Captains' tables, just as others are born to sit easily in barouches, to lend their heads to postage stamps, to be Chairmen of committees. And these honors are held by many as substantial.

You survey the scene from the top of the Subway stairs. There is pushing and scrambling at two windows; no one stands near or approaches the third; the fourth is closed. You descend in a dignified manner; you have a nickel in your hand. Your whole air is, "Why this undue haste, good people? I'll show you how a gentleman takes a car." And, suddenly, as through a trap-door, a nervous woman with questions and a five-dollar bill stands directly in front of you at the third window. She is a conversationalist. The ticket-seller is courteous. You fume and prance and clear your throat. The once solitary window is now popular. A rude boy steps on your heels and says, "Get a gait on yer," to which there is no real repartee. The ticket-sellers at the other windows are idle. You finally get your ticket. You run a few steps; the Meeting House Hill car—your car—has just started, and the stout conductor throws out his chest and paunch to block the way. And all this would have happened to you, whichever window you had chosen. For there is fatality in things even of trifling importance.

April 22, 1900  
TWO CONCERTS.

### An Old Symphony of Spohr Resurrected for the Amusement of a Nervous Generation—Messrs. de Pachmann, Marteau and Miles Gave Much Pleasure in the Afternoon.

The program of the 23d symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, in F major, "The Consecration of Tones".....Spohr  
Recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and aria, "Waft her, angels," from Jephthah.....Handel  
Symphonic Poem No. 6, "Mazeppa".....Liszt  
Scena, "The Dream of Endymion".....Cowen  
(First time in Boston.)  
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman,".....Wagner

Spohr liked his fourth symphony. He admitted this himself in his naive autobiography. He talked about the success at the first performance, and the popularity of the work in other cities and succeeding years. Perhaps it was worth while to play it in the year 1900, so as to show how easily audiences now tucked snugly under ground were pleased. The last time I heard this music that is supposed to depict "the rigid silence of Nature before the Creation of Tone" and other things was in London. Arthur Sullivan conducted. He sat in a chair and kept dropping his monocle. And the band played on. I am not sure but that his method of conducting was peculiarly appropriate to this symphony, which in the finale finds "consonation in tears."

"Mazeppa" is a decided contrast, but in spite of its bombast and pother it is not much better music, and it is singularly ineffective, although you see Liszt laboring over it like "a tanned galley-slave chained to the oar." The ride, so far as pictorial music is concerned, has been much better done by Berlioz, Wagner and Saint-Saëns, and the march with the final apotheosis soon becomes tiresome, and is weakest where it should be strongest.

Mr. Ben Davies first appeared at a Symphony concert April 11, 1896, and he sang "Waft her, angels." He appeared April 3, 1897, and he sang "Waft her, angels." He appeared again last night, and he sang "Waft her, angels." Is his concert repertory so small? Or is this air the one thing he loves in music and thinks he sings the best? The years have used their envious teeth on his voice, which is neither as clear nor as responsive to his will as in 1896. His delivery of the recitative was distinctly singular in the matter of punctuation, and he made a nice distinction between "me brain" and "my breast." His second piece was "The Dream of Endymion," by Cowen. It was first sung by him at a Philharmonic concert, London, June 17, 1897. The poem, which is of a pleasingly erotic nature, was written by Mr. Joseph Bennett. As Mr. Bennett is by profession a music critic, all that he does is of course good. But Mr. Cowen—oh, Mr. Cowen! When this piece was first sung in London, the Musical Times, which, by the way, is edited by Mr. Bennett, pronounced the music "equally good in its passionate and languorous passages. It is equally good—that is to say

equally bad. The melody is pointless and without distinction of any kind; the structure of the piece is without backbone, and the diluted spirits of Wagner, injected as with a hypodermic syringe, do not awaken the thing to even temporary life. Mr. Davies sang as though he really believed in the music; he sang it with all his strength.

The concert at Music Hall in the afternoon gave much pleasure. In the first place, Brema did not sing. Mr. Marteau played Guldraud's "Capriccio," Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, and pieces by Bach and Wieniawski with breadth, dash, beauty of tone and true musical feeling. It is a pity that this admirable violinist, whose great talent is recognized gratefully throughout Europe, was not invited to play at a Symphony concert, especially as he brought to this country Sinding's new concerto, which awakened discussion in New York as well as Berlin. Mr. de Pachmann gave an ineffably poetic performance of Chopin's F minor concerto, and the harpist as played by him was on the whole the most beautiful exhibition of true piano playing that has been heard here this season. And yet it is unfair to single out this movement. His performance of pieces by Mendelssohn and Chopin have been equaled only by himself. Mr. Miles sang Chadwick's "Young Lochinvar," and the prologue to "Pagliacci." Called at short notice, he sang with virility and taste. The orchestra played pieces by Lalo, Leconte, Augustus Holmes and Wagner. Not the least delightful feature of this concert was Mr. Emil Mollenhauer's reading of the orchestral accompaniments.

Philip Hale.

FELIX MOTTIL will conduct a "Nibelung" cycle at Brussels when the operas of the Ring will then be sung for the first time in their entirety in French. Imbart de la Tour will be the leading tenor. Mottl will also conduct at Brussels a series of operas by Mozart on the Munich model.—Bonel, a tenor, who about seven years ago came into notice at St. Petersburg, has been singing at Naples with extraordinary success.—Ternina will sing the leading parts in Puccini's "La Tosca" at Covent Garden.—Theodore Habelman says that after a stay of five months in New York for the purpose of arousing interest in the National Opera enterprise the projectors have obtained pledges of capital sufficient to build a National Opera House within the next five years. The theatre, when completed, will be devoted exclusively to the production of opera in English. The projectors of the scheme say that the company will not be in a position to give performances before 1901 owing to the inability to secure a suitable theatre and the fact that an efficient company cannot be organized in less than the intervening time.—I was glad to learn of the success of Mr. Frederick R. Burton's cantata "Hiawatha" April 17 at Newburyport where it was performed by the local Choral Union, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor. Why is it not sung by one of our local societies?—The theatre of the Casino, Monte Carlo, has cost £20,000 more this than last year, on account of the large decrease in the number of English visitors. The expense upon the theatre is in deference to the Princess of Monaco, who insists upon the production of certain works. The Prince retains the right to nominate the manager of the theatre.—Guatelli Pasha, an Italian who since 1848 has been chief of the Sultan's orchestra, died at Constantinople, March 26, at the age of 54. Of late years he had not been in favor, on account of his loyalty to Abdul Aziz, and his duties were performed by a Spaniard, Aranda Pasha.—New operas in Germany: "Die Letzten Tage von Pompeii," by von Montowit Lübeck; "Die Hochzeit in Ferrol," one-act tragedy, book and music by Adolf Arensen, Strassburg; "with sensational success," March 30; "Der Mummelsee," one-act opera, by E. Sahlender, March 16, Heidelberg.—Coquard's opera "Jahel," has been produced at Lyons. It was accepted by the Monnaie, Brussels, some time ago.—The Boston Festival Orchestra, Mr. George W. Stewart, manager, has begun its 12th annual tour. It will go South as far as Birmingham, Ala., West as far as Ann Arbor, Mich., and it will visit Canadian cities. The tour will end at Montreal, May 25-26.—A new mass by Alessandro Monestel attracted attention at Brussels.—Pugno has been playing the piano at Constantinople.—Villa's symphonic poem, "The Vision of Brother Martin," performed at Madrid in March, is "a psychological study of Luther, his doubts, and his plans for reform!"—The Westminster Orchestral Society (London) performed March 21 a new orchestra suite, "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," by Harry Farjeon, a son of the novelist. "Mr. Farjeon, who is quite a young fellow, has carried everything before him in the schools, where he has learned pretty well all they can teach him. His 'Hans Andersen' orchestral suite reveals gifts of melody and of humor which cannot be taught. The latter is, perhaps, the rarest of all qualities in a musician. The promise given in the operette 'Fioretta,' played last year at St. George's Hall, was redeemed by the performance of the young composer's orchestral suite, in

which the spirit of four of Andersen's tales—"The Little Tin Soldier," "The Nightingale," "The Mermaid," and "Big Klaus and Little Klaus"—are felicitously illustrated in music. The quaint touch with which "The Little Tin Soldier" ends positively made me laugh, and it is not many musicians who can do that. Mr. Farjeon knows how to be funny in music, and his suite shows that he has also a pretty fancy. His "Hans Andersen" ought to be popular, and amateur orchestras, who are invariably ambitious, will find it neither too unpretentious nor too magisterial a work for them to grapple with."—Malten, after her long and serious sickness, is again singing in the Dresden Opera House.—Pcrosi has written a new mass, entitled "Leo XIII." It will be performed at Rome.—Copenhagen now knows Glazounoff's "La Printemps" and d'Indy's "La forêt enchantée," which have never been played in Boston. Nor are we to have Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben" symphony

this season.—They rush things in Italy Mascagni's new opera, "Le Maschere" has not yet been performed, but already in Naples a new dramatic journal has been named after it.—There were few novelties during the last season of Gewandhaus concerts (Leipzig) and Nikisch; Bruckner's 5th symphony, Glazounoff's 6th symphony, overture of Albert's "Abreise," Dvorák's "Heimliche," Liszt's Mephisto waltz, Pfohl's "Balletscene," Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," and MacDowell's piano concerto No. 2 were played the first time.—Massenet's operas have been extraordinarily popular in Italy this season. This is largely due to Bellincioni, who has been taking parts of Sapho and Manon.—Ancora sang Wolfram in "Tannhäuser" at Rome last week. Did he, as everyone smiles sweetly upon the ladies in the boxes?—Miss de Caprille has made a success as Mimi in Puccini's "La Bohème" at Rome. The New York Sun says: "Frau Graub has lately been trying voices for the wing of the company which is to give performances here in English, and finds that the number of women available for this series is remarkably large. Sopranos and contraltos are abundant. It is only in the search for tenors that real difficulty is encountered. A young soprano formerly in the music halls here who has studied for several seasons under a well-known teacher gave the waltz song from 'O Mio Babbino Caro' in admirable style. She sang with the assurance and authority of a veteran, and her voice filled the great auditorium without effort on her part. One girl sang 'Ah, fors è lui' and another Micaela's romance from the third act of 'Carmen' in very satisfactory fashion. The supply of sopranos is, indeed, so large that one wonders how they find it profitable to devote so much time to study, when the reward is likely to be so small in nearly every case. The supply of contraltos is not so great, but still considerable. It is probable that excellent material for the English company could be found here in New York by the company."—The bass singer Polli has been proved. The value of his estate was \$3450.—There is talk of producing Siegfried Wagner's "Barenboim" at the Lyceum, London, this spring, in English.—The Sun says that Harry B. Smith's libretto to "The Beauty and the Beast" is for the most part a rehash of his dismal failure "The Caliph of Baghdad," which de Angelis tried to starve years ago.—Lucille Hill has been engaged for the Covent Garden, a soprano, has the Australian soprano, Milda, who has been singing at the Monnaie, Ivan Caryll, who was a Belgian by birth and named Tilkins is now a naturalized British subject. His sister is the wife of Andrew Black, the arranger.—The new Perosi Oratorio Hall at Milan will be dedicated the 25th with "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem."—The Daily News (London) says: "Although the time for entries for the choral contests at the Paris Exhibition has been extended, and competitors are no longer bound to sing exclusively in French, it is very doubtful whether any of our leading choir leaders will be tempted across the Channel. A Welsh choir has, I believe, entered, and there is talk of sending a choir from the West of England. But this is all. For anything, the expense of taking a choir of 50 or 60 voices to Paris at Exhibition time will be considerable; and other there is little to be gained by it. In 1873 Leslie's choir visited Paris of course at their own expense, and very easily carried off the first prize at the International competition. The honor was almost a barren one, and two years later this famous choir was disbanded."

"Renaud d'Arles," lyrical tragedy in 5 acts by Louis de Fourcaud and Desjoeux, was produced at the Carlo Theatre, March 31. The



zette correspondent wrote: enes were superbly mounted, t have cost the Casino a large he cast, also, was a very good me. Vidal acted her part to n. The piece, however, was o long, lasting, as it did, from 10; and the music though har- was monotonous—the greatest my eyes, an opera can have. ur Sullivan, who was present, id, only sat out one act, the The story is of the old fash- mantie order.

ne period of the middle ages, times of the Saracen invasions, kingdom of Arles, in Provence, red by an old King, who, after dowhood, committed the folly uring a young and too passionate ed Guibel. He has a daughter, and a nephew, Renaud, whom as a son, and the young couple nced. But Guibel, disappointed r marriage, sets her cap at Ren- uid makes him her slave. The e piece shows Renaud shak- his guilty yoke, redeeming his heroism, saving the city in r of danger, obtaining the pardon, and recovering Ju- hand. In the opening act a women, old men and youths are on a terrace of the city to the battle, where the old King e to resist the Saracen hordes. e Bishop exclaims that Arles dger, Renaud implores permis- himself and his youthful com- to join the combat. Guibel en- r to restrain her lover, but earges him to do his duty, and en perceives that the young eave each other. Renaud dashes h fray. The defeat of the Chris- changed into a rout of their e. This incredible victory the ptributes to miraculous inter- and when the warriors of urn crowned with success, the wards Renaud's prowess by g that next day he shall be and married to Juliane.

or act: The banks of the Rhone, ere the King has decided to e nuptials celebrated. At the n when the Bishop is about to e union, the Queen appears, d in mourning, and preclaims r own dishonor and that of e. The assembled knights ex- ucate Renaud, and the King, r by despair, banishes Guibel e accomplice from the kingdom. d act passes in the palace yd by moonlight. A watchman ga plaintive melody gives ex- to the tranquillity which has e to the city. Renaud weeps in ap, on the threshold of the royal nder Julian's window, when d joins him. Her own disgrace afflicted her, but the maledic- tured by the King against her h angered the Queen to such a t to avenge it she had gone unt the Saracens with the dis- b of their conqueror, and embold- r the news they are returning r numbers than before to the e of the city. Renaud, learning e omes with rage; he curses the who, perceiving at last the her deed, falls repentant at e. She forces the young hero e the chapel, and rings the toc- those sound a terrified crowd s. Guibel announces the en- urn, but the people have no ept in Renaud, and, when he s himself before the King, the orch gives him his sword, bid- g conquer or die, but with- rating forgiveness.

urth act is divided into two. From a hill outside Arles the at Juliane witness the struggle. e employs pardon for Renaud, e ing remains obdurate, and the l, overcome by terror and fa- ks into his arms. The old bers her to a shepherd's hut. h not perceived Guibel, who e sleeping among the bushes, hnow awakes, while the shep- heard singing in the wood. e King perceives Guibel h: r from his presence. Juliane plicates the old monarch to r betrothed. A thunder's orm eening over their heads; the eart is touched; he consents e, and at that moment a so- is word that the hero is mor- ounded. In the second scene ough to a corner of the bat- Renaud is stretched on the e; Juliane comes to terri- eains to rave, but his sense- ne the young girl bathes his with water, and revives his e the news of his pardon. Then nderstorm bursts out with ter- e. It does not herald, how- e destruction of Arles but the e defeat of the Saracens, and e gradually tones down into e victory, which rapidly swell ndering patriots of Arles e in the lurid glare of a glori- ous sunset. Flushed with h the King raises Renaud, e him to his breast in a paternal

cluding act takes place in the d of the palace. Renaud's e with Juliane has just le- n in the adjoining chapel, and e procession passes on its way e quetting room. Guibel enters, e as a beggar. Mad with ja- eals a dagger from the ple- e booty, calls to Renaud, and e somebody approaching, rushes eck of the stage, striking e her rage, and it is the Kon- e stabbing herself with the eard. Before expiring, the e his sword and crown to e- elling him his successor. The e tell a tremor is moan- e, and the body of the d- e of Arles is borne to the e heads the Renaud and Juliane e of steel by crossing their e swords.

The Era, from which I have quoted in a condensed form, says: "The drama is stirring, striking at times, and the music follows its incidents exactly. I should note that the work is signed—poem and score without distinction—by both authors, although one of them is more particularly the librettist and the other the composer. This innovation is intended to indicate the complete unity of purpose and aim that reigned between the collaborators during their joint labors. That the form of the work is Wagnerite goes without saying. M. De Pourceaud, a distinguished musical critic being a fervid admirer of the German composer. But there is no trace of any servile imitation, and the score contains so many themes—drawn from the popular French songs, especially from old Provençal ballads, that it must be pronounced distinctly melodious. On the whole, it is a striking powerful work; the authors have adhered rigorously to the form of musical illustration or interpretation of their story which they set themselves, but in the episodic scenes, which are numerous, the score becomes freer, shows warmer inspiration, I may say, and often proves charmingly sweet. The success which Renaud d'Arles attained was considerable. Its interpreters do the work every justice. M. Ibos possesses an excellent tenor voice, admirably trained, and he plays the part of the hero like an accomplished actor. He was warmly applauded. Mlle. Lafargue sings most pleasantly as Julian; Mme. Vidal has a fine contralto and acts with much tragic force, while M. Daroux renders in grand style the music set down for the King. The choral part of the work, of considerable importance, is rendered in a highly satisfactory style, and the orchestra as usual."

The Church of the Messiah, corner of St. Stephen and Gainsborough Streets, gave what was practically a Gregorian service Easter, although

there was a florid offertory anthem. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, organist, has had charge of the choir of men and boys for six weeks or so, and the music is chosen carefully with a view to ecclesiastical tradition and dignity. The Easter service will be repeated today; morning prayer and holy communion at 10:30: "Christ Our Passover," Gregorian, Tone VIII.—1; proper psalms, Tones III.—4; I.—1; Te Deum, the Ancient Ambrosian melody; Jubilate Deo, Tone V., 4; Kyrie Eleison, Tallis; Nicene Creed, Sursum Corda and Gloria in Excelsis after Merbecke; Sanctus, Palestrina; Agnus Dei, Rossini; Nunc Dimittis, Tonus Regius; Amen, di Lasso. The evensong will be at 7:30, and there will be playing on the organ for half an hour after the service.

The program of the last Symphony concert Saturday evening will include Beethoven's overture to Leonore No. 2; the quintet, "Di scrivermi ogni giorno," from "Cosi fan tutte"; Beethoven's 9th symphony.

Miss Lottie Mae Mackey, soprano, will give a song recital at the Old Dorchester Club House Wednesday evening. She will be assisted by Miss Etta Burgess, contralto, Miss Elene Foster, reciter, Miss Carrie Alma Colby, pianist, and Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone.

Mr. Weldon Hunt, assisted by Miss Cole and Miss Thompson, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He will sing "Eri tu" and songs by Schubert, Handel, Korbay, Lehmann and Allitsen.

Mr. Henderson commented on Mr. Bispham's performance of Richard Strauss's "Enoch Arden" in New York, April 16:

"Perhaps the audience which attended the last song recital of Mr. David Bispham at Mendelssohn Hall was somewhat surprised when it found itself called upon to listen to the popular baritone as a public reader. Nevertheless, that is what it had to do when the final number on the program was reached. This was Richard Strauss's melodramatic music to Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.' It was written for the use of the German tragedian Possart, and it throws much of the weight of the work on the reader of the text. Mr. Bispham stated in emphatic terms that his reading of the poem must not be construed as sustaining the rumors that he was about to abandon singing for acting, though he left himself free to do so if he at some future time chose to. It may be said that he will need to rid himself of a pretty good accumulation of bad habits of elocution before he does go on the dramatic stage. His reading of the touching poem of Tennyson was by no means edifying to judges of reading, though the poem itself compelled the tribute of tears from many of its hearers.

"Mr. Strauss's music is singularly melodious, well conceived, and expressive of the moods of the poem. It is fragmentary, indeed, but its entrances and interruptions are arranged with consummate skill and it ought to make a wonderfully fine effect if adequately played and associated with a satisfactory reading of the text. The unfamiliarity of the audience with the melodramatic form was another obstacle in the way of complete appreciation yesterday. Probably such a performance would make itself most influential in a small room, and before a company of artistic hearers. The music was played with feeling, but without a perfect measurement of the balance between the piano and the voice, by Mr. Henry Waller. The first part of Mr. Bispham's entertainment was devoted to the singing of songs by Schubert, Brahms and Beethoven, and some old English songs. Among the latter appeared the famous canon, 'Summer's Evening In,' made over into a song. The

new garb does not suit it. Mr. Bispham was not in good voice yesterday. His tones seemed to be covered with the dust of travel. But he pleased the audience by his appreciative singing of his numbers. Mr. Waller's accompaniments were not an unalloyed delight. They were full of technical slips and often harsh in tone."

Philip Hale.

#### TO THE LONGEST WORD.

"Incircumscribibility," the longest word which has yet appeared in the Oxford Dictionary, is included in the part which has just been issued.——Daily Paper.

Hail, verbal prodigy! reverent wonder Everywhere greets you from north to the south, For to pronounce you would shatter asunder Even the fabled Gargantua's mouth.

As we behold you, our awe is renewed in us, Yes, with emotion our bosoms are stirred, Septisyllabic, immense, amplitudinous, Largest, leviathan, limitless word!

Awed by the march of your twenty-two letters, Mere polysyllables, shrinking aside, Huddled and shrunk making room for their betters,

Hunt for a corner in which they may hide. If you can think, you must feel very often ease, Pride and delight, as you note with surprise Only the hotchpot of old Aristophanes (That a mere compound) surpassed you in size.

Thoughts of you do with such ecstasies thrill me, Giving such strength to heart and to brain. That though five flagons of red wine you fill me, Five times I'll drain them to you, and again.

Then with distinctness and perfect ebriety, Giving each syllable adequate stress, I will, rejoicing all ranks of society, Mention my incircumscribibility!

The younger members of the Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, Va., are "much disappointed" because the proposed man hunt with bloodhounds has been abandoned. There is no sport that will just now bring consolation, for it is getting too warm to burn negroes.

"G. A. R." writes as follows about the crematory stories published lately in this column: "The original ancestor of these yarns is undoubtedly the 'o'ertrue tale' of the experience of the Yankee soldiers who were captured by the Reds in the unlucky Red River Expedition. Encamped without shelter and stricken by

the blazing Texan sun, many of them succumbed, died, and went below. A few nights after their 'grimly ghosts' appeared in camp, and in response to the excited queries of their amazed comrades, replied: 'We've come back for our blankets.'"

You need not have any hesitation in applauding the Japanese dancing girls at the Paris Exhibition. The man that is sending them there has taken the trouble to explain in a letter to the Parisian newspapers that erroneous ideas prevail in Europe as to the principles of the Japanese dancing girl.

"She is not a frivolous creature, but a young person of unimpeachable propriety." These particular girls are escorted by chaperons, "and several of them are under the immediate care of their mothers." But are they good to their mothers? This is the main question.

We have received several pages of unsigned copy. Some of the paragraphs suggest opium dreams; some of them are fantastically tender. Here is one that may be called

#### THE FATES.

When his life was at its lowest ebb, he had in moments of darkness, a vision, and it was always the same. In a cavern, nebulous with shadow, sat the three Fates under dust brown mantles, their hooded heads bent low. They wrought together on the same web, indistinguishable, yet significant as things are in dreams. And whereas we are taught that one spins while the others twist and sever, here all three were threading their fingers back and forth in the sweetest harmony. He felt the benignity of their attitudes. He guessed the unfathomable tenderness of their eyes, the smile that said, "Patience, dear child. This web is making for you."

About a month ago we commented on a remark made by the distinguished pathologist, Dr. William T. Councilman, of this city, to the effect that the hospital "dated back not quite 1000 years." Since then the indefatigable Mr. Frederick Boyle has come to our aid. He claims that because there is

no record of hospitals in Rome, it does not follow that none existed. "Our information upon all matters of the sort is limited by that vile formula 'The Dignity of Illstory.' It forbade a serious writer to chronicle anything except affairs of State or to discuss any questions but those of high philosophy.

Now and again he may observe in passing that he could tell something—of profound interest to us—were it consistent with the dignity of history." And so we have to piece together odds and ends collected from satirists and poets, playwrights and orators, and all manner of irresponsible persons, in order to ascertain how folks actually lived and died of old." Mr. Boyle asserts that the Greeks certainly had hospitals. One is mentioned casually by a historian, and German scholars have identified 64. "Plutarch says they always stood on high ground, and nearly all the sites ascertained were near medicinal springs. A priestly class of doctors had charge of them, called Asclepladae. They made careful notes of cases, symptoms, treatment, and so forth, which were hung upon the wall, if sufficiently interesting, for future reference. We mostly depend upon Aristophanes for details. It is a pleasant labor to seek the grains of hard fact hidden beneath that mountain of 'chaff,' but the value of the result must always be dubious. Were patients admitted free? The friends of Plutus in the comedy take up his bed and carry him to the Asclepia without notice given, just as it might be to Charing Cross Hospital in this year of grace, saying the bed. As for the subsequent larks, the reader must judge for himself whether they be 'founded on fact,' and, if so, to what extent. After nightfall the god himself comes round and examines every 'case,' an assistant following with a box of medicines, which he administers according to prescription. Certainly this looks like the actual routine, with Esculapius substituted for the ward doctor to strengthen the humorous scenes."

We have already referred to the hospital of the Roman Seventh and Eighth Legions at Baden, near Zurich, a hospital furnished with many kinds of medical, pharmaceutical and surgical apparatus.

## PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION.

The People's Choral Union sang Michael Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," in Music Hall last evening. It was the union's third annual concert. The principal soloists were Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano; Miss Pauline Woltman, alto; Mr. William Rieger, tenor, and Mr. Gwilym Miles, bass. Mr. Frank Church was the organist. Miss Edith Snow was the pianist; the orchestra was the Boston Festival, W. S. Cotton, principal, and Mr. Samuel W. Cole conducted.

Considering the nature of the organization, the origin and growth of which have been set forth in the columns of the Journal recently, the chief interest was centered in the chorus. It was not to be expected that the quality of tone would equal that of an equally large body of semi-professional singers; nevertheless the general body of tone is good, and the soprano selection, especially, is of excellent timbre. The chorus work as a whole was creditable, the attacks fairly good, and there was considerable attention paid to nuances, with, at most times, pleasing results, considering the fact that the music for the most part is insufferably dull. A very creditable showing after only three years' work.

The soloists sang the uninteresting music in a most uninteresting way. Barring Mr. Miles, they appeared at times to be unfamiliar with the work to the extent that the first trio was poorly sung, and the second was, if anything, poorer. Mr. Miles sang his music in his usual finished style, and the other soloists varied from tolerably good to exceedingly poor, with the exception of Miss Woltman's work, which on the whole was creditable. The orchestra played well, and Mr. Cole conducted authoritatively. There was a good-sized audience and applause was frequent.

How many great physicians who lifted wise brows at other men's sick-beds have sickened and died? Those wise Chaldeans who foretold, as a great matter, another man's last hour, have themselves been taken by surprise. Ay! and all these others, in their pleasant places—those who doated on a Cæsar like Tiberius, on their gardens, on the baths; Pythagoras and Socrates, who reasoned so closely upon immortality; Alexander, who used the lives of others as though his own should last forever—he and his mule-driver alike now!—one upon another.

The N. Y. Sun states that Sembrich "has been invited to appear at the opening concert of the new Boston Music Hall in October \* \* \* but as she does not return to the United States until November, it has been found impossible to arrange the matter."

We hear that Beethoven's Missa Solemnis will be the work performed at this opening concert.

Major Ulysses wrote to us as follows: "I read your story of the Swearing Sea-Captain and the Courageous Passengers, and I observed that you softened profane speech by this phrase: 'You blankety-blank, etc., etc., etc.' There is a better formula of euphemism and I give it to you for future use: 'You blankety star, dash, blankety, blank.'"

They were talking at the Porphyry about funeral rites and ceremonies.



## MR. HUNT'S CONCERT.

Old Chimes lifted up his voice and said: "I seldom go to funerals. Indeed, I have not attended one since I received a severe shock to my pride. Some years ago, an old lady, whom I remembered as a schoolmate of my mother, died, and I was invited to the funeral. I had not seen her for a long time. When I arrived at the house a mourner said, 'We are so glad you are here; you know she weighed nearly 300 pounds and she's no slouch to lift.' I saw then that I was welcomed in the capacity of a strong man, and not through old association or respect to my mother. I weighed then about 230 pounds and was comparatively limber and active. There were three other guests, who had been chosen for the same unsentimental reason. We rode to the grave together in a hack. It was a hot day, and our sufferings were intense. But we lifted her all right. That was my last appearance in a cemetery as an amateur."

The bill-boards confirm the impression that Spring is at hand. To quote the Omar of the Sun:  
Then let us to the Caravan at Once  
The Sawdust Circle where the Peanut haunts  
The air with strange sweet Odors  
And the Elephant that does wild and Woolly Stunts!

When a church at Leicester was struck and fired by lightning last February, we commented in general terms on the ironical choice frequently made by heaven's bolts. Last Sunday, we put aside the things of this world, and sought spiritual consolation in Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," wherein we found these improving and enlightening words:

"Once more, why may not Storms be reckoned among those Woes, with which the Devil does disturb us? It is not improbable that Natural Storms on the World are often of the Devil's raising. We are told in Job, I, 11, 12, 19, that the Devil made a Storm, which hurricano'd the House of Job, upon the Heads of them that were Feasting in it. Paracelsus could have informed the Devil, if he had not been informed, as he was before, that if much Aluminous matter, with Salt Petre not thoroughly prepared, be mixed, they will send up a cloud of smoke, which will come down in Rain. But undoubtedly the Devil understands as well the way to make a Tempest as to turn the Wind at the Solicitation of a Laplander; whence perhaps it is, that Thunders are observed oftner to break upon Churches than upon any other Buildings." This, of course, is an unanswerable argument against the use of lightning-rods. (See also Herman Melville's story, "The Lightning-Rod Man.")

Observe, please, the word "hurricano'd," a good word. Longfellow, who used it in his "Giles Corey," borrowed it no doubt from Mather. And "hurricano'd" is another good word—as when you speak of a hurricano'd woman.

We quote again from the unsigned manuscript sent to us.

### THE TRUE LOVER.

In the early days of her loving him, she thought, "He loves me only." Then she found that he loved many. So she said (and this is the first blossom out of that burning root), "Their love for him is not like mine." But she looked upon him again, and learned that the other woman also could love. Upon that, she cried sharply to Heaven, "At least I am the only one who knows him as he is." (And this is the second blossom.) Then she saw that his soul, wrapt, like all souls, in the swaddling bands of mystery, was infinitely remote, and that no one knew him. So, sitting alone in that desert which is made to look like a garden from afar, she lifted her anguished eyes, and prayed, "God, do Thou who alone knowest him, give him Thy love, even at the hands of these others, if it must be so." (And this is the third blossom and the last.)

The Monte Carlo Gambling Company reported at the annual meeting a falling off in receipts. The total receipts were 23,000,000 francs, which was a less sum by \$300,000 than the receipts the year before. A dividend of 175 francs a share was declared.

A Paris correspondent describes varnishing day at the Salon: "Bouguereau's painting may be to real painting what soothing syrup is to Chamberlin, but the soothing syrup is never of inferior quality. And Henner's inevitable red-haired young person catching rheumatism out on the grass meets her chilly fate with as much grace and makes as pretty a picture as any of her innumerable predecessors." There are many pictures designed to shock the sensitive; among them is one of a man being prodded back with a spear into the arena in which tigers—and no lady—are waiting to tear him to pieces.

Mr. Weldon Hunt, baritone, assisted by Miss Cole, contralto, and Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, gave a concert in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. It was reported that Mr. Hunt had barely recovered from laryngitis. Traces of his ailment were in evidence yesterday, but when this physical indisposition is taken into consideration, the fact still remains that Mr. Hunt is not yet ready to sing in public, for his voice is not placed, and his production of tone is an uncertain and variable quantity. Accompanied by Mr. Norman Mettly, he sang "Erl Tu," "Revenge, Good he sang," "Erl Tu," "Revenge, Timotheus Cries," and songs by Schubert, Korba, and others. Miss Cole sang with marked taste, true feeling, and delightful bodily repose songs by Lalo, Henschel, Johns, Chadwick, Gounod. Her upper tones were at times thin and reedy. She was accompanied by Mrs. Sarah B. Field.

Miss Thompson played less violently than at the recital which she gave here some time ago, and thus she has improved. Yesterday she was more successful in brilliant than in emotional passages. She was not always letter-perfect in her reading, but her technique was often glib and pretty. Such pieces as a waltz, by Moszkowski and Macdowell's concert etude appeal to her more than least she plays such pieces with more authority and apparent enjoyment. She might study with much profit to herself the art of slinging a melodic phrase and the intelligent use of the pedals. In addition to the pieces mentioned she played an Intermezzo by Cui, an Impromptu by Liszt, and Macdowell's "A merry song," a chorus brave."

Philip Hale.

April 25, 1900

Something is dead—

The Autumn rain-rat deeper and wider soaks  
And spreads, the burden of Winter heavier weighs,

His melancholy close and closer yet  
Cleaves, and those incantations of the Spring  
That made the heart a centre of miracles  
Grow formal, and the wonder-working hours  
Arise no more—no more.

London Truth reminds the English who protest against the use of expanding bullets by the Boers that the said expanding bullet was invented by the English; that they used it against the Afrikaners; that at The Hague Conference when all the other Powers protested against this use, the English "haughtily declined to yield to their opinion."

He had been told in his swimming days that he had the skin of a girl—and this mockery stabbed him, nor did the corroborating kisses of his mother comfort him. When he reached man's estate he gloried in the satin smoothness, and he added Narcissus as a middle name. He wore short sleeved coats; he welcomed the summer when he could wear outing shirts, low in the neck, and show his arms. He understood the passion of Mr. Wilson Barrett for undraped parts. His wife encouraged him in this affectation. She would say at a tea or a reception, when women were comparing husbands, "Mine has a skin like a baby; it's ridiculous for a man to have such a smooth skin." Even when he was 50 he did not let vanity drop. He would parade in the hall of his apartment clad in a bath robe, in the early morning, and going to the ice chest for the water bottle, he would allow coquettishly his neck to be seen by the attractive maid of all work, although he was careful to hide the eczematous patch on his neck. The silly man forgot the crow's feet about his eyes, the vulgar and grotesque paunch, the shuffling walk. And the maid said to herself: "What a sight!" Her lover is a house painter, young and trim and brown. She at once thought of him standing carelessly in the air at work, while the old fat man was puttering about, unwholesome before the middle of day.

And from the unsigned manuscript sent to us last week we quote:

### A WOMAN'S JOY.

The woman was very wise, and she was also very old. Her hair had grown white, her cheek was lined like a russet leaf; but her eyes were full of youth. The pleasures of spring had fled over her like a delicate wind; summer had burned her in a bush, and the autumn chilled them. She had been desired of many, but their names were blurring under the dust of Time. One among them was The Man to her, as she was Woman, and him Death had borrowed. Their children lived about her, lovers now themselves, looking into alien eyes and repeating immemorial blisses. Yet this was what the woman said: "Joy is not in the great days of life, not in the orb'd visions of eternity, nor in the hoped-for goal. It is in the little whispers of godhead, a touch from the tangled hair of destiny—a sunrise, an evening thrush. Out of the drift of years, what things do I delight in? Not the marriage day, for that was crossed by pain. Not the coming of the child, for Death hastened behind him; nor the laurel lent us by the world—for it was only the world. But this, proved by memory, alone is joy: When

the well-beloved comes unlooked for like a sweet wind heralded only by the gold of morning—when you sit apart in a crowd and watch him, yourself unseen—or when he throws you a swift, stray word upon his busy way. For these are the jewels brought through no chaffering with fate. You have not said, 'Bliss shall await me at such an hour,' wherefore bliss lagged at the trysting. You have stayed in your wood, and sat, listless yet undemanding, until the sunlight fell into your hand. You have walked the appointed desert and found a green spot—and a rose."

Hypnotism for dipsomania was discussed at the last meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety. What an economical and philanthropic way of giving pleasure! You invite Jones to the bar. You fix your eyes upon him and ask him what he will have. He thinks he drinks it while you put down your own modest quencher. Of course there must be collusion with the barkeeper—or with the waiter at the club. But perhaps the speakers before the Society for the Study of Inebriety—the title suggests music, say, a symphonic poem—did not think of applying hypnotism in precisely this manner.

April 26, 1900

I have no other Sergeant of band to marshal my rhapsodies, than fortune. And look: how my humours or conceits present themselves, so I shuffle them up. Sometimes they prease out thicke and three-fold, and other times they come out languishing one by one. I will have my natural and ordinary pace seem as loose, and as shuffling, as it is. As I am, so I go on plodding.

We have received the following letter:

Providence, R. I. April 23, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

You are right upon most of the vital issues of the age, as when you maintain that no husband should enter his wife's dressing-room. I even go so far as to hold that husband and wife should never meet until afternoon, marital bliss being purely a post-meridian pastime. But even you occasionally lose a firm grip upon the lever of the universe, the key to knowledge, or the divining rod of life. (Pretty metaphorical style—don't you think?) For instance, why jab the author with three names?

It is incontrovertible that Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich (what does he write now—checks?) are fair game. But are not their pinnacles as lofty as those of the two-named crowd, including Robert Grant, Elbert Hubbard, Barrett Wendell, Rudyard Kipling, Edwin Markham, Edgar Saltus, Bliss Carman, Arlo Bates and Lydia Pinkham? I fear, sir, that your parents gave you but one handle to your name. I admit that your satire sinks deep into my soul, for I always sign my full name and am also literary. I have written a genealogy of our family, was once editor of a school-paper, and hope soon to be an associate member of a press club. I also subscribed once to The Writer.

Yours faithfully,

ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

P. S. That johnny-cake yarn was false. We have johnny-cake for breakfast each morning. It is the kind that mother used to make, too.

We trust that Mr. Park read the account of the assemblage of blazing literary lights of Maine at a dinner in Boston this week. It was proved then and there beyond doubt and peradventure that the literary centre of this country is not Chicago, not New York, not Boston, but a spot in Maine equidistant from Topsham, Machias and Caribou. Has Maine an Elizabeth Akers Allen? She also proudly claims as Elijah Kellogg. Twin peaks that pierce the azure are Arlo Bates and Rebecca Sophia Clarke. And as Professor Arlo Bates said at the dinner—and not without emotion—"People of Maine birth and breeding are of stronger individuality than most others." Therefore they can carry the burden of either two or three names with equal dignity and grace.

Charles Astor Bristed about 50 years ago wrote as follows to Blackwood: "Another enemy of true criticism in America is provincialism. There is no literary metropolis which can give decisive opinions, and the country is parcelled out among small cliques, who settle things their own way in their own particular districts. Thus, there are shining lights in Boston, who are 'small potatoes' in New York; and 'most remarkable men' in the West, whom no one has remarked in the East." This reproach can no longer be justly brought. The literary metropolis is in Maine—stay, are not all towns in that fortunate State literary centres? And where there is such intellectual intoxication, what need of alcohol?

A Judge in Connecticut decides that a girl of sixteen years should not be spanked even by a step-mother. This

is a subject that admits discussion. The learned Judge has evidently not read certain curious pamphlets collected by Buckle in the course of preparation for his History of Civilization. We invite his attention also to works by the Abbé Bolleau and J. H. Meibomius.

The story of the man that dived into a coke oven at Connellsville, Pa., recalls a horrible tale told by H. G. Wells. This sentence in the telegraphed report might well excite the envy of the English writer: "For an instant the body clogged the tunnel-head and the legs wriggled as though a desperate effort were being made to squirm through and meet death quickly in the blazing oven-pit."

From the unsigned manuscript sent to us last week we quote:

### TO A REALIST.

Borrow some ghastly fragment, tear off a bleeding collop of mortality, and hold them up to scare the eyes of men. Do it if you dare—for Art shall turn her back on you as one who has denied her. Not that she will have no cloud upon her canvas, no dark crevasses through her garden ground; but she shall never minister to Fear, to Loathing, to Contempt. For this is true: What we make here on earth, we make in little, but it must repeat the elements of the whole. If your eye took in immortal reaches, would you not see star-dust drifting into worlds? If you could cut out a segment of life, with God the centre, you would trace the mosaic of evil wrought into good, the indirection of mortality rounded into gracious curves, all following home. So in your poem, your play, your story, having no space to paint eternal issues, indicate them, or you belie the wisdom set before you. If Cain murder his brother, light the avenging darkness with a star though it be hidden from him until his punishment is overpast. Even the gauntness of the Cross may be against a blossomy sky.

April 27, 1900

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink.

This many and many a year!  
And those are three plagues enough, any should think,

For one poor mortal to bear!  
'Twas Love made me fall into drink;  
'And drink made me run into debt!  
And though I have struggled and struggled,  
and strove;

I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me;  
And rid me of all my pain!  
'Twill pay all my debts;  
And remove all my lets!  
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,  
Will love me, and love me again!  
'Then I'll fall to my loving and drinking  
again!

And on his deathbed Mr. Reginald Bolivar said to the weeping bystanders: "I have not yet read 'Tribby,' 'David Harum,' 'Richard Carvel,' or 'To Have and to Hold,' and I have little confidence in the statement that I shall find them in a better world."

We read Wednesday of two attempts at suicide on account of extreme sensitiveness. A woman in Philadelphia proud of her long black hair, clipped it to make it grow faster. Tonics were in vail, so she made an internal application of carbolic acid. A woman in New York was discontented with the fit of a new silk waist, which she had made to celebrate her husband's birth day. She tried it on, to the intense enjoyment of her spouse and sister-in-law. The husband was especially hilarious. He beat his sides and exclaimed: "That fits like a barrel!" The woman unlike Mrs. Gould, could not indulge herself in the joy of refusing to pay the dressmaker's bill, and she killed herself by drinking carbolic acid, while in these days is apparently on draught in every well-regulated household. Her are tragedies as intense as those of Lear or Othello, and, indeed, of keener irony, for they are tragedies in humble life. Kings, warriors, statesmen—the are necessarily tragic characters, and the world expects them to play their parts consistently and to the bitter end.

On the other hand, the case of the Rev. Mr. Claxton, whose teeth fell out while he was chatting amicably with Miss Salome Boas concerning her camping experiences at Asbury Park, for a only serio-comic. Miss Boas's fox terrier snatched up the set, scampered off and could not be persuaded to give them up for the next 15 minutes. The clergyman, a fastidious person, did not clap the teeth back into his mouth, so that he could adequately pour out his feelings in a flood of words. "I placed them in a handkerchief and indignantly wended his way homeward."

A man is often absurdly alive to son physical blemish of his wife. He views with horror the starting of a mou-tache on the lip which he once would have died to kiss; he shudders at the first symptom of the crumbling of his chin; after he has reached 50 years



shes that her ears had been trimmed by thoughtful parents; or he rebels at a sight of dental golden ornamentation. He does not realize how in many ways he has physically offended her. She has never quailed before a tall heated breath; she has endured patiently the vile stench of cigar-laden kisses; she has watched the exertion of hair and the growth of the punch and has kept silence. Her idol, never defaced by time and what is commonly known as pleasure, is always on the pedestal.

We read eagerly the bill of fare for dinner of the National Manufacturers' Association. The game came in oysters, turtle soup, salmon, beef, vegetables, cocktails, sherry, white wine, champagne and sorbet. The respect paid to conventionality! But which one of the diners had any taste for squabbling at last was served? Thomas Walker insisted that game, brought on late, after the appetite is dead, loses its rank as a delicacy, and he dined boldly that the game should keep its appearance first; if there was game enough for an entire dinner, it was afterward. Charles Astor Bristed replied, that one should not be too hasty when attacking a dainty. "The plan is now and then to give a game dinner exclusively, introducing venison immediately after the soup, then your small birds of various species, and a great display of ducks to conclude." But this is far too much, we agree, however, with Mr. Bristed's position that Roman punch introduced before the game is terribly out of place; "at least if you intend to eat game after it. It may do for the men, who are not always able to appreciate venison and canvasbacks." Walker was a judicious eater. He dined on Christmas on a woodcock and a plum-pudding.

Magazines are often the best of living. This we learn from a Knickerbocker of 1849 that "the public sentiment of Boston doesn't allow a man to have a four-in-hand, or put his servants into livery; and so when a Boston has made a fortune, he absolutely doesn't know how to spend the one of it, and the only way in which he can cut a dash with it is to give a some slice to a school or hospital, so get his name into the papers." And this was written, not by a famous New Yorker, but by a Bostonian.

F. B.: We do not know the year which scratching posts were erected on the Duke of Argyle; are we cocksure which Duke it was thus contributed to the pleasure of his countrymen. John, the fifth, was generally narrow in his daily uses. John, the second, had a particular knack in discovering the taste of the public, and he said the first night of "The Beggar's Opera," "It will do must do! I see it in the eyes of the people." Dr. Johnson dined with John, the fifth, and was appreciative after the fashion, for he remarked, "We have a splendid dinner before us; which of these dishes is unwholesome?" Boswell has handed down a sinistral incident that happened after this: "A gentleman in company was asked by the duke to go to another room, for a specimen of curious marble, and his grace wished to shew us, brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He did not refuse; but to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he walked out of the room, to shew his independency. On my mentioning this to Dr. Johnson, he said, 'It is a nice trait of character.'" Then was an Argyle who obtained early of the death of George I., and told a certain Campbell, a tailor, who put up all the black cloth in London, and when the news of the death was spread, sold the cloth at his own price. Was the duke in the deal? For the scratching post. The ancient Romans had scratching implements, and scratch-backs were used by English ladies, to whom they were necessary as a fan or patch-box. The scratch-backs were about a foot long. The scratcher was an ivory comb with sharp finger-nails, or like the foot of a bird with the claws set. The handles were of silver or tortoise shell. Sometimes diamonds were set in them. All times scratching has been regarded as one of the chief luxuries in life. There was a well-to-do man in Italy—both he and his wife are dead—who used to bribe his wife to scratch his back for \$5 a treatment. See further the great work of the Earnest Society of Sociology (as yet unpublished) Vol. 10, Part 23, chap. VI. "Social Observances Among the New Englanders from 1860 to the Present Day."

April 28, 1900  
Thou hast been a citizen of this wide city—Count not for how long, nor complain; since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant; but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, "I have not played five acts." True! but in human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Retire with a good will; for that, too, hath, perchance, a good will which dismisses thee from thy part.

Courage, faint-hearted youth! There is always a "richest young woman in America." It is true that she is in the habit of being betrothed to some belted Earl or sporting Duke or weak-kneed Prince or rising young brewer, but there is always a "richest young woman in America"—for the game is progressive, or like the dinner party which Alice attended where the guests kept moving up one place. The young woman who is about to dedicate this supreme, royal American title will marry an explorer. Now one explorer differs from another explorer in glory. One becomes famous by exploring in a balloon which is never heard from. Messrs. R. W. Gilder and R. H. Davis won some notoriety by exploring the crags and jungles of New York city from the heights of Harlem to Little Hungary. But the latest Englishman to capture the latest "richest young woman in America" is a practical explorer. Seek and ye shall find.

is reminds us that, if you believe the newspapers, all girls or young women to whom anything happens or who do anything are "pretty" or "strikingly handsome." Plain and ugly girls apparently lead uneventful lives. They putter in the kitchen or sit in the parlor and let their faces ache. Or is it that in Newspaperland all women are "pretty," just as all hands are "willing" and all criminals that are caught are "red handed"?

You find your mail-box stuffed with circulars, which are exposed in shrieking nakedness or clothed in deceptive envelopes. Do not be vexed; do not throw the handful with a curse into the street. There is the piteous appeal of the petty tradesman. The chair-mender heseeches you. You are assured that the gloss can be taken off your coat. Your rugs can be cleaned, and some one will take up your bed and walk off with it. A jeweler has established himself between the cheap restaurant and the Chinese laundry. You are invited to examine a new "food emporium," which is "up-to-date," with departments which "comprise everything that is produced and created for the nutriment of the human body." The sexton of a church near by will greet you with a smile, and a world-famous astrologer and clairvoyant will enable you to conquer Mr. Thomas W. Lawson and others in the stock arena. Send on \$3, to a western firm, and your "name, residence, date and place of birth, present position" will be published in an encyclopedia of biography. If you have been "educated" the announcement will cost you \$2 more, and for \$10 you can tell the story of your life to the world at large. Don't neglect this opportunity. You will stand with kings and counselors; your name will blaze with that of Michael Thomas Hawkins and Cicero Stephens Hawks. It is no bunco game. P. Cudmore, "soldier, lawyer, historian, poet," swears that this book will "stimulate students and scholars to promote American literature, education, civilization, and help to enlighten the world," and Ezekiah Brake of Council Grove, Kansas, believes this encyclopedia to be "the grandest work extant."

Mr. G. R. Sims has his shy at the Reverend Mr. Sheldon, and from way across the water. "I have been asked if a paper devoted largely to sport and the drama could be run on the journalistic lines suggested (but certainly not carried out) by Mr. Sheldon." This appears, by the way, in the Referee. Mr. Sims, an optimist, whose faith is simple, childlike, beautiful—especially in the gullibility of the playgoers for whom he manufactures his dramas—adds: "It surely is not impossible for an honest, God-fearing and large-hearted man to run racehorses, as the Duke of Portland does, as the late Duke of Westminster did. I think that when winners and losers alike broke out into ringing cheers because their loyal hearts rejoiced that the Heir to the Throne had succeeded in carrying off a coveted prize by the aid of a noble animal, the gentle Teacher of Galilee would have seen something in the scene worthy of commendation." And here Mr. Sims's inkstand was watered with tears of joy and patriotism and devout religious feeling.

According to the New York Times Oberlin Carter was dressed in the height

of fashion when he started on his journey to a Western jail. The Sun said: "He wore a snuff-colored suit of clothes with sack coat, low crowned derby, and a black butterfly cravat, his whole appearance being ordinary to a degree." This difference of opinion corroborates the statement of Baudelaire: "The landscape is in the eye of the beholder."

F. W. L. writes: "I was amazed to see this headline in the New York Tribune: 'New recruit confesses theft.' Are not all recruits new?"

## LAST SYMPHONY

Of Beethoven as Well as of the 19th Season of the Symphony Concerts—A Very Large Audience Hears the Stupendous Ninth.

The program of the 24th and last concert of the 19th season of the Symphony concerts was given in Music Hall last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor. It was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 2.....Beethoven  
Quintet from "Così fan Tutte".....Mozart  
Symphony No. 9.....Beethoven

Music Hall was crowded with an audience drawn partly from desire to hear the Choral symphony and partly, perhaps, from the wish to say in after years, "I heard the last Symphony concert in the old Music Hall"; for there are many who are always ready to pay for the privilege of assisting at the first or the last of anything whether it be a ride through the Subway, a trip on a steamer, or an entertainment that may in after years be used as a date to excite the envy of the young and enlarge self-importance.

There was really no need of including the quintet of Mozart in the program. It is delightful music in its proper place, the opera, when it is followed immediately by the chorus that precedes it. The opera itself, also, is never performed here; but given in the little theatre at Munich it is a thing of exquisite beauty according to the testimony of all who have heard it there, and even in an opera house of the size of the Dresden theatre it is a delight.) But in concert and without the archness and the irony of the dramatic situation, and with the extension, by absurd repetition, of the 27 measures to twice that number, the music is without significance. The overture with the symphony would have been enough, for it is a work that should not be often performed; it should be reserved for a great or a solemn occasion; and there should be long waits for contemplation between the movements.

As for the symphony—what is there to be said about it at this late day? The first three movements are the supreme glory of absolute music. Perhaps the scherzo would gain if it were a little shorter, but the first movement is of unparalleled emotion. I know of nothing in symphonic music equal to the opening measures in which Beethoven broods over the precise tonality that is best suited to the expression of his tumultuous thoughts. And what is there to be compared with the heavenly beauty of the slow movement? The finale is the weakest movement of the four, for if there are a few pages of stupendous grandeur, if the music is once, as Mr. Runciman finely said, lost somewhere among the stars, there are also pages of useless labor and shrieking brutality.

The performance of this work was, on the whole, inferior to certain performances that have been given here. Especially is this true of the first movement, which was read in stiff and academic fashion. The reading of the scherzo was an improvement, but again in the adagio there was an absence of poetic feeling and high imagination. seldom, if ever, have I heard the theme in D major, that loveliest of all themes, sung with less tenderness. On the other hand, the finale was given for the most part with breadth and spirit. The chorus, which was made up of members of the Cecilia, attacked valiantly the difficulties thrown at it recklessly by the composer, and its performance was one of the most brilliant features of the concert. The solo singers, Mrs. de Vere-Sapio, Miss Stein, Messrs. Ben Davies and Herbert Witherspoon, were equally courageous and made much of the ungrateful, repulsive music allotted

to them. Mrs. de Vere-Sapio is especially to be congratulated on her artistry. These same singers, with Mr. W. W. Walker, sang the quintet by Mozart with such effect that after two or three recalls they were obliged to sing it again.

Mr. Gericke was welcomed heartily when he came upon the stage, and after the concert he was applauded so enthusiastically that he made a short speech of thanks to orchestra and audience. Major Higginson was then called for, and he spoke at considerable length. He gave a history of the orchestra; he congratulated the players; he thanked the audience for its generous interest, and he expressed the wish that Mr. Gericke might be the conductor as long as he himself was connected with the orchestra.

The first concert of the 20th season will be Oct. 20 in New Music Hall. I understand that Beethoven's Missa Solennis will then be performed.

Philip Hale.

WEALTHY men and women often injure a young singer by injudicious patronage. They find a young man who has a voice and the ambition to sing. He has not enjoyed educational advantages, and he is, perhaps, discontented with his lot. Patrons and patronesses at once put hands in pockets and send him to Europe to a teacher of reputation. At the end of a year he returns and sings in public. He proves conclusively to anyone who knows anything about the rudiments of singing that he is at the very beginning of his study, and that he is in no way prepared to sing in public. No self-respecting, no honest, no kindly critic would think it right either to dodge the facts in the case or to indulge in honey-daubing; it is his duty to tell the truth. For a singer is not made in one year; nor is it given to everyone to be a singer. It is not an act of benevolence on the part of the rich to take a young man from his surroundings, to pitch him suddenly into a strange city where a great teacher is expected to do everything in a year for a pupil who knows next to nothing about vocal art, to encourage the pupil when he returns and fails by telling him that the critics are sour persons, who suffer from cancer of the stomach, and take bilious views of art in general and young singers in particular. By doing this they hold out false hopes to him. It is a grave responsibility to push forward a youth who may not be fitted naturally for the artistic life. If such patronage is to be extended, it should be given until the master says, "My son, you are now ready to go before the public;" and the severest critic—severe in kindness—should be the patron or the patroness.

Nor is the influence of social musical clubs always for the advantage of the young singer or pianist. Some of the members of such clubs—often the most influential socially—are the merest amateurs, who "are fond of music" in a vague or what is worse, a conventional way. They do not know whether the singers and players who contribute to their pleasure in club meetings are good or bad; as a rule they applaud loudest the most indifferent. They are extravagant in praise, and the young pianist finally believes that she is really an extraordinary person. She appears as a professional and scrambles through difficult pieces with superficial brilliance and gracious condescension. Again, the critic's duty is plain. And again is there an outcry from the friends and admirers of the victim of ignorant and absurd eulogy. If the pianist is of the right stuff, honest, adverse criticism will do her good, will lead her to listen to her own playing, will persuade her to self-examination.

Miss Lottie MacKay, soprano, gave a concert at the Old Dorchester Club House, last Wednesday night, assisted by Miss Etta Burgess, contralto, Miss Elene Foster, reciter, Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, and Miss Carrie Colby, pianist. She sang the entrance aria of the unfortunate Lucia, Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber," Boot's "Lethe," and Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns;" she also sang with Miss Burgess a duet from "La Gazza Ladra." Miss MacKay, who has studied intelligently with William L. Whitney, Vannucini and Randegger, has a pure and flexible voice which has been well trained. Her extreme upper tones are inclined to be shrill, but the lower and middle tones are eminently agreeable, admirably placed and skillfully used. Her bravura passages were delivered clearly; they were well rhythmized, without undue accentuation; and she sang without suspicion of effort. Her trill might be improved. In straight and sustained melody she showed indisputable skill, but there was no pronounced display of temperament except in the song by Boot, in which effect was gained by simple feeling as well as by purity of tone and taste.

It was a pleasure to hear such an intelligent singer.

Miss Burgess, who, I understand, is also a pupil of Messrs. Whitney and Vannucini, has a contralto voice of more than ordinary strength and beauty, and she sings with unusual dramatic intensity. She is a singer of passion, but this passion is not extravagant or explosive. Nor is she merely a contralto of a few rich low tones and other tones that suggest careful and laborious manufacture. The

voice is of liberal compass, and the instrument throughout is under artistic control. Miss Burgess has a right to look forward to an operatic career, for she has the voice, the temperament and the physique. She sang the Pagliaccio first song in "The Hugenots," and Goring Thomas's "Sinner's Night."

Mr. Townsend sang See's "Love Me or Not," Cowen's "Snow Flakes," and Bullard's virile "Sword of Ferrara."



The Boston Globe lately told the story of Charlotte Cushman appearing in 1875 as the Countess in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Now, as you know,



because, as "the first real disciple," he was the first to be hanged himself. But this is not the first sect. In the second century there was a sect known as the Cainites. These men and women had a great veneration for the man Judas, "under color," says the Bible, "that the death of Jesus had saved mankind; for they knew I know not what powers, enemies of our salvation, who would have crucified Jesus Christ from suffering, but he had not prevented the effects of his malice, by delivering up his body to the Jews, who condemned him to death, whence proceeded the redemption of mankind."

May 1 - 1900

I have much ado to comfort my self, but being troubled to comfort others: and vexations enow in by minde, but needing circumstances to bring me and sufficient matter to entertaine me without borrowing any. This share is not to the part of societie: It is left to one man alone. Let us live, and be merry amongst our friends, and yeeld up the ghost amongst others, and such as we know not. Hee hath money in his purse, shall ever find ready to turne his head, make his rubbe his feet, attend him, and that rouble and importune him no longer hee list: and will ever shew him an rent and well-composed countenance; without grumbling or grudging give a leave to doe what he please, and come as he list.

They were talking at the Porphyry a painter who covers his porch with glass, and they asked Old Es what he thought about him. Answered: "I know little or nothing about art, but I think your friend is justly sign himself, 'painter and artist.'"

Macroix once said to a young pupil: "You are not skillful enough to sketch in who throws himself out of a window during the time he is falling the fourth story to the ground, will never do anything worth anything."

Worth while." What is worth while? Writing advance notices for a book is worth while, for it gives pleasure, hope, and excites the imagination of thousands of children, old and young. Can you read of "unison-dance," pyramid-building, majestically marching, phalanx-forming, statue-like, gayly capering, description-laden, richly and costly trapped, highly ornamented HORSES" without wild desire to see them, although they may be obliged to cut down your spending money of the week?

They are told that Mr. H. L. Higginson in the course of his remarks at the Hall last Saturday night spoke contemptuously of "modern music." Higginson is conservative in musical matters, and so is his favorite comrade, Mr. Gericke; but inasmuch as we have the existence of the orchestra (Mr. Higginson's enthusiasm and enthusiasm), it might be regarded as an insult to taste to assail him openly for personal opinions to which he has no right. Mr. Higginson should remember, however, that conservative people in the time of Mozart and in the time of Beethoven regarded the music of those composers as "dreadfully modern."

England Justices in the Queen's Bench Division have decided that a cyclist is not a foot passenger merely because he uses his feet. "The result of that when crossing a bridge where a horse was demanded, he will have to pay himself and again for his vehicle." \* \* \* A bicycle is a carriage with more than four wheels within the meaning of the Act."

T. D. R. G.: We are informed that the Banda Rossa was so named on account of the color of its uniform. It was also a WHITE BAND in the town.

The highest collar is often the dirtiest.

Do not pride yourself on your keenness of observation; but do you know the quality of the door-knob you have used so often for the three last years as a flat-dweller in Fairyland? Are you sure it is not made of glass; or is it a mineral knob, or one of brass or bronze? The door-knob has no impression on you; you have never really seen it.

It was Mr. William Archer who called "Zaza" as "a slice of raw meat."

The Saturday Review pays its respects to "Certain numerous triflers, who are noxious to be merely ridiculous, who profess the artistic temperament, and disgracefully for the most part, who do that pretentious profession; the tenth-rate potterers in clay, or verse, or music, or painting, the disreputable persons of literature and the arts, bringing them into discredit and odium by their adherence. They are a curious and contemptibly unpleasant folk, gaining in ignorance what they lose in modesty; and their long-haired ranks are swelled by practitioners of the smaller arts—the petty architect who dabbles in designing and lives by Jerry building, the linen draper's assistant from the northern town who dabbles in verse and lives by inferior criticism, the Post Office clerk, who dabbles in retelling and lives by redirecting letters, the tenth-rate actor who lives by sponging on acquaintances, the fourth-rate fiddler who apes Wagner and lives by playing figs in the orchestra of a music hall. All of them boast the artistic temperament; and all wear their hair offensively long. The females are, if anything, more distressing than the males—we cannot bring ourselves to reckon them men and women; the tenth-rate lady novelist or journalist, the tenth-rate actress, the intelligent minx separated from her husband, the emancipated Miss. All boast the artistic temperament; all are forever flaunting their souls, their paltry little souls, before our loathing vision; all wear 'artistic' dress, and succeed in looking ridiculous."

Here is an extract from Dr. Ibsen's latest and most symbolical play:

Irene (plucking off the leaves of a mountain rose and strewing them on the brook): "Look there, Arnold. There are our birds swimming."

Prof. Rubek—"What birds are they?" Irene—"Can you not see? Of course, they are flamingoes. Are they not rose-red?" Prof. Rubek—"Flamingoes do not swim. They only wade."

Irene—"Then they are not flamingoes. They are sea gulls."

Prof. Rubek—"They may be sea gulls with red bills, yes. (Plucks broad green leaves and throws them into the brook.) Now I send out my ships after them."

Irene—"But there must be no harpoon-men on board."

Prof. Rubek—"No, there shall be no harpoon-men."

S. G. tells this story in the Pall Mall Gazette: "One of the distinguished civilians who tell us what we ought to think about the tactics of our Generals was in India during a slack season touring in quest of information. In the course of his pilgrimage he came to a garrison post on the North West Frontier, and the officers had instructions to show him all that could be shown. They found him, however, strangely incredulous. 'I know I'm only a globe-trotter,' he would say, 'but you don't expect me to believe that!' Every unfamiliar fact only confirmed his suspicion of a conspiracy to hoax him. The frontier was in its chronic state of disturbance, and one night as the officers sat at mess with their guest there came a crackle of shots and a spatter of lead on the iron roof of the mess hut. Instantly there was a bustle and every one started up in some confusion—every one except the civilian. He alone remained smiling and seated. 'I congratulate you fellows,' he said, with an amused condescension. 'The little show was very well arranged; and you played up beautifully. But you can't take me in. Sit down again.'"

May 2, 1900

What a simoleon was I  
To go and marry on the sly!  
Now I work and never play:  
Three pale children all the day  
Fight and whine; and Dick, my man,  
Is drunk as often as he can.  
Ah! my head and bones are sore,  
And my heart is hacked all o'er.

Yet, once I had my fling;  
I romped at ging-co-ring;  
I used to dance and sing,  
And play at everything.  
Now I fear the light;  
I shrink from every sight;  
I see there's nothing right;  
I hope to die tonight.

#### SAVED.

In the region of the big breweries, where Roxbury and Jamaica Plain meet, there are streets of tenements which reek with the smell of cabbage; tenements inhabited by the broad-beamed Germans that work in the breweries and the big Irishmen that drive the heavy brewery-drags; both races lovers of cabbage and fanatics in the matter of beer. The upper end of Tremont Street, and Centre Street, and the parts adjacent, have a saloon on nearly every corner; and when he was a drinking-man old John Torrance knew everyone of them.

Torrance was a man of will. He used to get drunk because drunkenness was the best form of enjoyment he knew. Caught in sickness, after a debauch, by the fear of death and hell, preached by a militant Salvationist, he had been converted, and he had thrown himself into his new life with all the vigor of his simple, trustful nature. He gave up drinking. He joined the Army and marched and sang and prayed. At last he was fanatical in his belief. He was famous as an exhorter, powerful through his very crudeness. And for

the first time in his life he gave thought to his motherless daughter, Anne, much to her astonishment and wrath.

"The old man's got a slate loose in his garret," she complained to Tim Burke, a clerk in the corner market, one night as they were a-strolling. "He won't let me stay out after nine, an' he makes me read the Bible to him, when he gets home from the Army. An', say, Tim, he says if you come 'round the house any more, he'll lay you out. He means it, too. He's got on to us, for fair."

"I'll give the old rubberneck a hook on the jaw if he fools wid me," said the pimply tough. Anne admired him and smiled in love.

She was right. Old Torrance shrewdly suspected Burke. There was a rough scene that night when Anne came home an hour late.

"Listen, Anne," the old man yelled while he held her by the arm; "I'll kill that fellow if he comes round here any more. You hear me?"

Anne's face was much whiter than her dress-waist. She whimpered. "I was only trying to—to get him to—to come an' see you, an'—an' join the Army."

The old man was looking at her hard. "Yes, I was, too, an' perhaps he will. He wants to settle down now—honest-to-God, he does." She opened big blue eyes. Simple Torrance raised his arm. "Praise the Lord! I'll pray for him and for you, too, Anne." He fell upon his knees. Anne hid a smile and a yawn.

\* \* \*

"But I must go home now," said Anne, "the old man will be dead on to me if I carry a beer breath."

Burke grumbled, but he paid the waiter, and they started for the door. The saloon was filled with drinkers. The air was hot and fetid with the fumes of cheap liquor and rank tobacco, in spite of the whirling electric fans. The big arc lights glittered through the wreathing, bluish smoke. The waiters sweated. Men and women drank and talked noisily at the round tables. 'Twas a place after Burke and Anne's hearts, and they were loath to leave.

They had reached the door when around the corner came old Torrance and his Salvationists. The drum boomed, the tambourines tinkled, the march music of the song swelled loud and strong. The Army halted before the saloon. Burke and Anne shrank back and looked at each other in dismay. Old Torrance's voice arose in strenuous exhortation, for did he not stand before one of the strongholds of Satan? He preached and approached the open door. The drinkers eyed him expectantly, jocosely. Torrance had been thrown out by a bouncer the night before. Anne blanched. Sweat bedewed Burke's pimples, for he feared the violent old man. There was no escape. Torrance came nearer and nearer, his eyes blazed, his powerful arms gestured uncouthly.

"O Lord, I pray that at least one soul may come forth from this den of iniquity and find salvation!"

"Hallelujah!" cried Anne and Burke. The drinkers roared out applause. They beat their glasses on the tables.

"Come and be saved," cried Torrance; and side by side Burke and Anne stepped forward. Torrance started back; his face flushed; he clenched a fist.

"Yes, I do, I want to be saved," whined Burke. "I want to join the Army. Just glame a show."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the Army.

"I was in here drinkin'." Anne comes in and says youse were comin'. She says 'You big stiff, come out of that an' let the old man talk to you'; and I says, 'I go yer.' The old man recalled Anne's words. 'Hallelujah! To the barracks!' " he shouted.

Anne and Burke, gazed by the crowd within, fell into the ranks. Old Torrance marched ahead. The drum boomed, the tambourines clattered and tinkled, the march music of the song swung the soldiers on. Anne and Burke marched side by side. In the light of a street lamp they winked at each other. They were saved.

THE QUIETIST.

May 3, 1900

Arts and Sciences are nothing else but the Traditions of men, received by us upon the good esteem we have of them; they all consist of nothing else but of things doubtful confirm'd by apparent Demonstrations; and most of them are not so uncertain and doubtful, as they are deceitful and wicked; and therefore it is also an evil thing to believe that they can bring to us any heavenly advantage.

When Mr. Allen landed at Porto Rico he wore "an ordinary costume"—straw hat, blue coat and duck trousers; and the natives wondered at republican simplicity. We regret to say that no information has yet reached us concerning his dress inauguration day. We like to think of him with a cocked hat, with plenty of shining buttons and a

real sword. The cocked hat should have plenty of feathers, and the sword should jingle in an awe-inspiring manner. A plug hat, however it may shine, cannot lend majesty to the wearer; for the plug hat is essentially comic.

Lord Roberts describes the Boers as "very persistent." Yes, and they are "impudent," for they are fighting for their country and not for revenue only.

They told at the Winchester celebration of a fine old lady, "one of the Goulds of Stoneham," who practised a sure remedy for nosebleed. "It was this: Take a small mouse, tie a string to its tail and drag it up and down the sufferer's throat. Of course in every well regulated household mice are constantly at hand and ready for this agreeable exercise."

Now there are queer remedies for nosebleed in a book published at London in 1627, entitled "A Thousand Notable Things of Sundrie Sortes: Whereof some are wonderful, some strange, some pleasant, divers necessary, a great sort profitable, and many very precious."

But this is a squeamish age, and the most amusing remedies in the book cannot be quoted in this column; which we strive earnestly to keep free from all that may disturb the sensibilities of the most fastidious.

These remedies, however, may be safely recommended:

"The three cornered stone of a Carpe, which is to be found in the hinder part of the head, nie onto the neck, beaten small, and blowne into the nose, doth stay the bleeding of the nose, by his binding faculty; which may be perceived by the tasting thereof. This hath beene proved, and I know it to be true."

"You shall stay the bleeding of the nose, if you write with the same blood in the forehead of the party that bleeds; these words, following 'Consumatum est.' A thing proved with many."

"If one bleeds on the right side of the nose, bowe and presse hard the parties right little finger, that bleeds; if on the left side then the little finger in like case: for therewith the bleeding will cease. This is a common and proved remedy."

"To stop the bleeding of the Nose: take nine or ten fresh new Leekes, and put a threede thorow the mids of them, but cut off the toppes of the Leaves, then hang them about the parties necke that bleedes, so that the leaves be upward to the Nose, and the heads of them downward. It is good also to smell to Camphire dissolved in vinegar, and also to put the roote of Piony under the tongue."

Here is a Slavonian charm against nose-bleeding. "Zachariah was slain in the Lord's temple, and his blood turned into stone. Then stop, O blood, for the Lord's servant — I exorcise thee, blood, that thou stoppest in the name of the Saviour, and by fear of the priests when they perform the liturgy at the altar."

A London journal says that Miss Clara Butt stands in the front rank of contralto singers. "Towers" is a more appropriate verb than "stands."

If this Barbara Frietchie controversy continues, the alleged heroine will be in a class with William Tell, Pope Joan and Billy Patterson.

Gen. Greely is quoted as follows: "If every incompetent officer in the army was discharged from the service, it would have a tremendous effect." But before we consider seriously this possibility, let us hear the opinions of correspondents concerning the use of "was" and "were."

#### MISS TUCKER'S CONCERT.

Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto, assisted by Mrs. Myra Pond Hemenway, pianist, gave a concert last night in Association Hall. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. Miss Tucker sang "L'Esclave," Rossi's "Ah! Rendini" and songs by Dvorak, Schubert, Lang and Chaminade. She has improved in certain ways. Her voice was always of rich and full quality, but it is now under better control, and her intonation is surer and her delivery freer from spasmodic emotion than on the last occasion when I heard her. It would not, perhaps, be just to say that she now sings on the other side, that her tones are often monochromatic, that she keeps herself too much in reserve, for in Rossi's air and in Lalo's song there were evidences of genuine feeling, although in the former the allegro should have been sung with greater intensity and with a more impetuous rush of passion. The choice of the songs by Cornelius was unfortunate, for they are of an intimate and contemplative nature, and they require a singer of distinct power and individuality to make them enjoyable in a concert hall. As sung by Miss Tucker they were monotonous, and the prevailing color was drab. Miss Tucker has, indeed a beautiful organ, and she is



now at the point where I would be well for her to pay greater attention to the emotional side of art.  
Mrs. Hemenway accompanied—too frequently with undue accentuation of the first beat in each measure—and she played Chopin's Scherzo, op. 31, and other pieces.

Philip Hale.

May 4 1900

Forsoaking power and possession,  
Forsoaking sunlight and song,  
The stream a wide procession  
Is passing the whole year long:  
What ancient and urgent impulse  
Is driving it onward so?—  
To Soria-Moria Castle  
The road winds both high and low.  
  
And some with weeping and wailing  
Their foot-ripping steps delay;  
And some with haste unavailing  
Are threading the devious way;  
And some are dying and drinking,  
And reveling as they go,—  
To Soria-Moria Castle  
The road winds both high and low.

As Professor Lyons says, the alleged short correspondence between Christ and Agrippa is published at least once in two years, although a contemporary plumed itself this week on a "scop" of which these letters was the subject. It is about time for the alleged letter of Publius Lentulus to appear for the 4327th time: the letter in which the fabulous pro consul of Judea described minutely the personal appearance of the Saviour (see Peignot's *Recherches Historiques sur la personne de Jésus-Christ*, etc., Dijon, 1829).

"Instructions to Enumerators," prepared by the Census Office, Department of the Interior, is pleasant reading.

"Much can be done by tact and persuasion. It is of the utmost importance that your manner should, under all circumstances, be courteous and conciliatory. In no instance should you lose your temper, or indulge in altercation or threats."

Artemus Ward had no instructions given him when he was deputed to take the census. He drew up his own list of questions, and among them were:

Do you read Watt's Hims regler?  
Do you use boughten tobacco?  
How does your meresham culler?  
Do you know any Oproy singers, and if so how much do they owe you?  
What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Carawl?  
Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary?  
"But it didn't work," says Artemus: "I got into a row at the first house I stoop to, with some old maids. Disbelieve the anwers they giv in regard to their ages I endeavored to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a vilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich."

The 23d of last month we published a poem, which was introduced by these lines: "Incircumscribibility," the longest word which has yet appeared in the Oxford Dictionary, is included in the part which has just been issued."

Was not this statement plain? Was there any claim made that "Incircumscribibility" is the longest word in the English language?

Few read intelligently or without spectacles colored by preconceived opinion or prejudice.

Therefore we have not been surprised to find many deliberately misrepresenting us for the sake of exercising valngloriously their own intellect.

We publish, with this preface, the following note, because it is by far the most interesting of those that we have received.

Boston, May 2.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have read with some interest your Talk of the Daysims, discussing whether the longest word in the English language was "Incircumscribibility." Let me say, as a physician, that under certain conditions I should prescribe for you dioxymethylarthaquinone, although an ordinary man might call this "chrysophanic acid." If it should happen, furthermore, that it was necessary to break the ossified callus of a falsely united fracture in your arm I should not hesitate to use dynsmorphosteopalinklaster. Moreover, I will add that if the pain became too intense I might call into service that cocaine which is officially called in the medical journals in ethylbenzenethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate, even if in using it I exhausted 52 letters.

"Now, as your friend Aristophanes said in that longest Greek word to which you have so often alluded, but which you have never apparently been able to quote for lack of breath—or ink—after giving these words I think you will have to cease your "orthophotosukophantodiktalaporos," or, as our old associate of school days, Scott-Liddell, would say in translation, your "early prowling, base informing, sad

litigious, plaguey ways."

You will see I have not bothered you with some of the other words accessible in the English language, such as anthropomorphitamanismicallation, phiscynoscophagraphicalities and methylethyephynlammonium.

VOX POPULI.

Vox Populi does not quote accurately from Aristophanes. He omits the final compound "tropoi" (ways), and "poros" should read "poroi."

The word quoted from Aristophanes by "Vox Populi" is not the word to which we referred; it is much shorter. We shall not spring this terrible word today, for the composers already have trouble enough. Nevertheless, we take pleasure in reminding our readers that the name of the Sultan of Djoujocarta, who was decorated by the King of Holland in 1839, was Hamankoebocwonosenopaitingalgongabgurrachmansaydinparotagomode, and he was the fifth of that name.

May 5. 1900

And out of the portals mossy  
Dim beckoning hands are flung,  
And over the ramparts grassy  
Sound voices of unknown tongue;  
And high on the crumbling turret  
Strange banners on a url and blow—  
To Soria-Moria Castle  
The road winds both high and low.

And sometimes on frozen summits  
It mocks at the straining sight;  
And sometimes the deepest plummet  
Falls short of its depths of night;  
And sometimes, too soon discovered,  
It faces us like a foe—  
To Soria-Moria Castle  
The road winds both high and low.

Do nebulous glories shape there  
A shelter from rain and storm?  
Do fathomless dungeons gape there  
To swallow each shuddering form?  
The goal of the ended journey  
That wayfarers all must go—  
To Soria-Moria Castle  
The road winds both high and low.

Bishop Potter did not say that he should call his son an ass if he proposed to marry a young Creole woman. He objected to the idea of "a young Creole woman with seven children," ready-made, as a daughter-in-law. The good Bishop would undoubtedly agree with us in saying that a young and handsome Creole woman is one of the noblest works of a beneficent deity.

What did William Maginn mean when he said that no cigar-smoker ever committed suicide?

Did you ever read "The Child's Duties and Devotions," written by Jonathan Fair and published in Boston in 1833? The author claims in the preface that "Children between six and twelve years old are rational and accountable beings." In this little book is a draft of a model letter from a boy to his father and mother. We feel it our duty to reprint it in all its hideous priggishness:

Boston, Mass., Feb. 26, A. D. 1835.

My dear parents,  
I would inform you that I arrived safely in this city yesterday, 4 o'clock, P. M. My stage fare was \$2.25. I board at Maj. Cram's. Wm. Thornton, Esq., Gen. Marsh, Col. Hudson, Capt. Standish all board here, and also two gentlemen from N. Y. Last Sabbath, A. M., I attended public worship at St. Paul's Church, and heard the Rev. Dr. Potter preach. His text was from the fifth Psal. 63d v. In the P. M. the Rev. Jos. Eds. preached, and his text was from II Epist. of St. Peter, III chap. 18th v. I am expecting to go to Providence, R. I., in a few days; and then to Washington, D. C., where I hope to see the president of the U. S. A.

Your affectionate son,

HENRY HOOPER.

We can see "Henry" now—no boy ever called him Harry. The little weak-kneed, shifty-eyed, whimpering sneak! His hair is scrupulously brushed, but a cow-lick is stiffly in evidence. Even at a tender age he has cruel hands with spiny fingers, and these hands are clammy. He has a sore on his neck. One end of a handkerchief—which he seldom uses—sticks precisely out of a jacket pocket. And we see his father reading the letter, and then returning to the consideration of a scheme by which he can defraud his creditors.

The Chicago Tribune is inclined to regard the sale of pianos as the best index to the financial condition of this country. We know a financier—a real one, and we did not meet him in a bucket-shop—who considers glue as the true financial thermometer; for, as he says, "glue is used in so many ways that I judge of business prosperity or stagnation according to the sales of that article."

We read with delight of Mr. Herman C. Norman, a howling swell, "London's best dressed man"—and what a shame it is that he is only Third Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington! He is a modest man withal, for he wears only six suits a day. Let us see

—if a Third Secretary wears six suits a day, how many suits should a First Secretary wear—two, or 18? But we should not forget that Mr. Norman has suits enough to last him a fortnight without repetition. "He lays much stress on the ethics of dress," Here he differs from Bath-house John, who is an impressionist, and studies sartorial sun-sets, displays of the aurora borealis, and an oil-well on fire. Mr. Norman wears no jewelry in the morning, and we regret to say the reporter gives no information as to the precise hour when rings, pins and bracelets are donned by this purist. In the afternoon Mr. Norman wears a cravat of cream surah "daintily embroidered in autumn leaves." His favorite golf suit is as chaste in tone as a November day: his coat is blood-red, his waistcoat yellow, and nether garments display a pleasing mixture of brilliant reds and dull browns.

The reporter says Mr. Norman wears all these clothes because he likes them. Otherwise we might think that he were carrying out a vow or trying to win a bet. And only Third Secretary!

The choir will now sing two verses from a hymn by Dr. Watts:  
Why should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin,  
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I:  
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Perhaps you remember Schürmann, the impresario who told such astonishing stories about Adeline Patti, Bernhardt and others in his "Les Etoiles en Voyage?" He has written another book which is also entertaining. Thus he tells a story of King Humbert, who is easily bored at the theatre. Judic was playing in "Niniche" at Rome. Schürmann was told that the King would occupy the royal box. The performance was announced to begin at eight. Schürmann was in the vestibule at a quarter to eight, and he waited and waited. The audience waited, too. About half-past nine Humbert arrived and asked how much of the piece had been played. Schürmann told him that the curtain had not been raised. "You made a mistake," said Humbert, "in not beginning at the hour announced. I have not come here in the expectation of being amused. Do what you can to see that the piece is got through with as much rapidity as possible."

The New York Sun is always optimistic—as when it says, "There is just as much good wine in the world today as there ever was."

Parisians are already studying Chinese phrases of reproach at the Exhibition. One Chinaman was lately heard to call a fellow-exhibitor, "Son of a dog, son of a sow, lowest, backwooden baton of the lowest of unlettered men, unearthly and filthy rat, pig's flesh" and so forth. This went on for half an hour, and then, choked with rage, and at the end of his vocabulary, the phrase-monger fell in a fit.

May 6. 1900

MR. GERICKE was commendably catholic in his choice of compositions last season. Beethoven led with 11 performances, Wagner followed with 8, Brahms with 5, Tchaikowsky and Mozart with 4, and Gluck, Richard Strauss, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Grieg with 3. The new symphonies were by Berger, Glazounoff, Mozart, France was represented by Berlioz, Franck, d'Indy, Lalo, Rameau, Saint-Saëns; Russia by Arenski, Borodin, Glazounoff, Rimski-Korsakoff, Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky. The sensitive American composer was not slighted, and it was reserved for Mr. Ben Davies by singing Cowen's "Dream of Endymion" to show us to what a depth of stupidity an English composer can plunge himself when he thinks he is winging his flight toward the azure.

Let us hope that Mr. Gericke will continue to be liberal in his views. There are names that should be more familiar to the Symphony audience: Among the French and Belgians, Charpentier, Debussy, d'Indy, Dukas, Bloch, Benoit, Rébault, Pierné, de Bréville, Chausson (I name at random). Glazounoff, Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff would give many pleasure. And I confess that I should like to hear Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Aladdin Suite"; but Mr. Kelley is an American who has the misfortune not to live in Boston.

Whether French and Russian works are performed here under Mr. Gericke in the spirit in which they are written and felt by the composers is another question. It is undoubtedly hard for a man of Mr. Gericke's artistic education and career in Vienna to sympathize fully with the ultra modern music of France and Russia, to appreciate the peculiar effects of rhythm and color, to divine the intention. No one can be more faithful in rehearsal, more scrupulous in desire for a perfect performance than is Mr. Gericke when he

has determined to lead one of these works; but he has not a flaming temperament, nor is his personal enthusiasm, however great or small it may be, contagious. There is much music that reveals his admirable qualities as in full day. On the other hand I fear that he is constitutionally incapable of giving passionate performances of works that do not really appeal to him. Works that he regards as bizarre or a little sensational. He glows when he leads the austere music of Brahms; he is chilly when he leads a work like the Pathetic Symphony of Tchaikowsky. I am aware that many in Boston still prefer Haydn and Spohr to Tchaikowsky, Franck, Lalo, d'Indy, Richard Strauss and others; and to them it is perhaps a joy when an ultra modern work does not make an immediate effect; nor do they stop to ask whether this be the fault of the music or the conductor or their own lack of imagination. Hugues Imbert once wrote of Lamoureux: "He has his orchestra in a state of military discipline. . . . The strings, playing as one man, produce surprising effects of homogeneity, sonority, nuance; the wind is perhaps the best we know: the wood-wind has an astonishing finesse and the brass a superb brilliance. And thus he obtains in works wherein lyricism is not the distinguishing note, absolutely perfect performances. But in music of great dramatic power, of broad sweep, where it is necessary to lift the orchestra and to communicate to it passion that bursts forth, there is hardness, there is dryness. Punctuation is too faithfully observed, and, to use a popular expression, the whole is too sandpapered."

Under the skillful and intelligent direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer the Handel and Haydn has taken a new lease of life. Let us hope that next season it will break away from its narrow repertory and perform some work that is at least comparatively unfamiliar. And why was it necessary to hire Gadske for "Elijah?" Was the difference in the box office receipts really worth the experiment of hiring a foreigner when there are American women who are competent, and a foreigner who did not choose, or was unable to sing in the ensembles?

The first great pianist of the season was de Pachmann, and throughout the season he gave delight by his unapproachable rhythm, color and sense of proportion. Paderewski pounded the hearts of his admirers; Hambourg gave a fine imitation of speed and steam, and the young Dohnányi played with a calculated repose and aplomb that argue ill for his future. Mrs. Bloomfield-

Zeisler gave more than ordinary pleasure, as did Miss Heyman, a pianist who gives promise of a brilliant future. Miss Ruegger, cellist, was a welcome visitor; on the other hand, Miss Leonora Jackson and Petschnikoff made us wonder at the foreign and passionate press notices that trumpeted their approach. Miss Clara Butt fascinated by her unusual physical proportions, and made us regret that her beautiful and impressive voice had not been better schooled. Mr. Gebhard showed us that the confidence of his friends was not without foundation. Mr. Arthur Whiting played musically, even when he sacrificed himself on the altar of Brahms in solemn recital. Mr. Ludwig Breitner was hampered by Schütt's miserable concerto and an attack of nerves. Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist introduced the sonata of Lalo for piano and violin. Miss Frieda Siemens, pianist, was spasmodically brilliant in manner to awaken hope for her future. Mr. Marteau has made marked progress in breadth and authority. He must now be reckoned with very seriously although he did not honor a Symphony Concert by his appearance. Sembrie dazzled in song as well as in opera. The Musical Art Society of New York sang well, but the chorus, as a chorus and without any question of conducto has not the fine body of tone that characterizes the Cecilia. Marie Brennan sang physically rather than musically. Then there were concerts in which W. Whitney, Jr., Miss Lunde, W. Howland, Francis Rogers, Ray Fine, Suzanne Adams, Leo Stern, M. Durno, Mrs. Rice, L. B. Merrill, Earl Gulick, Miss Carey, Felix Winteritz, F. W. Wodell, A. mand Lecomte, the Terpen-Turp Quartet, Ernest Sharpe, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Rotoli (with his Roman Mas Julia and Max Heinrich, Miss Rena son, Philip Dalmas, Victor da Pra, Mrs. Schiller, Miss Pogz, Wilhe Heinrich, J. M. Horner, the People's Choral Union, Weldon Hunt, Miss Co Miss Thompson, Miss Tucker, M. Hemenway, Stephen Townsend, M. Van Vliet took part. And no doubt there were other concerts which I have overlooked.

The Kniesel Quartet produced as in edties Borodin's quartet No. 1. Ts h



ty's sextet, Dvorák's terzetto, R. ss's piano quartet, and Dohnányi's quintet. These concerts were for most part of the high excellence has given the club an enviable reputation from California to this Commonwealth.

Of the pleasantest features of the were the fine performance by Kneisel of Mr. Loeffler's revision of his characteristic and beautifully orchestrated "Les Veillées de la Seine," and the performance by Mr. hée Adamowski of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole.

Cecilia performed for the first in Boston, H. W. Parker's "St. opher," Coleridge Taylor's "Hia's Wedding Feast," and Stan- "Phaudrig Crohoore."

A new opera was performed here by rau company. The new singers Bertram, Pini-Corsi, Scotti, Illy, ese Scotti easily bore away the s, although Bertram was far less ionable than the German Wagn- declaimer, male or female, to we are, unfortunately, accus-

Paur has been elected conductor e Philharmonic Society for the year at a salary of \$9000. The was as follows: Paur, 39; Walter osch, 11; Kaltenborn, 4; Van der en, 1; Leo Schultz, 1. The allo- of the year's profits to each mem- was \$214. In 1893 the dividend \$85, and in 1899, \$250.—The classi- of manuscripts left by Johann ss has been completed. Among are eight waltzes, fully orches-

Then there are choruses. ts, vocal waltzes, unaccompanied ts, songs, sketches for oprettas, promptu for piano, duets, hymn, es. Many will be published and ceeds will be given to charitable for musicians, while the manu- ss will go to the Vienna Museum. ublished letters by Wagner the performance of "The Ring" enna will be sold.—Goldmark's h birthday will be celebrated at Vienty 13.—Philipp Scharwenka took his "Dramatic Fantasie" the prize offered last year by the General y of German Musicians for an tral work.—"Oberon" is to be at Wiesbaden by the order of m II., who has given over \$20,000 ecial scenery, an exact "produc-

of life at the palace of Harun-al- and at the court of Charle- e. A panorama will illustrate the ey of the lovers over the Mediter- an, across Switzerland, on the e, to Aix-la-Chapelle. William e yearly \$125,000 to this theatre. erlitz's overture, "Rob Roy," played for the first time rmany at Berlin, at a con- of the Wagner Society.— rye, the well-known Danish com- and conductor, is in a mad- .—De Lucia, the tenor, will man- the San Carlo, Naples, for five . Will this prevent him from ing in Mr. Grau's company next n?—Ernest Boulanger, composer teacher of singing, died at Paris r 14, at the age of 83. Much was ted of him in his early years.— Merck, celebrated horn player teacher, died at Brussels, April 15, e age of 63.—A Bruckner con- was given at Linz April 8. The symphony was the chief work rmed. "Les Fétards" is known country as "The Rounders."

ts adaptation for the Vaudeville, on, is entitled "Oh! What a Night!" ladihe's "Patrie" (1886) has been d without success at the Paris e. The Paris correspondent of eferred wrote: "Of Sardou's copl- eptory 'Patrie' is the master- e and from the moment of its ap- nce the adaptability of the play erative purposes was recognized, his opinion has been fully com- l by results, for no more capti- g libretto yet exists than that of pera. Its story is poignant, the ions dramatic, the denouement ng. If the composer had risen to eigh of his task the work would e been magnificent, but the score tunately disappoints expectation. e sweet, elegant, and pleasing, never ssive. Sardou has been credited a remark which in its cynical ss exactly defines the modest on taken up by his collaborator. Via, a musician, who keeps in ace and does not damage a li- e. This pithy observation might y for a page of criticism. Pata-

simply restricted himself to the ons of an accompanist; vizor is e of his qualities, and a composer us would be needed to adequately e the passions of the stirring e. The work has also aged a good nd, though well meddled with y the subscribers, it makes ev- u more sion now than formerly e the exception of De'mas, who and acts fully at Roor, La- old part, the interpretation is

barely satisfactory, and neither Alva- rez (Karloo) nor Bréval (Dolorés) s ems quite at home. The mounting of the revival, scenery, dresses, etc., are very handsome and artistic.—Léon Gresse, a well-known bass of the Paris Opéra, died April 13. His son is at the Opéra Comque.—Henberger's op- etta, "Ihr Excellenz," pleased a- Brünn.—A new five-act opera, "Helge," music by Karel Morch m t with respectful success at Amst- dam.—Alberto Williams, Director of the Buencs Ayres Conservatory, gave a concert of his own works in Berlin last month: two overtures, two suites, "Miniaturen," "Vidalita," songs, and three piano odes. "Without marked originality of invention, the composer shows knowledge of form and taste technique."—Wilhelmj, the son of the violinist, fiddled in Berlin, and his performance was uni- formly criticized as neither technically nor musically good.—Minnie Hauk, traveling for pleasure in Java, was persuaded to give a concert, and she was then showered with orchids.—There will be a Handel Festival at Bonn May 24, 25, 26. Hugo Grütters will conduct, and the chief works will be "Saul," "Acis and Galatee," "Judas Maccabaeus." Chrysander's versions will be used. Joachim will be among the visiting musicians.—Siloti has gone to Russia to live.—Brahms's "German Requiem" was heard with "icy coldness" at a sacred concert at the Paris Conservatory. Pouch wrote of it: "Despite the skill shown in the writing, the work is heavy and pasty. The first number is a chorus of beautiful harmonic sentiment, and it is followed by another chorus of which the first part is equally pleasing; and then the music begins to drag, becomes gray, and the interest is dulled more and more until the end. There is a want of warmth and light."—Perosi's Pass- ium according to Saint Mark was coolly received April 19 at Brussels. "There is no real lyric flight, no dramatic power, there are frightful esthetic contradic- tions; and yet there is a certain agreeable and naive charm coming from—where? for Perosi's ideas are not individual, nor is his music interest- ing."—Miss Clara Butt is to be married to Mr. R. Kennerley.—Miss Estella Neuhaus of Boston is giving a series of "Talks on Music" in Port- mouth, N. H.

The plot of "Die Beichte," new opera in one act by F. Hummel, produced without success at the Royal Opera, Berlin, April 9, is as follows: An old hermit, Jacinto, on the Italian coast, tolls his passing bell. He would fain confess the one sin of his life. A monk, Manoel, comes and with him a girl, Beata, whom Jacinto, delirious, takes to be the woman he loved in his youth. He tells her the story of his life, while the monk stands by and prompts. Clouds hide the stage. They pass off, and the audience sees a solitary monk praying. He is Jacinto, in his younger days, endeavoring to atone for his sin. Twenty years before, Manoel had given his wife into the keep- ing of his friend, Jacinto, who abused his trust and from remorse became a hermit. Beata appears to tempt him to renew their love; but he is firm this time, and she throws herself from a cliff, after telling her lover that a daughter had been born to them. Again clouds sweep across the stage, and again there is the opening scene. The girl acknowledges her father, who blesses her. Manoel forgives and an- nounces "The holy Jacinto is dead." "The music is extremely disappointing."

Philip Hale.

Whoever considers the bustle and conten- tion about precedence, the pains and labors undertaken, and sometimes the pries given, for the smallest title or mark of pre- eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly, too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labor of their whole lives well em- ployed in procuring? We are, therefore, to adapt our behavior to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

A young woman in Connecticut re- covered damages from a manufacturing company for injuries which resulted in the loss of two fingers of her left hand. Her lawyers claimed that her chances for marriage were thereby hampered by the consequent inability to play the piano. We knew a young girl in Berlin who had lost two fingers of a hand. She was, nevertheless, a

brilliant pianist and she married hap- pily and profitably. And are there not men who would gladly marry a woman who could not play the piano? During courtship the piano has its use; it gives a reasonable pretext for close com- munion of souls; the young man is permitted to turn over the leaves; or if he is musical, he may know the tumultuous joy of playing plects for four hands. But think of a nervous husband, wearied by the labor and anx- iety of the day, obliged to listen before he has digested dinner to a mad rha- pody by Liszt or one of the more ap- palling sonatas of Beethoven!

Even cannibals in the New Hebrides are forsaking their good old ways, and the country will soon lose local color. The Rev. Mr. Paton tells us that since pigs have been introduced into the islands the natives have shown a tendency to substitute them for hu- man food. But to many respectable cannibals roasted, boiled or baked man has been known for years as "long pig," so the change in diet may not be attended with distressing results.

We yield to the demand of several correspondents—among them are "Vox Populi," "Nux Vomica," and "Any Old Thing"—and we publish today the celebrated word of Aristophanes. Unless we are seriously mistaken, it is found in his "Ecclesiastusae."

"Lepadotemachoselachogaleokraniolo- lpsanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparaome- lltokatakeehumenokilepikossuphophat- toperisteralekruonoptegkephalokigklo- peleilolagoosiralobaphtraganopterugon."

You never hear of a servant-girl in- heriting from some mysterious person in Ireland or Australia less than \$1,000,000. (Thus the latest one, Mary Ann Kelly of Flushing, Queens Borough, ex- pects to receive \$5,000,000). It is this assurance of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice that enables them in so many cases to eat and enjoy the bread they make and to endure the hideous oppression of the female Sassenach.

There is sad news from Monte Carlo, and we advise Americans to keep their feet off that classic ground this summer. "An Englishman," rages for half a column in the Pall Mall Gazette. It appears that at the gambling house "they stop a gentleman because he happens to have his trousers turned up"—an outrage that is worthy of a leading article in the London Times and the immediate dispatch of a man- of-war to the scene of oppression.

"Cook's interpreter was robbed of his pocketbook." This reminds us of the old story: "Mr. Donnigan, your wife has fallen eight stories into the court." "Don't make me laugh, Mike; I have a cracked lip." But the pocketbook of the interpreter held only visiting cards. At the chief café two mandarin or- anges cost five francs; a brandy and soda costs four francs, and a small cigar two francs and a half.

"Eighty per cent. of the visitors this season were Germans, and morning, noon and night your ears were as- sailed with their harsh, guttural lan- guage. They spent little money, but always occupied the best tables in the gardens outside the Café de Paris, remaining about two hours with a book of forty centimes, and giving two sous to the tsiganes who played there every afternoon. In the atrium you could read in their faces the ill-con- cealed delight with which they gloated over the false telegrams from the French papers posted up announcing British disasters that never occurred."

Meanwhile the Prince of Monaco goes right along with his deep-sea dredging.

Here is Mr. Henderson's description of the last night of the opera at the Metropolitan in New York, the night of the benefit to Mr. Grau: "Behind the scenes was a wild scurry of people getting ready their effects for embarkation on the steamer the following morning. In the office sat the impres- arlo, pale, red-eyed and sleepy, but happy in the possession of a fat box office return. He, too, was waiting to sail in the morning. How touching it all was. Waiting for the last dollar! Waiting for the last sweet tribute of singer-worship! And thus the opera company of 1899-1900 faded away from sight, and left behind it the memory of a farewell performance in which there were no vestiges of art, but which brought \$13,000 to the box office."

G. W. P. writes: "'Culvert' for 'Cover- t' strikes me, this morning, as an un- observed corruption. I have found the name Culverwell pronounced 'Cover- well.'"

A man has a right to pronounce his name as he pleases. We once knew a Mr. Ferguson, who, in alcoholic mo- ments, insisted that his companions should call him Ferguson, with a sharp accent on the second syllable. There are men of the good old name of Hogg who twist Hogg into Hoag; for they are not willing to be pigs even of the sty of Epicurus.

As for the alleged corruption. Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, says of Culvert: "A recent word of obscure origin." He finds no trace of corruption from the French "Culoir;" "no connexion with 'Cover' has been traced." "On the other hand, some think 'Culvert' an English dialect word, taken into technical use at the epoch of canal-making." But no such word appears in Joseph Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" (1895).

Severus used partridges and quails, as many Frenchmen do still, and to keep birds in cages, with which he was much pleased, when at any time he had leisure from public cares and businesses. He had (salth Lampadius), tame pheasants, ducks, partridges, peacocks, and some twenty thousand ring- doves and pigeons. Busbequius, the Em-

peror's orator, when he lay in Constantinople, and could not stir much abroad, kept for his recreation, busying himself to see them fed, almost all manner of strange birds and beasts; this was something, though not to exercise his body, yet to refresh his mind. Conradus Gesner, at Zurich in Switzerland, kept so likewise for his pleasure, a great company of wild beasts; and (as he saith) took great delight to see them eat their meat.

We heard a man say in a street car Sunday, "I wonder if there will really be a bi-horned rhinoceros." The car had just passed one of those posters that feed the curiosity of children both old and young. No doubt this man had read eagerly the zoological dodgers left at his door, and enormous animals chased him in his dreams—strange and gorgeously colored baboons, animated rocking horses, unicorns, and the dread- ful things that pursued the antedilu- vians and still frighten the young in educational picture-books.

It is true that Petrarch in his "Vlew of Human Life" exclaims: "Leave every animal to their proper places and their proper uses"—this is the English of the translator, Mrs. Dobson—"those

that are wild to the woods, and the direction of Providence for their haunts and their destination; and domestic animals to those whose wide grounds and fields can with wholesome and true care nourish them for thy table, and coop them not up to fret, and waste and scrape, and litter, in thy small in- closures or narrow courts." We are told that this is mistaken pity; for does not Francis Galton assure us that the life of all beasts in their wild state is an exceedingly anxious one? And he tells of the sufferings that must be endured by any animal which has been captured and half-tamed, and then runs away; for he finds "the buttings and the kicks of other animals harder to endure than the blows from which he fled."

We pronounced lately the eulogy of the press agent of the menagerie. Yes- terday we read a passage that would make him turn green with envy. Read it aloud, now, wherever you may be; for it is as sonorous as the clanging of brass or the shock of ever-recurring ocean waves.

"Whatever strange or rare animal could be drawn from the depths of In- dia, from Siam and Pegu, or from the unvisited nooks of Ethiopia, were now brought together as subjects for the archery of the universal lord. People were summoned by circles of longitude and latitude to come and see things that eye had not seen, nor ear heard of—the specious miracles of nature brought together from arctic and from tropic deserts, putting forth their strength, their speed, or their beauty, and glorifying by their deaths the

matchless hand of the Roman King. There was beheld the lion from Bilibid- gerid, and the leopard from Hindustan—the reindeer from polar latitudes—the antelope from the Zaara—and the leigh, or gigantic stag, from Britain. Thither came the buffalo and the bison, the white bull of Northumberland and Gal- loway, the unicorn from the regions of Nepal or Thibet, the rhinoceros and the river-horse from Senegal, with the elephant of Ceylon or Siam. The ostrich and the camelopard, the wild ass and the zebra, the chamols from Alpine peaks of ice, the wild goat from Crete, and the ibex from the eternal sunshine of Angora—all brought their tributes of beauty or deformity to these vast aceldamas of Rome: their savage voices ascended in tumultuous uprear to the chambers of the capitol; a mil- lion of spectators sat around them. Standing in the centre was a single statuesque figure—the Imperial Sagit- tary, beautiful as Antinous and ma- jestic as a Jupiter, whose hand was so steady and whose eye so true that he was never known to miss, and, who, in this accomplishment at least, was so absolute in his excellence that, as we are assured by a writer not dis- posed to flatter him, the very foremost of the Parthian archers and of the Mauritanian lancers were not able to contend with him."

The menagerie is one of the oldest entertainments. "All savages maintain pet animals, many tribes have sacred ones, and kings of ancient States have imported captive animals on a vast scale, for purposes of show, from neigh- boring States." Suna, the despot of the Wahumans, who reigned until 1837, had a superb menagerie, which included 15 or 16 albinos, Gomara, the friend of Cortes, tells of the amazing collec- tion found in Mexico. Years ago at Cuzco in Peru, there was a serpent conservatory, there was another where they kept the pumas, jaguars, and bears. Did not ships from Tarshish bring apes and peacocks to King Solo- mon?

And yet even in the largest menagerie there are certain animals that we miss—the dragon, the basilisk, the cocka- trice, the wyvern, the griffin, the sphinx, the minotaur, the harpy, the chimaera,



the phoenix, the lycr. We have never seen a leonerocta born of the union of a lioness and a hyaena—it has the body of an ass, the legs of a stag, the breast of a lion, the head of a camel, with a mouth reaching to the ears and teeth as sharp as a razor—and it imitates the human voice. We have never seen the cnoocentaur, which has the head of an ass and the body of a man and tries vainly to speak. Then there is the tarand, with the body of an ox, the

head of a deer, the skin of a bear; and it changes color when it is frightened. Gladly should we pay 50 or even 75 cents to see a mantichor; it has a triple row of teeth beneath and above; its "greatnesse, roughnesse, and feete are like a Lyons, his face and eares like unto a mans (even to the carefully trimmed moustachios) his eies gray, of colour red, his tail like a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp-pointed quills, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a hart." And how should you like to meet the catoblepas, a species of black buffalo, with a pig's head that reaches to the ground and is attached to the shoulders by a thin neck, long and flabby as an empty stocking. A sadhuzag, even though it were a little one, would slake curiosity for the moment. And then there are the weasel pastinaca, that kills trees by its smell; the presteros, that makes you foolish if it touches you, the senad or bear with three heads, the leopard Pnalmant that bursts its belly by howling. Perhaps it is too much to ask Mr. Doogue to supply all these animals for the ornamentation of the Public Garden, but surely we have a right to expect them in fine condition in a modern menagerie of any pretensions.

May 9 1900  
Who the deuce cares if Gustave Kahn writes well or badly? Yesterday I met a chappie whose views of life coincide with mine. "A ripping good dinner," he says, "get a skinkful of champagne inside you, go to bed when it is light, and get up when you are rested." This seems to me as concise as it is admirable; indeed, there is little to add to it.

The Prince of Wales congratulated Mrs. Leslie Carter most heartily for her performance in "Zaza," introduced her to Mrs. Wales, and in every way proved his desire to raise and maintain the purity of the drama.

We were pained at hearing disagreeable remarks about the marriage of young Mr. Brice. We saw one or two old club men shake their heads portentously when they heard the news. Has not Mr. Brice, who, we understand, is comfortably off, a right to marry the young girl whom he loves? And is it really the business of any one outside of his immediate family? "But she was a chorus girl!" is the sniffed reply. You thrice-sodden ass, are there not today charming, intelligent, good, and eminently desirable girls singing and dancing in the chorus? We are no longer as inflammable as tow; we have seen the stage-antics of demozels, blessed and otherwise, from a favorable position in the theatre for years and years; and we have no hesitation in saying that there were girls in "The Rounders" who could easily have persuaded us to leave home and mother. The young woman that fascinated King Cophetua was a dowdy to them. By the way, is there any authentic account of the married life of Cophetua? Did a queer mother-in-law with a passion for strong drink or a wandering brother-in-law with a hole in his pocket appear at the royal court?

On the other hand, we do not say that a chorus-girl, simply because she is a chorus-girl, is always the first matrimonial prize. On the stage there is unfortunately sometimes a chorus-pendont.

Mr. Goerlitz has sent his monthly statement to the newspapers. Mr. Paderewski, the eminent hypnotist, will net, it appears, \$200,000 this trip, which proves indisputably that he is the greatest, the only pianist. The distribution of bracelets and watches and silver cigarette cases and gold-headed umbrellas to the good critics and their female friends will take place shortly before he sails. Few of these gifts, very few, will find their way to Boston. Let us see—what is the precise date of the awarding of the Paderewski prizes to the American composers successful in open competition?

"The Degenerates" did not shock Mr. Henry A. Clapp as much as was expected.

Some rubbed their eyes when they read that Richard Storrs Willis died May 7, for they were under the impression that he had died before. A pretty Christmas carol by him is still sung in churches and Sunday Schools, and his "Our Church Music, a Book for Pastors and People," published at New York in 1856, is well worth reading and considering today, on account of the

common sense, the kindly satire, the fine artistic spirit displayed by the author. Many of the evils complained of 50 years ago still exist, and that they exist is not the fault of organist and singers so much as it is the fault of the congregation. Looking over the book we came across a queer rule invented by Dr. Hodges to govern the desirable cost of an organ for a given church: "Multiply the number of persons the church will accommodate by 3—and you have your organ." For instance, a church seating 500 persons would need an organ costing about \$1500. But what would the organ builders now say to such a rule? Mr. Willis wrote "Four verses of the ordinary four-line length, or two of eight, are certainly enough for any ordinary hymn, and when the gloria or doxology is appended, three are better than four. This limitation is particularly true in all music of the choral form, like Old Hundred or Dundee. \* \* \* The irresistible yawning which is frequently observed to set in, from sheer exhaustion of the vocal muscles on the part of the choir, and of the attention on the part of the congregation, is an expressive commentary upon six or eight stanzas of Dundee or Old Hundred."

"The retail price of ice will not be raised this season." Consequent joy is chastened by the fact that the pieces vouchsafed the consumer grow smaller and smaller.

"A Blackwood" in the New York Times says that Cowper, the poet, "pronounced his name Cooper, which heraldic and other evidence shows the propriety of." But only the other day this point was raised by Mr. Clement Shorter in a paper read at the Olney celebration. "Having for some minutes spoken of 'Cooper,' he went on to plead for the incorrect rendering, and used it thenceforth." This led the Pall Mall Gazette to remark: "Each generation has a right to go wrong in its own way, and we habitually pronounce the name of the immortal Shakespeare in a way he himself would probably not have recognized."

Dr. Edebohls says that the term appendicitis is a barbarism, and is utterly unscientific. He prefers "cpltyphlitis," "ecphyaditis," or "scoleoiditis." We care not who gives the name so long as we do not feel that awful and prophetic pain in our little tummy.

Mr. William Frederichs of New York State swallowed his false teeth when he was asleep. Awakened by a choking sensation he ate dry bread to force down the jump in his throat. The question is, Did the teeth chew the bread in consequence of long-accustomed routine and sense of duty.

Professor Palmer, a Frenchman in Connecticut, not satisfied with his nasal resemblance to Cyrano de Bergerac, consulted surgeons, and they changed his "pronounced Roman nose into the more classic Greek form." He should have remembered the dictum of Napoleon: "Whenever I want good headwork done, I choose, if he is otherwise suitable, a man with a long nose." And did not Erasmus affirm that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniences also; "for that, in case of distress, and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well to stir up the fire." On the other hand, remember the roaring trade enjoyed by Taliacotius, the great surgeon, whose statue at Bononia represented him holding a nose in his hand. "It is reported that he had at one time in his house 12 German Counts, 19 French Marquises, and 100 Spanish Cavaliers, besides one solitary English Esquire. Though the doctor had the monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them than to have gone without them."

May 10 1900  
Thus, let us value things! And since we find Time bends us toward Death, let's, in our mind,  
Create new Youth; and arm against the rude Assaults of Age! that no dull solitude  
O' th' Country dead our thoughts; nor busy care  
O' th' Town make us not think, Where now we are?  
And Whither we are bound? Time ne'er forget  
His journey; though his steps we numbered not!

Perhaps it was the single clap of thunder that set the current of his thoughts, but when he was half-awake in the bedroom of the flat, he was sure that he was in the front yard of the old house. It was a still, hot summer

morning. The trees, the plants, the very ground were intensely odorous. Carlo, the dog, was sleeping long before his accustomed time, and flies were too tired to play with him. Only a bee was at work near the house. There was not a cloud in the sky. From the haying field he heard the sound of a mowing machine, and some one was whetting a scythe. He dozed and pitted the men. What was it they drank? Swizzle? No, that was not the word. Was it switchel? And he smiled because he could loaf on the stoop and shift his chair with the movements of the sun. Yet, somehow, all this seemed so long ago—and he gave a start, and then he stretched himself. He came to his senses; he was in the little bedroom of a city flat. The ear rounding the corner and shrieking hideously was his mowing machine, and the fat promoter across the court was stropping his razor, thinking rather of a cocktail on the way to the office than of any preparation of switchel.

It is with summer as with the Christmas magazines. Here it is only the beginning of May, and already is there an exodus. The owners and renters of cottages have begun to assume an air of superiority. The smell of moth-balls in the flat below rises through the ceiling and chokes the dwellers above. The janitor brings the window-screens that keep in the flies which allowance of ice grows smaller each day. And yet, by the almanac, it is still spring. There was a time when even the well-to-do did not think of going out of town, except for a fortnight, or, possibly, a month, for change of air. But there were then no electric cars; there was not such pronounced civilization as we now enjoy; for civilization is noise. The citizens and citizenesses were not as nervous and restless. They stayed for the most part in the city—and they were comfortable.

Many thunderstorms in May,  
And the farmer sings, "Hey! Hey!"

Professor de Sumichrast, who is eloquent in defence of England, deserves recognition in London from the Court, the House of Lords, Mr. W. W. Astor, Punch, the Empire Theatre, and other British institutions. Can't they do something for him? And his passionate devotion is so unexpected! His sympathies with everything French are so well known that you should expect him to go about screaming against "Infame Albion," "Infame Angleterre." But here he is, more English than Thackeray's M. de Florac.

We learn from an English weekly that our old friend Mr. Gustave Kerkker, "likes to be pressed for time for completing the score of a new opera, and as the melodies of 'the Bells of New York' occurred to him at various times and in various places he wrote most of them on his shirt-cuff." We also learn that Miss Cissy Loftus has suffered lately "the worst tortures that American newspaper notoriety can bring upon a sensitive person."

It was an English clergyman who in a sermon on Imperial Unity indulged in this fine burst: "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire, and what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

The dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette discourses entertainingly about morality in plays: "Some one, injuriously inclined, and little cognizant of the ways of the man in the street, dubbed 'Zaza' immoral. At once the Garrick was crammed, and a sensation reinforced acting and a play in themselves not far removed from the sensational. But really it is very difficult to understand the enlistment of that stimulating term. A vague idea seems to be floating about that anything in the nature of a bed-room scene, or a dressing-room scene, or a lady in her robe de nuit, is at once injurious to public morality. Lady Macbeth, in her sleep-walking scene, ought to be sufficient to disabuse these innocents. The truth is, they confound what is often only distasteful and uncalled for with what is immoral, and managers—who get their bad word—reap a rare harvest in consequence. The life of a low café concert singer cannot well be anything but unrefined, squalid even; but when its degradation excites nothing but repulsion, it can scarcely be labeled immoral. The incalculable value of the charge, just or otherwise, is, however, beyond question. It must surely be accepted as proof of our gullebleness as a nation. Upon the word, we rush to plunge into the shadows of the unknown, to taste, without danger of poison, the forbidden fruit. It is a comforting thought that London is thronged with ingenués; for 'Zaza' is unmistakably a woman's play, and its careful revelations perceptibly move its

auditors to an occasionally embarrassed surprise."

Syracuse, New York, is shaken because a policeman told a member of the W. C. T. U. that he saw recently three young women sitting on a curbstone puffing away at cigarettes. Each woman was evidently to him "a Loathsum object"—to borrow a phrase from Artemus Ward. We cannot commend the conduct of these young ladies—even if they belong to the first families of Syracuse—for it is imprudent to sit on doorsteps or curbstones—especially at this time of the year.

To S. C. L.—You have lost your bet. "Funster" is a dictionary word, although we doubt whether it was used by Pater, Arnold or Newman.

Let us now refresh ourselves with an instance of frugality praised by the ancients. Ptolemaeus, the son of Lagus, King of Egypt, both supped and also took his bed for the most part in his friends' houses; and if at any time he invited them to supper, he used their furniture, for he would send unto them to borrow their vessels, their boards, carpets, and tablecloths; for that he had never seen about him any more than was sufficient for the service of his own person.

May 11 1900  
Reginald passed his hand wearily over his aching brow, and gilded languishing between the purple portières. Within was a chaos of whirling muslin and hungry faces swimming on a sea of passionate, throbbing music. There was a mist before his eyes. Girdling heads floated restlessly by, gibbering in the shell-like ears of painted women. Amid the fevered maelstrom, one figure boomed large and close upon his attention. It was the hostess. A hot, wet hand pressed his. "Law! what a squash!" he murmured, in her ear, then plunged into the stream and was borne away to the other side of the room.

It appears that there is still dispute over the question whether a professor prefers to be addressed as "Professor" or "Mister." It is always safer to call him "Doctor," and he then grins like the cat from Cheshire.

And why should Vesuvius not be violent? Even the worm will turn; even the camel's back will break. For some time this volcano has been amiable and well-behaved. She has endured the stare of hurried Americans and the painstaking investigation of perspiring Germans. They have all tried to look into her mouth and examine her insides. They have poked her and throw things at her. We once met in a Swiss pass a theological student from a Western State. We knew from afar that he was a fellow-countryman. It was bitter cold, but amid snow and ice he preserved his orthodoxy through the assistance of a tightly-buttoned frock coat of broadcloth and a battered plug hat. He assured us that he had just seen down the crater of Vesuvius—"and I these clothes," he added with a flash of pride.

The late Abraham Parsons, familiarly known as "Abe the Bunter," must be added to the list of departed great ones. Indeed, we think it the duty as well as the privilege of President Eliot to nominate him for Miss Gould's Temple, Fame or Valhalla. For Mr. Parsons was in the habit of breaking with head, for the sake of sport and exercise, boards, planks, and even grating stones. Thus did he surpass Nicola Riccardius, who oftentimes broke up or the stone of a peach with one blow of his hand; and his memory will be preserved with that of the religious person of 40 years of age mentioned the diligent Bartholinus, who had a hinder part of his skull so firm a compact that he was able to endure coach-wheel to pass over it without a sensible damage to him.

Add to the last speeches of playactors dying on the stage, or soon after their exit, that of the tenor Heinrich Vo whose last appearance shortly before the finishing stroke was as Canio "Pagliaccl." His last line was "The comedy is finished."

Here is an old and approved remedy for warts: "Put the feet of Hens hot embers, till the scales or skin thereof be separated and shrunk from the Legs; and with the same s warm, rub Warts three or four times or more, and it will drive them away."

The friends of Ruskin have not decided definitely on the form of memorial to him, but it is proposed that it take the form of an early British cross, of native stone, "so placed that it would not be a note of discord in the landscape." The great boulder of the grave of John Brown at New Elba, New York, is admirably in keeping with the Adirondack scene. They are brave men and women to venture to please Ruskin even when he is dead. Or has the peace of the grave taught him to be less querulous?



he fifteenth season of the Pops, Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager, and Mr. Max conductor, began last night at Mechanics' Hall. This is the first time these concerts have been given in a hall that is not from association with food shows, ducks and swimming tanks, plows, fertilizers, and sporadic grand opera. In one respect Mechanics' Hall has an advantage over the late Music Hall: there is room to walk about, and at a Promenade Concert it is a pleasure to see occasionally men and women promenading, either ostentatiously or shyly—just as Artemus Ward once apologized for a joke in a letter to the Fair by saying that he thought the publication of a joke improved the paper once in a while.

## THE AUDIENCE MIGHT HAVE DANCED.

hair was so cool last evening that the audience walking at a brisk pace between the pieces, or dancing to the music by the band, the hearers sat for the most part though they were at a Symphony concert or at a Lowell lecture.

The audience was a large one. It had crowded Music Hall. It is estimated that 1100 or 1200 were within the hall, as ever, divide the social space from the two social goats. There were some striking costumes, which were designed evidently for summer wear; there were many men in elaborate evening dress, and there were others who tried to hear the music. Of these last some wondered why they had never heard Wagner's "Under the Double Eagle," which is under Mr. Gerlicke, Mr. Fauré, Nikisch. Others, when the orchestra played softly, remembered the French musician: "To express the silence in music, I should at least two brass bands."

### The First Program.

This reminds me that Mr. Zachosen the program as follows:  
"Under the Double Eagle".....Wagner  
"Meerleuchten".....Ziehrer  
"Piccolino".....Gulraud  
"Sylvia".....Delibes  
"Vienna Blood".....Strauss  
"Tannhauser".....Gillet  
"Harlequin's Wedding" (new).....Zachosen  
"The Rounders".....Englander  
"Tyrolean".....Zeller  
"Man Behind the Gun".....Sousa

always a pleasure to hear the music from "Sylvia" and the music from "The Rounders" brought quickly to mind a delightful story of true love that was not crossed. Uncle was sadly disappointed because the everture to "Piccolino" was played on a piccolo, an instrument appeals to him because its tones their way easily to his aged ears, then, the instrument can be carlessly in the pocket. The kermesse

teachers after material for copy book at least once in three months. We are told at regular intervals that he was born in Boston; that he wrote Horace Greeley his note for that he crooked his elbow indifferently; that he died in a hospital, etc. But it was reserved for Mr. Howard in the last Anglo-American Review to claim that Poe went to Europe and wandered there from the year 1827 to 1829. Mr. George E. Berry has proved that Poe entered May 26, 1827, in this city as a soldier in the army of the United States, under the name of Edgar Allan Poe; that he served at Fort Independence, later at Fort Moultrie and at Monroe; that Jan. 1, 1829, he was appointed Sergeant-Major; that he was honorably discharged April 15, 1829; that he entered West Point July 1, 1829. The proof is full and indisputable. But Mr. Howard bases his claim on a portrait of Poe by Henry Inman, who spent the whole of the year 1828 at the end of the year 1827 in London. The portrait represents Poe at 19, and named 19, Jan. 19, 1828.

Edmund Clarence Stedman in an edition of portraits of Poe, published in Chicago edition, 1895, vol. X, p. 237. "No likeness of Poe in his youth is known to exist, and here is not much evidence that for his portrait to any painter of S. S. Osgood, unless it may have been Smith for the sketch produced by 'Ham's Magazine.'"

Howard gives no information about his Inman portrait except that it is his possession. Is it really a portrait of Poe? The manner in which it is at the documents concerning Poe's career in the army does not persuade easily to believe him in statement of fact. And we doubt whether the portrait without the name would be accepted as that of Poe.

"host," I say to him, "To and fro you walked in Broadway long ago, and small girls idle for you and cry?" The black stars swung in a yellow sky at one night and a woman came in a chain of wind-blown flame, and lips that she laid on mine were like ice," says the ghost of Poe.

from Blockx's ballet reminds me that this Flemish composer of marked talent has been neglected in this city. The congregation, not accustomed to the surroundings, applauded at first in a subdued spirit, but warmed gradually as members recognized each other at long distance.

### Gallery in Festal Array.

The first gallery was well peopled and the sight from above was festal. Even in a hot night this hall will not become stuffy, such are the easy means of ventilation.

After all, real enjoyment at these concerts rests with the audience itself. Strangers have suggested that there should be preparatory schools in the art of genuine amusement for the benefit of true Bostonians. It might help if dancing were allowed outside the bars during the waltzes, and the formality of introduction should be waived. Here is good music; here are light refreshments; here is the comfort of smoking at ease while the orchestra is playing; here are managers ready to please the audience; and, pray, what else is wanted? Warm weather; a greater affability of manner on the part of those thrown into close proximity; that cordial feeling toward one another; that throwing off of crusty conventionalisms, that spirit of "Come now, let us enjoy ourselves for two or three hours," which have characterized in past seasons the patrons of the Chutes.

And surely there is nothing in the immediate neighborhood of Mechanics' Hall, or in the atmosphere of the district, to encourage stiffness of manner, to check the genial smile, to chill the glad hand, to chasten the natural wish for enjoyment.

Philip Hale.

### NOTE.

At the Pop concert this evening the orchestra will play overtures by Delibes and Suppé, marches by Kral, Sabathil and Fahrbach; waltzes by Strauss and Volstead, selections from "The Fortune Teller" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and pieces by Tschalkowsky, Westerhout and Spindler.

Boys in the State schools of France were to compete in athletics at Vincennes, in connection with the Paris Exhibition. Mr. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, issued a circular to the Head Masters informing them that they are not to allow their boys to take part in the races, for racing is "detrimental to health." It had already been arranged that no boy should be allowed to compete unless he had a certificate from a doctor, the written permission of his parents, and a certificate from his professor of gymnastics. This is justly regarded by the boys of the different Paris schools who are not affected by the circular as "official molly-coddling." This reminds us that an English investigator declares that the Japanese students "are among the worst developed specimens of humanity on the face of the earth, the finished product of the Japanese University generally presenting the appearance of a puny, sickly, undeveloped youth." The same investigator says that the Japanese military authorities have discovered that "their men cannot use the ordinary rifle because it is too long for them, and have been compelled in consequence to arm them with special short firearms."

Whilst we do speak, our fire  
Doth into ice expire!  
Flames turn to frost!  
And ere we can  
Know how, our crow turns swan!  
Or how a silver snow  
Springs there, where jet did grow!  
Our fading Spring is, in dull winter lost!

W. F. writes: "I heard lately one of those unexpected replies which occasionally enliven the monotony of the modern midnight conversation of the smoke room. The impersonation was not a new one. The actor had, in fact, impersonated this particular character so often that he had taken it into private life with him. So he was always asking you what you thought of it. It came once too often. 'Yes,' said the critic heartily, 'you're more and more like him every day. And—less and less like him every night.'"

There are playactors who are well

paid because they do not act, because they do not try or know how to act, because they are simply themselves. Mr. John Drew, for instance, a cardboard figure with hands in his pockets, walks through a play with the same emotion displayed by him as when he stands prominently close to a Beacon Street window of the Somerset Club.

After all, health is the chief thing, and as Dr. Gunyon remarks—tombstones should accompany his speech—"No penalty is too severe for those that deceive the sick." We therefore take pleasure in recommending heartily an old household prescription for the colic: "If the tender horns of young Buckles be cut in pieces, and then put into a new pot well covered, and set in an oven or other place that is hot whereby the same may be made into powder, and some of the same given with Pepper and Myrrhe, to them that are tormented with the Colicke, in good wine, it will help them marvelously of the same disease."

To T. D. B.: You are too particular. The word "fistic" has been in the English language for nearly a century. Dickens uses it in "Our Mutual Friend," although we do not therefore recommend it, any more than we commend his use of the word "mutual" in this instance. But "fistic," though it may not be a dignified word, has a place in the dictionary.

Dr. Babbitt says, "And yet kneeling in prayer is the most appropriate attitude." We hesitate to question the statement of such an eminent authority on ecclesiastical observances, but we remember that it was the practice in Congregational churches of New England 30 or 40 years ago for the people always to stand during the long prayer. We remember this distinctly because it gave us an opportunity of seeing our best girl in a side pew. The followers of the Prophet are assiduous and most devout in prayer, and what did Mohammed say? "Pray standing, if thou art able; if not, sitting; and, if thou canst not sit up, then as thou liest along." So, too, the posture of prayer among the Jews before the birth and during the life of the Saviour was most often standing.

The Worcester Spy, noting the fact that Mr. Littlefield and Senator Hale of Maine wear plug hats with sack coats, wonders "whether this is the prevailing mode in Maine." Maine has produced many famous singers and some authors of repute. No beer, wine or liquor is obtainable in the State—we say this with an impassive face. But Maine has never been distinguished for setting the fashion or for observing nice sartorial distinctions; it has, alas, no Providence Journal. The women of Maine need no gaudy trappings to enhance their natural charms, and draw toward them the eyes of men. And as for the men—did not Hannibal Hamlin wear a swallow-tail at breakfast, dinner and supper?

There was a time when linen smelled of sweet herbs. Sheets were "laid up in lavender." As the poet sang:  
Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,  
And crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare perfume.

But what do sheets, pillow-cases, towels smell of when they return from the laundry? Some stinking, rotting chemical—what is it?

And what has become of the old-fashioned bootblack who achieved a poush by the use of blacking and elbow grease. See you sit in the chair, and a boy begins to operate. You are reading a newspaper, and your

feet are chilled with a chill that curls the toes and strikes through to the soles, and then it climbs up your legs and attacks your spine. You look down. The boy is applying with a sponge a liquid preparation. He lets the stuff dry. He turns down your trouser ends and holds out a hand. Yes, there is a sort of a glaze, which he calls a shine, and the manufacturer of the liquid also claims that it is a shine. After an hour your boots look as though they had been rubbed with stove-polish. The next day they have a speckled, scabby, moldy appearance, as though they were suffering from some skin-disease. We fear that the old-fashioned bootblack and the old-fashioned washer-woman are with Breitmann's party, away in the Ewigkeit.

Thursday night there was a chill and nipping air, even in Mechanics' Hall. A man entered with a frost-bitten expression. An usher said, simply to show good will, "The coat-room is over there, sir." "Thank you," answered the man through chattering teeth, "can I get a coat there?"

Mrs. Sherwood, speaking of the days when Church, the painter, was first becoming known, says, "It was a small city, New York. It could easily, the best of it, be gathered of an evening in the old Academy of Music." Does not this hold good today? And would not a smaller building accommodate this "best?"

Mr. Walter Doolin, an Irish architect, insists that blue not green is the national color of Ireland. Is he right? Letters from Orangemen will receive no attention.

According to certain deep thinkers, height is a matter of diet. "See the prevalence of tall stature among natives of temperate regions, where life is fairly easy, rather than in the conditions prevailing in cold countries like Greenland, where starvation is almost the rule, or in hot ones like India, where the excessive heat makes gorging a difficulty." And this theory is said to account for the number of tall girls in the streets "by supposing that their mothers ate more than they would have done in the days when it was supposed to be ladylike to live on air." The bicycle plays its part by increasing the appetite of the possible mother. But who will invent the next food? First man lived on nuts and fruits; then in the pastoral age through the kindness of flocks; then came the discovery of cereals that might be stored; but since then what? Reader, do not start; there is no concealed advertisement here; we do not propose to flash the name of a health food on you; we are merely introducing you to a question propounded by Dr. Deniker in his "Races of Man." With the discovery of cereals "man's invention in the supply of food seems to have been paralyzed. Meat, corn and fruit mark the limits of human invention so far in this respect. He who shall introduce a new food staple—fish has never been this even for maritime and riparian tritons—will, if it be more easily procurable than the three named, make the human race at once taller and wiser."

May 17, 1900

THE Fall Mail Gazette speaks thus pleasantly of "An American Beauty," produced at the Shaftesbury, London, April 25, with Edna May, Truly Shattuck (which leads one to ask, "But what is your real name?"), Marie George, Ella Snyder, Richard Carle, Louis Wesley and others.

"In spite of many defects, there was something in 'The Belle of New York' that made it live and filled those who saw it with gaiety. It was endowed with that spirit of vitality without which all the best traditions and most scrupulous adherence to forms are nugatory. The 'American Beauty,' though in substance a twin sister, is soulless, and, consequently, leaves us altogether unmoved. With immense patience the audience sat through the protracted scenes, laughing good-humoredly at the innumerable jokes, encouraging the performers, showing no resentment at much long-drawn-out dullness and many pointless episodes; but not one song or dance was encored, and at the fall of the curtain the verdict was not to be mistaken. \* \* \* Mr. Albert Parr, the only serious personage in the piece, sang and acted with so much decorum that one almost resented his appearance as that of a sane intruder in an establishment for lunatics."

Foreigners hear extraordinary stories about American musical life. Here is a paragraph from the Ménestrel of April 22: "An opera company was giving performances in Kansas. 'Faust' was especially successful, and the manager, to please the people still more, introduced popular songs, character dances and a scene representing the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight." This reminds us: It is true that Emma Abbott used to interpolate "Nearer My God to Thee" in the garden scene in "Faust?"

And here is a story from the Ménestrel of April 29. "Toujours les excentricités américaines," is the opening sentence, and the story is as follows: "At Connorsville the talent of a pianist, Miss Mary Tata, was warmly appreciated. She was a consumptive. Knowing that she was about to die, she asked her friends to put her corpse on the piano. This was done, and, according to her wish, a colleague accompanied the prayers on the same instrument. Her wishes did not stop here. The strings were taken out, the body was borne to the grave in the empty box, and it served as a coffin in the grave itself." The Ménestrel adds: "This young woman was devoted, body and soul, to her piano."

That was indeed a tragic ending of the opera season at Manassas. Fourteen of the company died of yellow fever, which followed a masked ball in which the members took part. One of them,



the scene painter, returned, bathed in sweat, and instead of taking the elementary precautions, he washed his face in cold water." A day after he was attacked, and he died soon after. The secretary of the company, who was his roommate, was frightened, and he purged himself, without any reason, after a hearty meal. He, too, died. His friend, the prima donna, Teresa Zuehl, caught the fever, and in a fit of hysteria cut her tongue. She submitted to an operation, and she died. Then others followed their associates. The conductor, Jonata, seems to have been a plaything of fate. The steamer sailed at Genoa without him. He hurried to Barcelona at his own expense and caught the steamer there.

I quote from Mr. Baughan of London: "The Beethoven tradition is the strangest thing to my mind. Where did it come from, and who helped to make it? The Brahms tradition is another strange affair—where did it come from? The Beethoven tradition consists of a fixed idea that a level, unromantic, unhuman and unexpressive style of playing is absolutely necessary for the realization of his 'intentions.' I will admit readily enough that there is a good deal of the architectural in Beethoven's music, and that to ignore it and play as if he were the most modern of formless composers would be quite as wrong as is the present emotionless Beethoven playing, but there is a middle course. The fault of almost all Beethoven players, even D'Albert, and he is by far the finest of all, is that they do not make sufficient of the master's many beauties. He is played as if he were a straightforward, dry-as-dust composer, until a Busoni or a Paderewski comes along and shows you how much can be made of even the most hackneyed sonata. Strangely enough, your lover of the Beethoven tradition does not understand this side of Beethoven interpretation, and several of them have even said that a recent performance by Rosenthal of the 'Sonata Caractéristique' was superb. I heard that performance, and I can honestly say that the pianist never once showed that he understood at all the sentiment of the sonata. Technically it was well played—extremely well played—but it was the very skeleton of the sonata Rosenthal gave us; there was no life, no expression or charm. How could anyone call it fine? And then as to Brahms.

All one hears of the composer points to the fact that he was endowed with extraordinary energy, both of mind and body. I always feel that his music should be played with something of that energy. But the pianists who have made the Brahms tradition in London—notably Miss Fanny Davis—seem to think that to be dull is to be a true Brahms player. Make everything as level as possible, ignore all shades of expression; and you have Brahms. I have only heard two pianists who have understood Brahms at all—Miss Ilona Eibenschutz and Ernest von Dohnanyi. Both of these artists interpret a peculiarly alive fire into their playing, before which the supposed dullness of Brahms melts away.

Saint-Saëns's fifth piano concerto was played for the first time in this country by Mr. Maurits Leefson, at a concert of the Maurits orchestra in Philadelphia, April 20.—Puccini's new opera will be "Marie Antoinette," book by Illica and Schürmann. The chief characters will be the Queen, the Dauphin, Louis XVI., the Comte de Vere, Simon.—Delna made her reappearance at the Opéra Comique, Paris, May 1 as Orpheus.—Augusta Doria (Miss Klous of Boston) did not agree with the manager of the Opéra Comique, Paris, so she left the company, and has made an engagement with the Monnaie, Brussels, for three years, a sensible move on her part. She will make her début in September as Brangaene to Litvinne's Isolde. She will also play Carmen, Delilah, and other mezzo-soprano parts.—Perosi Hall was opened at Milan, April 25, the day of Saint-Mark, with the first performance of Perosi's new oratorio "The Entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem," which was followed by other works of the priest-composer. There was an orchestra of 109.—"Lohengrin" was given in Italy 1143 times between Nov. 1, 1871, and Dec. 26, 1899, and between the same dates "Tannhäuser" 237, "Die Walküre" 119, "Die Götterdämmerung" 84, "The Flying Dutchman" 62, "Rienzi" 46, "Die Meistersinger" 95, "Tristan" 12, "Siegfried" 32, "Das Rheingold" 5—which, they say, makes a total of 1763 performances, or 61 a year.—Mrs. Beach's sonata for violin and piano was played in Paris by Ysaye and Pugno the last week in April. Boutarel said it was not unworthy of the occasion.—Corneville, the little village that lent its name to Planquette's "Cloches de Corneville" has no bells. A subscription list is going about there to provide them. A local Marquis heads the list—and you remember there is a Marquis in the opera.—They have named a street in Brussels after the late Joseph Dupont, the conductor.—In spite of the critics Puccini's "Tosca" crowds the Scala at Milan.—The Sun says with reference to Mr. Paur's re-election as conductor of Philharmonic Society, New York: "It was said that a determined party would try to elect Ernest Von Schuch, whose name does not even appear in the list of candidates, and there was another rumor that Emil Paur would under no circumstances be elected, even if it were necessary to postpone the election until another candidate on whom all parties could unite should appear. None of these things happened, and Mr. Paur was elected by a large majority. Herr Von Schuch played no

role in the proceedings, as it is not probable that he will return to this country next year, and Mr. Grau prefers that the conductor at the Metropolitan should be free from all regular concert engagements. It is not true that Mr. Paur is to receive a salary of \$5000 a year at the Philharmonic, or any other fixed sum. The conductor always gets eight times as much as any single player, whatever that amount may happen to be. Last year, every player's share was \$214, which showed a decrease of more than \$1 from the preceding year. The highest amount that ever went to the players was \$385. This dividend was paid during the last year of Anton Seidl's conductorship, when for the first time the number of concerts was increased to eight." The Sun might have added that this large dividend was declared the year that New York was without opera.—I quote from the New York Times: "Miss Mary Louisa White, is, it seems, engaged upon a 'Transvaal war symphony,' and has obligingly issued a description of the first part. It closes, however, prematurely with the battle of Glencoe, and a dirge for Gen. Symons, so that there is a great deal more to come, though how much more will, of course, depend upon the British Generals rather than upon the lady herself. 'The symphony,' we are told, 'opens with an earnest appeal to the British Empire to pause before she strikes,' a matter we should say rather difficult to describe on the pianoforte. Then the lady takes us through the negotiations—a sort of 'Blue Book'

symphony—the march of the British, and so forth; 'the interim between the Boer ultimatum and their declaration of war,' it seems, 'ending with the simplest musical cadence, suggesting how easily matters of dissension can often be settled.' If they could be settled as easily as writing a 'symphony for the piano,' war would be a simple matter indeed."—The widow Wagner is not pleased with the theatre building at Munich for the model performance of Wagner's operas.—Grieg gave a concert at Copenhagen to an audience of small traders and workmen, whom he thus addressed during the program. "This evening," he said, "is a realization of a dream of my youth; for I have always held that art should, as in ancient Greece, extend to all classes of society, just because it is its mission to bring a message from heart to heart. I wish that workmen's concerts like this, which endeavor to fulfill this object, might prosper and find followers in all countries."—Clara Butt has a younger sister who is said to be nearly as tall as she is, and she will make her appearance soon in London. The Sun commenting on the Butt family says: "Miss Butt is coming back here next season, and it may interfere with her prospects for future success that she is engaged to be married and will bring back with her Kennely Rumford, her betrothed, whom she will marry in June. He will sing with her, and the domesticity of this little arrangement may interfere with the success of Miss Butt, who probably will not be nearly so appealing as she was when she shook her short curls and threw up her eyes to the accompaniment of her temperamental singing in single blessedness. It is not to be supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Rumford intend to attempt the Mr. and Mrs. Henschel of public domesticity so early in their career, and if such is their plan, warning is hereby given that Mr. and Mrs. Henschel expect to return here, and that they will as usual monopolize all demonstrations of marital happiness and affection in public."

The Ménestrel of April 15 spoke as follows of an American singer who suddenly replaced Marthe Riotion as Louise in Charpentier's opera of that name at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. Miss Riotion, suffering from the grip, was obliged to give up at the end of the second act:

"Miss Garden, who had studied the part with Fugère, was told during the day that she might be needed. Dressing hurriedly, without rehearsal, never having been on the stage, and having sung only once with orchestra in concert, she continued with surprising pluck the performance. Her voice at the beginning of the aria in the third act trembled a little with emotion, but she quickly pulled herself together, and her organ could then be fairly judged. She is an American who is not wholly free from accent, and like the majority of her compatriots, she gives the impression of a highly gifted amateur. In the last act she displayed dramatic temperament. Her gestures and diction were perhaps a little exaggerated, and she chopped her phrases. It would be premature to judge of her after such an unforeseen experience. The audience recognized the difficulty of the task performed with such good result, and applauded warmly."

The Paris correspondent of the Era (London) writes as follows of Erlanger's new opera, "Le Juif Polonais":

("The Bells"), produced at the Opéra-Comique April 11:

Its score, while denoting unquestionable talent and the most delicate taste, proved somewhat disappointing, so much so had reported led us to expect from the composer, one of the most promising among young French musicians. Erlanger, who studied under the late Léo Delibes, carried off the Prix de Rome ten or twelve years ago, and up to the present his only theatrical production has been a little piece called "Icelandia," brought out by Carvalho a couple of years since. It obtained indifferent success, and I fear a similar fate awaits his "Juif Polonais." Then, as now, the subject with which the composer had to deal was ill suited to give rein to his inspiration, and in the actual case the music of the principal rôle was written specially to fit the attributes of an artist who is a clever actor but possesses scarcely any voice. Erlanger, therefore, had to labor under a twofold difficulty. Our latter-day librettists take things very easily; instead of padding their own canoe by inventing a plot, they simply adapt a novel or a play, no matter how well known to lyrical purposes. "Le Juif Polonais" is simply a version of Erkmann and Chatrian's old drama so familiar to English play-goers as "The Bells." Originally produced at the little Théâtre Cluny in 1869, it made the fortune of the manager and the reputation of Talien, who played the part of Hans Mathis, while, as the critics said at the time, the Siamese novelists, whose only piece it was, "could flatter themselves they were dramatists." Soon the piece made the tour of the globe, having been adapted into every language, and nowhere was its success greater than in England, so brilliant was Henry Irving's delineation of the leading part. Here it has since been played at the Ambigu by Tailade, at the Gaîté by Dumaine, by Paulin-Ménier at the Porte-St.-Martin, and, finally, not many years since, by M. Got at the Français. The last was undoubtedly the most indifferent performance of all, and it seemed to have buried "Le Juif Polonais" forever. You are so familiar with "The Bells," that it is unnecessary to recite the plot of the new musical piece, which follows closely the lines of the old drama. Suffice it to say that the most attractive feature of the production is its mounting. More picturesque scenery could not be desired, costumes and properties are singularly characteristic and appropriate, the frame in which the work is set being a treat for the eyes. Erlanger's score contains much melody of a rather commonplace character and devoid of any striking originality, but it reveals a skillful hand, abundant ingenuity in the instrumentation, and offers, perhaps, more interest to professional musicians than to an ordinary hearer. Passion and tenderness are gifts with which the composer does not seem to be endowed. In his defence it should be said that the subject does not lend itself to lyrical treatment. What music could be written to illustrate the successive scenes of the third act during Mathis's vision of the murder, assize court,

hanging, etc., except melodramatic strains suitable for pantomime? The second act is, however, very pleasing, and the symphonic passages contain great charm, while the jingle of the bells that pricks Mathis's conscience so keenly recurs again and again in a peculiarly effective way, the musician's technology being throughout remarkable. On the whole, an undramatic, unattractive score, but not without promise, and Erlanger will probably give a better account of himself when he is supplied with a more favorable theme. Victor Maurel plays the fine role of Mathis in such highly elaborate style that his performance is rarely, if ever, natural, and he sings very little. He was, however, warmly applauded. Carbone vocalizes admirably and acts well as the doctor, and Clément's voice is heard to advantage in the part of the gendarme betrothed to Suzel, a role filled with considerable charm and simplicity by Mlle. Guiraudon. Mlle. Germaine is also excellent as Mathis's wife, and I should not omit mentioning that the band goes faultlessly under Luigi's guidance. At the second performance the impression seemed to be far more favorable and the audience more cordial than at the première.

Philip Hale.

May 14 1900

If Nature had been comfortable mankind would never have invented architecture. In a house we all feel of the proper proportions. Everything is subordinated to us, fashioned for our use and our pleasure. Egotism itself, which is so necessary to a proper sense of human dignity, is entirely the result of indoor life. Out of doors one becomes abstract and impersonal. One's individuality absolutely leaves one. And then Nature is so indifferent, so unappreciative. Whenever I am walking in the Park here I always feel that I am no more to her than the cattle that browse on the slope, or the burdock that blooms in the ditch. Nothing is more evident than that Nature hates Mind. Thinking is the most unhealthy thing in the world, and people die of it just as they die of any other disease.

What a fine, crusted, old-port Tory Mr. Joe Chamberlain is! And he used to be a "tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, rambling, roaring" Radical before the Prince of Wales, the sly dog, sent word that he would be happy to take luncheon with him.

Although we belong distinctly to the upper class—outside of the fact that we live in the fourth story of an apartment house—we do not move in society that it spelled sassiness—nor have we moved in society at all since some one lifted our new overcoat at a reception

given to a distinguished foreign visitor. But we like to read about all the "charming daughters" and "elegant hostesses," and we are sorry for those who are sick at heart when their names do not appear in the list of "among the prominent persons present." We were therefore delighted to read yesterday in the Ménestrel, a weekly journal devoted to music and published in Paris, a picturesque account of a social event in Boston (Massachusetts). The editor says that the story was sent to him from this city, and the contributor does not hesitate to name names. What is more surprising in a French journal, the names are spelled with destructive accuracy. Remember, please, that the Ménestrel is a dignified paper, and that the issue is dated the 29th of last month:

"A rich lady of the highest society, Miss —, gave lately at the finest woman's club of our city—veritable 'Epatant' féminin—a garden-party to which men were not invited, and for a good reason. For an unpublished ballet was performed—'The Dancing Flowers.' All the parts were assigned to the prettiest young girls in society, and these dancers for the occasion risked a naturalistic mise-en-scène that would please the box-office in Paris, but would not probably be allowed by the censor. Did these flowers wear a 'tutu,' and did they cover their supports with pink silk gauze as do the flowers in our own Opéra ballet? No, for they are dressed in leaves and balance themselves on green stems. But the young ladies in Boston imitated nature. The bust and arrangement of hair represented in each case a flower; and their legs and feet, uniformly encased in green tights, gave an admirable idea of stems. The ballet was danced in the open air, on a lawn covered with boards painted green, and under the shade of superb trees. A female orchestra led by Mrs. —, was engaged for the festival; the leader in a petticoat had skillfully arranged a charming score, with the frequent collaboration of our regretted Léo Delibes. And so the 'Pizzicati' from 'Sylvia' set the time to an eccentric dance in which eight girl-flowers threw their right stems in the air as high as the laws of anatomy permit to young girls this exercise known as 'Highkicking,' which is, as a matter of fact, very 'shocking' (sic). Boston has again established the reputation of being the most Athenian city of the United States."

Such dances are danced here in the open air, and in the early spring, and the local newspapers pay no attention to them! And there was not even one letter of remonstrance published in the Transcript! But who is the well-informed correspondent of the Ménestrel?

We have received from H. F. E. the following account of a tragedy that, as he says, threw a dismal shadow over the Back Bay a few days ago.

#### THE ROLL.

When he awoke late in the morning he was surprised to feel a slight pain in the back of his neck. He touched the spot gently with his hand. It was about the size and shape of one of the brass-headed nails in the stuffed leather

chairs in his library. What could the thing be? He thought of a ragged collar. But no; that couldn't be. Watkins was too careful a valet. What could it be? He sat up and examined the pillow. It was too soft to damage the face of a child. Perhaps some one had struck him in fun the night before! No; he could recall no such familiarity. Silly idea! Bob and Dick were both gentlemen. Then what could it be? He was perplexed; a little frightened. A bite? What a sickening thought! He got out of bed nervously and walked over to the glass. The thing looked at him brazenly. It was red, and oh! so nasty looking. He twisted his neck to get a nearer view. What a sharp pain! Could the thing be a —, and he a Witherspoon! "Watkins! Watkins, I say! Oh, there you are! A silk kerchief—get me a silk kerchief. Yes, yes; that will do. Now wind it round my neck—carefully now, carefully. A what, did you say? Confound your impudence! Disgusting thing! How did I—get it? I, who never had such a thing before in all my life! Now get me a drink, Watkins. No, I shan't go out today. What are you looking at? Get out. And I—a Witherspoon—with such a thing!"

But there are simple remedies for boils, or, to speak by the ears, "Byles." Here is one: "Bay Salt well beaten into powder and sifted, and incorporated or mixed well with the yolk of an Egg, and so laid upon any Carbuncle, Plague Sore, Botch, Pyle, or Impostume, assuredly (by the grace of God) it will draw to it self all the venom of the Plague, or the Sore, and break any Byle, or other thing, so that in short time the same will be healed. A tried thing." Bay salt, Bay State, Back Bay—truly a spell-working combination.

Or perhaps Mr. Witherspoon would



ound quicker relief from this sure approved remedy: "Lay first some Posset curd, and let it removed of 12 hours, and that rather the matter together, and it tender. But if once applying the Posset Curd do it not, then thereof to it twice or thrice: take unquench Lime, and cast it some faire Spring water, and the same with black Sope, and the sore a piece thereof, accord- the greatness that you would he hole of the sore, and when it ke, then wash it in white Wine e heated; and so heale it with and powder of Sugar mixed to-

regret to say that we must put the present an entertaining in- as to the precise nature of "boils"—whether his disease was prosy, or eczema, or whether a at Hot Springs might not have at relief.

May 15 1900

Our pride is but a jest! One are worst, and none are best! Grief and Joy, and Hope and Fear, say their Pageants everywhere! In Opinion all doth sway; And the World is but a Play!

owers above, in clouds do sit, Looking our poor apish wit; That so lamely, with such State, their high glory imitate. To ill can be felt but pain; And that, happy men disdain.

ne Adams-Stern writes to the on about the "Difficulties of Opera in English." But has Mrs. mastered all the difficulties of opera in French? The fact that is never sung in English opera lly makes her opinions the more ic. The chief duty of an editor is to procure articles from men omen "in the public eye," or they know or do not know ng about the proposed subject.

Rudyard Kipling, the worst conce of the Boer-English war, is ven to gaseous explosions. Unately his fame won by early hard and the fact that he wrote y about a land and people un- to nine-tenths of his readers is turning to gas.

is see—cannot we think of some- else to say that is disagreeable cause pain? There's Professor s Petrie, for instance, who with e-bar has been prying into anti- rubbernecking in the cause of . And what a beautiful name for scientific larks! Flinders Petrie! s means fragments, pieces, rs, and Petrie puts you in mind the palaces and temples. Just the or the job! A good name, too, surgeon, especially one skilled in aramy.

ble Gabrielle Aimée Marie An- de de Riquetti de Mirabeau, sse de Martel de Janville—other- known as "Gyp"—who says that s "taken away in a carriage by omen to an unknown chateau and in a room from which she suc- in escaping with great difficult," therto been classed with the s rather than with the roman- . It is surprising that she did not herself imprisoned in a loathsome on or under the leads. "Gyp" n the 47 years old next August. A olant of the great Mirabeau, she porting blood in her veins, but e appears in her books, not in her and her superfluities of naughti- are purely or impurely cerebral. e ancestor, who wrote some extra- itary books which are not on the s in Bates Hall or in the library erlin College, did not content self with being a theorist.

otread about the deeds of Hungry d his partners, and you wonder e credulity of farmers, city farm- a well as country-farmers, for the farmer was born and brought in the great town. Yet you put \$1000 e years ago into a scheme by which w's grain after the brewer was ough with it was to be made so palat- e hat horses would neigh for it. e new the promoter well. He re- e only that he had not put more e into it himself. "Why, you'll e your stake in two weeks—or, e observative, say, three weeks. You e, Mayor Quincy is interested in it, e there's a big political deal behind it. e of the shrewdest financiers are ezo come in, and a college-profes- e the Rev. Mr. Johnson G. Irons e 10 shares apiece yesterday. You e expect to see the stock quoted. e keeping the thing very quiet." e ve him the money. You received e of chaste design. A week e you were informed that a meeting ectors had been held and that the epts were bright. Then you wait- e month. You waited two months. e at the promoter accidentally in e room—that is, you were there ac- ally, but his elbow had worn a e the bar—and you spoke hesitat-

ingly about the grain business. "O— didn't I tell you? That fell through a month ago. You know I told you there would be a certain risk. Nothing venture"—and with that he raised his glass. You observed that the little finger of his right hand was pointed straight at the ceiling. You made other observations.

The bunco man appeals to vanity. A Bostonian, who has left the shade of his family tree, finds himself in New York. He walks and walks with- out seeing a face he knows, and he be- gins to be aware that nobody knows or cares for him. A man much better dressed than he is, with an affability of address that any true Bostonian secretly envies and wonders how it is done, comes up to him, calls him by name, and mentions casually Bever- ly or a State Street banker. The Bostonian, joyous because after all he is known and really is a person of im- portance, is absolutely cordial. And then the bunco man leads him whither he pleases.

A young woman of New Jersey mourned her faithless lover, but a practical witch said she would bring him back for the ridiculously low sum of \$37, which was paid in advance. The witch told her to skin a cat, boil the carcass, bathe in the water, then take a walk around the block clad only in her beauty. The girl, they say, did all this—they do queer things in New Jer- sey—but the young man did return. (Perhaps he caught sight of her as she was taking her mystical exercise.) The story has a sad ending. The witch was sent to jail because she could not pay a fine of \$100. There are many love- spells that are simpler, and it is not necessary to go far from New Jersey to find them used. Thus Hoffmann, in a paper contributed to the American Philosophical Society, 1889, tells of a widow among the Pennsylvania Ger- mans, who fell in love with a boatman. He looked on her with careless eyes. "With the blade of a penknife she scraped her knee until she had secured a small quantity of the cuticle, baked it in a specially prepared cake, and sent it to him."

But what did Henry say to Fair Rosa- mond?

One accent from thy lips the blood more warms Than all their philtres, exorcisms, and charms.

And John Aubrey made this sage re- mark many years ago: "Tis something divine and inexplicable. It is strange, that as one walks the streets some- times one shall meet with an aspect (of male or female) that pleases our souls; and whose natural sweetness of nature, we could boldly rely upon. One never saw the other before, and so could neither oblige or disoblige each other. Gaze not on a maid, salth Ecclus. lx., 5."

Many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nur- tured in congenial and sympathetic sur- roundings, or by the imitation of the best models, might grow into something really great and wonderful. But, as a rule, he comes to nothing. He either falls into care- less habits of accuracy, or takes to fre- quenting the society of the aged and well-informed. Both things are equally fatal to his imagination, as indeed they would be fatal to the imagination of anybody, and in a short time he develops a morbid and unhealthy faculty of truth-telling, be- gins to verify all statements made in his presence, has no hesitation in contradict- ing people who are much younger than him- self, and often ends by writing novels which are so like life that no one can possibly believe in their probability. This is no iso- lated instance that we are giving. It is simply one example out of many.

We have received a letter from a man in Spokane, Wash., who asserts as proof of his "bona fides" that he is "real cousin to the late Earl of Staf- ford, and an uncle to the Lord de Clifford, and nephew of the late William Gladstone." He was also "for 20 years the most intimate friend of the late Marchioness of Salisbury's late brother." He also admits that he is "one of the very best known men in Lon- don." He is an author, and he has been a stock broker. He has a letter ready for the Prime Minister of Eng- land, in which he asks Salisbury to institute instantly an action at law "against those sapient men who make laws for or run Washington State for \$5,000,- 000, and needless to say the entire world will be anxious to learn the details of the charge, and of the way of carry- ing on the Lunacy Ring in America." He is the only person in the entire world who "can and will divulge" these details. He is willing to sell to the highest bidder—the exclusive right to publish this letter. But for \$10—for the paltry sum of \$10, he will mail anyone a copy of the letter as soon as it has appeared in any newspaper.

Mr. Sims, our old friend of "Mustard and Cress"—or "Custard and Mess" as

his detractors name his column, re- marks: "The American school boys have not spoken the last word in pro- Boorism. The love of Krueger has spread to the American nursery, and a deputation of American babies has been organized. These adventurous infants, after they have arrived in the Trans- vaal, are to be wheeled to Pretoria in perambulators by Irish nursemaids specially selected by Miss Maud Gonne."

They say that the new corsets in- crease the waist measure from three to four inches; "the compensating grace is an absolute disappearance of the abdomen, even in the case of stout women." But who wishes a woman to resemble a shad, or a Connecticut legislator? Even the tall, thin, cool brunette, the ideal summer girl, is not built like a dish. What would be more to the point, would be a waistcoat that would mitigate the ventripotency of the sterner sex.

If Mr. Frohman succeeds in putting the Passion Play on the stage in New York, it may be well to consider the danger of realism. Once in Hungary an actor impersonating the soldier at the crucifixion actually killed with a spear-thrust his fellow-actor on the cross, who fell upon the Holy Virgin, and in turn killed her. John II. leaped upon the stage, and in turn killed the too realistic actor. The audience mur- mured and sulked, and John lost crown and life.

New Teacher—"Next boy, what's your name?"

Boy—"William, ma'am."

"What's your other name?"

"Strappy Bill."—Philadelphia Record.

Yes, but this is merely an abbreviated and softened form of an old story dear to the childhood of many. It began: "And what is your name, my bright- eyed boy?" "My name is William, but the boys in our alley call me"—perhaps you still remember the rest of the story.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that the London Times spells "kerb," the margin of stone or some other material which protects the outer- edge of a sidewalk, "kerb." But the word in this sense is usually spelt "kerb" in England. And a certain class of financiers is known to the English as "kerbstone brokers." Why this sur- prise?

Paris must be a dreadful city just now. We have already been told that the water is unusually filthy, that small-pox and typhoid fever are raging, that automobiles delight in crushing pedestrians to a pulp, that the prices are exorbitant. And now we learn that dextrene is to be substituted for gum- arabic to make the French postage stamps stick, and dextrene is as nasty as it is cheap, and it will blister the tongue and lead to general eruption in the mouth and on the lips. And the plane trees "exercise a most deleterious influence on the lungs and are vehicles of disease, for 'anything in the shape of a microbe attaches itself to the down of the plane trees with the utmost readiness, accompanies it in its wander- ings, and in consequence has an excel- lent chance of finding its way into the human system.'" Nevertheless men and women persist in taking passage to see the Exhibition.

May 17 1900

#### IMPECUNIOUS.

If I could be a pirate bold,  
And sail upon the sea,  
Then I might have a lot of gold  
And what I liked for tea;  
But mother would be shocked to meet  
A pirate strolling down the street.

If I could be an Indian chief,  
And plunder herds and flocks,  
Then I could sell my stolen beef,  
And have a money box;  
But mother would not let me walk  
About with knife and tomahawk.

If I could be a highwayman,  
What riches I should win!  
I think it is a splendid plan,  
If I could but begin;  
But then, it is no use to ask—  
I'm not allowed to wear a mask.

So now, whichever way I turn,  
No penny do I see,  
Because there's nothing I can earn,  
And nothing I can be:  
I'm not quite certain who's to blame,  
But everything's an awful shame.

Mr. William Archer calls loudly for chloride of lime, scrubbing brushes and other things for the cleansing of the stage. "The Belle of New York" is a stench to his nostrils. "What was it" he cries, "but one long glorification of the vulgarest order of debauchery!" Mr. Archer is preparing himself quickly for an impersonation of Malvollo.

Mr. Clark, or Senator Clark, might remember with profit that in the days of Selim the Grim nominees for the highest office had to be bastinadoed into accepting it, for they feared the bow- string. But Mr. Clark evidently thinks

with the man in Mr. Hoyt's play that the United States Senate is the best club he knows.

Here are two heroes that appeal to us more warmly than Roberts, Kitchen- er and the whole of the British army. Doctors Sambon and Low propose to determine whether malaria is or is not due to mosquito bites. Tempting in- ducements were held out to them by dwellers in New Jersey, and cottagers at Osterville, Barnstable County, Mass., but after long hesitation the intrepid men chose the most unhealthy spot in the swamps of the Roman Campagna. We think they made a mistake, that Osterville is the one place for such ex- periments; nevertheless their bravery is to be applauded. "They are to live at night in a mosquito-proof house, every aperture of which will be covered with zinc mosquito-netting, and the idea is that if they can live through the summer without suffering either from malaria or mosquitos, they will have proved that you cannot have the former without the latter." The Roman mosquito is indeed a thing to strike terror to the soul of anyone who has never spent a week at Oster- ville, for "there are gruesome legends of babes and sucklings carried off to high trees and devoured in full sight of their afflicted parents."

Who is W. F. W., a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette? He writes en- tertainingly and with an authority that even South African war correspondents might envy. He told the other day of the death in Paris of Isabelle, the flower girl of the Jockey Club, whose name in private life was Miss Briant. Once, of course, she was young and pretty, and in the glittering days of the Second Empire she received the equiv- alent of \$250 for a buttonhole bouquet. "A good many functionaries of State were in receipt of smaller incomes than Isabelle, at one time—say, after Caesar and his wife had both carried her de- corations to Longchamps. She had a piquant personality, a lively tang to her tongue, and a perfect eye for color. She could hold her own, and more, with all the world; and in the floral adornment of a dinner or supper table she was considered to have no equal. Indeed, she may be said to have in- vented the modern fashion of flowers at feasts. As for the coats she flow- ered since the early 60s, the social and political history of Europe for that period has been buttoned up in them." And her end was the hospital, with a wreath or two of immortelles. This is the end of every flower girl's, as well as every man's, desire.

And W. F. W. tells a queer story about a clergyman and a brewery. They were not on friendly terms. "The divine publicly invoked a descent of the electric fluid" upon the brewery. The fluid descended and the brewery was wrecked. The proprietors propose to refer to the Court the question how far the clergyman's invocation was re- sponsible for the catastrophe.

When literary men gather together to do themselves honor the result is not infre- quently painful. Byron's disgust with those who are "all author; fellows in foolscap uni- forms turned up with ink"—"damned liter- ary men" Lockhart called them—indicated something not altogether admirable in the moral equipment of our literary lords. The successful author, more than any other animal who attains success, too often suffers acutely from what is vulgarly known as swollen head. And when he speaks at a din- ner or at a country fair, his pose is apt to awaken serious reflection even in the most frivolous bosom.

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And forasmuch as our changing or altering of fashions is so sudden and new-fangled that the inventions and new devices of all the tailors in the world cannot so fast invent novelties, it must necessarily follow that neglected and stale rejected fashions do often come into credit and use again; and the latest and newest within a while after come to be outcast and despised, and that one self-same judgement within the space of fifteen or twenty yeares admitteth not only two or three different but also cleane contrarie opinions, with so light and incred- ible inconstance that any man would wonder at it. There is no man so subtle-crafty amongst us that suffreth not himselfe to be inveigled and over-reached by this contra- diction, and that is not insensibly dazeled both with his inward and external eyes.

We have received a letter of protest against tailors, who insist that man shall wear this summer a double-breasted waistcoat. The protest is worded piteously rather than indignantly, as though the writer would fain beg on his knees for an Amazonian waistcoat, or one of a single breast. We do not like this attitude in presence of a tailor. Who is he that he should dictate what is to be worn? A man of no originality of invention, who obeys blindly a caprice of the Prince of Wales or a solemn opinion of the Providence Journal. Why does not our corres- pondent look the tailor boldly in the eye and say: "You are making these clothes for me, not for yourself; not for Lance-



let or another, but for me, I want my waistcoat single breasted." But perhaps the poor wretch does not owe the tailor enough to be brave and independent.

There is another answer: Why wear a waistcoat in summer? Unfortunately the climate of Boston is not a fixed quantity. The man that bares his zebra shirt to the public and the East wind is soon uneasy in his tummy. We might all, as some do, wear a cummerbund in summer, and thus protect the pit of the stomach, "that great ganglionic centre" against sun, rain, and wind; but a waistcoat is in some ways more convenient, and by gorgeous color or delicate nuance or audacious pattern it will characterize as well as identify the wearer. "The vest that all are wearing is not the vest for me," should be the motto of a true and individual soul. Why should you dress in obedience to an arrogantly conventional tailor? Let him content himself with attempts to fit you. For the sartorial art in Boston is at the best experimental, chimerical. The waistcoats of nine Bostonians out of ten are higher on the right side than on the left. Nor should the answer of Sir Tobey Belch—"These clothes are good enough to drink in"—satisfy an Athenian soul.

We read that Mr. Will R. Brown, a passionate bicyclist who rides centuries, consumes rhubarb, jelly cake, strawberries, raw potatoes, peptonized milk, oatmeal and other things—but no meat. Might it not be well for the world at large if Mr. Kipling, who, according to Mr. Salter, represents "the temporary recrudescence of barbarism among English-speaking peoples," should confine himself for some months to a soft, low diet? In all probability at present Mr. Kipling eats only raw meat, just as the Poet Lauriat of England shows unmistakably the results of an exclusive diet of radishes and soda water. Governor Roosevelt is another striking instance of what raw meat three times a day does to a man.

And now that summer is sporadically here, it would be well for even Old Chimes and the Earnest Student of Sociology to put aside all forms of raging and strong drink. Nor should they indulge in mixed drinks or begin "a series of experiments in hydrostatics, with the endeavor to ascertain the quantity of fluid possible to be raised from a glass in a given time by a straw applied to the mouth." We again recommend bimbo—and we feel it a blessed duty to publish the recipe each year—bimbo, the drink that was dear to the late John Phoenix: It is composed of "three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with a little soft squash, and strained through a cane-bottomed chair."

"Wellesley honors Helen Gould." But isn't Wellesley going to do anything for the philanthropic Mr. Rockefeller?

Of course Mr. Choate, the humorous Ambassador, spoke at the dinner of the Ancient Company of Fishmongers. And some of his jokes had an ancient and fishlike smell.

We are glad to learn that burglars in the Western part of the Commonwealth are wearing masks. A masked burglar is always a romantic person, even when he is surprised in the act of eating cold meat or drinking out of a bottle. Without a mask, he is too often found to have irregular features or a disfiguring wart, or a mole, or a squint, or imperfect dentistry.

We do not see why Mr. J. J. Corbett should not run for Congress, if he really wants the office. He is "in the public eye"; he has the gift of gab; and he plays the game.

Three Bostonians sang in the matinee given by Marchesi in Paris April 18: Miss Augusta Doria (Klous), Mrs. Tryphosa Batcheller and Miss "Glacia Calia." The program was devoted to arias and songs by Massenet, and the composer accompanied each one—no doubt with screams of delight.

What would we here, what would we here at all—  
Vex'd with the hungering eye and thirsting ear—  
Whirl'd with the whirling of the sleepless ball?  
Behold we know not ev'n what would we here.

Daily by his own hands are writ our fair  
In a great book the great thoughts of the King.  
We can but mark the purport here and there  
For very wonder at the hand-writing.

If Nature be a phantasm as thou say'st,  
A splendid fiction and prodigious dream,  
To reach the real and true I'll make no haste,  
More than content with worlds that only seem.

Mr. Charles T. Copeland of Maine and Harvard, who lectured this week

before the All Around Dickens Club, is of an exclusive nature. He admires Mrs. Gamp, admits that she "stands alone on a pedestal"—leaning, no doubt, on her umbrella—but he hastened to reassure his hearers by saying, "as a woman she would really not be permitted to enter a respectable house today." And he left her there standing on her pedestal. "There is only one character in English literature," added Mr. Copeland in a fine burst, "that goes beyond Mrs. Gamp, and that is Falstaff, and yet even he would not be admitted to the bar of this hotel." Mr. Townsend evidently is unacquainted with the broad, liberal spirit in which barrooms are run. Falstaff would not be admitted? Why, in five minutes he would own the place. As the battle song of the Papyrus Club has it—ah! how this song breathes forth the true Papyrian spirit! Remember the bar-keeper never forgets To greet the old man with a smile.

To L. B.: Yes, there have been instances of deaths by "spontaneous" combustion from extravagant use of spirituous liquors. We need not, perhaps, include the case of the Countess Cornelia Bandi, although she caught fire "spontaneously" from a long established habit of bathing all her body in camphorated spirits of wine. (Dickens must have known of this tragedy, for certain horrid and repulsive details in his description of the end of Mr. Krook in "Bleak House" are taken from an account in the Annual Register of 1763.) But Marie Clues, Grace Pitt, Mrs. Millet of Rheims, Mrs. de Boieson, Mrs. Marie Jauffret of Aix, Miss Thuars of Caen, and others were passionately fond of brandy or rum; they were habitual drunkards. Now Pierre Aimé Lair wrote an entertaining essay on this subject (Paris, 1800). He examined testimony, he weighed evidence, he experimented, and he came to these conclusions:

- (1). Victims of combustion have for a long time been hard drinkers.
- (2). Only women have been victims.
- (3). These women were well along in years.
- (4). Their bodies have been burned, not spontaneously, but accidentally.
- (5). Their feet and hands have generally been spared by the fire.
- (6). Sometimes water in place of extinguishing the flames has only quickened their activity.
- (7). The fire has damaged only slightly objects in contact with the burning bodies, and it often has spared them.
- (8). The combustion of these bodies left greasy and fetid clinders, and an unctuous stinking, and far penetrating soot.

Lair did not believe in spontaneous combustion, that is, combustion wholly without external cause; and yet he was an honest fellow and he quoted instances apparently hostile to his own opinion. Thus three gentlemen of Kurland drank on a wager; two of them died, suffocated by a flame that burst violently from their stomachs; and Bartholin mentioned similar cases. But as Lair said, "Admit the truth of these instances; there is here no complete destruction of the body by fire."

We must leave this interesting subject, but not without hinting at a moral lesson. Flippant persons sometimes say of a poor victim of alcoholic pleasure, "His breath smells of fire-crackers." Yes, and these crackers are ready to explode if the punk is applied. When you come home from the club after an animated discussion of the South African problem or the future of Unitarianism, do not stand even for a moment before an open fire, hold far from you the match with which you light the gas, and, above all, do not blow out the gas. Otherwise you may be an illustrious exception to the second conclusion formulated by Lair.

Paderewski, who took away with him \$170,000, the net profits of his tour, did not burst into tears as he went on board the steamer, nor did he say that next to Poland he loved America. The modest man, who hates all display and notoriety, said to a reporter that he was "financially satisfied," which was, indeed, noble of him—and then it was so unexpected! A "financially satisfied" Pole is one of the wonders of the century, one that should be a distinguishing feature of the Paris Exhibition.

A literary critic in London justifies himself for writing about the Stage Society in his column on the ground that the society produces a good many plays which the dramatic critics will not allow to be drama. He then speaks of the pleasure given by George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and of the audience "which monthly faces an unknown ordeal. Last time three or four hundred devoted persons endured for three hours watching three plays of which the action passed almost exclusively in darkness, and listening to a dialogue mainly conducted in whispers. I am sure everybody in the audience went away hoping never

to experience again such a brutal assault on the most easily accessible emotions as Maeterlinck had perpetrated in the 'Death of Tintagiles.' Mr. Shaw lays his scene in a dentist's parlor. To sit and watch the actual tooth-drawing would be agreeable in comparison with the spectacle to which Maeterlinck invited us."

Since there is harmless and ineffective talk about asphalt as the proper paving material for the disgracefully and dangerously filthy streets of this city, a report submitted to the Corporation of London by the City Engineer, Mr. D. J. Ross, is of real interest. He stated that ordinary deal blocks had been in use for paving purposes since 1871, and this class of pavement in streets where the traffic was considerable has to be relaid at intervals of from five to seven years. "In some parts of the West End the hardwood paving had been removed and deal blocks substituted for it. With regard to asphalt, he stated that in nearly all the main streets of the city compressed asphalt was used, and in some of the minor streets where the traffic was small the pavements had been down for 30 years. On the Holborn Viaduct the asphalt pavement had been down for 17 years, in London-wall for 20 years, and in Lothbury for 23 years. In the Poultney the pavement had been in use 19 years before it was relaid, and in Prince's Street the asphalt carriage-way lasted 22 years before it was renewed. The engineer reported in favor of the use of asphalt rather than wood in a thoroughfare like the Holborn Viaduct, where the carriage-way traffic represented about 12,000 vehicles in 12 hours. The lowest tender for asphalt was £580 13s. 6d., and a hardwood pavement would cost £600."

THE Pall Mall Gazette says of Prof. Horatio Parker of Yale University: "The distinguished American composer has set Psalm cvii, expressly for the Three Choirs Festival to be held in September at Hereford, and it is expected that he will be present at the production." Mr. Parker will conduct the performance of his "Hora Novissima" at the Chester Musical Festival in July.—A new sonata for violin and piano by Théodore Dubois was played lately in Paris by Ysaye and Pugno. H. Imbert says of it in the Guide Musical of May 6: "When one recalls the works written by the distinguished director of the Composer for the stage in former years, one must recognize, hearing this sonata, what an evolution has taken place in him. This was already felt in his last concerto for piano and in the concerto for violin. Today the evolution is complete, and his sonata is indeed a great endeavor. The influence of the German school is plainly felt, especially the influence of Mendelssohn, whom he resembles in clearness of theme, scholarly and distinguished harmonic structure, ease in figuration, ingenuity in rhythm. But this influence has not prevented him from writing a work in which his own labor is clearly in relief. Were I to criticize after one hearing, I should speak of the binding together of ideas, and of the development. You do not always find in this sonata the logic and the beautiful architecture that distinguish his model, who, after Beethoven, was the great master of form."—A Fantaisie-Ballet by Lalo was played for the first time in Paris by Debrux, violinist. The work is dedicated to Sarasate, and the wonder is that Hamelle, the publisher, kept it so long in manuscript. They say that it is full of charming thoughts and brilliant figuration, and that echoes of "Nimona" are heard at times.—Saint-Saëns, back again in Paris, played at "La Trompette" and a new piano piece by him, "Les Cloches de Las Palmas," was on the program.—A new Ballade for flute, 'cello and piano by Ch. Lefebvre was played for the first time at Paris May 2. "It pleased by its distinction, graceful melody and fine workmanship."—Edouard Nadaud has been chosen as the successor of Marsick, violin teacher, at the Paris Conservatory.—Wüllner conducted at a Gürzenich concert in Cologne Bach's mass in B minor, with the original orchestration, that is to say, with the instruments in use in the time of the composer. He revived the oboe d'amore, and instead of modern trumpets he used trumpets made in imitation of the ancient ones, "whose magnificent brilliance wonderfully heightened the effect of certain passages." But Gevaert did all this over 20 years ago at the Brussels Conservatory, and he even re-established the double bass with five strings, which is taught there today as a special course. "All the double bass players of this school play this instrument, which gives the low C."—The new oratorio of Perosi, "The Entrance of Christ Into Jerusalem," which I mentioned last Sunday, is unfavorably criticised. "The most important part is that of the Narrator, and this is a chief fault of the new work, which goes along almost wholly in long recitations and

commentaries, which, however edifying they may be, are certainly monotonous. The first performance," at Milan, April 25, "was only moderately successful; the Italian audience, which had received so favorably the other works of the Abbé, was this time cold. When it was decided to turn the old Church of Santa-Maria della Pace into the 'Hall for the Music of Perosi,' one aim was to do away with that which had previously shocked in churches still devoted to religious service: The applause which had hitherto followed the performance of his earlier works. It was therefore the more surprising to find that, for the first time, no page of the new work was repeated."—Flo-tow's "L'Ombre"—an opera in three acts, without chorus and with only four characters—has been revived in Paris, and so has Boieldieu's "Nouveau Seigneur de Village."—Blanche Marchesi has been singing in Ireland.—Gailhard has been renominated as Director of the Opéra, Paris, for seven years; the term will begin Jan. 1, 1901.—Charpentier obtained his wish that at a performance of his "Louise" at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, April 30, 400 seats in the third and fourth galleries should be given free to young dress-makers.—A Guarnerius violin, owned by the late Armingaud, was sold at Paris for \$5600. Friedrich Grützmacher,

'cellist at Cologne, has taken the place of first cello in the Weimar Court Orchestra, which was held by his father, the late Leopold Grütz-macher, but he will retain his position as teacher in the Cologne Conservatory and his place in the Gürzenich Orchestra.—Wilhelm Jahn, formerly conductor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, died April 23. At his funeral the female chorus of the opera house sang the "Angels' Chorus" from "The Holy Elisabeth," and the orchestra, under Mahler, played the andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony.—Lilli Lehmann appeared lately as Aida and Norma at the Vienna opera house. Her Aida did not please.—The 50th year anniversary of "Lobengrin" will be celebrated at Weimar Aug. 22.—Hugo Becker, the 'cellist, will give concerts in America in January, February and March. He was born Feb. 13, 1861, at Strassburg. Formerly a member of the Florentine Quartet, he took the place of his father, Jean Becker, (1833-1894), he was 'from '83 to '86 solo 'cellist of the Frankfurt opera and since 1894 he has been teacher of the 'cello at the Hoek Conservatory in the last named city.—A new ballet, "Cythère," has been produced at the Folies-Bergère, Paris. The music is by Louis Ganne, who wrote "Le Père la Victoire." He is also responsible for "La Czarine" and other popular melodies. The libretto is by Auguste Germain. The story is simple. "An innocent girl will not listen to the pressing appeals of the man who loves her, and finally gives herself entirely away to him, after her heart has been pierced by young Eros's traditional dart, according to his mother Venus's order. The part of the Ingenue is played by Jane Thylda, who pantomimes it with consummate art, suggesting most effectively the young girl's simplicity first, then her tenderness and her love."—The meeting of the General German Music Union will take place in Bremen, May 23 to 27. "Christ as Prophet," second part of the mystery "Christ," by Felix Draeseke; Philipp Scharwenka's (prize) Dramatic Symphony; Symphonic Variations on a theme by Handel, by F. L. Lambert; Second Symphony, by Weingartner; Second Symphony, by W. Berger; violin concerto, by Sinding; piano concertos, by Sauer and Neitzel, played by the composers, will be performed. Liszt's "Prometheus," Corne-lius's overture to "The Cid," and Strauss's "Heldenleben" will also be given, as well as some chamber music and lieder.

There will be a choral celebration of the Holy Communion at the Church of the Advent, Wednesday morning, May 30, at 9.30 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. The choirs of the Church of the Advent and the Church of the Messiah, Boston, with the men of the choirs of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, and St. John's Memorial Chapel, Cambridge, will sing "Missa in Festis Solemnibus," a plain song mass adapted from the Ratisbon Gradual to the English Office of the Holy Eucharist, by P. S. Jaques. No tickets will be required for admission to this service.

The Tenth Annual Festival of Choir Guild, first section, will be held at St. Paul's Wednesday at 7.30. The choirs of St. Paul's, Boston; St. James, Cambridge; St. Anne's, Lowell; St. Paul's, Malden, and Grace, Newton, will take part. Mr. Warren A. Locke, choir-master, Mr. Edgar A. Barrell, organist. Second section, at Emmanuel Church, Thursday, May 31, at 7.30: Church, Thursday, May 31, at 7.30: Church, Emmanuel, Boston; St. Paul's, Brockton; Grace, Everett; Grace, Lawrence; Our Saviour, Longwood; St.



Lowell; Holy Trinity, Marl-  
bury; Trinity, Melrose; St. James's,  
Boston; Mr. Walter R. Spalding, choir  
master, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, or-  
ganist. Third section, Wednesday, June  
17, 7.30, at the Church of the Ad-  
vent; choirs, Advent, Boston; Christ,  
Boston; St. Paul's, Brookline; St.  
John's, Dorchester; Christ, Hyde Park;  
St. John's, Jamaica Plain; Christ, Quin-  
cy; St. Chrysostom's, Wollaston; Mr.  
H. Whitney, choir master; Mr. H.  
Vry, organist.

are paragraphs from the last  
number of Music (London):

St-Saëns was recently asked by a  
friend to play something on the piano  
in his photograph, and he played his  
"Canariote." When the photo-  
grapher repeated the music St-Saëns  
astonished to find that in one  
he had played a passage of some  
notes much too fast, so as to com-  
promise them, and that to another passage

had unwittingly given a wrong  
impression. M. de Saint-Saëns has since  
corrected these faults of execution, says  
Standard correspondent, but the  
evidence of this use of the photograph  
tells, he thinks, to be of use to profes-  
sors of singing and declamation.  
The proceedings brought against Miss  
Nethercole in America by the  
"Globe" remind us that there is a  
strict law in Germany under which  
no act not to exceed 1000 marks is to  
be levied on any one who shall pub-  
licly theatrical performances, operas,  
or declamatory recitals, which  
are calculated to hurt "feelings of mod-  
esty."

A similar punishment is to be  
levied on anyone who, by delivery or  
action, tries to injure the aforesaid  
feelings. Gushy—"Ah, professor, it was  
to see that your singing was from  
the heart."

Prof. von Growle—"No, madame; id-  
iom der diaphragm. Der tones is  
goot ven dey vrom der heart  
is."

They are so punctilious in America.  
Etude has the following paragraph:  
The prose writings of Mr. Richard  
Mann, translated by Mr. W. Ashton,  
have lately been published in  
three and eight volumes."

Attempts to produce English  
in New York remind us of a  
man in Dublin, April 23, by Mr.  
Manners of the Moody-Man-  
Opera Company. I quote from the  
(London):

Mr. Manners referred to the num-  
ber of letters which he had received  
from people wishing that certain operas  
should be put on or new operas given.  
He found that the most important  
letter to him was—he dared say his  
readers understood the meaning of the  
message—to make "the ghost walk"  
Saturday nights. And he had found  
some very excellent works—as, for  
example, "Masaniello," which, acting on  
him, he had put on—were not sup-  
ported sufficiently by the public to war-  
rant him in giving them. On the other  
hand, he found that "The Bohemian  
and "Maritana" always brought  
houses. He did not mind losing on  
opera, but he could not, in making  
up a number of new operas, afford to  
lose on a number. Referring to Miss  
McIntyre's singing in "Faust,"  
Mr. Manners pointed out that if such prominent artists as  
McIntyre, Madame Ella Russell,  
Mr. E. C. Hedmond were to be  
brought before them in his company it  
might be necessary at times to have  
other artists sing in a language other  
than English. In Madame Russell's  
case and that of Mr. Hedmond, these  
things happened to be acquainted  
with the English words of the operas  
in which they appeared. Miss McIn-  
tyre was not acquainted with the Eng-  
lish version of the operas in question,  
and it would not be fair to ask her or  
any of the other artists mentioned to  
sing a version of a work with which  
they were not thoroughly ac-  
quainted. Moreover, in Germany and  
France it was quite the rule for the  
singer to sing in his or her own eho-  
nomic language, whilst the rest of the  
company sang the opera in German or  
French as the case might be. He him-  
self had sung in Convent Garden The-  
atre and he had heard operatic perfor-  
mances in which the principals sang in  
different languages; and if the chorus  
at theatre was gone through a  
number of entirely different lan-  
guages would be heard. In a word, the  
singing of one part in Italian, or a  
company other than English, in his  
company might be in-  
correct and all wrong, but if the pub-  
lic wished to have the prominent ar-  
tists whom he hoped to bring before  
them from time to time, it must be  
done by the public to put up with  
the time to time, such performances,  
where one artist singing in a language  
different from the rest of the com-  
pany."

The Musical Courier (New York) thus  
describes a new oratorio by Felix  
Meyer, who was born at Troppau  
in 1815 and now lives at Altona.

Recently the oratorio society of  
New York and the Rühl Society of  
Hamburg have produced an oratorio by  
Meyer, a "Passion Oratorium." For  
the work and its performance in the  
mentioned city, Oskar Merz is a  
competent authority, as one of the best  
artists of Munich. The first part of his  
work exhibits Meyer as a possessor  
of a deeply poetic, artistic nature, all  
imbued with sublime feeling.  
It rises higher and higher. In the  
latter part he is a skilled architect  
of order; the introduction of the  
"Noster" as a "lobgesang"  
after a stroke of extraordinary ef-  
fect. The second and third parts,

"The Arrest" and "Jesus Before Pil-  
late," are only brief scenes, which in fu-  
ture performances ought to be joined  
into one. The former is a striking im-  
age of the agony of Gethsemane, and  
the latter is full of dramatic life. The  
fourth part, "The Crucifixion," is in  
many parts marvelously effective, but  
it has "architecturally" two defects,  
first, a too sudden transition from the  
"Carrying of the Cross" to the "Last  
Words on the Cross," and second-  
ly, the absence of any text after the  
Death, and the introduction, to supply  
the place of words, of an in-  
strumental transcription of the  
chorale, "O Lamb of God."  
Woyrsch himself arranged his four  
parts and has used exclusively the  
words of Scripture. The evangelist  
narrates the story from the four gos-  
pels. Persons are introduced, so that  
besides the part of Christ they can all  
be taken by one singer. The chorus  
and two female voices accompany,  
partly as sharers in the event, partly  
with contemplative airs to words taken  
from the gospel. The musical form and  
diction of the composer are modeled im-  
mediately on Bach, without, however,  
falling into servile imitation. Woyrsch,  
as he proclaims, bases himself on an  
exhaustive study of the old masters  
without neglecting the new ones down  
to Wagner and Brahms. The work has  
been regarded as a step in advance in  
the Brahms direction. Oscar Merz does  
not share this view. "Such an advance  
no one could blame. But there are in  
Woyrsch's work sundry parts of un-  
classical softness utterly foreign to the  
severe Brahms, and at times approxi-  
mating to Mendelssohn sentimentality.  
As an example, in the lament of the  
women who accompany the 'Bearing of  
the Cross,' and in the transcription of  
the choral—that is, in the most impor-  
tant movement of the work, this  
transcription is assigned to a seven-  
part violin chorus, and is by no means  
up to the level of the situation. The  
choral in vocal parts was impossible in  
Woyrsch's plan, as he uses exclusively  
the words of the Bible, even in the so-  
los and choral songs that accompany  
the progress of the action. The want of  
the chorale, such a great element in  
Bach's 'Passions,' is keenly felt in other  
parts of the work. The character of  
the contemplative song that interrupts

the narrative is essentially modern. In  
the instrumental accompaniment, which  
is worked out in modern style and in  
which the organ is often very effective,  
the above-named chorale again appears,  
but here it is only effective in the case  
of the connoisseur."

The London Musical Courier gives  
this summary of Kienzl's defence of  
Wagner as a man:

Wilhelm Kienzl, in a late article on  
Wagner's personal character, defends  
the great master against the charge  
which the ignorance and prejudice of  
the Philistine world flung at him. Most  
of these charges refer to the time when,  
in advancing years and failing health,  
he was at Wahnfried seeking for re-  
pose after the storms of a troubled life,  
and it must be remembered that his  
lifelong struggles, his un-  
ceasing wearying labor, his de-  
clining health, had created in a  
nature, originally optimistic and con-  
fiding, a nervousness that destroyed  
his self-control and led to outbursts  
of anger at the most trifles, and to cease  
to distinguish between friend and foe.  
Many of his most devoted friends had  
to suffer from these outbursts, but they  
overlooked them when they remem-  
bered the kindness he had shown them  
and the noble work he had accom-  
plished. Great natures are great in  
passion, and Wagner, when the fit was  
over, was always ready to make  
amends. The world, however, as usual,  
only remembers his fits of temper and  
never speaks of his good heart. To  
have known the latter, one must have  
lived with him.

That this rash impetuosity injured  
him he must have known. For in-  
stance, he could not have been ignorant  
that his "Capitulation" would for a  
very long time exclude him from  
France. That it was not, as Saint-  
Saëns said, an insuperable barrier to  
his admission to France, is to be at-  
tributed to the all-conquering power of  
genius.

He had many peculiarities, beyond  
doubt. For example, his dislike of  
beards (he wished to have the heroes  
of his dramas beardless), his dislike  
of eye-glasses, his neglect of his health,  
and the fact that when he was given  
the best way to pacify him was to give  
him as many medicines as possible;  
his fondness for velvet, his love for  
old clothes, which he used to collect  
from the servants when his wife had  
discarded them; his love for practical  
jokes, and the like—are oddities such  
as many men have. The exaggeration  
of his expressions, either of anger or  
joy, was indescribable. He would lit-  
erally foam in a rage, and in joy  
would sometimes stand on his head.  
He once received an unexpected visitor  
in this position. He would play about  
like a child, and talk stupid stuff with-  
out sense or connection; he seemed  
under the necessity of giving way to  
the impulse of the moment. No wonder  
that those who happened to see these  
antics asked themselves: "Is this the  
immortal author of 'Parsifal' and the  
'Ring'?" No wonder that the great  
alienist, Dr. Theodor Puschmann, in  
his "Richard Wagner: a Psychiatric  
Study," argues that he was mad.

In a lately published letter by the  
late Michael Barneys, who was a  
great friend and admirer of the com-  
poser, describing a visit paid by him  
to Wahnfried in 1877, mention is made  
of Wagner's "Sprühende Laune" at  
table, while yet in all his jests and  
witticisms there was the most serious  
meaning. "We talked," writes Bar-  
neys, "of the second act of 'Tristan,'  
the third act of 'Siegfried,' and he con-  
tinuously made the most acute remarks  
about the conception, the delivery, the  
management of the tone and the words.  
Then he talked about Plutarch, and  
merely compared Bayreuth with  
Chaeronea, and the little country town  
we were in with the assembly halls  
of the Greeks. His lightest remark

turned to serious matters. He spoke  
of the earnestness with which Goethe  
and Schiller took up their tasks. In  
speaking of such things Wagner's  
whole appearance was changed; his  
eyes flashed, his voice rose to a passion-  
ate storm, and his gestures especially  
were really speaking." During the  
evening Wagner sat down at the piano  
to perform the prelude to "Parsifal."  
"He could not play; in one place, in  
quicker tempo, he did not even try; but  
the tone produced by his fingers was  
inconceivably soft, sonful, and of  
touching force. At Cosima's request  
he sang. He could not sing, his voice  
was utterly broken, but the expression  
compensated for everything. He sang  
the Graal motive. We were deeply  
moved, Cosima and Daniela wept, and  
I was very much touched."

May 21 1900  
Ah, well! time will show—show again, no  
doubt, as it has so often shown, that sur-  
vival in literature depends on no one qual-  
ity—not on the most just, or on "distinc-  
tion," or on style alone, but that, indeed, a  
kind heart may be as important as any of  
these, so awe-inspiring in the mouths of  
certain modern writers who confuse "dis-  
tinction" with hauteur, and style with stiff-  
ness and affectation.

Mr. Johnson was one of thirty men  
who dined together in a tavern last  
Friday night. "Dined" is hardly the  
word; "ate" would be better, for it  
is doubtful whether over eight people  
can be said to dine together. The  
tavern is one that has long been fa-  
mous for fish and oysters, and today  
the cookery is as a magnet to all that  
are of sensitive and sensible taste. Mr.  
Johnson knew, then, that at half-past  
six there would be good food of vari-  
ous kinds and plenty of it.

And yet at five-thirty Mr. Johnson  
was surprised in a lower room of the  
tavern, surprised in the act of eating  
one dozen Littencock clams. When he  
was reproached for his greed, he looked  
at the empty shells and was silent.

Now he might have made many re-  
plies. He might have said with Clive:  
"I wonder at my moderation." He  
might have said "I was hungry" or "I  
had only a slight luncheon," or "Shall  
I not take mine ease in mine inn?" or,  
sheepishly, "I cannot resist such a  
temptation." But he looked at the  
empty shells and was silent. The de-  
licious flavor still tickled his palate.  
He pitted the man that tried to make  
neck of him.

And then he went upstairs to the  
feast and ate six more clams, the six  
allotted each one, set before the just  
and the unjust for the first course.

How many oysters should be served  
to each guest in this first course?  
Charles Astor Bristed, a man who  
prided himself on his fastidious taste,  
an elegant person who kept to his  
house the rest of the season at Wash-  
ington because in a theatre and in  
the sight of the people he removed his  
swallow-tail with the overcoat—Mr.  
Bristed believed in oysters as the very  
best way of preparing for a repast:  
"Only don't eat two dozen, or even  
one dozen; three oysters of the size  
we have them, or six like the European  
ones, give the proper whet." The late  
Grenville Tudor Jenks, the Cicero of  
the Brooklyn Bar, thought nothing of  
eating a hundred raw oysters just be-  
fore a formal dinner, and when oysters  
were not in season he would substitute  
a cold chicken. A friend of Brillat-  
Savarin used to eat thirty-two dozen,  
and then was just ready for dinner. At  
a dinner praised by Thackeray in his  
"Memorials of Gormandising," nine  
dozen Ostend oysters were served for  
six persons. Thomas Walker, a most  
judicious eater, wrote as follows of a  
dinner for two at the Athenaeum:  
"First, a dozen and a half of small  
oysters, not pampered, but fresh from  
their native bed, eaten simply, after  
the French fashion, with lemon juice,  
to give an edge to the appetite. In  
about 20 minutes, the time necessary  
for dressing them, three fine flounders  
water-zoutchied, with brown bread and  
butter. At a short interval after the  
flounders, a brace of grouse, not sent  
up together, but one after the other,  
hot and hot, like mutton chops, each  
accompanied by a plate of French  
beans. With the flounders half-a-pint  
of sherry, and with the grouse a bot-  
tle of genuine claret, which we get for  
three-and-sixpence"—this was written  
in 1835—"after which, a cup each of  
strong hot coffee. This is a style of  
dining which made us think of the  
gorgeous, encumbered style, with pity

and contempt, and I give these par-  
ticulars by way of study, and as a  
step towards emancipation." Although  
we do not agree with Mr. Walker in  
the matter of wines—there should be  
only one wine at dinner, and that  
should be sound and plentiful—he is  
right as to lemon being the only dress-  
ing for the raw oyster. Thackeray men-  
tions cayenne pepper with the lemon,  
but that is a mistake. And avoid bar-  
barous sauces, horse-radish, and all  
preparations that destroy the body and  
the soul of the oyster. Abstain from a  
cocktail; and refuse bread or cracker  
with or without butter.

Mnesitheus of Athens made the as-  
tounding statement that raw oysters  
were hard to digest "on account of the  
brine which they contain;" on the  
other hand he commended oysters,  
muscles, sea hedge-hogs minced to-  
gether, stewed with condiments, and  
served scalding hot. The wiser Romans  
ate raw oysters not only before a feast,  
but during it, when the appetite began  
to grow stale. Slaves opened the shells  
in the sight of the eater. But this is a  
digression.

Mr. Johnson ate a dozen Littencock  
clams, and then six more—in all, now  
a fair proportion between such clams  
and oysters is 12 to 6. And would nine  
oysters of moderate size be regarded  
by a thoughtful person as excessive?  
Perish the thought! Remember, how-  
ever, that these clams were without  
accompanying cracker, and that the  
only embellishment was the squeeze of  
a lemon.

And what does our old friend Dr.  
Thomas Moufet say in "Health's Im-  
provement" (London, 1655)? "Little  
oysters are best raw, great oysters  
should be stewed with wine, onions,  
pepper, and butter, or roasted with  
vinegar, pepper, and butter, or baked  
with onions, pepper and butter, or  
pickled with white wine vinegar, their  
own water, bayes, mint, and hot  
spices. Thus does he dispute with  
Venner ("Via Recta ad Vitam Longam"  
London, 1650), who remarked that  
"oysters roasted on the coles or stewed  
in white wine with butter, pepper, and  
a few drops of white or claret wine  
vinegar, and so eaten, do oblectate the  
palat and stomach, and nourish much  
better than when they are eaten raw."

But perhaps you are superstitious,  
and do not eat oysters in May or  
peacock in July, even when the bird has  
been fed at home.

May 22 1900  
But as for her—her life was as cheerless  
as a garret whose one window looks toward  
the north, and boredom, silent spider, spun  
its web in all the shadowed corners of her  
heart.

The wonder is that more women do  
not kill themselves.

It is hard for thousands of them to  
make a respectable living, and in their  
endeavor they are exposed to cruel  
humiliation. We do not refer to what  
is described melodramatically as "in-  
sult" from male employer or male as-  
sociate, for this species of annoyance  
is greatly exaggerated, and instances  
are by no means as common as romantic  
writers and philanthropists claim. The  
employer is not always a minotaur.  
The floor-walker is often only theoretic-  
ally, cerebrally a Don Juan. The type-  
writing girl is not invariably perse-  
cuted by the male during business  
hours and dogged on her homeward  
way. Humiliation comes too often  
from the contemptuous indifference or  
petty cruelty of woman toward woman.  
A delicate, refined girl is often made  
to feel that poverty is something  
shameful, unless she has a sense of  
humor and realizes how superior she  
is to the coarsely rich of her sex.

Take the case of a young singer. She  
has voice, temperament, everything ex-  
cept influential friends and money. Do  
you say: "If she has such musical  
gifts she will surely make her way?"  
O, will she? Remember her name is  
Legion. Take the case of Miss Port-  
amenta, for instance. She has a voice  
of remarkable beauty; this voice is well  
placed; she reads easily and accurately;  
she sings with passion and at the same  
time with taste. What is she doing?  
She is living on a church salary of \$250  
a year, and on what little money she  
can pick up by singing in cheap con-  
certs. She has a room in a lodging  
house in the South End. She eats  
irregularly, and her food is often nei-  
ther nourishing nor sufficient. Last March  
she sang for two or three church com-  
mittees, and she sang when she had  
not eaten breakfast or a noon-day  
meal. She had no money to buy these  
meals, and since she is prouder than  
Lucifer or an old Philadelphia family,  
she would not make her condition  
known to those that would have been  
glad to help her. She is not a robust  
girl, and, to insure a successful career,  
she should eat well and sleep peacefully.  
An agent engages her for little con-  
certs in towns near Boston. His charge  
is 20 per cent. She pays her fare each  
way. She has gone out of the city  
stormy nights to sing for \$4, or for  
\$2.50. And do you ask, "Why does she  
not get a better church position?"  
Dear madam, do you know the number  
of applicants for any position at the  
beginning of a choir year? Possibly  
this girl will get a better position—if  
she does not meanwhile break down  
from nervous prostration or die. Do  
you wonder why some rich patroness  
does not help her and bring her before  
the public? This girl does not know  
how to cringe or flatter, and you  
should remember that patronesses as a  
rule act as under a divine command  
to assist only mediocre or worthless  
singers and players. As we have said,



the name of this singer is Legion. We know young singers in this city who would grace the stage of a Symphony concert; who would give pleasure in light or serious opera; but they are compelled to eat their heart and fight for bare subsistence.

There is, it is true, in this city a business man of wealth and reputation, who in a simple and honest way, has helped and is helping young singers of promise who are still in need of sound instruction. He makes no conditions; he makes no afternoon call "to see how the little girl is getting on." But he cannot provide for an army; nor can he gain a position for a singer after she is prepared to do good work. Then there are singers who are ungrateful, and, when the patience of a just man is exhausted, those singers who would be worthy of kindness suffer from the piggishness of certain sisters.

In the account of a recent tragedy in this city a woman who earned her living by working in a restaurant, was described as in an employment "far below her station." The restaurant was a respectable one; the woman was engaged in honest work; why this prate about "station"? Walt Whitman once chanted: "There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero." But this sentiment is alien to the spirit that prevails in the Great Republic of today; for now poverty is a crime as well as a sin, and the fundamental principle of true Christianity as preached by the Ineffably Compassionate has faded into nothingness under the fierce light of "the higher criticism." Those that knew the unfortunate woman loved and respected her, a restaurant-girl; but to the world at large she was "out of her station." And yet may not a restaurant-girl be gentle, refined, loving, acting well her part in the great scheme contrived by the dwellers in the sky? What was the "station" of Rahab, of the Woman of Samaria, of Mary herself?

And think of the hundreds of women, in more comfortable circumstances—comfortable so far as material wants are concerned—who are reminded constantly that they are superfluous. There is the childless woman neglected by her husband, who treats her with outward civility. What is her life? To sit by herself day after day; to busy herself for an hour or so with housekeeping; to chatter, perhaps, at some charitable meeting; to provide underclothes for the heathen in torrid lands; or to restrain yawns at some formal entertainment. The rich old woman who never married knows that relatives wait eagerly the announcement of her death. Think, too, of the hundreds of women who earn by persistent labor just enough to provide a roof, food, and decent clothes; the life of many of them is without interest, beauty, or romance. And yet they bravely play the game, without a whine.

It has often been said that women are braver than men before the surgeon or when brought face to face with a crisis. But in scenes that are not directly under the glare of the lime light, in the humble, obscure walks of life, do not nervous, pale, anaemic women show a bravery which surpasses that of the melodramatic battlefield before an audience ready to cheer and reward?

Although Mr. Austin, the poet laureate, has committed the atrocious crime of again bursting into verse, spare him, ye paragraphers. Really, he is too easy.

"The shear and scissors trust has gone to the wall." But this does not help matters. Where in Boston can you find a pair of good, first-class English scissors? "Made in Germany" is as ominous a sign in this country as it is in England. "Inferior goods at a cheap price" is the distinguishing motto of German workmanship.

Mr. Howells's literary biography will soon be printed. Like the walrus, he believes that the time has come to talk of many things. But what is there left for him to talk about? He has dined into our ears that Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Balzac are immensely overrated writers; that he preferred at one time Mr. Harrigan as a maker of comedies to Shakespeare; he has told us of his own wild and adventurous life in the literary jungles of New York, and among the forest of family-trees in Boston. What is there left for him to cuss and discuss?

May 23, 1900

Then there was the man that saw his own double and talked with him. The double finally outargued him. The man was proud of his logical powers, and he was so disgusted by defeat that he shot himself in the mouth the 31st of December.

The professional paragrapher from New York was explaining to the ladies how easily he earned his princely salary, and he intimated that he was paid

at the rate of \$25 a column—a short column. "After my bath—I must have my bath—I look over the morning papers. Often the most unpromising statement of fact or the report of a trivial accident suggests a sparkling epigram. It is, perhaps, a knack, but the trained observer finds jests in everything. Thus, the other day, I read this headline: 'Assay office fumes makes neighbors fume'—not a bad headline, by the way. Why, the paragraph was already half written. I simply quoted it and put under it, 'No wonder the neighbors say, Assez'—which is French, you know, for enough. Ha, ha, ha! It came out the next morning. Of course an accomplished paragrapher must have a ready knowledge of several languages and be well up in politics, literary matters, foreign news, and in fact all social and religious questions. And then he must have had practice. Many would have passed by that headline and seen nothing in it. But nothing escapes me—*assez* and *assez*—not bad, is it?"

The house that was occupied by Dante at Mulsazzo, after he had been expelled from Florence, has been sold to a Mr. Guelfi for a sum amounting to about \$425. The Italian Government would not intervene, although the poet wrote several cantos of the "Inferno" in this house, and the Dante Alighieri Society kept right on reading Dante. But who really enjoys living in a house that was once the home of a great man? As a rule the plumbing is in a wretched condition, and there are other drawbacks, among them the fear of the apparition of a scornful ghost, rebuking you for the absorption of rum and tobacco in the room where he once radiated fame. Then there is the visit of the sentimental pilgrim who wishes to see a certain room or a certain picture, or would be content if he could hang his hat for a moment on a hallowed hat-rack or plain peg. Richard Le Gallienne in his "Travels in England"—a new book that is delightfully easy and entertaining reading—almost defends the Reverend Francis Gastrell for razing Shakespeare's New Place at Stratford-on-Avon to the ground because he was so pestered with pious callers. "But the honor, says some one, of living in the house where the very air seems yet to thrill with the sublime echo of immortal words! Ah, well, Francis Gastrell didn't see the matter in that sentimental excursionist light. Perhaps, for all we know, he was longing for a quiet hour in which to study that very 'bard' in whose house mistakenly enough he had made his home. Indeed, it is just possible that he had begun with sentiment, too, and thought: 'How charming it would be to study 'Hamlet' in the very house where it was written? (for Shakespearean chronology had not advanced very far in his day)—who knows? Then the irony of realizing that he couldn't find a moment to read Shakespeare—from the very fact of his living in Shakespeare's house?"

And surely just as Dante himself would be the grimmest of returning ghosts, so the visiting Dante sentimentalist would be the biggest bore, worse even than the hardened Baconian. Ten to one this Mr. Guelfi will never live in the house; his object is purely and laudably commercial.

Any house that has been lived in is haunted; not necessarily by a shadowy thing armed with a shadowy axe; not by an elderly man pointing at a gash in his throat; not by a tall woman with hair down her back, gliding about as though on castors and wringing her hands like a tragedy queen; but the inhabitants have left ineffaceable traces of their presence. Go alone into a newly built house; then go alone into an empty, unfurnished house that has known the joys and tragedies of the dwellers within; go at high noon, when everything is in clear light, when there are sights and sounds of life without the walls, and you will immediately realize the difference. However strong your nerves, however sceptical your mind, you will feel that you are not alone. There are sighs and stirrings although the windows are closed and nature is in sultry peace. There are crackings and snappings, as though they were warnings of your approach. You feel that you are not alone. There are invisible things watching you; there are whispers in a corner of the room; there is argument as to whether it is worth while to molest you.

Old faces glimmer thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps tread the upper floors.

We believe that no angry words between man and wife are lost; the walls, the floor, the ceiling receive them, and under certain conditions will give them out again long after the mouths that uttered them were choked by dust. A window pane will take a portrait of a dweller in wild or absurd position, and some day this portrait will be revealed.

The child alone in the room will sob itself to sleep in that room long after he is an old man in a far-off State. The young girl has been dead these sixty years, but there is a moon that still draws her to the window where she unmask her beauty.

The Boston Herald asks: "Was it not Warren Hastings who, upon being accused of enriching himself unwarrantably in his East Indian career, declared that when he recalled what opportunities he had had, he was astonished at his own moderation?"

Was it Hastings? Was it not Clive? We do not ask this to be disagreeable; we ask only in a spirit of love and investigation.

We read the other day this sentence of a long-forgotten theatrical press agent of 1815: "The cautious guardian of female innocence may safely conduct his charge to the enjoyment of scenes which excite the glow of pleasure that is unmingled with the blush of shame."

The Boston Herald spoke lately of Judge Rockwood Hoar's love of everything grown in Concord; but it did not mention the most conspicuous instance of his devotion to that town. During the latter years of his life he smoked cigars made of tobacco raised in Concord.

How did Mr. Albert Chevalier like the description of a coster given lately by a person named Wright in a North London Police Court? Mr. Wright defined a coster as "one who sits in a public house and drinks all day, sends his children into the street to sell lemons or flowers and contributes little or nothing to the local rates." This low view is challenged by a Pall Mall Gazette man, who says: "The coster belongs to London, and he is an ornament to it. He is industrious and generally happy. He used to wear very large buttons and bell-shaped trousers. He still does so at a wedding or a funeral, but not every day. He is witty and humorous, and his personal courage is beyond dispute. This is to be a coster; and when Mr. Gilbert described him basking in the sun after he had finished jumping on his mother we believe that he made the statement on false information."

May 24, 1900

Raise for me, O my brother, a pure tomb of brass by the side of the foaming sea.

Mrs. Hiller's burial affords rich material for a gloss on the famous essay of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed, texts from the essay itself might point a moral, as "He that lay in a golden urn, eminently above the earth, was not like to find the quiet of his bones;" "ancient frugality was so severe that they allowed no gold to attend the corpse, but only that which served to fasten their teeth;" "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

In one respect, at least, others might follow her example. She insisted that her husband, Mr. Surrette, should take the name of her former husband, Mr. Hiller. It would be well for all widows contemplating another marriage to make the like demand. It is the first husband, according to the theory of Michelet, that shapes the wife for all time. Why should not this influence be frankly recognized? If Mrs. Johnson wishes to remarry, there cannot be too much Johnson.

Awkwardness is avoided; the woman is always Mrs. Johnson to friends and tradesmen. There can be no foolish stammering or confusion concerning her "new name."

And sacred memories are preserved. Husband No. 2 may be only a cheaper edition; Husband No. 1 may be still the edition de luxe; but the title of the story remains unchanged. We believe confidently that second, third and fourth marriages would be much happier if this simple rule were followed.

The report and the denial concerning chains in use to soothe the insane at the Hillsboro County Farm remind us of a singular belief that still prevails in certain villages and farming districts of New England: That the madness of one member of a family brings shame on the other members and that the unfortunate is practically a deliberate offender. For this reason there are lunatic persons who are today chained securely by their parents or brothers and sisters, chained in the kitchen by a window through which they can amuse themselves by making faces at the sun and the clouds, and when they see strangers passing in the road they sometimes whine, and sometimes they laugh. If the lunatic becomes sulky, if he snaps, he is chained in a shed or in the barn. The neighbors all know about it. They sympathize with the afflicted relatives. If the lunatic's folks should send him

to an asylum, they would at once lose caste for the publication of their disgrace. Do you say that this is an incredibly cruel story? Surely there is no cruelty in the telling. We know of instances. We have seen within two years in this very Commonwealth a chaine lunatic grinning and slobbering at farm-house window.

Poor King Otto! He, too, has been chained for some years by his relatives. When he was a little boy, he was always dressed in red. His governess would never allow him to win a game from his brother Ludwig. A pretty boy, he was not allowed to play a game in the open air, but when he was good he was rewarded by a walk with the whole family in the park. An in 1857, his brother Ludwig, then 1 years old, bound him hand and foot put a gag in his mouth, put a handkerchief about his throat and twisted the cloth round a stick; he was trying to kill him, and when a court official, who accidentally found them, pulled Ludwig away, the latter shrieked: "This is no business of yours; this is my vassa, and he has dared to resist my will; he must be executed." Otto, as a lad was allowed only about 50 cents a week for spending money. He heard that sound teeth brought a price, and he therefore went to a dentist and tried to persuade him to pull some of his princely teeth for a consideration. A young man he was handsome and amiable. He was not long in the arm during the Franco-Prussian War. The Crown Prince of Prussia wrote in the diary, published in 1888 and suppressed by Bismarck: "Pale, and as wretched looking as though he were in a fit of the shivers, he sat before me . . . But whether he understood or even heard me, I could not make out." In 1851 Prince Otto showed decided symptoms of his insanity, and yet the year before Ludwig, who was drinking enormously of the strongest wines, was determined to abdicate in favor of Otto, who had no wish for the crown. Toward the end of 1876 Otto was put under restraint away from his family, first in the castle of Nymphenburg, then in the woods of Berchtesgaden. Ludwig was broken-hearted at parting from him; Otto played with a child's toy and wondered what ailed his brother.

And yet even the chaining in the kitchen is kind and wise treatment in comparison to former remedies. There was a time in Ireland when a patient was buried for three days and three nights in the earth. A pit was dug, says Lady Wilde, three feet wide and six feet deep, in which the patient was placed, only the head being left uncovered; and during the time of the cure he was allowed no food, and no one was permitted to speak to him, or even to approach him. A harrow-plow was placed over him. The sensitive New Englander upon whom follows the example of the Orientals, for the popular treatment with them is to manacle the sufferer, put a chain of iron about his neck, and make him fast to a window.

There is a pleasure sure in being mad  
Which none but madmen know.

There are flies on Cornell—at least there will be, for the late Dr. J. J. Lintner's "private collection" of insects has been given to that university as memorial.

The Honorable John L. Sullivan will surely be interested in this paragraph, which we quote from a London journal: "A person bearing the same name as a man who was charged at a police court in Ireland deemed it necessary to insert in the local newspapers an announcement that he was not the John Sullivan recently fined for drunkenness. The following, says the Daily Graph, appeared shortly afterward in all the papers containing the announcement: 'I, John Sullivan, who was fined 10 for being drunk, beg to return thanks to John Sullivan, of Ballykillin Lodge, for notifying that I am in no way connected with his family.'"

May 25, 1900

"Isn't he a bird?"—Popular saying

Richard Le Gallienne in his "Travels in England" compares the night-jar to Browning and the nightingale to Tennyson. He speaks of the "relative unpopularity" of this bird; of his ugliness of the important references to him in the books of George Meredith; of his growing reputation. "He is the bird of a generation that demands the sincerest voice, the cry de coeur, however rugged that voice may be; a generation weary of the roulades of the professional nightingale." And here is a paragraph that reveals the much abused Le Gallienne at his best:

"For the night-jar is a very great poet, and when a man gets the mysterious, yearning melancholy of the evening earth, the ache of it, the brackish smell of it, the moths flitting



W. rising, the shadows massing, the moon sinking out, the moon some-when a man gets these things, the night-jar gets them, one note, a note which, though saved from monotony by a subtle modulation and a subtle extension and retraction of its volume; a man does that, and further the whole with the sense of a eternally patient passion, then call him a poet indeed."

In Boston, in the Common and the Public Garden, there is a bird, the night-hawk, a relative of Le ne's friend. The story of his life is one of the saddest known to man. The pity of it is that a victim of what is vulgarly called civilization.

The introduction of electric light, the night-hawk was a faithful

an affectionate yet discriminating friend, a citizen of irreproachable honor. With the going down of the sun, he thought of home and hied him homeward. He often went to bed at seven. Even on holidays and days of national rejoicing, he put on his slippers and candle at nine. He awoke in the morning, ready to indulge himself in conversation with his wife and to superintend the education of his young. Other people held him up as an example of deportment to their wayward and sporty uncles.

One of the night-hawk followed the introduction of electric light. These gather insects about and the night-hawk gathers in insects. Not that he really needs but he is intemperate; he has the rein to his appetite. Nine, ten o'clock, midnight, is sound. The night-hawk heeds not the time. He flies from light to light as the inebriate wanders from bar to bar. The hour of eleven strikes the benefit of the human night; the feathered one awaits the put of the lights.

Does he injure only himself by dissipation. He vexes mankind by his cry at impertinent hours. The cry is not musical in the sense; it is hyper-modern, intense; is foreboding; there is remorse; is the irony of despair; there is knowledge of wasted opportunities; is the thought of iron-footed fate. Early vagabond snoozing on the couch, beneath shudders at the call of night-companion; he recognizes the cry of an abandoned soul.

At the return of the night-hawk to his home after the break of dawn. There is the heavy, sodden, or sleep of a bird that has eaten voraciously. There is the sudden start, without full consciousness of surroundings. There is the dance, the queer taste in the mouth, the desire for bromo-seltzer, the bubbling granular effervescent. At last the night-hawk is irritable; his fault with the coffee and the articles in the newspaper. He is the affectionate care of his simple joys of his chirping night-jar him, nor is he in the vein to them in matters of educationalness. Not until late in the afternoon is the jaded reveler in normal condition. And then, in spite of tears of supplication, the fatal fascination of him to the Common. He sees electric light even in the garish glare he longs for the night and the glare.

Does applied science work the destruction of a bird. Thus does it a respectable feathered thing into a counterpart of the man that only at night.

In contemplation of dissipated birds, one reminds us that three French doctors announced some months ago they had discovered a sure cure for drunkenness in the shape of a serum obtained from the blood of a horse that indulged against his will in a prodigious jag. They affirmed that habitual drinkers loathed rum in all its forms and they were inoculated with this stuff. But an Australian, Dr. Wally, has made similar experiments. He began over two years ago, with the doctors in Paris set themselves at work, and he used the serum of a calf which had long been under the influence of alcohol. "After two or three injections of his serum the most inveterate toppers were disposed to swear their tipsy habits. Unhappily, they only persevered in this recent resolve for a few days. Within a week their abhorrence of the bottle had disappeared, and they were drinking with the fresh zest that comes with temporary privation. After careful investigation, Dr. Crevally found himself obliged to admit that the passing efficacy of the serum was solely due to the action of the imagination of his patients, who were under the influence of 'auto-suggestion.' They expected to be cured by the sequence of what the doctor had said of the properties he thought the rum possessed, and for a short time they really believed that they had taken a dislike to alcohol. Dr.

Crevally's last doubts were removed when he found that the effect obtained with his serum resulted in precisely the same way from the inoculation of any liquid whatever, plain water included."

The Daily Chronicle (London) tells this story of the South African war: "The rank and file on the Modder River were a short time ago temporarily forbidden to bathe, and sentinels were posted on the banks to look for surreptitious swimmers. One of the sentinels caught sight of a swimmer, who persistently ignored his summons to surrender to arrest. At last the bather emerged from the river; the furious sentinel advanced upon the dripping figure and claimed a prisoner. 'Confound you!' was the reply. 'Can't you see I'm an officer!'"

May 26. 1900

Light skirt dancers, blithe and boon,  
With high hosen and low shoon,  
Twixt sandal bodice and kirtle rim  
Showing one pure wave of limb.  
And frequent to the cestus fine  
Lavish beauty's undulous line.  
Till like roses veiled in snow  
'Neath the gauze your blushes glow;  
Nymphs with tresses which the wind  
Sleekly tosses to its mind  
More deliciously disheveled  
Than when the Naxian widow reveled  
With her flush bridegroom on the ooze,  
Hurry me, Sisters, where ye choose!

Some years ago—ten, twelve, or perhaps fifteen—a young woman who called herself La Goulue was one of a naturalistic quadrille at the Elysée-Montmartre, where she danced wildly and to the astonishment of foreigners. Her chief associates in this dance were Grille d'Egout, La Mærona and Nini Patte-en-l'Air—all of them most charming and estimable young ladies. This was the glorious epoch of La Goulue, for afterward at the Moulin-Rouge her steps were discreeter, her capers were less piquant. And yet at the Moulin-Rouge she still blazed with a certain splendor, although she was comparatively chastened in spirit. She had known many vicissitudes; she had seen many phases of life. She had won her name by eating a tremendous supper of ham and sauerkraut at the restaurant of the Rat Mort; she had once paid a fine of 2000 francs on account of the whirl of her petticoats and the "singular elasticity of her anatomy." Even at the Moulin Rouge she was celebrated and without contradiction, as the queen of the "chahuteuses naturalistes." Maurice Delsoi paid her tribute in passionate prose. "Although she had not the freshness of first youth, this girl, contrived by nature for a hurrah in the dance-house, had still beautiful remains. Never did a toe point skyward with such childlike grace. The principles taught by Nini Patte-en-l'Air she found too academic. To the music of a tearing quadrille, you saw her in her element: her eyes sparkled, her nostrils dilated, a bacchantic smile parted pouting lips. There were eccentric Englishmen who were enthusiastic over her and they would have covered her with gold; but she preferred her joyous independence; she preferred to queen it over the people dear to her."

Rated at last with terpsichorean glory, she became a lion-tamer, and one day, plouetting in a cage of the Brothers Pezon's show, a lion was so infatuated with her that he attempted the clumsy compliment of eating her, costume and all. But she escaped with slight damage, and afterward, no doubt as the reward of virtue, she became the owner of a traveling menagerie.

"But why this talk about a woman who is a back number?" Dear madam, she is by no means a back number. On the contrary she was married May 10 to Mr. Droxler, a rising young conjurer. She was married at the Montmartre Town Hall, and on leaving the building she was cheered by the crowd outside. Possibly these cheers were a tribute to the courage of the groom. La Goulue was grateful for this sympathy, and she, too, was not unmoved. She gave a short exhibition of the art that had set her above other women, and as a finishing touch she adroitly passed her leg over her husband's head as he stood by her side in a state of love and wonder. "E'en in her ashes live her wonted fires."

And what has become of La Goulue's amiable companions? "Demi-Siphon died in 1893, soon after her consumptive companion, Tour-Eiffel. But where are Rayon-d'Or, La Môme-Fromage, Châta-Kao, Miss Rigolette, La Souris, L'Étoile-Flante, Margot, La Sauterelle, La Glu, Grille d'Egout and others of the sisterhood? Many of them were poorly paid by the proprietors of the dance halls, nor did they receive over \$20 a month. Rayon d'Or was paid \$140 a month, she of the henna-colored and flowing and abundant locks.

This reminds us of a singular article in the Strand Magazine, an article which is illustrated with 26 portraits of

Miss Decima Moore with her hair dressed in 26 different ways. When Miss Moore was here in Boston her hair did not draw wild-eyed admirers from Boston and neighboring towns to the box office. It is true she was not bald; she had hair; but could you swear today as to the color of it, real or alleged?

We have not heard for some time from our friend the Historical Painter. It would be a pity if he had not seized the opportunity of sketching Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist, in the act of farewelling his friends on the pier. We quote the pathetic account published in an exchange.

He said to his American manager, John C. Fryer, embracing him:

"I have not had in these five months an hour of unhappiness."

Mr. Fryer replied: "You have made many persons happy, and your art has fetched \$260,000."

How like Mr. Paderewski! And how like Mr. Fryer!

And yet it would be a safe wager to give odds in the prophecy that Mr. Paderewski will die a poor man.

The announcement of the elections into Yale Senior societies precedes now the announcements of Yale's defeats in athletic games. Is it of late years a case of cause and effect?

What would the Intelligent Foreigner make out of this sentence, which appeared Friday in a local contemporary? "Bingers all along the line are giving the old king of the Southpaws the laugh this year."

The study of florid signatures is often entertaining. Thus a town official not far from Boston always signs himself even in letters of the most formal business "Yours cordially." How impressive on the other hand is the signature of the eminent Anglophil Professor de Sumichrast of France, England, and Harvard University. Whenever he deals a staggering blow to the Boer cause, he signs his death-dealing manifesto, "Sumichrast"—just "Sumichrast"—as though he were Napoleon dictating in the saddle.

F. H. M. writes: "In re the double-breasted vests—why not go for the asinine double breasted and backed, high, turn-down collar, and the women's high stocks that weazen up about every beautiful neck and leave an almost irremovable brown ring stain about it?" Ah, dear friend, we have trouble enough. These stocks worn by women are indeed disfiguring, but as long as women in Boston are hideously careless about the arrangement of their hair over the nape of the neck, as long as they permit straggling and offensive locks to hang down like seaweed, why worry about minor evils?

May 27. 1900

THE Paris correspondent of the Era (London) says that Calvé will not appear at the Opéra-Comique until October, and that Maurel will sing Don Giovanni at the same theatre next month. Joseph O'Mara, the tenor who is pleasantly remembered here, sang Turiddu in the Grau company at Covent Garden May 12. A gala performance in honor of the Emperor of Austria was given May 5 in Berlin at the Royal Opera. Admission was obtainable only by direct invitation. The Kaiser selected the opera—according to custom—and it was Auber's "Bronze Horse," "cut, condensed, and somewhat modernized" by Humperdinck. The music gave much pleasure. The opera was first produced in Paris, March 23, 1835. It was performed 106 times and then vanished from the repertory. There is more or less of a row over Fauguère's monument of Bizet. The sculptor represented a Muse surrounding with her arms a pedestal which supports the bust of the composer. He intended it for an out-of-doors position, but some insisted that it should be placed in the foyer of the Opéra-Comique. Furthermore Fauguère represented the Muse as naked, but the committee insisted on a discreet veil. And after working nine years on this monument, the sculptor was obliged to change it to appease prudery.

They have been choosing an organist for Notre Dame, Paris. The competitors were obliged to submit to these tests: "A piece in plain song, performed organo pleno, at first in the soprano, then in the bass; the improvisation of a fugue; a free improvisation; performance by heart of a masterpiece, and the player should offer five for the committee to make a choice. The subjects for improvisation were given to the candidates 20 minutes before the beginning of the trial.—The Société Humbert de Romans will give during the season of 1900-1901 twelve grand concerts of sacred music, with chorus and orchestra, and orchestral music. Among the works to be given are cantatas and the Passion according to John, by Bach, Mozart's Requiem, Handel's "Samson," works by Rameau, Schumann, Cherubini, Liszt, Brahms, Lalo, Gounod, César Franck—Gou-

nod's "Mors et Vita" was performed May 17 at the Trocadero, Paris.—Bungert has finished the third music-drama of his Homeric cycle. It is entitled "Nausicaa" and it will be produced at Dresden, as were "The Return of Ulysses" and "Circe."—José Dupuis, the celebrated opera-bouffe singer, died at Nogent-sur-Marne, May 8, in his 68th year. "Dupuis was a remarkably gifted, clever actor who created a style of performance so completely his own that, though many aspirants to popularity attempted to imitate it, none of them succeeded, and since his retirement from the stage, a little more than five years ago, the place he left vacant has never been filled. By birth a Belgian, he was born at Liège. The deceased made his début at the little Bobino when only 20, going thence to the Folies-Nouvelles—at present Theatre Déjazet—where he played Vestris, in the production of Sardou's 'Monsieur Garat.' In 1861 Cogniard engaged him at the Variétés, and since then Dupuis never played on any other stage except for a short time at the Vaudeville, where he created 'La Famille Pontbiquet,' in 1892, and also appeared in a revival of 'Les Surprises du Divorce.' Having a good voice, he was a capital singer, that talent, joined to his remarkable abilities as an actor, rendering him a conspicuous favorite with the public during fully 35 years. It was in Méilhac and Halévy's pieces, set to Offenbach's music, that Dupuis first made his reputation, and, as they have been often revived, we all remember him with joyful recollections in 'La Belle Hélène,' 'La Grande Duchesse,' 'La Vie Parisienne,' 'Barbe-Bleue,' etc. Next came his finished performances in 'Niniche,' 'La Femme à Papa,' 'Lili,' and 'La Petite Marquise.' He leaves a considerable fortune to his widow, formerly Marie Dubois, of the Variétés, who was his second wife."—Offenbach's "La Belle Lurette," produced Oct. 30, 1850, at the Renaissance, Paris, very soon after the death of the composer, was performed for the first time on any German stage May 3 at the Jantsch-theatre in Vienna with success.—Otto Fiebich's new comic opera, "The Officer of the Queen," libretto founded on Scribe's comedy, "A Glass of Water," was produced at Dresden May 3. "The music is of unequal worth, at times very

pleasing and well made, at times pedantic and rather dull."—Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "The May-night," was performed for the first time in German at Frankfurt-on-the-Main May 3. "On account of the exceedingly weak libretto and the comparatively styleless music, the new work was coolly received."

"The Chimes of Normandy" was played lately at the Galté Theatre, Paris, for the 1800th time.—A new opera in four acts, "Mazeppa," by Adam Münchheimer, was produced at Warsaw May 1. "The music is melodious and at the same time dramatic."—"Aventure," a symphony by Carl Grammann, was played at Leipzig May 4. The work is in four movements: "Departure," "On the Sea-shore," "Dances and Songs of the Oceanides," "Return and Wedding March." "The music is fresh, agreeable, abounding in color, but the composer did not conceal his affection for the masters." Grammann died in 1897.—Breuer was applauded at Vienna as the greatest of Mimes.—Felix Weingartner is obliged to give up the conductorship of the Silesian Music Festival at Görlitz on account of his health. Dr. Much takes his place.—Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was performed four times within a week at Helsingfors. The hall was sold out for each performance.—The summer season at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, will open with "The Runaway Girl."—After long discussion, deep thinkers in Germany have decided that the name Beethoven should be accented on the first syllable.

A new instrument, invented by Mr. A. Stroh of London, and called the "Corno-viol," is thus described: "The tone is obtained by conducting the vibrations of the strings to a metallic diaphragm fitted in a holder, which is fixed upon the body of the instrument, the body consisting of an aluminum tube. To this holder the resonator is attached. The method of conducting the vibrations is effusively simple. The bridge rests upon a rocking lever which oscillates laterally on the body, the end of the lever being attached to the diaphragm by a connecting link; so when the strings are made to vibrate through the action of the bow being drawn across them, the vibrations are transferred to the diaphragm, the vibrating diaphragm causing vibrations of the air in the resonator, by which they are augmented and distributed. This instrument is handled and played in the same manner as an ordinary violin, and although constructed entirely of metal, is but a few ounces heavier. As the 'Corno-viol' is, with the exception of the neck and finger-board, constructed entirely of aluminum, the instrument will not be affected by vary



ing climatic and atmospheric conditions."

Mr. Kureman wrote in May, 1897, about the late Heinrich Vogl, tenor, when he was in London: "At Leyceuth last year, Vogl did not impress me favorably, but rather the reverse; and when Mr. Schütz-Curtius told me, some months ago, that he was engaged to sing some of the 'Parsifal' music at a Mottl concert, I am afraid I gave utterance to my feelings with some directness, not to say brutality. However, it is a luxury for one who is generally right to be able to confess for once that he has been wrong; and I declare that no one could possibly have been more utterly, absurdly, indeed, idiotically wrong than I was about Vogl. His voice has never been of the greatest, and the first note tells of many laborious years of singing in music-drama; but Vogl is, nevertheless, a very great dramatic singer; for he has—what is rare in German singers—an acute sense of beauty, he has beautiful and refined feeling, and he manages such voice as he possesses with consummate mastery to produce beautiful effects and to express his feeling with a poignancy that never becomes sentimentality. His share in the tremendous duet in the second act of 'Parsifal' would have made the concert worth going to even without Mottl's playing of numerous other pieces."

The Parisians are to have two "popular" theatres next season—one operatic, the other dramatic. An attempt was recently made to found popular opera at the Folies-Dramatiques—that is to say, to give performances of high-class musical works, interpreted by competent artists, to which prices of admission were extremely moderate. The essay having proved satisfactory as regards artistic and monetary results, a financial company has been formed under the title Société des Théâtres Populaires, and adequate capital subscribed for continuing the experiment on a larger scale. M. Duret, administrator of the Opéra-Comique, is to take the helm. He intends giving opera, comic opera, etc., at the Théâtre de la République, a house that can seat 2500 spectators, and comedy, drama, both classical and modern, at the Folies-Dramatiques, cheap rates being the rule in both instances.—Era (London).

Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows early this month about musical festivals in general and the London Musical festival is particular:

A musical festival, as it has come to be regarded, is a local and specially prepared series of performances which involve the industry and the skill of a certain locality. It is true that any musical festival on a large scale in the provinces must, for obvious reasons, imply the pressing of certain service outside any given district. But the local element, despite this necessity, is clearly predominant. It is for this reason that choral singing has become so important a factor in the provincial musical festival, where that portion of the performance is, as near as can be, local. The chorus it therefore is which practically determines the character of the festival. It gives to each such function a peculiar color of its own. The busy trains bringing from neighboring quarters contingent after contingent of enthusiastic singers, the holiday sentiment—the festival sentiment, indeed—that inspires everybody concerned in the success of the performances, the exceptional character of the occasion, give to such occasions a character and a quality of their own. Shakespeare knew that—

There are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

But there is no festal feeling whatever about Mr. Newman's musical orgie at the Queen's Hall. The massing of bands on a large scale is there, but nothing more. Multiplication is not holiday-making, and two large orchestras set under the wand of a single conductor do not make a feast. We are not saying so much as this in the smallest spirit of gibe or with a desire to find fault from any cheap motive. But the performances which this week has seen at the Queen's Hall are emphatically not festival performances, whatever they may be called in public by the keen and enterprising manager who has arranged them. We doubt, indeed, if such a phrase as "London Festival" could ever be less than a contradiction in terms. London is not a parish, is not, strictly speaking, a unit of any sort or kind. Kensington is as far from Bayswater as York is from Peterborough, for all sentimental purposes of unity. There is no unity of thought or purpose in the vast congeries of overgrown villages of which London is composed "from Tooting" to quote Macaulay—"to Highgate." Look how you will upon the earnest and finely assertive work which has been accomplished at the Queen's Hall during this week, it is still impossible to maintain that there is in it any distinguishing mark of any description. Mr. Henry Wood, however, finds in the manipulation of such forces a fine field for his gigantic energy and his splendid vitality. He does not show the smallest sign of faintness or weakness even in the presence of such odds as these, but brings his effects with wonderful approximation to a desired issue. We have never admired Mr. Wood so cordially as in his passage through this ordeal.

These novelties were performed at this London Festival: Mr. Percy Pitt's symphonic poem, "Le Sang des Crépules," of which the Referee said: "The somewhat enigmatical title, which may be translated as 'a red sunset,' is that of the second of three poems by M. Charles Guérin wherein the symbol of departing day is used to impress the extinction of human life. Mr. Pitt's music is built up with themes suggested by the most striking of the poems. The most important of these themes is one of broad contour and great beauty, and the others are marked by a distinctiveness that indicates concentration and loftiness of purpose. These features are so strongly in evidence as to render the music peculiarly impressive. The scoring is reminiscent of Liszt, and the harmonic scheme is most complex, probably in considerable measure owing to the work having been written some six years ago, a fact which does not seem to be generally known."

Léon Moreau's symphonic poem "Sur la mer lointaine"; Charles Silver's "Rhapsodie Sicilienne"; Chevallard's "La Chêne et le Roseau," which has for its poetic basis Fontaine's fable, "The Oak and the Reed," wherein the mighty tree, boasting of its strength to the slender reed, is laid low by the storm which leaves its pliant neighbor unharmed. The composer has followed the scheme of the tale and has laid out his music in three sections, respectively headed "Paysage," "Dialogue" and "Drame." No break, however, is made between them, and although the miniature tragedy is faithfully followed, and the oak and the reed have each distinctive little themes, the music can be enjoyed without acquaintance with its program. It is indeed a composition which charms by reason of its inherent poetry and grace, unexaggerated contrasts, and finished scoring.

Of Granville Bantock's orchestral poem "Thalaba the Destroyer," the Era said, "Not previously heard in London, proved disappointing. Its subject being Southey's poem, it was inevitable that the music should be gloomy, but there is more gloom than light, and the listener is wearied by its long-drawn-out complexities. Mr. Bantock would seem to have made the mistake of endeavoring to musically illustrate detail instead of absorbing the spirit of the poem and giving us his impressions. If this be so it would account for the lack of distinction of the themes. At the same time, the work contains some fine and beautiful passages, and the scoring is masterly; but these good points only make it the more regrettable that where so much has been accomplished so little that is gratifying has been achieved."

May 28 1907  
In vision I roamed the flashing firmament,  
So fierce in blazon that the Night waxed wan.  
As though with an awed sense of such ostent;  
And as I thought my spirit ranged on and on  
In footless traverse through ghastr heights of sky,  
To the last chambers of the monstrous Dome,  
Where stars the brightest here to darkness die:  
Then, any spot on our own Earth seemed Home!  
And the sick grief that you were far away  
Grew pleasant thankfulness that you were near.  
Who might have been, set on some outstep sphere,  
Less than a want to me, as day by day  
I lived unaware, uncaring all that lay  
Locked in that Universe taciturn and drear.

We are delighted at the interest shown in the eclipse. Norfolk, Va., was just the place for scientific observations. The oysters, either Mob-jack or Lynnhaven, and the Sora on toast at Jimmy Jones's restaurant put one in sensitive mood, and three or four mint juleps applied internally at a vine-covered cottage near the railway station will bring a total eclipse, darker than that mentioned by Samson in Handel's oratorio.

We hope that the visitors at Norfolk did not behave with the levity shown by the Parisians during the great eclipse of 1829. Archdeacon Hare was then mortally offended. We also hope that Uncle Amos will not neglect this day to insert ram's horns into the bark of fruit trees, say, in the angle between a branch and the stem. This propitiatory offering will insure ever afterward an unfailing crop of the choicest fruit.

Several legendary theories concerning the origin of eclipses have been advanced. The Arabians believed, or they used to believe (perhaps they have lost all their illusions with the encroachments of civilization), that an eclipse is caused by a great fish which chases the skyey bodies; and to drive away the fish they make a noise with kettles. As Dr. Whewell shrewdly remarks, "The notion of eclipses being supernatural arose from merely considering them in relation to space, instead of in

relation to time," a remark which should not be considered as personal.

Metrodorus of Chios said that the "clouds, and afterward the rain, were formed of condensed air, and that the rain which fell upon the sun extinguished it, but that the succeeding rarefaction lighted it anew," which seems to be a reasonable explanation. The opinion of Xenophanes, on the other hand, is open to dispute: he said "that the eclipse of the sun was made by this planet being extinguished, and that it resumed its former brightness next day at its rising. Some eclipses of the sun last a whole month; and there are total eclipses, so that the day seems to be changed into night, that in a certain revolution of time, the sun's orb falls in some part of the earth which is not inhabited, and that then going its progress as through a vacuum, it thereby is eclipsed; but the sun goes in a straight line ad infinitum; only the length of the distance makes it seem to turn to our eye." Xenophanes was a cheerful person, for he affirmed that there is more good than evil in the world, but in matters of science we fear he was a little shaky, dotty, crummy, or however you are pleased to express it.

The beating of brazen pots, kettles and pans was indulged in by Romans, Medes Peruvians, Chinamen, Italians (these last not two centuries ago), Irishmen and Welshmen during an eclipse of the moon. The idea was that the charms of the witches who were trying "to draw the Moon from her sphere" were thus drowned, so that the moon could not hear the beguiling voices.

Eclipses are not without dangerous results. Lord Bacon, the celebrated author of "Hamlet" and other works attributed by some to Ignatius Donnelly, always fainted at an eclipse of the moon tho' he knew nothing of it. Prudent Parisians in 1654 bought drugs against the eclipse of that year. Archelaus, King of Macedon, was so scared by an eclipse that he ordered the hair of his son to be cut off.

Mr. Thomas McGovern sent by mail one of his dirty shirts to President McKinley "just to show the President what a dirty city Chicago is." Now President McKinley has been in Chicago, and he has had ample opportunity to compare the filth of that city with the filth of Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Boston. He really did not need this reminder. Besides, in this case there enters into the problem the personal equation of Mr. McGovern's own cleanliness. It may be said without fear of contradiction that in no large American city are there such nauseating and dangerous dust-clouds as in Boston; nor is there in any other city such an absurd country road as Massachusetts Avenue between Columbus Avenue and Beacon Street.

Who is the author of this parody on the realism of George Moore?

"Rebecca Gins walked down the lane putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph wires. The poles were about thirty-five yards apart. A robin sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. The reddish color of its breast, and the gray brown of its plumage contrasted with the white of its perch. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in Rebecca's hat dropped a little over her left ear; and the third button of her off boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind, west, with a touch of south. Between the fleecy clouds the sky suggested a tone of blue. All these phenomena (including the feather, which was out of sight) escaped Rebecca's notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of essential detail which is the sign of an artistic nature, nurtured in the best School of Realism."

May 29 1907  
Where we differ from each other is purely in accidentals: in dress, manner, tone of voice, religious opinions, personal appearance, tricks of habit and the like. The more one analyzes people, the more all reasons for analysis disappears. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature. Indeed, as anyone who has ever worked among the poor knows only too well, the brotherhood of man is no mere poet's dream; it is a most depressing and humiliating reality; and if a writer insists upon analyzing the upper classes, he might just as well write of match-girls and costermongers at once.

Even a man that has seen a total eclipse is inclined to undue throwing out of the chest. "The most remarkable eclipse I ever saw," said Mr. Johnson at the Porphyry was when I was once on the Caribbean Sea. And there was a full moon, which enhanced the grandeur of the scene."

This reminds us that Old Chimes gave

this judicial opinion in the presence of painters who sat respectfully about him: "The worst Rubens are those that buy them."

It is a pity that London newspapers are attacking both expatriated American millionaires and American millionaires who seek amusement and fame in England for a season. If the editors do not call off their young men, the unpleasantly rich may stay right here in America all the time.

There is talk in England of the unconditional surrender of the Boers on July 4. Thus an unpleasant recollection may be forgotten in the wanton destruction of less fortunate, once free and independent States.

And it would indeed be a sweet tie between Englishmen and American if July 4 were an international holiday. Americans could then pledge in stoops of wine an immense Empire for its victory over a little and brave republic.

To W. L. C.: You ask whether scalloped or scalloped—in close connection with oysters—is correct.

The proper spelling is scalloped, although scalloped is allowed by a few dictionaries.

Johnson's dictionary (7th ed., 1785) Ash's (1795, Walker's (1791), Webster's (1828), Richardson's (1839), Stormonth's (1885), The Standard (1893), all favor scallop. Walker says "This word is irregular, for it ought to have the 'a' in the first syllable like that in 'tallow'; but the deep sound of 'a' is too firmly fixed by custom to afford any expectation of a change."

The Oxford English Dictionary—the one great authority—has not been published beyond the letter "I," but we find "escalloped"—"an alternative (but now less frequent form of scalloped)" and no such word as "escalloped" is recognized. Mr. W. D. Howells wrote in his "Undiscovered Country," "A person you might help to scalloped oysters or ice-cream at an evening party."

"The Boston Cooking School Cook Book" (1899) speaks of "scalloped" cysters, lobster, lamb, chicken, tomatoes; but potatoes, it appears, are "escalloped." Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book (1891) also spells the word "scalloped."

Let us consult the monumental work by John R. Philpot, "Oysters, and a about them" (London, 1890). The learned author invariably spells the word "scalloped," and so does Franciselli from whom he quotes (see Philpot's work, vol. I., pp. 297, 298).

George Augusta Sala in his "The Good Cook" (London, 1895) spells the word "scalloped"—but Sala was more entertaining than accurate.

You also ask about "posted." It is a vile word, and we take pleasure in quoting Richard Grant White: "If is informed upon a subject, has learned all about it, knows it, and understands it, let him say so, not that he is 'well posted' on it. He will say what he means, simply, clearly, and forcibly, rather than pretentiously, vaguely, and feebly. It is noteworthy and significant that the man who would say that he is posted up on this that subject, is the very one who would use such a feeble, useless, pretentious word as 'recuperate,' instead of 'cover.'"

"New beginnings." Is this phrase necessarily tautological? A beginning has been defined as "that which nothing necessarily precedes but which something naturally follows." And if "new" is used in the sense of "fresh"?

A tavern in which chorus girls lodged caught fire lately in New York. A tall Westerner hurried out in a night shirt and silk hat and told the girls to be calm. The Providence Journal said a few days ago that the plug hat was the symbol of dignity. We agree that the plug hat is essentially comic.

Queequeg, the harpooner in "Mardi," began dressing at top by dressing his beaver hat. "A very tall hat, and then—still minus his trousers—lunched up his boots. His next movement was to crush himself—boots and hat on—under the bed; and from sundry violent gaspings and strainings, I inferred he was hard at work booting himself; though by no means of propriety that I ever heard of, is a man required to be private when booting on his boots."

The Independent sneers at Mr. Auden rhyming "blench meant" with "trenchment." Is the rhyme any worse than one by Mrs. Browning: "Gelding" with "as when a"?

Mrs. Georgianna Lewry gives several reasons for not living with her husband, who is a waiter in a quick electric "lunch-restaurant." Mrs. Lewry is an enthusiast in his profession. He takes the dishes out of his wife's closet to show her how many "bean orders and coffees" he can carry on one arm; and he wishes his son to be just like him. As Mrs. Lewry said



New York Sun reporter: "He Mehlon to grow up and be a r. He used to bring home greasy egg-stained bills of fare and have on learn them and said that was est education he could get. They'd regular lessons, and the boy would to study that bill of fare and then the different things on it and then to his father. Sometimes I'd him something about the lesson, and he'd say he didn't know. Just to plague me, his father say: 'Mehlon. Ham and eggs, potatoes, pie and coffee—how? Quick now. And Mehlon would then right up and say 'Thirty cents. Then my husband would look and grin and say there was no and that Mehlon knew his busi-

Yvrlaine once told George Moore getted bitterly that he had not his boy a garcon in a cafe; that s calling the boy would have l an invaluable knowledge of the

May 30 1910

Beware the candle, O beware,"  
A mother bee was pleading;  
"Non candlelight is but a snare!"  
The youngster laughed unheeding.

ound the merry golden gleam  
He buzzes and he flutters,  
Mivious of the warning scream  
His anxious parent utters.

outh and hot blood, so foolish-wise,  
Towards his doom they drive him,  
nother moment hurt he lies;  
No need, alack! to shrive him.

My son," 'twas ever mother's cry,  
"Beware a maiden's glances;  
or tho' sweet light he in her eye,  
At heart a hell-fire dances."

ny bother Mr. W. J. Bryan with the  
e of Mr. J. J. Coogan? J. Jordon  
rler, the inspired bard of domestic  
and the gentler emotions, is the  
e to conjure with. For he is rich in  
ght and reverie, although he may  
be stocked with campaign cough.

leak House is for sale, and the price  
is \$3000. We wrote the other day  
at the penalties attached to life in  
ice famous dwelling house. Bleak  
se is surely full of spirits; but they  
less harmful than the sentimental  
ims.

A woman told us this ghost story.  
with her two sisters lived when  
were children in a house on the  
ot of Connecticut. Part of the house  
at least 150 years old, and there  
e shadowy passageways and unex-  
ed rooms. This girl saw nearly ev-  
day in this house until she was nine  
en years old an oddly-dressed wom-  
e, leading a child by the hand. The  
man, looked at her, but never spoke.  
h two younger sisters never saw  
he apparitions even when they were  
ole to the oldest one. No one else  
the house ever saw them except an  
urse who told her beads whenever  
subject was mentioned. And so in-  
eable was the impression made on the  
that today, although she is a  
ean, she will not be persuaded even  
o visit the house in the daytime, al-  
ugh it is inhabited by members of  
e family. She slept there one night  
ew years ago, and that night was  
of indefinable and indescribable  
or.

A you undoubtedly know, Menelik,  
peror of the Abyssinians, is a lineal  
endant of the son of Solomon the  
rat, and Balkis, Queen of Sheba, who  
et to Solomon to ask him hard ques-  
s. Solomon answered her in many  
ers, and to her satisfaction and won-  
e. Menelik has forbidden the use of  
acco in his kingdom. And why? The  
son is strictly personal, and, as you  
see, Abyssinia is a personally con-  
ted government. The Emperor one  
saw some Englishmen happy with  
r pipes. He borrowed one, filled it  
a strong tobacco and began. "He  
eisted until the pipe fell from his  
eless hand, and he fled from the  
e of his wonder-struck and, it  
et be confessed, amused subjects,  
om he had assembled for the trial.  
e then, even the odor of the weed  
alls those moments of terrible suf-  
ng."

r George Grove, whose death is an-  
need, is known almost solely in this  
ntry by the Dictionary of Music  
ch he edited and to which he con-  
uted. The dictionary is a work of  
ularly uneven worth. The earlier  
omes are the poorer; they are con-  
tacted without any sense of pro-  
tion, and there are many inac-  
cies, more than the amount that is  
able in books of such scope and  
entitude. The later volumes contain  
nlarable articles on Schumann, Schu-  
t, Verdi, Wagner, Weber and per-  
s the best of all is the authoritative,  
riminative, sympathetic article on  
ubert, which was written by Grove  
self. Whoever writes today on  
ubert must go to Grove for his  
ts. Grove also wrote a series of am-  
le articles about Beethoven's sym-  
nies.

They are still doing strange things in  
London, just as they did when the song  
was made famous by Henry E. Dixey.  
At the London Hospital for Diseases  
of the Skin a woman with aggressive  
beard and moustache was placed on a  
couch; her eyes and face were cov-  
ered with a leaden mask in which was  
a hole, and the chest was also pro-  
tected by a metallic covering. "There  
was a buzzing noise as the electric  
current was turned on, and the dark-  
ened room was lit by the ghostly,  
greenish light of the Roentgen rays.  
For some 15 minutes the patient lay  
quiescent, while the rays played upon  
the aperture in the mask, immediately  
over the thick tuft of hair that was to  
be destroyed. Then the patient rose  
from the couch, the operation for that  
day being complete. 'Had you any  
disagreeable or painful sensations?'  
I asked. 'None at all,' was the  
reply." The woman's disfigurement  
had been a great hindrance to her  
in obtaining a situation; but the hair

under the rays died away like sun-dried  
hay.

And then the reporter indulged in this  
fine burst: "There are many women,  
young and old, in England, who are  
afflicted in this way—young women  
who lead secluded lives, and old women  
who rarely creep out into the sunlight;  
rich women who are debarred from  
society, and poor women who are  
hampered in the earning of their bread.  
I trust that for these a brighter day  
has dawned. For some years it had  
been observed that those who worked  
with the Roentgen rays were apt to lose  
the hair on the backs of their hands.  
This was the first hint of the thera-  
peutic value of the X-rays. Schiff of  
Vienna was one of the first to use  
them in medicine, but I believe that  
the present installation is the first that  
has been placed in any hospital in  
England, for the use of the poor, for  
'hirsuties,' as it is called."

And in a dingy Bloomsbury side  
street—but this story will keep till to-  
morrow.

May 31 1910

There is a clumsiness and stupidity about  
household furniture that is at times quite  
exasperating. Some one has said that it  
required generations of immortal dullness to  
evolve the common sofa and the upright  
chair. The immortal dullness that went to  
evolve them seems to have entered into their  
bones and stayed there. Nothing is so hope-  
lessly dull, so aggressively devoid of intelli-  
gence, as household furniture. And on no  
occasion is this so thrust upon your notice  
as when you are settling into a new house.  
You tumble a pile of furniture into a room  
and leave it there, while you go and see to  
something else, hoping that if you leave it  
alone for a little it will dispose of itself in  
some way—get into the corners, at least, in-  
stead of blocking up the doorway. You go  
back and look at it, anticipating that such  
an adjustment has taken place. You find it  
blocking up the doorway in precisely the  
same clumsy pile as when you left it, with  
precisely the same blockhead expression of  
stupidity.

The brutally rich are not necessarily  
howellless. Mr. William Rockefeller un-  
derwent an operation for appendicitis.

"Among the spectators at the McCoy-  
Ryan fight was the Reverend Mr. Jef-  
fries, father of the heavyweight cham-  
pion." The effectual fervent prayer of  
a righteous man availed much, as  
James—the apostle, not Corbett—wrote;  
but in this case the referee was rattled,  
and he wore earcapes.

This reminds us that at a scrap con-  
ducted with great decorum in this city,  
a baritone singer entertained the wait-  
ing sports by an impassioned delivery  
of "Palm Branches."

In sleep you run as a boy of 15 or 16  
years on a familiar road in a distant  
town. You run lightly without thought  
of heart-failure, or, what is more dis-  
agreeable, undue sweat, which starts  
now that you are an esteemed citizen  
just behind and below the right ear.  
The earth, the air, everything smells  
good as you run. You have left the  
house of the clergyman-tutor and are  
hurrying to supper. Suddenly, as you  
are about to take a short cut through  
a wood, two young men on the high-  
way call to you. They are strangers,  
and they are batting a ball at each oth-  
er. It seems as though they were try-  
ing to hit you. One of them comes up  
to you as you turn. His face is singu-  
larly repulsive, cruel, malignant. He  
catches hold of you and hurts you. A  
third man appears on the highway.  
He motions to your assailant and hisses,  
"Go ahead! Hurry up!" An arm is  
about your neck and your head is  
forced back. You screech dismally for  
help. Surely someone must hear you.  
You screech again. And, lo, you are  
awake, and the shriek is ringing in  
your ears. But all is still within the  
house; you hear the quiet breathing of  
your wife; there is silence in the court;  
the clock in the hall strikes three.  
Did the shriek in your dream get be-  
hind the harrier of your teeth? Even

the roar and the shock of battle are  
unnoticed a few feet under ground.

I, too, pass from the night.  
I stay awhile away, O night, but I return  
to you again and love you.  
Why should I be afraid to trust myself to  
you?  
I am not afraid, I have been well brought  
forward by you,  
I love the rich running day, but I do not  
desert her in whom I lay so long.  
I know not how I came of you and I know  
not where I go with you, but I know  
I came well and shall go well.  
I will stop only a time with the night, and  
rise betimes,  
I will duly pass the day, O my mother, and  
duly return to you.

As we started to say yesterday, in a  
house in a dingy Bloomsbury side street  
strange things are going on. W. F. W.  
gives a blood-curdling description of  
them. There is a "lack-lustre street-  
door" which swings open noiselessly.  
Matting on the floor, drapery on the  
ceiling and the walls, all are soft, thick,  
white. Electric light shimmers through  
ivory-white globes. A Nubian in white  
robes and turban salaams. At a touch  
from his swart hand a white wall opens.  
A large apartment is revealed. Again  
white decorations, again a shimmering,  
veiled light. But there is a great white  
folding screen in the centre—and what,  
O what is behind that screen?

"Behind that screen—well, I can guess  
pretty well what I shall see behind that  
screen. There emerges to greet me  
from the business side of it a rotund  
gentleman in a working suit of white  
flannel, with a skull-cap to match. He  
is suggestive of Sainte-Beuve, as you  
see him in his portrait at the Musée  
of his native Boulogne—the same round,  
hairless face, the same keen eyes and  
humorous mouth. But this professor  
is not a dealer in literature. His deal-  
ings are with the dead. The art he pro-  
fesses is the Egyptian art. Your olfac-  
tory sense would tell you so much.  
The atmosphere is heavy with odors  
that yet strike pungently. And then  
there is, in spite of these, a certain  
savor of death unto death about which  
bewrays him. Not that he is an em-  
balmer, exactly."

No, the rotund gentleman has im-  
proved on the Egyptian methods. He  
uses a powerful pump and an aromatic  
fluid of his own invention. He re-  
quires no surgical tools, but he insists  
that the "effacing fingers" should not  
be allowed to get the start of him.

"Den," he declares, "I make him good  
hundred years—tousand, if you like.  
All de same. Like dis. See." He deftly  
doubles back the screen and I see. I  
see, pillowed on white satin, in the  
satin-quilted quilt of a leaden casket  
not yet closed down, a handsome,  
bearded man of dark complexion, who  
was once, I understand, a Rajah of  
sorts, and who, demising in this coun-  
try, must needs go back to his own in  
a condition to bear witness to his own  
decease. He scarcely does so now. I  
have seen men as dead-asleep as this  
who were yet very much alive next  
morning. 'Dat,' says the professor, 'is  
my art. He is det all right, vot you  
call. Bote he shall look so hundred  
years. I make him good for always.'  
I leave the sleeper with that hope,  
any how, for in life he was not always  
good, this Rajah."

The Paris correspondent of the Ref-  
eree regretted politely that Miss Odette  
Valery had been robbed. "She left a  
purse containing £120 in an open cab, and  
was surprised when she came back to  
find that a perfect stranger had toddled  
off with it. It was only the other day  
that La Belle Otero, who drops dia-  
monds and pearls regularly, lost a much  
larger sum in a similar way. I would  
suggest to the theatrical profession that  
it is useless to go out in the morning  
with less than £1000 in their purses.  
After all, £120 only represents a coffee  
at a milk stall, a bite at Duval's, and  
a cup of tea at the Young Women's  
Christian Association. To go out with  
simply £120 is to invite the suspicion of  
poverty."

"Have you seen Sargent's Interior?" one  
lady from the country remarked to her fel-  
low, at my elbow, while we were all engaged  
upon the picture show. She referred, I found  
out, to the distinguished artist's Venetian  
interior, and her question was without ana-  
tomical significance. But this ultra-familiar  
mode of talking without quotation marks  
must necessarily lay the conversationalist  
open to misconception now and then.

June 1. 1910

LIT SHIPS.  
Out of the night they gleam,  
Spreading their delicate wings:  
The gold and exquisite creatures of a dream,  
Not any earthly things.

Robed with the lightning, girt by the sea's  
thunder,  
The fierce and lovely birds of battle, these,  
Never were seen on any earthly seas  
Such birds of wonder.

The dim moon from hid vales  
Climbs to the battery hill;  
Beside those peacocks with their jeweled  
tails  
How sad she shows, how chill!

From what enchanted wonder-world of fairy,  
Forests of spice and diamonds are they  
come,  
Powdered with peacocks' eyes and golden  
bloom,  
Glittering and airy?

"The horse, Diamond Jubilee, has won  
nearly £17,000 this season for the Prince  
of Wales." Now perhaps His Royal  
jags will be able to pay his tailor, ha-  
berdasher and other creditors.

In Kashgaria many women never get  
husbands. "And yet there is a public  
praying place for the spinsters, which  
is crowded all day." It is a pity that  
Francis Galton did not know of this  
when he wrote his essay on the objec-  
tive efficacy of prayer.

"Professor Benedict of the depart-  
ment of philosophy and psychology of  
the University of Cincinnati an-  
nounced to his students that readings  
from the poet Browning will be dis-  
continued henceforth owing to the  
great strain upon both professor and  
student."

This one fact is worth volumes in  
praise of the superior toughness of the  
Boston intellect.

"Professor Benedict will substitute  
readings from the ancient philosophers,  
particularly Plato and Aristotle." But  
in Boston Plato was discarded years  
ago for the Rollo books. Jonas, next  
to Browning, is the great philosopher  
that stimulates the New England mind,  
although it is true that some years  
ago there was a Plato club in Rox-  
bury. As for Aristotle—he is "vieux  
jeu," a veritable "pompiere" as Profes-  
sor Sumichrast—we beg his pardon—  
Sumichrast would say. And yet the old  
Greek is not entirely forgotten here.  
Last April a prominent tavern-keeper  
in Cambridge Street recommended to  
us Aristotle on Cordials with an ap-  
pendix concerning mixed drinks, and  
was much surprised when he found  
out that we did not know the book.  
By the way, how did Aristotle spell  
the word "ricky" in Greek? We read  
with pleasure Mr. William—the only  
William—Schmidt's learned note to the  
New York Sun: "Every man knows  
that limes are beneficial in the country  
of which they are a native; they are  
necessarily picked green when shipped  
to this country, and must, therefore,  
be artificially ripened. Consequently,  
while an occasional 'ricky' is both  
agreeable and beneficial, a steady in-  
dulgence in the ordinary 'ricky' would  
be highly injurious to one's digestion.  
For steady use lemons would be far  
superior, though not so tasty." But  
"tasty," William, is a vile word, one  
that should not fall from the moist  
lips of a master of bibulous lore.

H. T. writes to us: "Isn't it strange  
—on the part, perhaps, of the make-up  
man—that 'The Story of a Tin Sol-  
dier' should follow so closely after  
Richard Hardreading Davis's article in  
the current Scribner's?"

We have received the following let-  
ter:

—, Mass., May 30, 1900.

"Editor of The Talk of the Day:

"I read with painful interest your re-  
marks about certain lunatics who were  
confined in the houses of their rela-  
tives. Your statements of fact are un-  
fortunately true, but are there not  
other conclusions to be drawn than  
those which you suggest? This domes-  
tic imprisonment is preferred by some  
afflicted families, not from mistaken  
pride, not from erroneous economy, but  
from a feeling that the unfortunate will  
be happier and safer than if he were  
intrusted to necessarily indifferent or  
hardened keepers. Stories that are not  
reassuring—and I hope are not true—  
are constantly leaking out of public  
and private asylums, and the exposures  
made by Charles Reade in his 'Very  
Hard Cash' are still remembered by  
thousands. I do not say that these  
families always act wisely; but, believe  
me, their course is shaped by affec-  
tion.

"Yours truly,

But is it true love to chain a slobber-  
ing and moaning lunatic by a window  
where he may expose his awful cal-  
amity to every one that drives or  
walks on the highway?

The salient feature in the tragedy of  
Mr. George Rogers of Richmond, Ind.,  
has escaped observation. Mr. Rogers  
raises hens. He feeds them, and a  
chicken nipped a \$500 diamond ring from  
his finger, and disappeared. Now any  
man who can buy diamonds by raising  
hens should be congratulated, not  
pitied, not derided.

They propose to license barbers in  
Washington, D. C. Each applicant  
must be examined as to his moral and  
physical condition. "No barber afflicted  
with a contagious disease or who is a  
drunkard shall receive a license." Would  
it not be well to insert a clause  
compelling abstinence from onions?  
And if barbers must chew tobacco,  
why not restrict them to the finest



uncured, unsweetened, unmedicated  
plum." At this makes toward the higher  
civilization.

A regular contributor to the Referee  
(London) pays Yale this pretty compli-  
ment: "Some day I hope to pay these  
lads a visit, as I do to  
Wrexham, a place I never touch with-  
out making pilgrimage to Elibu Yale's  
tomb. Somehow I always felt kindly to  
old Elibu Yale—Elibu Yale—Elibu Yale. I  
do cotton to folk, dead or alive, who  
try to do good where they make their  
money, and Elibu Yale appeared to go on  
these lines. Besides, it had not been  
for him we should not have had the Yale  
boys over here for Henley Regatta a  
few seasons ago, when they made so  
many friends, and, I may add, set me  
wondering, because, take them man for  
man or team for team, they were in  
build far more typically English than  
our oarsmen made in England. It  
stands to reason, does it not? that if  
the late Mr. E. Yale had not founded  
the institution, it would not be there  
to this day to send forth genial giant  
sportsmen who teach you strange chor-  
uses in the small hours of the morn-  
ing."

But the pilgrim to Wrexham should  
beware of a local product—Welsh whis-  
ky. The Referee contributor gives fair  
warning. "Scotch I know. I have been  
there and still would go. Irish wine  
and I are on visiting terms also; we  
are well acquainted. But Welch, the  
other national fire-water, is almost a  
stranger to me. I, of course, do not  
profess to be a connoisseur. Probably  
Welsh whisky requires an educated  
palate. So far as I am concerned I  
will say that I am not likely to go to  
Wrexham solely to sample that stim-  
ulant."

June 2.

The following poem was written and  
sent to the Journal by G. W. P. We  
publish it, although we are all now in  
June.

#### TWENTY-SIX IN MAY.

Sleep, ah! sleep; the world is wide,  
While thy guest here stands apart,  
May's first offering beside,  
Wants thy opening hand and heart;  
While his past, in shadowy keep,  
Noon grows heavier, sleep, ah! sleep.

Twice a sweetheart, twice a bride,  
Once a mother, Twenty-six,  
True, the world about is wide;  
But what May perfections picks  
Like the gift so lately by,  
Of thy lips and closed eye?

Woodlawn wives secluded are;  
To bright interview, alas!  
Round the square show-windows far  
Love could hear thy shadow pass;  
Now, to straining ear and eye,  
Naught so tense arriveth nigh.

\*A mysterious, actual, recorded, dated,  
spirit experience.

Those who are shouting lustily "All  
up for St. George and the dragon!"  
should remember that the tutelary  
saint of England was a native of Cap-  
padocia, who became an Archbishop  
"after he had exhausted the possibilities  
of wickedness open to an army contrac-  
tor and a tax gatherer." He slew no  
dragon; on the contrary, his flock slew  
him. No wonder that Mr. Sidney Lee  
protests against such a saint, although  
some will not follow him when he  
names Shakspeare—William W.—the  
eminent playwright and Baconian, as  
a substitute.

Why does not Mr. Krueger come to  
this country? He would be a welcome  
visitor, and he could easily support  
himself by lecturing.

Judge after Judge proves himself an  
honour to the bench and his sex. Justice  
Russell of New York has handed down  
the opinion that a husband cannot be  
compelled to support his mother-in-  
law; that he may be justified in or-  
dering her out of the house; and that  
this is not sufficient cause for his wife  
to leave him. And Judge McAuley of  
Kansas City discharged a man who  
had been charged with hissing at a  
theatre. "I've been to the theatre  
many times myself," said Judge Mc-  
Auley, "when I would have felt bet-  
ter if I could have shown my opinion  
by hissing. If a man has the right to  
applaud, it is certainly his privilege to  
hiss."

It appears that the American Pavil-  
ion at the Paris Exposition is dis-  
tinguished from all the other national  
pavilions by the fact that it contains  
nothing in the nature of an exhibit.  
A French Journalist explains in choice  
English: "The United States Pavilion  
is devoted and designed with the com-  
forts American in view. It seems  
nothing so much comfortable as Ameri-  
can-Club-House." This being inter-  
preted means that the pavilion con-  
tains a post-office, reading, smoking,  
reception and ladies' rooms, two ele-  
vators, and "a huddle of cocktail de  
derrière les fagots!"

An English firm that once knew one

Theocaridi, an Egyptian cigarette  
maker, as a partner, called cigarette  
made by it "Egyptian" and put Theo-  
caridi and other Egyptian marks on  
the package. These marks were more  
prominent than the admission "made  
in England," which appeared some-  
where on the wrapper. The Lord Mayor  
fined the firm £35 shillings.

Mr. Gargan in his speech at Faneuil  
Hall referred to Sumichrast as an "em-  
inent professor." But is the fiery An-  
glophil a professor? Is he not rather  
an instructor? Our friend, Mr. James  
Jeffrey Roche, suggested in the Pilot  
of this week that Sumichrast—or The  
Sumichrast, is a Swiss and not a  
Frenchman. We are told that he is a  
Hungarian by birth, and that forget-  
ting the gulasch, paprika, and soulol  
of his native land he is now addicted  
passionately to roast beef and bitter  
beer.

In answer to Mr. Samuel Smith's  
speech in the House of Commons on  
"immoral plays," the Pall Mall Gazette  
remarks: "Dullness, not indecency, is  
a charge which might be made good  
against at least 75 per cent. of the  
plays produced." Now and again a  
playwright in a desperate attempt to  
attract attention tries to invent what  
is called a 'risky situation,' and as  
often as not he bungles it. And it is  
the bungling that annoys all fair-  
minded people, and not the riskiness,  
which is a very minor detail. Mr.  
Smith talks about a decadent stage  
producing a decadent people; as if the  
stage ever produced anything but ac-  
tors and a few play-wrights. Surely  
the drama of the Restoration must be  
decadent in the eyes of Mr. Smith, yet  
it did not produce a decadent people.  
Has Mr. Smith a close acquaintance  
with the dramatic literature of the  
times of Elizabeth? The nation was  
then in the flush of its magnificent  
youth; but some of the plays written  
then would be thought far too out-  
spoken for today."

It is interesting to observe that Nicola  
Tesla's article of aluminium, in the  
June Century spells that metal with  
five syllables, and we suppose that is  
correct, even though about everybody  
gives it only four.—Boston Herald.

Aluminium was the name given by  
Davy in 1812, but the word which he  
suggested in 1808 was aluminum. Alumi-  
nium is the preferred word, as the  
Oxford English Dictionary says, be-  
cause it "harmonizes best with other  
names of elements, as sodium, potassi-  
um, magnesium," etc. And the Quar-  
terly Review as early as 1812 said,  
"Aluminium, for so we shall take the  
liberty of writing the word in prefer-  
ence to aluminum, which has a less  
classical sound."

To quote once more from "Knowledge  
Is Truth, by Mr. Conrad Fleckner":  
"The smartest man that I knew, when  
he committed a crime always rubbed  
smart-weed in his eyes. It is not self-  
movement to rub red pepper in those  
eyes, therefore green Indian turnip is  
good to eat."

L. G. writes: "I was much surprised  
to hear of a Count Lafayette, 'a great-  
grandson of the noble Frenchman,' in  
this or any other country. It is my im-  
pression that the male line became ex-  
tinct some years ago."

June 3, 1900

HAVE received the list of the  
casts of the first week of the Grau  
opera season at Covent Garden.

What a cry of protest would rush  
forth from Bostonian throats if the  
same singers were presented here! For  
there are some that "we never even  
heard of," and, therefore, inexorable  
logic—they must be second or third  
rate. The season opened with "Faust!"  
—"Faust" by one Gounod—"un indi-  
vidu" named Gounod, Melba, who was  
announced, was sick. Suzanne Adams  
was the Marguerite, Miss Maubourg,  
a new-comer from the Monnaie, Brussels,  
was Siebel, and the men were Cossira,  
Scotti and Plancon. Emile Cossira has  
sung in New Orleans, but never in Bos-  
ton. He was born in 1857 and made his  
debut in the Opéra Comique, Paris, in  
1883. He has sung in many of the Euro-  
pean capitals, and Mr. Ellis once  
thought of bringing him here; but Cos-  
sira, gallant man, insisted on a certain  
soprano, and the plan fell through.

"Tannhäuser" followed with Terina  
—she sang the part of Elisabeth for  
the first time in London; Mrs. Sobrino  
as the shepherd—she was once a con-  
cert singer in New York—and with  
Susan Strong as a stout and healthy  
Venus with whom a subterranean life  
agrees wonderfully. The tenor was  
Carlen from Bremen. We learn that  
he is "a thoroughly German tenor,"  
and this thoroughly quenches thirst  
for further information. Robert Blass  
of Bremen was Hermann. "He has  
had experience in America." When?  
Bertram was the Wolfram.

In "Aida" Miss MacIntyre, who did  
not distinguish herself at the Cincin-  
nati Festival two years ago, was the  
heroin. Edyth Walker, an American,  
who has been at the Vienna opera  
house for nearly five years, was the  
destructively jealous Amneris. The

tenor was Imbart de la Tour, late of  
the Monnaie, a singer of high reputa-  
tion. There was talk of his joining Mr.  
Grau's force at the Metropolitan last  
season. The Era of May 19 said: "He  
is an energetic vocalist, perhaps rather  
too much so in the opening melody; but  
in the vigorous and dramatic duet with  
Aida his best qualities were displayed,  
and in other scenes M. de la Tour was  
decidedly effective, both as a vocalist  
and actor."

In "Carmen" Calvé, Adams, Cossira  
and Allard were the chief singers. Al-  
lard, the Escamillo, is a baritone from  
Bordeaux, who is now engaged for the  
Opéra-Comique, Paris.

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Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote of Calvé  
in the Pall Mall Gazette of May 18:

Last night Calvé once more came to  
grace a London holiday. Naturally,  
she chose "Carmen" for her introduc-  
tion this year. And what an amazing  
Carmen is hers! Matchless in its  
beauty, you confess at once, so much  
is patent, clear, unmistakable. This  
wonderful creature might, indeed, tempt  
such a man as José to incredible and  
unmeasured emotions, even such emo-  
tions as in this instance culminated in  
the recklessness of crime and desperate  
revenge.

But Calvé is subtler than these words  
imply, although the beauty of her in-  
terpretation, the sheer splendor of the  
external presentment naturally take  
one at the outset, like Shakspeare's be-  
loved daffodils. "That come before the  
swallow darts, and take the winds of  
March with beauty." She belongs to  
that rare order of artist who combines  
in one temperament the natural aban-  
donment of extreme emotion with the  
fine calculation of a critic of self. Al-  
though the magnificent sentiment the  
overpowering tragedy of her surren-  
der sweep away all calculating criti-  
cism, you are nevertheless aware, after  
all is over, how nicely her own art  
has been outlined, how perfectly she  
has rounded her conception of the char-  
acter, how infinitely her own fine tem-  
perament has suggested a thousand  
details that build up, like the silently  
increasing islands of coral in a deep  
Atlantic, the ultimate exquisite result  
which she gives to us from the stage.

She is an artist of infinite variety.  
Not Cleopatra herself can be conceived  
as possessing a more multitudinous ap-  
peal to the human heart. No Shak-  
speare has written of Calvé; but that  
which he has written of Cleopatra may  
almost be applied line for line to this  
artist when she essays the role of  
Carmen. We have partly written the  
phrase already. "Time cannot wither  
her, nor custom stale her infinite  
variety." She appeals to you as a  
woman of so boundless a temperament  
for fascination that your sympathies, as  
near as may be, go forth to the man  
whose agony is caused by her rejection  
of his love in which she once rejoiced.

That is the reason of her splendid  
success in Carmen. And that very rea-  
son is accountable for the perfect sense  
of disorganization which she gives to  
operas in which this special and indi-  
vidual charm is unnecessary. Take, for  
example, her Santuzza, which she is to

give tomorrow at the opera. Santuzza  
is a woman refused because she has lost  
her charm, because a Lola more beau-  
tiful, more engrossing, has crossed the  
path of the lover. But this Santuzza  
of Calvé makes one despise any rejec-  
tion on the part of Turiddu: it becomes  
a freak, an impossible situation.

If one may trench upon the holy  
ground of dramatic criticism it may be  
said that Duse, who has given us a  
Santuzza without music, has a more  
dramatic conception of the character  
than Calvé. For Duse makes her own  
rejection reasonable. She plods along  
the stage like any poor peasant who  
has unaccountably met love once in her  
life-time. But Calvé is triumphant.  
She shames the universal Lola; her  
dismissal is incredible, even unimag-  
inable. And yet—and yet—her San-  
tuzza, apart from this essential con-  
tradiction, is in itself so overwhelmingly  
beautiful, that you would fain hold  
Turiddu for the perfect ass, the essen-  
tial imbecile, and believe that, had he  
had an ounce more brain, "Cavalleria  
Rusticana" would have been impossible.  
This column has been a paean for  
Calvé; but she merits this, and more.

With the exception of the two per-  
formances of the "Messiah," Richter  
will conduct all the Manchestor Hallé  
concerts when Liszt's "St. Elizabeth,"  
Beethoven's Mass in D, the same com-  
poser's Choral Symphony, Bach's "St.  
John" Passion, Brahms's "Requiem,"  
and Berlioz's "Faust" will be among  
the works performed.—Paul Henne-  
berg has succeeded Victor Herbert as  
bandmaster of the Twenty-second Regi-  
ment (N. Y.) Band. Herbert wishes  
to give all his time to the Pittsburgh  
Symphony Orchestra.—Six songs,  
"From an Old Garden," by MacDowell,  
were sung May 7 in London by Miss  
May Williamson.—Tivadar Nachéz,  
violinist, played a new piece of his  
own, "Poème de la Puszta," in London  
early in May.—A young English  
pianist, A. Rosenthal, made his ap-  
pearance in London May 8 and was  
praised for technic and intelligence, al-  
though he "lacked warmth."—Sterling  
MacKinlay, bass, and graduate of  
Oxford, who sang in London May 17, is  
the son of our old friend, Antoinette  
Sterling. Let us hope that he sings  
better than his mother.—Albani is  
still at it. She sang May 12 in the Al-  
bert Hall, London, the Liebestod from  
"Tristan," the air from "The Star of  
the North," with flute obbligati, and  
she took part in Frederick Bridge's  
"Flag of England" and the quin-

tet from "Die Meistersinger." Mi-  
tchelman described in the Musical  
Record for June Albani at the Lon-  
don Festival. "She tripped on in be-  
cheerful, girlish way, strange to say  
without her handkerchief; she smiled  
familiarily, not to say condescendingly  
at the audience; she sang out of time  
several times, and eagerly responded to  
the applause that followed her feat by  
returning several times to bow. I bowed  
before she gave Handel's 'Sweet Bird.'  
I had enough of Albani several years  
ago; I should not weep were she to re-  
tire. Still, I suppose, a portion of the  
public likes her, since she continues to  
sing."—Clara Butt sang for the first  
time in London Elgar's song cycle  
"Sea Pictures," May 10. The composi-  
tion conducted. Busoni played Liszt's piano  
concerto No. 2 at the same concert, and  
was enthusiastically applauded.—The  
new Hippodrome, close to the Place  
Clichy, Paris, opened May 14. There are  
seats for 5000. There was an equestrian  
pantomime, "Vercingétorix," by Vic-  
torin Jasset, music by Justin Clérieux.  
"This spectacle is imposing. Fully 50  
persons take part in it, with numerous  
cavalry, Gauls, Romans, warriors, Ama-  
zons, ballet dancers, etc. The costumes  
are showy and staging effective."—An  
overture, "Horatius," by Master R. J.  
Dale, was performed by the North Lon-  
don Orchestra Society, May 10.

The work showed "remarkable  
ability for a writer apparently  
not yet half way through his  
 teens."—Humperdinck supervised the  
final rehearsals of his "Haensel and  
Gretel" at the Opéra Comique, Paris,  
and expressed himself as highly de-  
lighted with everybody and everything.  
—Louis Varney is finishing a new  
four-act opera-bouffe "Les Travau  
d'Hercule."—"Der Nachtwächter," a  
new one-act comic opera, music by  
Wilhelm Meyer-Stolzenau, played  
at Magdeburg April 22. The text is  
founded on an idea of the poet Kör-  
ner.—Fritz Rémond, who was lately  
a play actor at Munich, has been en-  
gaged as heroic tenor by the Karls-  
ruhe Court theatre.—Guy Ropartz' Psal-  
m 139 for chorus and orchestra was  
performed at Düsseldorf April 26. This  
work might well be considered by cho-  
ral societies in this country.—The or-

gan for the Philharmonie in Warsaw  
will be built by the Walcker Compan-  
y of Ludwigsburg and will cost about  
\$7500.—Guthell, conductor at Weimar,  
and his wife, Mrs. Guthell-Schodde,  
have been engaged by the Vienna Court  
Opera. Richard will succeed him at  
Weimar.—Alberto Jonas, the pianist,  
has left the University School of Music  
at Ann Arbor, Mich., where he has  
been at the head of the piano depart-  
ment for six years, and will be director  
of a new school in Detroit, the Mich-  
gan Conservatory of Music, which will  
open Sept. 10.—Louis Abbiate, cellist,  
gave a concert of his own works in  
Paris May 5. A critic, L. Alekan,  
wrote: "A performer of the first  
rank, Mr. Abbiate pleased no less as  
a composer. When he wishes to be se-  
rious, as in the melodies written in  
verses of Hugo, Verlaine, Maistre,  
Stamm, his sobriety becomes dryness  
and the music, save in the case of Ver-  
laine's 'Chanson,' adds too little to the  
expression of the poetry to justify its  
presence. When he abandons him-  
self to the natural tendency of his talent  
in his instrumental pieces for piano  
solo or cello or quartet, the passages of  
true inspiration (adagio and allegret  
of the quartet in F major, 'Morgenglück'  
and 'Conte' for piano and cello) are  
drowned in a sea of detail, lost in a  
brushwood of development and in the  
heap of difficulties and strange sonori-  
ties sought out by the composer, at  
the hearer finds himself thinking that  
Mr. Abbiate would know how to write  
still better, if he knew how to restrain  
himself."—Fella Litvinne sang at  
Diémer matinée in Paris early in May.  
—They say that the Russian singer  
Vera Elgerna, is today the finest dra-  
matic soprano in Paris, and her admir-  
ers ask why she is not at the Opéra.

—César Thomson, Isaye, and Edga  
Tinel have been made officers of the  
Order of Léopold.—A subscription  
raising in Brussels for a monument  
to Josef Dupont.—A granddaughter  
Meyerbeer was made a LL. D. by the  
University of Vienna. She is a daugh-  
ter of Baron Ferdinand Andrian-We-  
burg, whose wife was Meyerbeer's  
daughter; she is the wife of Count v.  
Wartensleben and is 30 years old.—  
Méhul's "Uthal," in which vi-  
olins are replaced by violas  
was revived lately at Elberfeld.—  
Georg Schumann gave eight concert  
at Bremen on eight consecutive eve-  
nings. He played the 32 sonatas  
Beethoven, four at each concert.—T  
hymn for the opening of the Napl  
Exposition was set to music by Da-  
lele Napoleotano. The poetry was "Im-  
a Igea" by Prati.—Puccini's "La Bo-  
hème" has been sung in Greek by Gre-  
singers at Athens. The chief tenor was  
Apostolu.—The Philharmonie Orche-  
stra of Berlin, led by Hans Richter



ade a sensation at Bologna and  
ons—Bernard, who died at Paris  
ay 6, in his 65th year, created the  
rt of Jarno in "Mignon" and sang  
1000 times at the Opéra-Comique. The  
st date was Nov. 17, 1866; the date  
the 1000th performance was May  
1894.—Miss Olive Mead, violinist, will  
e a recital in London, June 20.—  
pils of the Faellen Piano School will  
e recitals in Steinert Hall Tuesday  
d Friday evenings.

interesting facts as to the present  
dition of some of the permanent  
orchestras in this country were revealed  
a recent meeting of the Cincinnati  
chestra Association. This society's  
tract with Franz Van der Stucken  
s but one more year to run, and the  
e of the orchestra after that time,  
at present in doubt. The result of  
last season was a deficit of \$1700  
re than the guarantors are required  
make up. The 21 guarantors are re-  
sponsible only for the conductor's sal-  
of \$4000, and any further deficit  
st be paid by the association. The  
ses last year came principally from  
e decrease in the sale of students'  
kets. The fate of the orchestra will  
e determined next year, when Mr.  
a der Stucken's contract with the  
ociation expires. Unless new guar-  
antors are forthcoming, the existence  
the orchestra will probably come to  
an end. There is much bitterness  
ainst the May Festival Association  
its conduct in completely ignoring  
the existence of the orchestra. It was  
expected that Theodore Thomas's  
n would be left out of the festival,  
it was hoped that the extra players  
nded for the orchestra might be en-  
ged from among the Cincinnati Or-  
chestra's men. But they were also  
ught from Chicago. An agreeable  
trast to this state of affairs exists  
Pittsburg. The orchestra was or-  
ganized five years ago. During the first  
three years 25 gentlemen subscribed  
10 apiece, to give 10 evening and 10  
noon concerts with an orchestra of  
40 pieces. The first year these guaran-  
tors paid 72 per cent. of the whole  
amount, the second year 48 per cent.,  
the third year 32 per cent. During  
the fourth season the orchestra was in-  
creased to 70 players, which was guaran-  
teed by 50 men, the orchestra man-  
agement agreeing that their pro rata  
would not exceed \$500. The success  
of the orchestra was such that at the  
beginning of the fifth season it was  
decided to give 18 evening and 18 after-  
noon concerts, and the guarantee list  
increased to 61, with the under-  
standing that the individual assess-  
ment again would not exceed \$500. This  
season the total expenditure amounted  
to \$73,534 21, and the receipts to \$50,  
674, leaving a deficit of \$23,177 77,  
which was covered by the guarantors at  
\$97 per share. The season ticket sale  
amounted to \$22,000 and single admis-  
sions \$7720 25. Cincinnati has a larger  
audience than Pittsburg, but the sale  
of season tickets amounted to only  
\$650 and single admissions only  
\$10. The Chicago Orchestra under  
Theodore Thomas last year required  
\$2000 to cover the disbursements. The  
receipts amounted to \$108,000, and the  
deficit was covered by a guarantee  
of \$2000.

The deficit was smaller than it  
been during any preceding year.  
results in Pittsburg and Chicago  
encouraging enough to lead to the  
that other cities may have their  
manent orchestras.—New York

Robert I. Carter writes in the  
Art-Geer of May 26 about the late  
Cincinnati Festival: "Although no offi-  
cial statement has been made it is said  
the May Festival deficit this year  
be as high as \$5000. In view of  
fact that the attendance was  
than usual, and as large as can  
pected at any festival, it is evi-  
dent that some economies will have to  
be introduced in the management in  
future. It is said that Sembrich  
paid \$4500. "As long as Mr. Thomas  
he will conduct the Cincinnati  
Festival," said Mr. Hobart, President  
of the Festival Association in reply to  
a question in regard to closing the con-  
certs for the next festival. Mr. Ho-  
bart's statement amounts to awarding  
a pension for Mr. Thomas of \$2500  
per year. Even Mr. Zerrahn at Wor-  
cester never had such support as this.  
It is said that no contracts have been  
made between the Festival Association  
and Mr. Thomas for 20 years. The  
conductor's pay for each festival is  
\$10,000 and he charges what he pleases  
for a regular orchestra (30) and the  
extra men he brings from Chicago  
him."

Louisville Commercial spoke as  
of the local chorus in the Festi-  
val at that city: "Would the chorus  
be in the test? Would it bring out  
all the color and rhythm and  
of that great piece of music?  
alvon of applause of thousands  
and the question. The delighted  
laughing of Sembrich and Bouten

and Davies answered it; the pleased  
audles of H. E. Krehbiel, the distin-  
guished New York musical critic, who  
sat down in the audience, answered  
question."

Verdi has been obliged to pay 26,000  
francs taxes for erecting, at his own  
expense, a fine building for indigent  
musicians in Milan. The expense has  
been so far \$20,000. The building was  
begun in 1898, and is now nearly com-  
pleted. Sixty men and 40 women will  
be provided for at once, and the funds  
are invested in such a way that in a  
few years a larger number will be thus  
benefited. The portrait medallions in  
the large salon may be taken as indi-  
cating who Verdi considers to have  
been the eight greatest composers of  
Italy—Palestrina, Monteverdi, Fresco-  
baldi, Scarlatti, Marcello, Pergolesi,  
Cimarosa and Rossini. Verdi's own  
portrait is nowhere to be seen, nor even  
his name. In the chapel Verdi has set  
aside a place in which he desires to be  
buried.—London Musical Courier.

The Baroness Christina Valmar, who  
appeared at the Tivoli, London, May  
21, is a Russian by birth. Her parents  
left their native land for political rea-  
sons, and went to Germany, where the  
Baroness studied for some time under  
Wieber of Berlin. She afterward stud-  
ied for a time at the Conservatory,  
Leipzig, and eventually joined a touring  
company under the direction of  
Tornielli, and visited most of the im-  
portant Continental cities, appearing  
in German and French light operas.

Being advised that she might try the  
lighter style of entertainment popular  
in the variety theatres, she took les-  
sons under Espinosa, the dancing mas-  
ter, with the intention of eventually  
making her debut on the variety stage.  
She played for some time during last  
summer at the Crystal Palace, and ap-  
peared recently at the Palace for the  
Punch benefit, where she was imme-  
diately engaged by Mr. Morton for  
August and September.

"How to Tell the Nationality of Old  
Violins" is the title of a useful book  
recently published by Messrs. Balfour  
& Co. The contents of the book amply  
verify the appropriateness of the title,  
and all those interested in this instru-  
ment may read the book with both  
pleasure and profit. The characteristics  
of the English, French, Italian, Ger-  
man and Dutch schools are carefully  
explained, so that the amateur violin  
collector may have a practical guide in  
coming to a conclusion concerning  
either the instruments he possesses or  
wishes to purchase. The illustrations  
have been carefully executed.—Lon-  
don Exchange.

The Viennese correspondent of the  
New York Times writes:

The intelligence that the unfinished  
musical works that Johann Strauss  
left behind him are more considerable  
than was supposed immediately after  
his death last June, seems to the mu-  
sical world to be glad tidings. It took  
months to arrange all the rich treas-  
ures that his careless hand scattered  
all through the house, in its every nook  
and corner. His widow, Frau Adele  
Strauss, with the assistance of an ad-  
mirer of her husband, has taken the  
trouble to put the fragments together,  
and now they are collected in an or-  
derly manner in portfolios.

Strauss was a wonderful spring of  
music, always bubbling like new wine.  
By day and by night, at home and  
abroad, new tunes were constantly com-  
ing into his mind. He would hastily  
jot them down on the first bit of paper  
that came to hand, it might be a bill  
of fare, or even his cuff, and then  
carelessly put it into any drawer at  
home. Thus it happened that scraps  
from his hand were found in every  
room, the garrets, every cupboard, and  
wardrobe, as he put together only those  
which he destined for some considerable  
work. Till the eighties, about the time  
at which he completed the music to  
"A Night in Venice," he always wrote  
in ink, but after that only in pencil;  
still it is the same characteristic, fine,  
legible hand as before.

Apart from "Cinderella," a new ballet,  
which in autumn probably will be first  
performed not in Vienna, but in the  
Royal Opera at Berlin, (Joseph Bayer  
is the musical editor), there is a large  
quantity of material for a great op-  
eretta, choruses, couplets, several vocal  
waltzes, vocal quartets, songs (includ-  
ing a Spanish dance song) and polkas.  
All these compositions are completely  
scored, and they really seem waiting  
to appear on the stage with words and  
gestures. Besides, there are a lot of  
numbers, which Johann Strauss had in-  
tended for operettas which he never  
composed; also some pieces that formed  
part of works since performed, but  
which he struck out at the rehearsals  
to shorten the performance.

One portfolio contains eight waltz  
numbers, each consisting of four waltz-  
es, besides some other waltzes either  
not completed or else not orchestrated.  
There are likewise not a few motives  
for introductions to these waltzes.

In other portfolios there are sketches  
and drafts, which have now received  
the title of "Ballet Fragments." All  
of them are of a pronouncedly ballet-  
like character, and some of them would  
be suitable as a musical accompani-  
ment to pantomimes. All of them date  
a good while back, whereas Strauss be-  
gan writing the music for his "Cin-  
derella" only two years before his  
death.

Four large sketch books contain many  
hundreds of motifs, while a considera-

ble number of portfolios is filled with  
sketches and drafts of various charac-  
ters, including an impromptu for the  
piano, a series of duets, a festal hymn,  
a drinking song, a girls' chorus, a  
march couplet, and finally several  
sketches for choruses and ensembles.  
The operetta numbers, particularly the  
waltzes, possess a multitude of charm-  
ing motifs, and may be reckoned  
among the best things Strauss ever  
wrote in the domain of dance music.

Philip Hale.

REGENERATION.

Extract from a sermon—"I heard last  
week of a young man at the university who  
declined to become a Christian, because if  
he did so, and was compelled to mix with  
those who were Christians, he would, for-  
sooth, not be able to dress as smartly as he  
wished."

There was a time, I grieve to state,  
When I was unregenerate,  
And purchased well-cut coats,  
My trousers were a joy to see,  
My hat as shiny as could be,  
My boots were not like boats.

And in those days the Evil One  
Observed with joy what I had on;  
His heart was filled with glee;  
He knew that one whose clothes were smart  
Must needs possess a sinful heart;  
A child of wrath must be.

But now I know that would you win  
A place in Heaven you'll not get in  
If you are free from spot.  
And I have gained the knowledge sweet—  
A heart that's clean can only beat  
Beneath a shirt that's not!

And O! the joy it is to feel  
The blest assurance o'er me steal  
Of this my altered plight,  
While, as my garments seedier grow,  
My spirit soars from things below  
To worship heaven aright!

Here are some personal notes about  
the Boer envoys. The notes are taken  
from a circular that was published  
at the Hague when the Embassy was  
there.

Mr. Fischer is 50 years old. Born at  
Greenpoint, he received his education  
in Cape Town, and was, from his very  
youth upwards, remarkable for his in-  
telligence, his zeal, and his straight-  
forwardness. He is the most eminent  
lawyer in his country.

Mr. Wessels was born in 1851, and is  
"a most striking proof to what height  
a simple farmer's son, with little book-  
learning, but with a clear head on  
his shoulders, can rise. As a farmer  
he is very successful and a great pro-  
moter of ameliorations in that branch.  
As a politician, he always worked for  
closer union of the different South Af-  
rican States, and for the extension of  
railways." Mr. Wolmarens is a couple  
of years younger than his colleagues and  
members of his family have always  
occupied seats in the Government.  
These two "have something of the sea-  
man in their countenance, and one  
could imagine them standing at the  
helm of a ship, battling in a stormy  
night against the fury of the wind and  
waves."

The Cape Times published lately a  
list of Boer prisoners at St. Helena.  
The names show as little originality as  
the list of the Englishmen taking part  
in the siege of Ismail.

Amongst them were several Englishmen of  
pith,  
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named  
Smith.

Thus there are 17 Bothas, 17 Kruegers,  
17 Steyns, and 21 by the name of Pre-  
torius. Then there are dozens of Jou-  
berts and Kotzes.

We have received the following note  
from a citizen of Lawrence, Mass.:

"I was much impressed by reading of  
the eclipse of the sun, and while read-  
ing I came to the word—Darkeys. And  
what I wish to ask is this: How many  
more centuries and eclipses will it take  
for the colored people to have them-  
selves respected above the name of  
darkeys by the writers of press-news?  
Such as the word darkeys is an insult  
to the whole colored race. Yours for  
fair play."

We like to read of Gov. Roosevelt vis-  
iting unexpectedly the sweat-shops and  
the tenements of New York, sniffing at  
drains, patting bright-eyed little girls  
on the head, and brushing microbes off  
"pants." There has been nothing like  
this since the good old days of the Cal-  
iph Harun al-Rashid, who wandered  
with Ja'afar and Masrur among his  
people.

The French comic journals are full  
of caricatures of strangers at the Ex-  
hibition. The Englishman is always  
represented with red whiskers, red  
cravat, check suit, golf cap, bull dog  
pipe. His trousers are rolled up tight  
to the ankle, and he is almost always  
the companion of an affable young  
Parisian woman who offers to show  
him strange and wondrous sights. The  
Germans, although as a matter of fact  
their dress is conspicuous, escape more  
easily.

The Honorable Wharton Barker,  
Presidential candidate of the Middle-

of-the-Road Papalists, has an ad-  
mirable make-up for the part. His  
whiskers are like those of Uncle Amos.  
They suggest hay glued to the chin,  
and yet they are aggressive, terrible,  
blow and toss; the hammer of an  
uprising and roaring people.

Greater than he who throws the  
hammer or raises a car window is the  
Rev. Mr. Cutten, who was once Yale's  
star centre rush. He has lifted a mort-  
gage off the church of which he is pas-  
tor.

"A picture of Mayor Carter B.  
Harrison was kicked in the face by  
a large, heavy, unblacked boot." But  
would the injury or the insult have  
been milder if the boot had been  
blacked? Furthermore there may have  
been no wrong intended against the  
Mayor. It seems that the artist, whose  
first name is Isador, left his picture  
outside a saloon while he went inside  
for a modest quencher. Men in the  
street discussed the picture and were  
loud in its praise, when some one sud-  
denly put his foot through the Mayor's  
face. This some one was surely an  
impressionist.

"I saw some fine acting in 'Diamond  
Robbery' melodrama the other night,"  
said the barber to his victim.

"What was it?" asked the man in  
the chair.

"In a barroom scene in the second  
act where the detective is surrounded  
by bad men who have not penetrated  
his disguise he soliloquized for the pur-  
pose of taking the audience into his  
confidence and letting them know the  
kind of a trap he was setting. He  
spoke in stage whispers and, before  
he finished, the man outside in the  
box office and the policeman on the  
beat came in to see what the trouble  
was. Yet if you watched all the bad  
men on the stage you'd think they  
never heard a word. Those fellows are  
fine actors."—Town Talk (San Fran-  
cisco.)

There happening a gentleman of very good  
worth to stay awhile at my house, who, one  
day amongst many other, was pleased, in  
the deadest time of all winter, with a gun  
upon his shoulder, to search for a shot of  
some wild fowl; and after he had waded  
through many waters, taken excessive pains  
in quest of his game, and by means thereof  
had killed some five or six moor-fowls and  
partridges, which he brought along with him  
to my house, he was by some other gentle-  
men very much commended for his love to  
sport; and as the fashion of most of our  
countrymen is, not to praise one without dis-  
paraging another, I was highly blamed for  
not giving myself in that kind of exercise,  
having before my eyes so commendable a  
pattern to imitate; I answered that though  
the gentleman deserved praise for the evi-  
dent proof he had given that day of his in-  
clination to thrift and laboriousness, never-  
theless I was not to blame, seeing whilst he  
was busied about that sport, I was employed  
in a diversion of another nature, such as  
optical secrets, mysteries of natural philoso-  
phy, reasons for the variety of colors, the  
finding out of the longitude, the squaring  
of a circle, the ways to accomplish all trigo-  
nometrical calculations by sines, without tan-  
gents, with the same compendiousness of  
computation—which in the estimation of  
learned men, would be accounted worth 600-  
600 partridges, and as many moor-fowles.

"The startling announcement is made  
that Mme. Calvé has definitely decided  
to abandon opera for the drama."

No, this announcement is not "start-  
ling." Nothing that Calvé takes it into  
her head to say or do can be regarded  
any longer as startling. When she  
was last in Boston, she was all for  
Buddhism and the mystic life. She tried  
hard to meet Mrs. Piper, but the "gov-  
ernment in the sky"—kings, counsellors  
and mighty men—did not see fit  
to arrange a date for this desired  
meeting. Now, it appears, Calvé will  
soon give her undivided attention to  
the drama. If she is alive three years  
from now, you will probably find her  
doing business at the old stand.

Admirable lyric tragedian, as Calvé is,  
she might not succeed as a play actress.  
Maurel, whose voice is practically  
gone, does not dare to turn comedian,  
and he lately made acute remarks con-  
cerning the difference in the technique.  
Mr. Bisping, excellent and dramatic  
Telramund and Alberich, appeared as  
the dullest amateur in the little play  
"Adelaide," produced at the Hollis  
Street Theatre.

This reminds us that Mr. Jean de  
Reszke has been discoursing learnedly  
about the character of Siegfried; but  
he did not throw any light on two  
vexing Wagnerian mysteries: (1) How  
long did Siegfried stay with Brünnhilde  
in the mountains before he became  
restless and determined to go a-jour-  
neying; (2) Should Siegfried wear a  
beard in the opera named after him?  
Did he shave daily when he was the  
companion of Mime? And after he  
won Brünnhilde with a smooth face, did  
he grow whiskers from caprice or in  
obedience to her wish?



June 6 1907

A Servian literary man, Gospodin Janko Wesselinovitch, was sentenced by judges in Belgrade to imprisonment for five days because he wrote some satirical or funny verses at the expense of the ancient gods of Greece. He was not as wise a man as the Roman gentleman who, asked why he took off his hat to a statue of Jupiter, replied, "It costs nothing to be polite, and there's no knowing when he may be in power again."

We learn that English women are wearing sandals, which are made chiefly of kangaroo hide. "They have a flat sole, cut to the shape of the ordinary rounded toe shoe sole. A toe cap goes over the toe, and straps from one side of the sole lace and interlace with other straps as they cross over the front of the foot to reach the sole again. At the back a little strap that stands up is attached to another which goes around the ankle and makes the fastening on of the sandal secure."

The sandals of women of the East in ancient days were made either of hyena skin or seal skin. They were highly ornamented—indeed, the sacred writer tells us that the sandals of Judith ravished the eyes of poor Holofernes. Father Calmet adds that Judith's sandals were "a magnificent kind of buskins, proper only to ladies of condition,

and such as dressed themselves for admiration." Burton says that sandals are uncomfortable and injurious to soldiers, whose legs fight as much as do their arms. "They abrade the skin wherever the straps touch, expose the feet to the sun, wind and rain, and admit thorns and flints to the toes and toe-nails."

It was the custom for women to put off their sandals at feasts, when they were in recumbent position. A return to this practice might dispel in a measure the gloom of a formal dinner; but Oriental women, according to Burton, have an advantage over their occidental sisters: "Feet in the East lack that development of sebaceous glands which afflicts Europeans." Kissing the feet of the beloved one in the East is not merely a poetic license.

We have been told by a citizen of Boston that there is such a thing as automatic lying. We are now informed that in Paris there is a case of automatic ambulation.

Mr. Louis Victor Durand was until a few years ago a most respectable Parisian. Suddenly he developed this queer nervous disease; without warning he would be impelled irresistibly to leave his business and walk aimlessly until he fell from exhaustion. He was unconscious of what he was doing in these peripatetic fits. After unsuccessful treatment at the Salpêtrière, he consulted Dr. Vogt of Berlin, who applied hypnotic suggestion, and suggested to him that he must stop this undue exercise. Durand was cured only for a time. Then the doctor wrote him a postal card ordering him imperatively to fall asleep as soon as he had read it. Durand, still under hypnotic influence, obeyed, and whenever he felt inclined to wander, he pulled out the postal card. But one day he was without it, and he started on a tramp with the contents of his employer's money drawer. Arrested near the frontier, he was jailed. His counsel urged that the prisoner was irresponsible, and persuaded the Magistrate to try the effect of the postal card. Durand fell asleep the moment he had read it, and doctors who examined him declared that he was not shamming. Will Durand be released, or will he be kept where it will be impossible for him to wander from his own fireside?

The greatest of hypnotists, greater even than Mr. Paderewski, the distinguished Pole, is the successful book agent

An English critic, speaking of the wretched verse inspired by the South African war, says: "No English writer has painted the grim facts and evanescent splendor of battle with a hand like Walt Whitman's in 'Drum Taps,' who himself had

Nourished the wounded and soothed many a dying soldier.  
And at intervals, waiting in the midst of camp,  
Composed these songs.

The grotesque, the horrible, the magnificent, all the details and episodes of war, these lines can express, crude and shapeless though they be, with a sonorous power and force whose thunder drowns the metallic twang of the Janissary pedal. Between Whitman on the one hand, and the blatant rant and cant of music hall 'patriotism' on the other, is there not still a middle way of song?"

In the wet lands of Berehaven ere Whitsuntide came in  
I met a fairy woman, and she was white of skin;  
Her voice was sweet as water, and sore athirst was I,  
And I'll drink not of that water again until I die.  
She laid her hand upon me; my hand was coarse and brown,  
And in my veins I felt the strong sea flowing up and down;  
It drowned the man I used to be, and I was born again.  
For a fairy woman's lover with bitter stress and pain.

There drowned the man I used to be, and the new man stood up  
And drank life from her sea-gray eyes as from a fairy cup.  
And drank grief from her rosy mouth in one long, breathless kiss,  
And knew himself hers to the heart though she was none of his.  
In the wet land of Berehaven I tell, and sad am I.  
I cut the black peat from the bog beneath a crying sky,  
I think I hear a fairy voice in pauses of the rain,  
But I'm heartsick of dreaming, for she never comes again.

Now that the shooting of harmless men, women and children is a distinguishing amusement and feature in her civic life, St. Louis is "profoundly stirred."

"Profoundly stirred" is a beautiful phrase. There was another beautiful phrase that was constantly in type in the early sixties: "The Government is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion."

Old Chimes was much interested in the story of the women in St. Louis whose outer dress was torn away. "I suppose," he said, "the strikers wished to know whether they wore union-garments."

The following letter calls for no comment. The denial will be accepted by all reasonable persons:

Boston, June 4, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

I would respectfully call attention to the fact that the watering-cart following the parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as it crossed Federal Street today was not a part of the procession and had no connection with that esteemed organization.  
W. F. C.

The hero in Richard Reardon's novel "The Crowning of Gloria" was not at all particular. All he wanted was "a daughter of Nature, with the free elemental passions of the great Mother, combined with the highly-organized, sensitive, intellectual powers of the modern woman."

The noble gift of Mr. Allen A. Brown to this city is well known to the book lovers and musicians of other towns as well as to the frequenters of the Boston Public Library. In one respect at least this collection of scores, books and programs is unique: volume after volume is enlarged and enriched by inserted extracts from newspapers and magazines, autographs, pictures, etc. The intelligence, the discrimination and the industry thus shown by Mr. Brown are well-nigh incredible, for he did all this work himself—he did not merely direct or supervise.

And yet there are persons—or, to be more exact, there is some one in this city who does not hesitate to mutilate these scores which are now the property of the city and steal from them in the shabbiest, meanest way.

Among the works added lately by Mr. Brown, who still devotes his time and his private fortune to this remarkable collection—among these works is the score of Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben," a symphony which has not yet been reformed in Boston, for we are obliged to follow humbly long after Chicago so far as the production of novelties at Symphony concerts is concerned. When this symphony was first produced at Frankfurt-on-the-Main (March 3, 1899) and then afterward at Berlin, Cologne, Düsseldorf, in the Netherlands, at Paris, there was everywhere warm discussion. Mr. Brown had pasted interesting and valuable accounts of these performances in the score.

Somebody went to the room that holds the Brown collection, asked for Strauss's "Heldenleben," and when he was unobserved he cut out with a knife the pages of newspaper clippings and took them away.

Now this man is certainly a person of some education and intelligence, otherwise he would not have cared to see Strauss's score. Possibly he is a musician, although some sit with scores in Symphony concerts who cannot read, but follow nervously the first violin part. He is surely a thief of the meanest, most contemptible description.

A pity that he cannot be caught and punished properly in the sight of people, whose property he has

greedily mutilated. But what would be a fitting punishment?

We should not recommend death for such a one, who, like Barnardine, or a cockroach, is unfit to live or die. The Chinese punishments—the rat trap, the caress, the bell—are too ingenious or romantic.

After careful consideration we urge the punishment of the xeupe. Now the xeupe, or cheupe, was an infamous punishment peculiar to the laws of Metz. It was inflicted in cases where the death penalty was not pronounced. The condemned was put into a kind of cage and hoisted up in the air by means of a pulley; then he was let fall the length of the pole, to the crossbeam of which the pulley was fastened. This cage was right over a deep sewer, into which the condemned was plunged until the magistrates gave the word "Stop!"

The Pall Mall Gazette is much disappointed, and Mr. John Fiske is the cause of the disappointment. The Pall Mall says the very title of Mr. Fiske's book "A Century of Science" is "a delusion and a snare."

"Out of 14 essays three alone deal with science; the rest can only be described as a very job lot. It really does seem time that a sort of literary Trademarks act should be enforced among authors of repute, a kind of self-denying ordinance whereby they pledged themselves not to palm off on the unwary public anything below their established sample of production. Mr. Fiske has some justification for reprinting the scientific articles for the sake of the personal reminiscences they contain of Spencer, Darwin and Huxley. But the others might well be left to the care of oblivion. The attack on the Bacon-Shakespeare folly is a mere slaying the slain, and the last article, on cranks and crotchets, contains some extensive cribbings from De Morgan's 'Elements of Paradoxes.' Authors, of course, have a certain right to prey on one another; but when it comes to reincarnating in a permanent form an article composed of 'lit-bits' taken from other writers, the practice savors of literary cannibalism."

Mr. Follet, a foreigner, who collects wall paper, can get no farther back than the beginning of the 17th century. "Wall papers were then painted or engraved by hand, and were a luxury which could only be indulged in by the rich." Now even the moderately poor can dress chamber walls so that they scream or chill.

June 7, 1907  
There was crimson clash of war.  
Lands turned black and bare;  
Women wept;  
Babes ran, wondering.  
There came one who understood not these things.  
He said, "Why is this?"  
Whereupon a million strove to answer him.  
There was such intricate clamor of tongues,  
That still the reason was not.

To some Stephen Crane is chiefly famous on account of his little book of freest verse or queerly arranged prose, however you may call it—"The Black Riders and Other Lines," published here by Copeland and Day in 1895. These lovers of Crane, the writer, do not know his "Red Badge of Courage," are not interested in his war correspondence; but they knew "Maggie," the story of a New York street girl, before the novel was published respectably by the Appletons, who for some unaccountable reason insisted for months that there had been no previous edition, although the denied edition had been sold on newstands and reviewed. The late "discoverers" of Crane look skew-eyed at "Maggie" or go so far as to call it a disagreeable episode of the author's literary youth; for late "discoverers" are given to erroneous discovery, though sometimes they stumble upon marennests of prodigious size. It is true that "Maggie" is not a masterpiece; it has not the artful repose of Mr. Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," for Mr. Crane at that time was ready to scream on a trifling occasion; it does not approach in grimy detail and diabolical irony two extraordinary stories about Slab-Sided Sal, written by "Marmaduke Humphrey" (Mr. Rupert Hughes), and published in Mille New York (vol. 2, Nos. 1, 2); but it was a brave, honest account of a daily tragedy, of a tragedy so common that some find the play a comedy.

Now that Crane is dead the last pages of "War Memories" contributed by him to the Anglo-Saxon Review admit of excuse, and have indeed pathetic interest. The story of a sickness that ends fatally is read or heard eagerly by the sound as well as by the weak and despairing. He tells how he caught a fever. "It was defined variously. I know, at any rate, that I first developed a languorous indifference to everything in the world. Then I developed a tendency to ride a horse even as a man lies on a cot. \* \* \* I didn't know whether London Bridge was falling down or whether there was a war with Spain. It was all the same. What of

it? Nothing of it. Everything had happened, perhaps. But I cared not a jot. Life, death, dishonor—all were nothing to me. All I cared for was pickles. Pickles at any price! Pickles!"

Crane, who loathed the thought of war, was killed by the war. He was brave in peace as well as in battle. He had shown the world his individuality. He was hailed as a friend by literary persons and simple men who are comfortable only when in the open. He had responded well to tests of many kinds. But we like best to think of him as the author of "The Black Riders."

In a lonely place,  
I encountered a sage  
Who sat, all still,  
Regarding a newspaper.  
He accosted me:  
"Sir, what is this?"  
Then I saw that I was greater,  
Aye, greater than this sage.  
I answered him at once,  
"Old, old man, it is the wisdom of the age."  
The sage looked upon me with admiration.

We have received the following letter:

N. H., June 3.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

As Old Chimes is supposed to be omniscient or nearly so, perhaps he will give his opinion on a case which I will state. In the last week of March a person carried \$200 to a bank for deposit, wishing the interest to commence the first of April. The President said, in substance: "I don't want to enter this now—the Selectmen will come around in a few days and if it is entered we shall be taxed for it. I will keep it for you or you can keep it till after that time." Is such a course legal? Is it honest? Is it honorable?  
P.

The Era (London) plumes itself because it was one of the first to praise and encourage Baden-Powell. In a notice of a performance of "To Parents and Guardians," given at Charterhouse School, the Era said, May 19, 1892: "R. S. S. Baden-Powell was full of vivacity and mischief as Bob Nettle."

June 8, 1900  
My companions said unto me that if I should visit the tomb of my friend, my sorrow would be somewhat lightened.

A man who lives in New York has relatives in Boston and the neighborhood. Some of these relatives are in Mount Auburn Cemetery; some are buried, although they think they are alive, in family vaults in Beacon and Marlborough Streets. The New Yorker prefers the dwellers in the cemetery and when he was here lately on business, just before Memorial Day, he went to Mount Auburn and punctiliously left cards on the graves of his kinsfolk, hoping that the living relatives would thus learn of his visit and know his indifference toward them.

This reminds us of the story of a husband and his wife who did not live happily together. For the sake of their children they did not separate; but there was an understanding that the wife should dwell on the second floor of the house and the husband on the third floor and that there should be no communication between them. The agreement of disagreement was kept faithfully for ten or a dozen years. The husband at last took to his bed. In his last hour he asked the nurse to give him one of his visiting cards. The nurse thought him delirious, but she humored him. He wrote below his name "P. P. C." and said: "Will you kindly give this to Mrs. — down stairs?" and then he turned his face toward the wall and died.

A bookseller said to us yesterday: "Whenever the factories are running full time, whenever employers are workmen are busy, whenever there is plenty of money, our business dries and we do little. My best sales for the last 10 years were during the years when it was known as financial depression. People had time to read. When everybody is busy there is no opportunity for reading books."

We have received the following letter:

Cambridge, June 6, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was amused last week at a theft by the conversation of a man and woman in front of me. The young woman was one of the enthusiast persons in high society who think it a mark of fine breeding to show ignorance of common things or to express surprise at seeing them. If she should see a tack hammer, they would at once exclaim in a high and affected voice: "What a curious implement! What do you suppose it is for?" The man was—if I am not gravely mistaken—a professor or at least an instructor at Harvard. I remember him when he first came to Boston. He was then a little, shy, simple fellow, poor



uous. He was unacquainted with world, but he itched even then for distinction. A young woman said to him: "ere do you suppose all these people from?" She spoke in a loud voice, surveyed the audience as though had just descended from a superior st. He answered: "They are people who live in flats. They are not in ty—they are not asked anywhere—don't read, and as they have no arces of any kind, they have nothing to do except to go to the theatre."

Yours truly,  
WENDELL RILEY.

broker said to us the other day: "ere is one species of customer that is me frantic. It is the man that is into my office and says, in a apologetic, half-prying manner, '—what are they mostly doing to—Are they selling or buying?'"

was on June 8, 1882, that "Mr. Jones house in New Haven was broken by the lightning, and strange work in one room especially, in which of his children had been but a little e. The next month, at Green—there were seven swine and a dilled with the lightning, very near selling-house, where a family of ren (their parents not at home lightning hapned) were much ted, but received no other hurt. Are these but warning pieces, ing that mens lives may go next?" he.

H. P. T.: "Forbes' Hour," a Scotch phrase, means 11 o'clock P. M., at a hour the sale of excisable liquors cease in all public houses, hotels, under the Forbes Maekenzie Act. The poet beautifully sings, 'ere Forbes' hour, eleven o'clock, 'e'll a' steer hame like decent folk.

Ferguson has just returned from York. He was delighted to meet Mr. Bluffington Swipes, the em-dramatic critic. It was after mid-when the company broke up. As Mr. Swipes was expressing his ure at meeting a distinguished ren from Boston, a German waiter up and held a tray that in turn a check. Mr. Swipes, who had or several rounds, said, "What's?" The waiter replied: "Four-ty, sir." "Great heavens!" aned the famous critic, "is it as late at?" And he bolted for the door.

June 9, 1900  
it of the heron by the pool, as patient the pool itself or the hills that hem it in, lone fisher standing ankle deep from y morning to misty evening—"Arbitr of terraqueous swamp"—solemn as Isaac on, and as contemplative as a Buddhist, ind but very meagre record. "The longed heron, dread of nimble eels," and fisher heron watching eels," are poor to crack on a bird of such antecedents. Its studious patience it symbolizes Saras, and with its head under its wing is emblem of an all-sufficing wisdom, of ma himself! and of such engaging char- while the extension of its solitude an idea of uncanniness is as unfair as cast at its voice.

What would be the more ridiculous, a sitting in a holly bush flooding the with melody, or a nightingale standing the leg in a pond trying to catch eels? myself I think the heron an exquisite irony.

W have received the following let-

Boston, June 7, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:  
at not time you found a successor t Heron Editor? The subject was ht to mind on reading in the let- of Evelyn about a park in "Brux- which for being entirely within the of the City is particularly re- able; nor is it less pleasant than the most solitary recesses, so nat- It is furnished with whatever render it agreeable, melancholy ountry-like. Here is a stately try," etc.

Course that item was given first on. Can you not lay aside for the eeding your crusade for the Bulbul edition Supt. Doogue for a heron Boston's park system? At least, after might be brought before the and General Court.

apropos of that body, also of the do you know these lines?  
Sweeter than the Bulbul singing  
In sun-mitten lands of drought  
The tintinnulations  
Of my automatic mouth.  
How I love its giddy gurgle,  
How I love its fluent flow,  
How I love to wind my mouth up—  
Nearly love to let it go."

ardon the digression—the heron humnum bonum. Yours,  
A CONSTANT READER.

etically, we approve of a heronry ury, and would fain see one in bble Garden. The poet has sung sweet delights and sights, heron, from the ash's top, lide of its young lets drop,

As if it, stork-like, did pretend  
That tribute to its lord to send.

And it may not be generally known that a famous poem of Coleridge originally began.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately heronry decree.

Gilbert White was anxious to see the heronry at Cressi Hall: "Four-score nests of such a bird on one tree is a rarity which I would ride half as many miles to have a sight of." And on another occasion he inquired as to the sort of tree that contained such a quantity of nests and whether the heronry consisted of a whole grove or of a few trees.

Our approbation, however, is chastened by the thought of the lamented Heron Editor, whose interest in the noble bird was equaled only by his desire for the welfare of the New England farmer. Our friend and colleague looked forward to the sight of yards and pools and trees alive with noble specimens prepared for city market and home table; he was leading the farmer toward the perfect light, when he fell, a victim to his own enthusiasm and belief. Our heart is in his grave. There is no successor to him: there can be none. Men of liberal thought, ahymal knowledge, lofty spirit have applied for the position—but who can hend the bow of Ulysses?

How intelligent are even the little birds! No sooner are the signs put up on the Common—"Seeded Ground. Please Keep Off"—than the birds rush to the ground in search of the seeds.

Miss Charlotte Maconda, a well-known soprano, sings at the First Reformed Church of Brooklyn. Last Sunday evening at a special Whitsuntide praise service, a young man of prominent family and in a prominent pew behaved in a most unseemly manner. When Miss Maconda sang a solo, he wagged his head, leered, grinned and frowned horribly, which induced two young women with him to giggle and shake their sides. His grimaces were more and more violent. When she let out a high note in ecstasy of praise, "he lowered his hymn book, threw hack his head and opened his mouth as wide as he could." A member of the Music Committee said: "We know that shortly before the giggling and grimacing began one of the girls and her mother expressed their disapproval of our allowing Miss Maconda to go to Boston to sing at a concert of the Handel Society."

By the "Handel Society" the venerable Handel and Haydn is meant, and it is true that Miss Maconda sang at one of these concerts, Dec. 25, 1898. We hasten to assure the congregation at Brooklyn that the concerts of the Handel and Haydn are most respectable affairs; that the costumes worn by the singers are ultra-decorous; that there is no bar on the premises, and that the slightest approach toward levity on the part of singers or audience is checked summarily by the sexton and his assistants.

"The Duke of Norfolk was thrown from his horse in South Africa and he dislocated his hip." But Shakespeare had given him fair warning: "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so hold."

It is always a pleasure to read accounts of women in political or social debate. In Montana lately Mrs. Martinson and Miss Harris respectively eulogized in a convention two candidates. Mrs. Martinson finally constructed an impregnable argument by calling Miss Harris "a withered-up, china-faced hog."

French copybooks, which describe themselves as "an instructive series, recommended for schools" contain illustrations which in shrieking colors depict British soldiers indulging in their favorite amusement of flogging chained Boer prisoners at Ladysmith. The letter press tells the youth of France how the British army is recruited, "with the aid of the gin-bottle from the drags of English society." The Pall Mall Gazette in the course of comment remarks: "This sort of stuff is a great deal worse than the sort of 'history' which is, or used to be, taught in the elementary schools of the United States." But just what was taught, and how, and what text books were used? Does the Pall Mall really believe that after prayers the children vowed themselves solemnly to the destruction of Great Britain? Perhaps The Sunchrist can shed an illuminating ray on this dark secret.

June 9, 1900  
THE opera season at Covent Garden from May 18 to May 25 saw the first appearance in London of several singers. Thus a tenor named Slezak sang Lohengrin May 18. He is 25 years old. He made his debut at Bremen in 1896, and is now a member of the Berlin Royal Opera Com-

pany. Miss Scheff, a young Austrian, was the Nedda May 19, and Bensaude, a haritone who has been heard in Boston in the Grau as well as the Ellis company, sang in London for the first time as Alfio the same evening. Boncl, the tenor, who made a sensation in Naples and St. Petersburg, was the Rodolfo in "La Bohème" May 21, when a "Madame Eldee" (Mrs. Duncombe) was the Musetta. Saléza reappeared May 22 as Faust and apparently was in good condition. Madame Alla Miranda, an Australian, was the Gilda May 23. She joined the Monnaie company, Brussels, in 1899, and made her début there as the Fairy in Massenet's "Cendrillon," Nov. 3 of that year. She is of English parentage—her mother was a "Miss Hurst" of Yorkshire, and her father, Mirander, was a tenor.

But Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review takes a dismal view. "It will be dreadful if this is to go on, if night after night we are to have our ears split with the hideous bleating of tenors fresh from Italy, the land of downright had singing, or from France and Belgium, the homes of downright vulgar singing; and it will be worse if once again it becomes the accepted custom for every singer to make straight for the footlights as soon as he or she gets on the stage." "La Bohème" is to him a poor thing. "The story is silly; every character in the story is a fool; and the music is a stream of thin, brackish Italian stuff. It must be very hard to write such bad music." As for Boncl, Mr. Runciman dislikes his voice and his manner of producing his voice. "Saléza is a good, honest workman; a great tenor he is not and never will be. His voice, though not of the Italian bleating quality, is not of the noblest tenor quality. \* \* \* Above all, he lacks power of personality; he may please or even delight one: he never impresses one." Nor does this tall, red-haired Scot like Calvé's Marguerite. "She came on, with all the assurance of a lady who not only knew her way about at the moment, but had known it quite well for some years past. She ogled, smiled knowingly, ingeniously led Faust on, as only a highly trained expert in love affairs could. Mr. Saléza had not a ghost of a chance with her. She seemed to hen-peck him during the very period of courtship. She cempelled one to realize vividly what one always feels vaguely: that the story of Faust is not, as so many Germans and a few Englishmen imagine, one of the great world-stories, but a narrow, suburban, parochial affair, and quite unreal into the bargain. There is no reason why Faust should not do the handsome thing by Marguerite and marry her."

During the Paris Exhibition the Opéra will give performances every night, except Sunday.—Xavier Leroux's "As-tarte" will be produced there at the beginning of next season.—Planquette's "Rip" has been revived sumptuously and successfully at the Gaité, Paris.—Among the singers engaged for the Worcester (Mass.) festival are Lillian Elauvelt, Schumann-Heink, Sara Anderson, Evan Williams, Theodore Van Yox, Campanari and Gylvim Miles.—Carl Goldmark is at work on a new opera, founded on the story of Goetz von Berlichingen.—Clara Butt and her young man, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, sang together in concert at Paris, May 8.—An exhibition of musical autographs will be opened at the Paris Exhibition July 15.—The Italian opera season at Vienna opened May 16, with Giordano's "Fedora," with Bellincini and De Lucia as the chief singers. The work and the performance were much applauded, and the composer, who was present, was called several times before the curtain.—The late Nicolas Dumita left the Wiener Maennergesangverein 50,000 florins without condition. He expressed the wish, however, that from time to time the Society should sing some good religious music in a church.—Francesco Marconi, the celebrated tenor, has undergone a painful operation on the nose.—The program of the first grand official concert of the Paris Exposition, May 31, at the Trocadéro included: "Le Feu céleste" cantata, words by Armand Silvestre, music by Saint-Saëns, Miss Akité, soprano (first performance); excerpts from Gounod's "Ulysses"; "Fête chez Capulet," Berlioz; and these pieces by old masters: Jannequin's "Chant des oiseaux"; air of Caron from Lull's "Alceste"; Rameau's motet "Quam dilecta"; alette from Grétry's "Silvaine"; scene between Alceste (Aekté) and the high priest (Delmas) from Gluck's "Alceste."—Louis Vienne has been appointed organist at Notre Dame, Paris. He divided the first organ prize at the Conservatory of Paris in 1892 with Libert, and he has been substitute organist at Saint-Sulpice.—Gustav Graben-Hoffmann, who wrote the once popular "500,000 Devils," died lately at Potsdam.—Goldmark's 70th birthday was celebrated at Vienna May

18 by a performance of his "Cricket on the Hearth."—The Finns will hold a Music Festival at Helsingfors June 18-20. Eighteen male choruses, 11 female choruses, 36 mixed choruses and 16 orchestras will take part. Then the Philharmonic Orchestra will make an extended tour and probably give concerts in Paris July 30 and Aug. 2.—Hermann Zumpe has been called to Munich as first conductor at the Court Theatre.—Mr. Carl Baermann will be the pianist at the first of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts, which will be given in Association Hall next season.—The graduating exercises of the Faeltin Piano School will take place in Steinert Hall Thursday evening. Misses Edith A. Stephenson, Geneva Weitze, Belle Helmenann, Lucy G. Drake and Bertha Law will play solo pieces.—Coleridge-Taylor's new orchestral suite in E minor, entitled "Scenes From an Everyday Romance," was produced at a Philharmonic Concert, London, May 24. "It is pleasing and melodious music, but not good enough for the composer of 'Hiawatha.' Much of its approach to the commonplace, however, is owing to the clumsiness and roughness of the scoring. \* \* \* The only welcome feature in the composition was the proof it gave of the composer's greater command of polyphony." Dohnanyi played at this concert Beethoven's piano concerto in G. Is this concerto his one war-horse?

Philip Hale.

June 11, 1900  
'Tis nothing but my body that is so weary now,  
And eats and drinks and sleeps, in spite of hopes that tempt and cow;  
'Tis nothing but my body that earns the wage you dole,  
But far away in Ireland is my free soul.

Far away in Ireland, and would that I were there,  
To feel the wet wind blowing the grayness from my hair;  
To hear the kind sea calling the gulls that rockward go,  
And the men to their drowning, with its "hush, hush O!"

Far away in Ireland, my soul is far away  
From these your streets that roar by night as restless as by day;  
It is my lonely body that on the bed I made  
Lies down to rest, and does not rest, and dreams that it is dead  
And buried deep in Irish earth, with a gray stone overhead.

An Englishman killed himself a few days ago because he had a red nose of singular brilliance; he was therefore suspected unjustly of drinking between drinks, and it was impossible for him to obtain work. Surely such a nose might well drive a man to drink, that his physical infirmity might be forgotten for an hour of mental exhilaration. Others have lived above a whole face like unto a boiled lobster, although they have been the victims of rude peasantries. Such a one was he, who in the early 60s kept an eating house in Northampton, Mass. A hook agent was attempting to devastate the town. He called on the local joker, who said he had no time to read; "but there's Lew Edwards," he added, "he'll buy your book; he is an indefatigable reader; in fact, he's the deepest read man in town." A London journal, commenting on the tragedy told at the beginning of this paragraph, says: "Appearances are notoriously deceitful, and yet there is wonderful confidence in them. The man with the red nose was doubtless one of life's failures who would probably have been of no account, though his nose had not stood in his way." But this conclusion is both unphilosophical and cruel. You might as well say that a man with a birth-marked face or with some other facial disfigurement is "doubtless one of life's failures." Illustrious instances refute the statement.

Mrs. Cadwallader Jones insists that Bar Harbor, Me., must be cleaned up. It is true that of late years society has been shocked by the invasion of persons, both male and female, who hoped that a blaze of diamonds might dazzle the eyes of those inquiring too eagerly into the exact "social position" of the wearers. Other persons actually had the impudence to go there in search of rest or to gain in health, without arming themselves with ecdentals as to birth and good behavior. We heard last year of a mother and her daughter—most estimable, and highly esteemed in some far distant Western city—who sat on a veranda for several seasons. Womanly and sweet, with every appearance of refinement and sound sense, they were either neglected or frowned at by the confirmed Bar Harborites, and only a keen sense of humor saved the strangers from dismal mortification. But Mrs. Cadwallader Jones does not propose to clean society at this chill resort, however much the long established and exclusive set may need purification. "Some of the places about Bar Harbor are simply vile," says Mrs. Jones; "it interferences terribly with our enjoyment." And what will the original settlers say



They have stood it for many years. Will they answer with ancient fables? "Not for Cadwallader and all his cats?"

It was on June 11, 1882, being the Lord's Day, that, at night at Ports-

mouth in New England, showers of stones were thrown both against the sides and roof of the house of George Walton. The gate at some distance was wrung off the hinges. Glass windows were shattered to pieces by stone that seemed to come not from without but within. "While the Secretary was walking in the room, a great hammer came rushing along against the chamber door that was over his head, and fell down by him." Some of the stones were as hot as if they came out of the fire. "The Secretary went to bed, but a stone came and broke up his chamber-door, being put to (not locked) a brick was sent upon the like errand." A spit was carried up chimney. A black cat was seen, once while the stones came, and was shot at, but she was too nimble for them. Cocks of hay, mowed near the house, were taken and hung upon trees. Sometimes a dismal, hollow whistling would be heard, a hand unattached to a body was put forth at the hall window throwing stones toward the entry, though there was nobody in the hall while; sometimes the noise of the trotting of a horse, and snorting, but nothing seen. "The man carried a stirrup-iron from the house down to the boat, and there left it; but while he was going up to the house, the iron came jingling after him through the woods, and returned to the house, and so again, and at last went away, and was heard of no more." For two months they were thus in the bitterness of death and diabolical operation.

An Englishman tells in the Referee the following queer story of the battle of Teliche, where Haki Pasha, after a brave struggle, surrendered an army of 17,000 men. Haki had been the barber of the Sultan, and was brave, but on the second day of the fight he was obliged to throw up the sponge. The Russians had outflanked him, and his reserve ammunition was worthless, for the cartridges were charged with coal dust instead of gunpowder. The contractor was an American.

"Had that contractor been upon the ground the brave men who were the victims of his greed and perfidy would have done to him things which he would have thought unpleasant. He might even have been tempted to fancy that they were carrying the expression of their disapproval to an extreme. There was something said about trimming a growing sapling to a point, adjusting the point to the contractor's navel, pegging him down by wrists and ankles, and leaving him to find out what would happen. There were other suggestions offered, but this—so my interpreter assured me—was the one most in favor, and if the contractor had been catchable the program would probably have been carried out. Civilized humanity would have been shocked, of course, but at least there would have been one diabolical villain the less to trade in brave men's blood."

The trinity of womanhood which Paris had to disentangle is immensely ancient and intensely modern. You cannot worship a woman who has not a touch of Hera, nor live with her intelligently unless she has a touch of Athena, nor love her to the very heart unless she has a touch of Aphrodite.

When you were a baby, your mother delighted in your bath. She tenderly dried you, powdered your skin, and kissed you all over your body, while she moaned with delight and exhibited you to a chance caller or a neighbor who had been invited as a favor to share in her joy.

Now that you are 40 your skin is coarse and mottled. Your swollen, absurd paunch shows excess in food and drink. Eczema has marked you for her own. You are catarrhal, foul in many ways. Your feet are gnarled. Even your devoted wife wonders at times whether other men are as physically objectionable. But to your old mother you are still the smooth-skinned, wholesome baby who invited constant caresses; you are without spot or blemish, and should you die before her, and should she dress you for your coffin, she would kiss you as of old, even on the grotesque paunch fit only for Silenus.

June 12, 1880. "There was an amazing thunderstorm at Hampton in New England. The lightning fell upon the house of Mr. Joseph Smith, strangely shattering it in divers places. His wife (the granddaughter of that eminent man of God, Mr. Cotton, who was the famous teacher of the Church of

Christ, first in Old, and then in New Boston), lay as dead for the present, being struck down with the lightning near the chimney; yet God mercifully spared and restored her; but she said Smith his mother (a gracious woman) was struck dead, and never recovered again." Thus he.

"I have heard of a society downtown," said Mr. Dobley in the N. Y. Sun, "the purpose of which is to provide champagne luncheons for struggling typewriters."

Tree caterpillars in Saratoga are bringing 20 cents a quart.

There was dispute the other day about the "15 decisive battles of the world." Sir Edward Creasy named as the 11th, "Valmy, 1792." And how many of our bright-eyed school children or young gentlemen in college can tell where Valmy is, and who fought there. We acknowledge frankly that we know nothing about the said battle, and we are too lazy to search the books.

Our old friend M. de Nevers is again in London, and although Mr. Saléza, the censor, is singing at Covent Garden, the loudly announced duel has not yet taken place. We forget—it is to be fought in Paris, and it will no doubt be a feature of the Exhibition. Meanwhile M. de Nevers is interviewing singers for the benefit of readers of the Pall Mall Gazette. Calvé told him she was never meant for a singer. "I was made to sing," she said, "because I had a voice; but I lack the cardinal requisite in a singer's art—to wit, the sentiment of rhythm. I am absolutely rebellious to it. The defect is pointed out very often in criticisms on my performances, and the critics are perfectly right in their reproaches." Rarest, most admirable of singers! Here is a prima donna who is willing to acknowledge that she reads criticism. Emma Eames, on the other hand, the passionate Juliet, who thrills and sways the public and the critics—in New York—reads only that which is eulogistic; for Mr. Story cuts out such passages neatly with a pair of pocket-scissors and serves them at her breakfast. Unfavorable notices are put immediately, and no doubt, with curses, into the waste basket for base uses.

You read Sunday that Prince Dhuleep Singh, who blazes with precious minerals and has for wife a haughty woman whose pride swells with the blood of the Coventrys, Cravens and many jukes and earls, makes horrible noises at table, and perhaps you inferred that he is therefore a rude and disgusting person. But among the Orientals, and in some parts of Italy, France and Spain, smacking of the lips, grunts of delight, and even belching are as compliments to the cook and the assembled company and as thanks to the Creator of all good things. To eat and drink in a mincing, genteel fashion is intolerable among Orientals. And, pray, what was the conversation between Thackeray and his friend at the Café Foy in Paris when the truffles were served, "caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird."

"Gastavus. Chop, chop, chop."

Michael Angelo. Globlobloblob.

G. Gobble.

M. A. Obble.

G. Here's a big one.

M. A. Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.

G. It's bad here. Have some sauntere?

M. A. Very well. Hobgobglobglob."

There is still good shooting at St. Louis within the city preserves. A dozen have been killed, five or six are dying, 75 or so were winged, 150 have been hurt, and the running down of women and the stripping them of their feathers lends pleasant variety. But where is the band of distinguished millionaires that was ostentatiously armed the other day to do shooting in turn? As for the Mayor and the Governor they are following the famous example of Brer Rabbit.

The tall chimney of a tavern in the Back Bay sends forth at regular intervals thick clouds of the smoke that comes from the use of soft coal. The smoke-dust is carried directly into houses of Commonwealth Avenue and Marlboro Street, and the dwellers therein are beginning to understand why Pittsburg and Cincinnati are not wholly attractive towns.

A man that takes his seat on the Bench after the Bar Association of his State has declared, and without question of politics, that he is notoriously unfit to act as a Judge, must have a skin that is tougher than tripe.

Now that there is talk about morality and immorality in literature and the drama—and when was there not such discussion?—it may be of inter-

est to hear from Charles Morice of Paris. "The true, unpardonable, sole immorality is sadness, discouragement in living. The only indecent and immoral books are those that weigh down the soul of the reader by disgusting him with the enjoyment of natural and spiritual faculties: poverty, sadness, disease and death—herein lies the evil. All that which is life, all that which excites in us a desire to live—and a need of expansion is wholesome, therefore moral. The doctrine of Schopenhauer and some novels by Zola, 'La Terre' for example, are immoral." The unconscious humor of this definition is best appreciated when you bear in mind that Mr. Morice is here speaking in defence of Verlaine's "Parrallèlement."

In the "Notes and Fragments" left by Walt Whitman, he speaks of "the rich man's just awakened soul."

June 13, 1900.

Oh, if I had a darling child,  
May fire and brimstone burn ye,  
I'd sooner cut his little throat  
Than make him an attorney.

It appears that a school teacher in New York State imprudently opened a letter that was addressed to his wife. The letter was from a young man of 18 years, who alluded to the school teacher and husband as "his nibs"—not "his royal nibs," but just "his nibs." The school teacher separated himself immediately from his wife, which was a pity, for she is "a beautiful woman with brown eyes, a vivid complexion, wavy hair, and most demure in her carriage."

Now the court will be called upon to define precisely the phrase "his nibs." Is the phrase one of dignified compliment—"the master or chief person"—as when it is applied to the Prince of Wales? Or does it imply that the one thus characterized is a man with no means but with high pretensions, whose spirit is above his income, a shabby-genteel person? We do not see why these two simple words written to a wife should cause separation and divorce. Probably the context supplies the cause.

The school teacher was asked five or six years ago why he married his young pupil. He replied with eyes flashing pride and with quivering nostrils, "Because I can form a girl's character. My wife's character has not yet been moulded." The trouble with moulding a woman's character is that somebody is likely to break the mould.

This school teacher should have taken warning from the melancholy fate of Mr. Thomas Day, the author of "Sanford and Merton." Mr. Day proposed to mould his wife, so he went to an orphan asylum and picked out a flax-haired girl of 12 years whom he named Sabrina Sidney. (He picked out another, but we are concerned only with Sabrina). The girl was sent to school, and then tested by Mr. Day in many ways. He dropped melting sealing wax on her arms, and she screamed, although he told her the wax did not really hurt her, and when he fired pistols at her, she persisted in jumping, which provoked him, for he was of a nervous nature. He told her secrets and she confided them to the servants. The last straw was the sight of her in thin sleeves when he told her that she should wear thick ones. Sabrina never became Mrs. Day, but Thomas gave her £500 when she married a bar-rister, and £30 a year when she was left a widow with two boys. Mr. Day went on moulding character, until trying to train a young horse in a new way, the unappreciative animal kicked him into a better world (1789).

Old Chimes dined with his sister, Mrs. Auger, the other night, and he was distressed because the children ate so little. "I asked Sophia if they were never wolfish, and she said, 'Bless me, no; they are always well behaved.' I asked if they never teased the cook for food between meals; if they never stole cookies and gingerbread. Sophia was absurdly indignant, and said, 'My boys are well-bred; they don't hang about the kitchen.' How times have changed! Why, when I was a boy I was hungry all the time. I hid food in my room so that I should always be sure of some in case of flood, fire or murder. Carlo, the dog, used to wink at me when he sneaked off behind the barn with a bone. And all my playmates were as hungry as I was. I asked Eustacia if she thought all modern boys were like her wretched little cousins, and she said, 'I am afraid so; we girls, I know, had better appetites when we were of that age.' I suppose, however, there is a reasonable explanation. Boys today are fed as infants on all sorts of sterilized things. There are no hungry microbes in the poor fellows; therefore they themselves are not hungry. We boys must have been chock-full of microbes all the time, and we were much happier."

What was the name of the French duke who had 25 manikins modeled after his figure, so that his clothes should

not lose their shape or be wrinkled? What was his name? He was dressed by two valets, and to one of them I would say, "Now, put some gold piece in my waistcoat pocket." His name began with a "C," we think.

This is the feast day of St. Anthony of Padua, who had the faculty of seeing clearly what was going on at an place miles away from home. He is therefore the patron saint of promoter in mines and other immaterial properties; and his name when invoked counteracts the evil influence of the number 13.

This reminds us that on June 13, 1897, Mme. Juliette Adam confessed to our dear old friend De Goncourt—Edmond not Jules—her faith in all that is super-natural. At the age of 18 she consulted a witch about the lost dog of a friend and just as she was about to go away the witch kept her almost by force and foretold her whole life, everything, everything, from the book that she wrote in 1858 against Proudhon's idea about love, women, and marriage, even to —. And one of De Goncourt's friends said—possibly it was the old buzzass himself—that the story of a man or a woman, all of whose actions were known in advance, and who could not escape fate, would be a fine subject for true literature.

Many moving stories are told of murderers, but there is no more pathetic tale than that of Mr. James Thornton a monologue man. According to the New York Sun, Mr. Thornton appeared in an entertainment on the Casino roof. The audience was not friendly in fact it sat comfortably in seats of the scornful. Mr. Thornton—must we say it?—was grieved. Finally he spoke directly to his persecutors: "I'm up here working for my dough, and the manager is in the wings, seeing that I make good. Kindly don't queer me."

Scotch whisky tastes more and more the way varnish smells.

This reminds us that the collectors of documents relating to suicide should add the letter left by a girl named Reeve, who drowned herself in the Thames, England, a fortnight ago. "I took the form of a diary extending over three weeks, and in it she said that she had starved herself so as to be too weak to struggle long in the water."

June 14, 1900.  
If I could sew a pillow for your head,  
Soft, sliken, stuffed with every pretti thought;  
If I could lay a carpet, where you tread,  
Of all my life's most radiant fanci wrought—  
Could spread my soul as canopy above you,  
Your sleep, your steps, should know how much I love you!

But, as Life goes, to the old sorry tune,  
I stand apart, and see thorns wound you feet,  
Your sleeping eyes resenting star and moon  
Your head rest, restless, on a breast unmeet,  
And say no word, but suffer without moan,  
Lest you should guess how much you love me alone!

Mr. Slezak, a young Polish tenor made his first appearance in London as the romantic Lohengrin with a large boil on his lip; but, as they say in the slang of the trade, he sang above it.

A magistrate in New York says that Boston is four and a half times as bad as New York. This may be so, but we don't make half as much noise about it as they do in New York. I this city vice is shod with sneakers.

That Mr. Walter Damrosch will conduct German operas in this country for Mr. Grau is sad news for musicians and genuine lovers of opera—the report be true. We do not mean say that his appearance in the conductor's chair would put back the hands of the operatic clock for many years; this would be taking him too seriously; but the performances would surely be slovenly and unmusical. There is a fashionable and influential clique in New York that has chosen to make him a pet, and as the Metropolitan Opera House is distinctly social amusement, it would not be surprise to find Mr. Damrosch among the sources of genteel amusement next season.

The Boer Envoys make a mistake not visiting Jersey City. There's nothing exactly like it in the United States.

We saw a sad sight Tuesday afternoon. A thin man, in a long, thin black coat, pepper and salt trousers, and derby hat, was walking easily, and evidently with pain in his feet, toward the Public Library, probably in search of knowledge. He was sweating violently and he tucked a soiled handkerchief around his neck in hope of preserving an arrogantly high collar.

A London journal pays this tribute to the late Sir George Grove: "It does seem to be generally known that a



George belonged to the long-established family of fishermen in Whitehall. As himself was entirely above the snobbery that would try to hide away that direction, we have no hesitation in revealing it. His affection for the members of the family who were still engaged in the trade was among the best features in a fine character."

We have received the following contribution:

Boston, June 12.  
Editor Talk of the Day:  
My sympathy is with the girl of the golden tooth. Her victims are generally men who start out from homes where they are wrongly respected as leaders of the church and State to prey on the West Indians upon the most strange woman who appeals to their peculiarly amorous taste. Bitten, they go whimpering to the police with their contemptible tale of woe and demand justice. If they were not as stupid as the dogs that go from pole to pole they would have remained in the pious attitude by their own fire; and if they were not so mean and foolish as the thief who complained at his purse was stolen while he was stealing another's, they would silently seek their medicine and go home resolved to live up to their reputations. I would gladly subscribe to a fund to defend the girl of the golden tooth if she should be apprehended and identified. She was and always will be the original victim.

#### FAIR PLAY.

A highly valued correspondent writes us as follows: "The State of Massachusetts has just undertaken to regulate the tires of 'stage coaches, tally-ho coaches, barges and other passenger vehicles.' There is no danger, perhaps, that people will pay much attention to such regulations; but the student of language will be interested in 'tally-ho' and 'tally-ho coaches.' In 1876, Delancey Kane operated a four-horse team, which he called Tally-ho, very much as he might have called it President Grant, or The Meteor. New York is not familiar with such things, but a four-in-hand was called tally-ho, and the name was duly entered in the leading New York dictionary. It might have entered Washington Street, being it as a public pleasure walk, probably so-called because no washing was tolerated in it. A barge, meaning a bulky passenger wagon in Eastern Massachusetts, especially in shore regions, is a Boston name that came up prior to 1830, when some modest driver compared his trap with Cleopatra's barge. In earlier Massachusetts laws we read of teams (carts or wagons) drawn by one horse or by two horses. These local idioms are not bad; the New York idiom is wholly objectionable. We simply called his New York-and-Long Island coach by a name, just as he called his horses. Would it be fair to call a Prince, a coach horse? Tally-ho simply the hunter's cry to his hounds."

June 15, 1900

I'm going to tell a story,  
The truth of which I know,  
Mary Ann, a servant girl,  
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.  
Her mistress and her six-roomed house,  
He was by no means proud,  
'Twas one of those strict places  
Where "No followers are allowed."

London newspaper stated lately an agent of the National Domes-tic Association of that city had gone to New York to engage black, white, and colored girls, or in fact girls of any complexion for domestic service in England. "Various reasons for the dearth of help forward, but the truth is that the 'genteel' occupations are open to girls, who earn good money and have their evening liberty, the spread of 'flats' over the big houses has also to be reckoned with." The writer adds that Mary Jane and Martha cannot endure flat life; that the 'chens are dull; that there is no communication with the pass-ports; that there is no excitement; in a word, the flat is a prison. Mariana in the moated grange, Jane looks out upon the manless lawn and exclaims that she is

threw stones at the window,  
opened the area gate,  
him in, I laid the cloth  
supper, ere 'twas late;  
"a ham as ere you clapped  
two eyes on, we'd there;  
"a luck would have it, on that day  
man had brought the beer."

The London Journal proposes as a remedy "these large residential blocks" he run on the hotel system. A staff of servants going from floor to floor and meeting each other at and during the day would not annul of the girls confined to a contained flat. This system would not have the painful spectacle of a mistress of a £300 a year set to get up to prepare breakfast for husband goes about with a maid a distaff and does his best, n."

not acquainted with the anatomy of the London flat, which must differ considerably from the Bostonian

variety to provoke such a wail. We fail to see how careless Mary Jane or the faithful Augusta of Swedish movements in a flat here in Boston can be in Mariana's vein. We appreciate fully the inherent dreariness in the life of a maid-of-all-work, wherever she may be. She must answer a bell as a dog is trained to obey a whistle; she must constantly step, fetch and carry; as cook, she has little relish for food, and waitress as well as cook, her own dinner is almost inevitably a poor, lukewarm, irregular affair. It is not good for anyone to eat alone. But she is more comfortable in a well-arranged flat than in a dwelling house. When we say "well-arranged" we include a decent bedroom for her, not a damp cell on the ground and between the coal-bin and the furnace. (In truly respectable apartment houses the servants' rooms are between the first floor and the cellar, with furnace, bins, etc., so that the girls are not exposed to rheumatism, pneumonia, fever, nor are they exposed, when they wish air, to the humorous remarks and physiological consideration of any passing son of Bellal.)

And how about this loneliness, this sense of isolation? Does Mary Jane see no men?

After she comes up in the morning the janitor, that shyest of mortals, visits her, bearing coal as a token of his affection. He is followed in due course by the meat man, the grocer, nor should we forget the letter carrier with his sly joke. And all this is in the early morning! Various males call to her through the front tube, call to her, not on her; but she is reminded often of the existence of the male. About noon—perhaps later—comes the ice man, who, stern and obdurate toward the master or mistress of the house, is in the presence of Mary Jane as melting as the ice which he parts with grudgingly.

In many flats the maid descends to the lower regions at half past three and returns only to prepare dinner, serve it, wash and put away the dishes, open the beds. (We hope that Judge Grant will pardon us these squalid details of life among the lowly.) The slowest maid in the morning works with lightning speed at the approach of night. At eight, if not before, click! goes the lock of the back door, and she rushes to the expectant arms below. Not in communication with the outside world? Go to! Why, it was only yesterday that our own condescending maid from the land of Gustavus Adolphus refused to do some trifling task because, as she stated in italics, she was going to a dance in Roxbury and didn't wish to be too tired.

Now that the executors of Professor Marsh's estate have found an extra \$11,600 in an overlooked stocking or teapot, Yale should play better ball.

"Where a murderer is a married man, the most likely clew is his wife." Here is another argument against marriage. And yet unmarried women are not always safe companions for young men. Witness the story of Miss Mary Millwood and Georgy Barnwell in the romantic old ballad:

Now soon this woman did persuade him,  
With her fascinating pipes,  
To go down into the country,  
And let loose his uncle's tripe.

There he found his uncle in the grove.  
Studying hard at his good books,  
And Georgy Barnwell vent and struck him,  
All among the crows and rooks.

June 16, 1900

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those  
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.

Only the odor of her wild hair blows  
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

The London Journal, from which we quoted yesterday, concerning the tribulations of servant girls in flats, stated that the court of an apartment house is dull, a mere scene of blank walls, or dreary windows—a waste of desolation. Again how different the London court must be from the Parisian or the American. Surely the apartment house in Zola's "Pot-Bouille" was anything but a collection of prison cells; the court resounded with life from morn till eve; nor were the servants debarred the sight or society of the male.

We should like dearly to quote a few good, strong passages from "Pot-Bouille," but we lent the book at the beginning of last winter to a clergyman who proposed to deliver a sermon on "The Immorality of the Modern Novel"—a serious subject for which, he said, he felt it his duty to make thorough preparation.

Nor are courts dreary here in Boston, especially in warm weather, when windows are open at night and flat dwellers forget the elementary laws concerning angles of vision. Opposite us, for instance, but a floor below, is a flat that repays the close observation of the Earnest Student of Sociology. The flat directly opposite these estimable

lodgers is closed for the summer, and drawn curtains persuade them to treacherous security. They forget that rubbernecking is possible, is inevitable from the flat over the rooms now abandoned to darkness and the moth ball. Otherwise young Narcissus would not strut about in his chamber of a hot night, clad only in a night shirt, heroic and beautiful in the glare of gas. Now he stands admiringly before the looking-glass, and strikes superb attitudes; now he is Ajax defying the Lightning, now he is Apollo, and now he is the flying Mercury. The fact that he is a trifle knock-kneed is forgotten easily by any rubberneck of imagination. Or the young man lies on the bed, reads a novel, and kicks his feet in air. In another room a pretty woman with bare neck and arms is running a sewing machine. In still another room, a caller, in spite of the heat, is sitting with his arm about the waist of the daughter of the house. She mops her forehead and cheeks with a handkerchief. Now this is only one flat out of eight. From the open window of the flat below loud voices leap, voices of earnest marital discussion, advice, criticism. Far pleasanter is the sound of glasses clinked together somewhere below, or even the noisy chatter of the servants with their young men at a still lower depth. No—the court of an apartment house is not necessarily a waste of desolation.

Mr. G. R. Sims hopes that the peacocks' feather nose-tickers will not be permanently popular in London, for he believes in the evil influence of these feathers and fears that ill-luck was carried into thousands of homes by these "Old Krueger's touch 'em Ups" at the St. Pancras Carnival. He says that in Robert Buchanan's story, "The Peacocks' Feathers," published in The Sphere, the playwright described is Charles Reade, who had two plays wrecked by peacocks' feathers on the stage.

Many trace the origin of this superstition to the story of Argus and Juno; but the ancient Roman believed that Juno would protect him against certain dangers, and so he painted or carved a peacock, her bird, and was thus reminded of her. The statue of Juno on the main gateway of the old city at Malta, of which she was the protectress, bore her cognizance of a peacock. But on the stage peacocks' feathers, the color green, the names Jonah and Job, whistling, boots put on a table, a tag spoken at rehearsal, are all taboo, and if indulged in bring fearful disaster to play, manager, actors.

A more reasonable explanation of this superstition concerning peacocks' feathers is that the peacock was the only creature who was induced to show Satan the way into Paradise. There is a rabbinical tradition that the Devil and his friends have feet like peacocks.

Archdeacon Baly of England takes a high and noble view of the marriage state. "In his own house," he said, "there had been a succession of very inferior cooks, and he had been without one of those indispensable evils for some time. His long experience as a clergyman convinced him that cooks had the advantage in the marriage market, because when a prudent young man found a nice young woman who could make him a good meal he was thoroughly satisfied. Nothing tended so much to comfort as sitting down to a properly prepared dinner." From which we infer that Mrs. Baly is not a good cook.

There were terrible goings-on near the Salmon Falls in Berwick, formerly called, Kittery, early in June, 1682. Mary, the wife of Antonio Hortado, heard a voice at the door of her dwelling, saying "What do you here?" "About an hour after, standing at the door of her house, she had a blow on her eye that settled her head near to the door-post, and two or three days after, a stone, as she judged, about half a pound or a pound weight, was thrown along the house within into the chimney, and going to take it up, it was gone; all the family was in the house, and no hand appearing which might be instrumental in throwing the stone. About two hours after, a frying pan then hanging in the chimney was heard to ring so loud that not only those in the house heard it, but others also that lived on the other side of the river near an hundred rods distant or more. Whereupon the said Mary and her husband going in a canoe over the river, they saw like the head of a man new shorn, and the tail of a white cat, about two or three foot distance from

each other swimming over before the canoe, but no body appeared to join head and tail together." A day or two after Mary was hit on her head with a stone, was bitten on both arms and one of her breasts was scratched. This frightened Mary and her man, and they deserted their house to sojourn at a neighbor's on the other side of the

river. "There appeared to said Mary in the house of her sojourning a woman clothed with a green safe-guard, a short blue cloak, and a white cap, making a proffer to strike her with a fire-brand." This woman appeared afterward with a complete change of costume and laughed in an unpleasant manner.

THE comments of many of the London critics on the opera at Covent Garden are amusing, especially when the critics are most serious. Miss Bauermeister is treated as a prima donna, and her portrait appeared lately in the Sketch. "Melba can scarcely be said to realize the part of Mimi, the half-starved milliner." "Melba as Juliet can scarcely be said to convey the idea of Shakespeare's impulsive and very outspoken heroine of fourteen, but on this occasion she manifestly had the entire sympathy of her audience." This same critic took pains to describe Romeo and Juliet as "husband and wife in their nuptial scene"—which was accurate and eminently proper. "Bonci, the tenor, is unfortunately so short that no prima donna up to date could possibly look up to him." "Calvé's embodiment of Marguerite is a remarkable psychological study," just as her impersonation is no doubt equally remarkable as a physiological study. They timed Miranda going to bed as Gilda and found that from the moment of her disappearance with a trill into her chamber to her appearance in "flowing midnight garments" with her black hair down three minutes went by. Does this break the record?

Here is a beautiful thought that burst, Minerva-like, fully dressed in the robes of rhetoric, from the Jovian head of the critic of the Referee, who discusses Suzanne Adams as Marguerite: "It has been said that two exponents are necessary to an ideal rendering of Gounod's Marguerite. A youthful artist, to play the village and garden scene; a matured woman to express the subsequent anguish; but, after all, there is only the space of a twelvemonth between the heroine's happiness and misery, and although sorrow teaches quickly, it should be remembered that Marguerite is supposed to die while yet in her teens."

Cassira, the tenor, is a member of "the useful brigade." Plancon's reading of Mephistopheles "impressed one with the awful power of evil." Miss Maubourg as Siebel indulged in "absurd little tin-toe runs."

"Scotti, as Valentin, died in an en-sanguined shirt with realistic impressiveness." Mr. Blass has a voice that suggests "endless descents into the abysmal depths." They all appreciate Calvé: "One feels that Don José, or any other fellow—even the Prince of Wales—has very little chance of resisting her, and her vivacity and intense enjoyment of life pleasantly hide the selfishness and callousness of her character." "Slezak's Lohengrin would have been improved by a beard." Scotti's Tonio in "Pagliacci" made a profound impression, because "he wore a moustache"—and not intuition chop whiskers, or Piccadilly weepers.

A benevolent society of a singular nature has been established at Munich. This society furnishes poor actresses, especially those that vegetate in the country, with theatrical costumes to keep them from the temptation of seeking angels here below. The society receives stuffs, ribbons, feathers, etc., which may be contributed, and distributes them. Dressmakers are engaged to make costumes according to the designs of specialists who give their services gratuitously. The society has all Germany for its field. "Not only," according to a foreign newspaper, "do persons of the highest society, but also actors and actresses in comfortable circumstances, offer costumes and trimmings with which they can dispense."

Mascagni has been lecturing again. He shouts for Hungarian music, "which he considers to be an undeveloped mine of musical wealth." He calls Berlioz "the creator of a new style of composition." And he hints at the fact that "the coming genius in Italian operatic music" is a gentleman named—Mascagni.

Mr. William Shakespeare has been lecturing again in England on "Voice Production." He did not refer to his melancholy experiences in this country, but he told the following story of Lablache, who once showed his control of breath, in the following manner: He sang a tone "from pianissimo to fortissimo, back to pianissimo, drank a glass of wine, trilled on each tone of an ascending chromatic scale, and then, with what remained, blew out a candle!"

We are surprised to hear that Miss Janotha played the piano in wicked Monte Carlo.

Calvé is playing Marguerite in London with her own black hair instead of the yellow wig which she wore here.



Summer music is here, and the cornet is again the favorite instrument. This reminds us that a Frenchman, F. de Merville, is waging war against the blaring thing. He begins by saying that music is dying in the little towns of provincial France. This comes partly from the ease with which one now goes to Paris or leaves it, and, in a word, centralization. Parisians now supply chamber music that was formerly furnished by local clubs of modest pretensions. Choral societies have gradually disbanded. "A devastating worm undermines the musical society to final and complete destruction. This monster—it must be named—is the cornet & pistons. Alas, yes, it is this brass in-

strument, so brilliant in the sun, so noisy in the streets, that is the cause of this evil. Easy to learn, it satisfies wholly provincial longing for music. Because in France we are not musicians, we are hardly musical. We may be compared in music to those who in painting like and understand only amiable and seductive chromolithography which has no artistic reality. It took six years to make a mediocre violinist; but a satisfactory cornet-player can be turned out in six months. The instrument is noisy, and we love noise, a row, a blare. The young generation abandons violin, piano, flute, etc., to rush toward the cornet and homogenetic instruments. Necessarily Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn are abandoned, because they wrote nothing for the cornet and we hear the music of Selleniek, Arban, L. Mayeur. And this is not all. Sundays and holidays one puts on a magnificent fantastic military uniform, and the bandmaster, rigged out with gold, at a distance, were it not for the decorations, might pass for a Colonel. Then there is a triumphal march through the streets and little brothers and sisters as well as fathers and mothers are proud to embrace at home the young saxophone, the intelligent first cornet, the sympathetic alto—and all this is after study for three months. Then the students of violin and cello abjure their faith for the new religion with the cornet as the god and the tuba as his prophet."

Philip Hale.

"Merciful heaven! What a crash! Have you ever been struck—your premises, I mean? No? It's best to be provided; by nature, there are no castles in thunderstorms; yet, say but the word, and of this cottage I can make a Gibraltar by a few waves of this wand. Hark, what Himalayas of concussions!"

"Yes," said Mr. Auger, pointing his finger impressively at Old Chimes, "yes, the most dangerous months so far as death from a lightning-stroke is concerned are the months of June and July."

"Don't point that finger at me, Auger," answered Old Chimes, "it may go off."

"Statistics show——" Mr. Auger choked——but it was only for a moment. "Statistics show——"

Miss Eustacia interrupted, "Do you remember that story about a thunder storm in France that Jules Renard told us last summer? Uncle Auger, I know you never heard it. Let me tell it to you."

#### THE THUNDER STORM.

"Are you afraid of a thunder storm?" "Of the lightning or the thunder?" "Both; the one kills and the other terrifies you."

"Well, I tell you frankly like anything better."

Cousin Nanette has made two holes at the bottom of her door; one is for the cat to go out; the other is to help the lightning get away. The one for the lightning is the smaller, because she knows that lightning, if it be so inclined, can thread a pearl.

After a day as hot as purgatory, they sit outside in shirt-sleeves. They eat poorly and drink too much. There is not much talking; it is better to pant. Every minute friend Octave puts his rakin on the table, and goes away to look at the clouds which stand on the horizon like wild beasts. The nearest clouds call others, who just show their heads, and they, in turn, make slow signs to others who are not yet seen. Octave comes back with a gloomy face. Alexandre does not take his eyes off the motionless weather vane.

"Are we going to get it?" "The storm? Oh, it will not pass far from here."

It is stifling. "Are there many storms here?" "Fewer than in other places; there is a mountain down there that divides them."

They all breathe again. Paul-Emile adds: "But the few we have are terrible."

Someone who feels that he must say something swears that the lightning once struck the house. It knocked down the chimney, scattered the tiles——

"The thunder, or the wind?"

"The thunder, the thunder!"

The women force themselves to drink and they pass the bread; they say that the flies bite and they shuffle their feet. You would say they were the braver.

It is true that it has been dry for a long time, that we are out of water, and that the storm will put a little in the wells. But what a fuss for a drop of water on our lips and our vegetables!

When I look at my house in the sunshine and study its position in the village, I say to myself: "The lightning will surely strike one of my neighbors."

But as soon as the storm nears, I forget all the other houses, and I am sure that the lightning must strike mine.

When I was little, the clouds did not come so near the earth. I am sure that my nerves give out sparks. What a wind! The dogs run against it and the hens are like umbrellas turned inside out.

Never has my sweetheart shone with more brilliance. Her cheek reflects sunset; her lips are like two cherries forgotten by the birds; I see her glistening teeth and vagabond eyes. "Come nearer!" I say. She does not move away. "Still nearer!" She bends toward me like a rich flower freshly watered of a summer evening. I look at her, speechless, with the sad ardor of a drunkard who spies a full glass, and I would fain embrace her. "Sh-h-h!" She hears the rumble of distant thunder. I, too, hear it, and again there is warning.

It is not enough to run your fingers way into your ears, it is necessary to keep from thinking, for certain thoughts attract the lightning.

What a magnificent collection of bolts! There is the twinkle of an albinos' eye, there is the baker who suddenly pulls out and then shuts the furnace door, there is the sword that cleaves the enemy from head to foot.

Some, short, scarcely sparkle like the mosquito in the flame of a candle, and some sprawl across the whole sky, interminable, fantastical, like the signatures of great men.

Well-aimed lightning of the Lord!

For a moment the world is flattened out! But our pride quickly lifts its head. There is a new sun. The cocks (imagine the effect of a thunderstorm in the head of a cock!) crow victory and our whole soul takes in fresh air. Let us again become familiar with the good Lord. Now come to me, my sweetheart; now you need not start from my embrace!

We have received the following letter:

Boston, June 16, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Passing through a fashionable store in town the other day I was struck with the fine looks and elegant clothes of a woman at a distant counter. Happening, some minutes afterward, to pass the woman I saw the clerk show her a pair of vivid pink stockings. Imagine my astonishment when she exclaimed: "Oh, what elaboracy!" Said I to myself: "Sheridan knew Mrs. Malaprop. He had no need to create her." There was an inoffensive smile on the clerk's face. He sees the shabby minds of these fashionable women, just as their maids see the shabby underclothes. I wish you could persuade him to contribute to your instructive and delightful column. Ah, how this shabby gentility spreads!

OLD TIMER.

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Judge Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread": "The great defect is its length. Length is by no means necessarily an evil, though the tremendous advance of the swiftly read (and lucrative) short story might almost make one think it was beginning so to be regarded; it may be very desirable if the author is a Dickens, or Thackeray, or Fielding, or even a much smaller light than they. But there is length and length; and we do not think it is mere reviewer's impatience which induces us to suggest that 'Unleavened Bread' would have been no worse if it had been cut down by from fifty to a hundred pages. Relieved of its tendency to tediousness, the cleverness and real interest of the story would secure for it a very favorable verdict."

The rich are free from money cares. The pains of hunger pass them by; Sweet cleanliness is ever theirs, And means each whim to gratify.

The poor, how circumscribed their lot. How small a world they comprehend! They starve ambition in a cot, And touch the cap until the end.

How is the balance trimmed? Perchance This solace Fate extends to slaves, This balm for wounds of circumstance: The poor lie snuggler in their graves.

Old Chimes had a singular experience the other evening. Careless in matters of speech, as he may seem to the conventional and the timid and the prudently prudish, he is punctilious in his observance of certain social duties. We do not praise him for this. Indeed, has he not said with tears in his eyes, "My boy, I know my weakness, but I cannot change. It is the fault of my bringing up. I still persist in making a certain number of calls a year."

He called last week, at the suggestion of Miss Eustacia, on a comparatively young man who had married a school-mate of his beloved niece. The wife was charming, but the husband seemed preoccupied, although he was hearty in his first greeting. He answered at random, he looked at articles of furniture as though he had never seen them before, he played the devil's tattoo on the table, he kept crossing and recrossing his slender legs, and every now and then he stared at the clock. Old Chimes finally thought that he might be in the way. "The fellow began to get on my nerves before I had been in the room a half hour. I admit that his wife was responsive and sympathetic; she enjoyed my flow of anecdote, reminiscences, philosophical reflections, that is, unless I grossly deceive myself; and her husband at times dropped a little behind the procession. Just before half-past nine he indulged himself in pantomime that was inexplicable to me; and I wondered whether he had not suddenly become dotty. As the clock struck the half hour, the hostess touched the bell, and a maid-servant brought in bottled beer. The host, whose eyes were bugging with excitement, hastily opened a couple of bottles, offered me one, and drained one himself at a draught. He then filled his mug, sat down, and, I assure you, he was a changed man. Seldom, if ever, have I met a more delightful companion. It seems that he is passionately addicted to beer, but he has made it a principle not to drink a glass before 9.30 P. M., except at his luncheon down town. I suppose he might be justly called a man of regular habits. That reminds me—did you ever read a delightful story by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow about the young man who, as tutor, by the extreme regularity of his habits, upset a whole family?"

It appears that in Rochester, N. H., an ingenious man who imitates most successfully the crowing of a cock, was fined in court for crowing too often when a real estate agent passed him in the street and he was put under bonds to refrain from crowing for a year. Naturally he appealed from the decision. If a man is allowed to whistle in the street, why should he not crow—that is, if he crows well? And is a real estate agent a sacred personage? We are told that in the palace of the English King there was a nocturnal man who thus took the place of a clock. To crow in an unimpeachable manner he had undergone in childhood an operation on the pharynx. "Under Charles II., the salivation resulting from the operation having disgusted the Duchess of Portsmouth, the office was kept up, so as not to diminish the lustre of the crown, but a man not mutilated was made to do the crowing. Under James II. this functionary called himself William Sampson Cock, and received annually, for his crowing, nine pounds two shillings and sixpence." If the higher court decides against the unappreciated genius in Rochester, he should go to Persia where cocks are held in peculiar veneration.

The Saturday Review of the N. Y. Times, describing a compilation of speeches of the dying, quotes Goethe's "More light, more light!" and adds, "He mistook the shadow of death for evening twilight." But it is a well-known fact that Goethe, whose eyes were weak, said to the servant, "Mehr Licht," and thus asked for another candle. We are surprised that the compiler did not include John Randolph's desire to see Mr. R. E. Morse, and note the fact that on account of Randolph's imperfect enunciation bystanders thought him suffering from remorse. Deslandes, by the way, wrote a curious book entitled "Reflections on Great Men who died with a Joke"—not from a joke. It was published at Amsterdam in 1712, and it is a brave attempt to inspire readers with indifference toward death: "A little good taste and some knowledge of worldly affairs will put us above the ridiculous fears that excite the common herd."

The stage is like a garden overgrown with weeds which are choking the choicest flowers. Were the critics to act as gardeners, tearing up ruthlessly whatever is vile and worthless, caring for whatsoever is noble, there would be no need of eulogies. But that is impossible so long as they conform to Mr. Archer's cynical doctrine that "the dramatic critic must rarely indulge in the luxury of telling the truth."

Cardsharps seem to have a pleasant time of it at sea. Traveling for the combined benefit of health and profit is a little unusual, but it can be done. There is a well-organized gang who lift the great steamships plying between New York and this country. They travel backward and forward, but seldom in the same company. They appear, of course, to be perfect strangers to each other, but they soon find in themselves convivial company, and seldom fail to induce real strangers to join them in a game of poker or any other game where it is not impossible to make a little money. The gang is well known to Scotland Yard, and even many passengers are aware that their card-playing acquaintances are dishonest gentlemen. But as they do not complain the authorities at Scotland Yard cannot do anything. The difficulty of prohibiting card playing on board ship is that many honest gentlemen would feel deeply aggrieved by such action, and the ship's company would suffer. But surely some men with eyes in their heads have courage enough to make a complaint when any ground for such a complaint is offered. Or could not Scotland Yard set a sharper to catch another?—Pall Mall Gazette.

June 20 1900

The Pall Mall Gazette questions whether the Gaelic literature of Ireland ever contained much real poetry. "The chief difficulty in arriving at the exact truth upon this matter lies in the fact that many of the persons who conduct the discussion have not read, and cannot read, the literature in question." It speaks with admiration, however, of a manuscript of the 16th century, composed probably in the 11th, which has been published by Kuno Meyer—a lyric called "The Old Woman of Beare."

"It is the lament of a woman for lost youth—the lament of a light of love for the days when she had lovers. Ebb-tide is in a way the refrain of it, the image evoked at the opening and amplified at the end. But the old cast-off beauty keeps her pride, and she scorns her younger rivals—"

It is riches  
Ye love, it is not men,  
In the time when we lived  
It was men we loved.

Then she passes to a contrast of what she now is with what she once was; her thin and bony arms with the arms that once "would be round glorious Kings"; her rags with the cloak of emerald green that a King spread upon her. And then comes a cry of resignation startling in its naivete—

'Amen! woe is me!  
Every acorn has to drop;  
After feasting by shining candles,  
To be in the darkness of a prayer house!

I had my day with Kings  
Drinking mead and wine;  
Today I drink whey-water  
Among shrivelled old hags.

'Let my drinking horns be cups of whey-water,  
Let me be doing God's will every living hour;  
Praying to thee, O living God,  
My heart's blood has been turned to anger.'

"At the end she returns to the opening metaphor: 'O, happy the Isle of the great sea which the flood reaches after the ebb! As for me I do not expect flood after ebb to come to me.'

'There is scarce a little place today  
That I can recognize;  
What was on flood  
Is all on ebb.'

It is interesting to compare this old ballad with Francois Villon's "Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmiere," written in the 15th century, translated—with the omission of a few lines—into English by Swinburne and in full by Payne.

But how much nobler is this old woman of Beare in her winter years than her colleague in Paris! There is in the lament of the former no "snivelling conviction of the transitory nature of this life, and the pity and horror of death." No wonder that Stevenson, remembering Villon's ballad, exclaimed, "As for the women with whom he was best acquainted, his reflections on their old age, in all their harrowing pathos, shall remain in the original for me. Herace has disgraced himself to some extent the same time; but what Horace throws out with an ill-favored laugh, Villon dwells on with an almost maddening whimper."

When Rodin composed his terribly realistic statue in bronze, "The Old Woman," did he remember the ghastly pathos of Villon's armoreress?



empathy is often curiously misdirected. Take the case of Charlotte Lay, who intruded so rudely on the acy of Marat and interfered with bath. In romance, poem, play, she tear-compelling heroine, a martyr noble cause. But who ever stops think about Mrs. Marat or her views concerning the affair. And what became of her after her husband's death? did not die until 1824, and did she during that time take a bath with a fit of goose-flesh and frequent, extensive turnings of the head?

Do not neglect the early Christians. Their works should be in every library. What a wealth of information is in the old folios. Thus St. Jerome speaks—and speaks unfavorably—of the marriage of a man who buried 20 wives with a woman who buried 22 husbands. It was a pity honors were not easy.

They have received the following letter:

Boston, June 16.  
The Editor of Talk of the Day:  
I heard once of a brutally rude conductor or motorman whom an outraged passenger was going to report; but—never was the former's place—the one stationed at the opposite end changed the traveler's intention. That man does not care for his job, is this informant; "whenever he takes a place, his wife is such a woman she supports their whole family, man letting her, and drinking." There is meditation here, what sort of man this volunteer explainer may be. He may have spoken to a passenger for the simplest respect-motives, referring to the spirited nature of the thing. His motive, other—may have been a servility, and he have worn another false face with a culpable mate. Sneaks and black-legs are among the electric hands sewhere.

I think they are fortunately few in Boston electric, and good troublemen ought to have their numbers in their favor, as well as offensive have theirs used for corollary-reportings. For instance, it should registered at headquarters that one passenger attests that conductor 9035 civil—and pleasantly obliging—man. In on Beacon Street car the other he let my fare go (therefore payt himself), at my request, till I d board his car again. It was ugly, acceptably done by No. 9035 whom, by the way, I have remitted.

It is quite true that to some gentlemen hair is not a glory; but that is not the of the hair. Hoary blackguards are examples of mis-spent youth, which air dye can alleviate.

Italian Marquesses delight in pigeon-ing. Thus the Marquess Torrignis famous because he killed 935 out of 100 in seven hours 18 minutes at 30 rise. A compatriot has undertaken for a wager of \$2500 to kill 2025 of 3000 in 20 hours at 30 yards rise. Pall Mall Gazette commenting on unglorious slaughter adds: "There is no doubt about it that foreigners very poor sportsmen. They do not understand the word as we do in this country. For such a purpose these Italian persons have in view balls or artificial pigeons would quite as well as the living bird. his country pigeon-shooting was popular, and the Princess of s's abhorrence of it has done much to make it unpopular. As a matter of it is not the pigeons that excite sentimental commiseration, but the who rous: our somewhat contemptuous indignation."

June 21 1900

Beasts in field are glad, and have not wit know why leap'd their hearts when spring-time shone. looks at his own bliss, considers it, Wags it with curious fingers; and 'tis gone.

Highly valued correspondent writes blows, adding, apropos of Bunker Day, "I wish our Bunker Hill men fought British cooking and fiction taste, as well as British statesmen."

Boston, June 18.  
The Editor of Talk of the Day:  
Who invented baked beans? Probably Yankee, possibly some fellow familiar with Indian cooking. Our pioneers were true to beans, and preferred peace. Nearly records mention peace frequently, and Wood's famous Prospect as that the founders of Massachusetts up to 1634, had not made much of it, while the Indians ate beans as regular winter diet. The Indian dictionary of Roger Williams gives the name for beans—manusquee. It is certain that beans are a staple of this continent, though some of our kinds were known to the old. Our early settlers used fresh

beans, and Sewall dined in the summer of 1702 on pork and beans, his next course being roast chicken. That was in Andover, and hardly means baked beans, one thinks. In fact, baked beans seem unknown till the present century, when they are mentioned in the Connecticut Valley, a country famous for good beans and very apt to evolve such a dish as our baked beans. Dictionaries, of course, throw no light upon the subject, preferring to draw their materials from poems and fiction. Baked beans are not poetry, and they are not fiction. Dictionaries do not condescend to say what a bean pot is, and they do not know that one man would not give 'a hill of beans' for the best advertised dictionary. The good phrase 'hill of beans,' meaning worthless, or of slight value, does not appear in the dictionaries. But they begin to find out that the advice of Pythagoras, 'abstain from beans,' means keep out of politics, the ballot of the ancients being the white and black bean. In this town of beans 'we had best find out' the true story of beans, baked and unbaked, and one obscure person would give a hill of beans for the result. The subject is American. Were it Shakespearean or Egyptian, we should know all about it. Find the inventor of baked beans, technically known as Boston baked beans, and then let justice proceed."

Now it is true that Artemus Ward named confidently the inventor of baked beans. During the draft in Baldinsville, Mr. Ward met De Schwazey, "a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen." The doctor was not afraid of the draft; as he said, "I'm a habltcoal drunkard! I'm exempt." He was eating beans, "a cheerful fruit when used tempritly," and he cried, "A blessin, a blessin onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin onto his hed!" To which Artemus replied: "Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin." But undoubtedly there were bean eaters in Boston before Gilson, just as there were brave men before Agamemnon.

Our correspondent justly complains about the failure of dictionaries to take notice of the word "beanpot." The phrase "not worth a hill of beans" is found in Farmer and Henley's "Slang, and its Analogues," where it is marked "Americanism," although as far back as 1297 in England, the small value of the bean was proverbial. We find Hobbes saying in the 17th century, "But all this will not advantage his cause the black of a bean." Beans have served in other ways in proverbs and slang. "Few men who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five," "Bean-belly," a great eater of beans, "a nickname of dwellers in Leicestershire." Then there are such proverbial expressions as "To keep all the beans in the sack," "To know how many beans make five," Bean is a term for a sovereign, or a guinea. To be "full of beans" is to be in good condition; to "give beans" is to give a good drubbing; "like beans" is a general expression of approval and praise; "to be beany" is to be full of vigor; "three blue beans in a blue bladder" is an old phrase for noisy, frothy talk.

This note in "Slang and its Analogues" is of local interest. "To know beans"—to be well informed. The phrase is incorporated into many expressions in a very strange way; and is an allusion to the fondness of New Englanders in general and Bostonians in particular, for baked beans and pork, combined with a sly hit at the assumption of superior culture on which they are supposed to insist. "To know beans," therefore, is to be sharp and shrewd; to be within the charmed circle of the 'cultured elect'—in short to be fully equipped in the 'upper storey.'"

Our correspondent mentions the advice of Pythagoras to his disciples. It is doubtful, however, whether the famous advice was another way of saying, "Keep out of politics." It is possible that Pythagoras forbade the use, on account of his study of ceremonial purity in Egypt. Many of the orientals eschew beans. There is a legend in Egypt to this effect: "Before the days of Pharaoh, the Egyptians lived on pistachios, which made them a witty, lively race. But the tyrant remarking that the domestic ass, which eats beans, is degenerate from the wild ass, uprooted the pistachio trees and compelled the legges to feed on beans, which made them a heavy, gross, cowardly people fit only for burdens." These orientals agree with Robert Burton that beans "fill the brain with gross fumes, breed black, thick blood, and cause troublesome dreams."

Some have claimed that Pythagoras by his words recommended continence. Some give more whimsical reasons, as that if you boil beans and lay them for a certain number of nights in the moonshine they will be turned into blood; or, to quote from Porphyry, if you put beans in a clay pot of earth and keep them there for 90 days, the head of a

boy, or something still more strange—we dare not say what will appear. Aristoxenus, who wrote a treatise on Pythagoras, expressly affirms that beans were one of the commonest vegetables among the Pythagoreans; but he is the only one who makes this assertion. The word 'bean' in Greek has several meanings, and the one intended by Pythagoras had nothing to do with politics.

The first man to abstain from eating beans was Amphiarus, who considered this vegetable as prejudicial to divination by dreams. But enough of this windy discussion.

The new Gaiety Theatre, London, will be singularly attractive. There will be many private boxes. "Each will have a little parlor attached to it, so that if a man is bored by the piece he can read his evening paper before a fire in the cold weather." Why should not the theatres in Boston have such life-saving stations—especially for critics who are obliged to attend first performances?

A Roman correspondent gives pleasing instances of substitution of voters in general elections when the real voter is prevented for any reason from presenting himself.

"A young fellow came forward, paper in hand. The President of the Voting Committee, on looking at it, gave a cry of indignation. 'And you maintain that you are the person described here?' 'Of course.' 'But he is my son.' 'Well, what of that?' 'You have the face still to say that it is you? Impostor!' The man turned imperturbably to the crowd and said sadly: 'Oh! dear, what political passion will do! He does not even recognize his own son!'"

June 22 1900

Momentous to himself as I to me Hath each man been that ever woman bore; Once, in a lightning-flash of sympathy, I felt this truth, an instant, and no more.

Vex us no more this week with searching questions concerning beans, the spread of Browning in the South End, or the probable duration of what is known to thousands as "the Future State"! Today let us talk about vain and erring men and women! Let us converse amicably and without undue enthusiasm concerning singers, play-actors, and other fearful wild-fowl.

We do not thus refer in a light and graceful manner to Philadelphia and its National Circus, although the posturing, the ground and lofty tumbling, and Dr. Depew in his famous impersonation of the Shakespearean Jester, excited marked attention and considerable applause, although Depew's "bon mot"—"Love me little, love me Long" was considered by the judicious and the experienced far below the necessities of the occasion, inferior even to the brand with which the Senator from New York floods the market.

Let us look for a moment at Paris. As the Rev. Joseph Cook observed in one of those famous bursts that settled the universe and quieted any fears of the inhabitants of other planets: "And what did Thomas Carlyle, the Sage of Chelsea, say to me? Looking at me from the depths of his cavernous eyes, he said to me, 'Oblige me, Mr Cook, by looking at Paris, by looking at Paris! What have they been doing there for the last 45 years but lying! Eternity is not visible from Paris'" (Tremendous applause, and Mr. Cook mopped his leonine brow.)

Bearing in mind this remark of the Sage of Chelsea, let us consider the case of two women who propose to honor the stage by their personal charms and histrionic art. Régine Martial, by profession a playactress, was deceived most treacherously by a dear female friend, who took away from Régine her guide, philosopher, friend. Régine sent the d. f. f. a box of bonbons, and when the latter began to nibble, she found that sugar unwrapped the points of fish-hooks. Régine was sent to Saint-Lazare, and in this celebrated prison she met a delightful person, Madame Bianchi, who was accused of feeding her husband with arsenic, and who tried to stab herself to the heart with a hat-pin in open court. Miss Martial has written the play in which the two friends will appear, or possibly have by this time appeared. The title is "Saint-Lazare;" and the contents are said to be autobiographical and highly emotional. Will the play be like the prison—for women only?

They say that Rose Caron will abandon the lyric stage in order to enter the Comédie-Française. Her singing voice is practically gone, hence this resolve. She is in her 43d year and has been in opera since 1882. She was a passionate operatic actress, and was not so prudent in use of voice or placidity of stage demeanor as Patti, or Eames, or Melba. Perhaps we should exclude Melba, for now that she has been seen actually to run across the stage and has learned the value of a sad expression when the librettist takes it into his head to be tragic, she is considered seriously by many whose happiness we would not jar

for all the mines of Golconda and Peru or even Calumet and Hecla. Augusta Holmès, the French-Irish composer, says that Rose Caron sang at the first performance of her "Argonauts." Caron's child was very sick, but the mother insisted on singing. "She surpassed herself. I proceeded to thank my singers, when on approaching her, I saw that she was deathly pale under the inevitable make-up. Then the remembrance flashed on me, and uneasily I said, 'And your child?' In a voice, the sound of which I can never forget, she answered as in a dream, 'He died yesterday, Madame, but I could not mar the success of your work.'" Rose Caron was then 21 years old.

They have been reckoning up the money that Rostand will make in Paris this year with his plays "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." With the money to be made in this country—they reckon 70 performances of each play at \$3600 each, with 10 per cent. for the playwright—the total amount is \$127,200, to which should be added at least \$24,000 or \$25,000 from Provincial tours, etc. The American profits are computed with reference to the engagement here of Bernhardt and Coquelin.

At a theatre in Neuilly, the play is "La Maison qui brûle," which, as "A Big Fire in New York," had, it seems, "great success in America." The dramatist is Mr. McCarthy, "a former captain of the New York Fire Brigade." The company must be a strong one. The leading man crosses the stage on a wire with a baby in his arms, and another tragedian throws himself from the roof into a net below, "while water spurts up on all sides, the flames mount, and the excited crowd shouts. The performances obtained great success." And thus does American art make its triumphant way. It is a pity, though, that an English company opened the Zorilla (not Gorilla) Grand Opera House at Manila with "The Geisha." Not that we object to the delightful operetta, but why should not Americans have been on the stage? And let no one reply, "Blood is thicker than water."

The dancing at the side shows of the Paris Exhibition is said to be a delusion as well as a snare. There was a promise of magnificent spectacles of China, Japan and Corea, but there is nothing but the "strange and sensual" dance that was at home in the Rue de Caire in 1889. Same old dance, and no doubt the same old girls. "If the dancers were genuine, and really did give the dances of their country, something would be redeemed; but when you have business with the manager and hear the certified lady from Morocco swearing down the certified lady from Tunis in the most approved lambies and dactyls of the Batignolles Quarter, you reflect on the progress of the French nation as a colonizing power."

We had hoped to speak of Lucille Hill, the soprano, who has forgiven America and proposes to visit us this next season; but the pleasure of reminiscence must in this instance be delayed.

June 23 1900

What is the course of the life Of mortal men on the earth? Most men eddy about Here and there—eat and drink, Chatter and love and hate, Gather and squander, are raised Aloft, art hur'd in the dust, Striving blindly, achieving Nothing; and then they die—Perish—and no one asks Who or what they have been, More than he asks what waves, In the moonlit solitude's mild Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd, Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

We like to think of Mr. Thomas G. Shearman speaking in behalf of the down-trodden male at the first meeting of the New York Business Women's Association. Indeed, he showed a high order of courage, and we hope that our wandering friend the Historical Painter was present and able to make a few sketches; but we fear he was attending the Great Wild East Show at Philadelphia, and under the influence of pepper-pot.

Mr. Shearman began in a graceful as well as reassuring manner—just as a man says, "Whoa boss—so boss" to a suspicious cow in the field. "I am glad you call yourselves women; I have a great respect for a saleswoman, but I don't care anything about the saleslady." (But they are still more foolish in England in this respect; for there they speak of a "lady-singer," a "lady-bicyclist," etc., ad nauseam.)

Mr. Shearman then had the boldness to admit that he was the inventor of the "feminine typewriter." He claimed proudly the honor. Nor did he shrink for a moment from the consequences. Future books of reference and dates will state with the date in full: "Female typewriter invented by T. G. Shearman." He did not say whether he had ever applied for a patent, nor whether he ever received royalties. Jealous wives and sisters and daughters and aunts will now class him with Dr. Guillotina and the inventors of clubs and cocktails.



But Mr. Shearman put both feet firmly on the topmost peak of audacity when he advised his hearers: "Never think of marrying until you can support a husband." We know of no more splendid instance of courage.

Why should the husband be expected to appear in his famous impersonation and in continuous performance of the beast of burden? We heard a man discussing this question the other day. He is about 50 years old; he has worked and is working indefatigably, relentlessly. He spoke as follows: "After all, what is this life that is controlled by the wishes, caprices, conventional opinions of others? As soon as a man marries, he is expected by the world at large and by his wife's relatives in particular to break his back, to crack his brain in the never-ending endeavor to supply her with every comfort. Yielding to popular opinion, he toils day and night. He is constantly anxious, fearful. If he breaks down, the judgment is, 'Why in the world did Maria want to marry an invalid?' or 'I suppose he was a solitary drinker; poor Maria! she deserved a better husband.' If he is unfortunate in business, the voice of the parish declares him to be an incompetent person, 'a man that cannot support his wife properly.' Meanwhile, in the endeavor to support her, how much does he see of her? He comes home fagged out. She must be amused, and she cannot go alone to a concert or a play; or he is dragged as by a chain to a dinner or a pleasant evening at the house of a man whom he secretly dislikes, where he is voted 'a singularly dull person.' He pays for the food, clothes, education, amusement of others; there is a steady outgo, when he, if he could live by himself, would be comfortable on \$1500 a year. (We omit the usual slur on Judge Grant.) Furthermore, he is expected to provide for wife and children after his death; he must put aside a certain sum each year for life-insurance; otherwise he is shiftless and a brute. I do not underestimate family happiness; but how much pleasure does a father get out of his children? Little, they are a source of uneasiness and care. The girl goes away to school; the boy to college or to another city. How many men die in the house in which they were born? We are all descended from Cain, who was a vagabond, a wanderer, and no doubt Cain, however much he may have disliked his brother, was a hard-working man and a good father."

Now in this lamentation there is much truth. The contract is jug-handle. Mr. Shearman's advice is worthy of the most serious consideration. A woman should not marry until she can support a husband. To play the decorative ivy to the husband's sturdy oak is a pretty idea; but it would be better to be even the homely mullen stalk, which at least can stand alone.

We know a prudent young man who is betrothed to a sensible young woman. They have resolved not to marry until she is in receipt of a salary larger than the one he gains. As she is a capable girl, who has an excellent position, the wedding will not long be deferred. They argue that it would be foolish for her to give up her work, and depend wholly on the money earned by the young man, whose salary is small and whose position is more or less precarious.

June 23, 1663. In Marshfield, another dismal storm of rain with thunder and lightning happened. "There were then in the house of John Phillips (he was father of that John Phillips who was slain by lightning in the year 1638) 14 persons; the woman of the house calling earnestly to shut the door, that was no sooner done, but an astonishing thunder-clap fell upon the house, rent the chimney, and split the door. All in the house were struck. One of them (who is still living) saith, that when he came to himself, he saw the house full of smoke, and perceived a grievous smell of brimstone, and saw the fire lie scattered, though whether that fire came from heaven, or was violently hurled out of the hearth, he can give no account. At first he thought all the people present, except himself, had been killed; but it pleased God to revive most of them. Only three of them were mortally wounded with Heaven's arrows, viz., the wife of John Phillips, and another of his sons, a young man about 20 years old, and William Shertly, who had a child in his arms, that received no hurt by the lightning when himself was slain. This Shertly was at that time a sojourner in John Phillips his house. The wife of this Shertly was with child and near her full time, and struck down for dead at present, but God recovered her, so that she received no hurt, neither by fright nor stroke. Two little children sitting upon the edge of a table, had their lives preserved, though a dog which lay behind them under the table, was killed." Thus he.

We are getting along in June, and

the month so far has not been rich in thunderstorms. Still, it is well to be cautious. What did the Lightning-Rod Man say to Herman Melville? "I avoid pine-trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If I travel on foot, I do not walk fast; if in my buggy, I touch not its back or sides; if on horse back, I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things, I avoid tall men. Yes a man is a good conductor. The lightning goes through and through a man, but only peels a tree."

June 24, 1900

It may be remembered that Mr. Edward House, who, a Bostonian by birth, was well known here and in New York, a contributor to newspapers and magazines, and also as novelist and essayist, conducted a concert in Japan Dec. 9 of last year, when Japanese for the first time played Occidental orchestral instruments. The program then included pieces by Auber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Lumbye, Bilse, Bergman, and vocal numbers by Mazzinghi, Handel, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Verdi. The price of admission was 50 cents. The orchestra is what is known as a "volunteer" society.

I am enabled through the kindness of a friend to publish now a letter written by Mr. House in April, in which there is interesting information concerning the present condition of foreign music in Japan.

"The development of the little orchestra which I have trained for a year has produced a result altogether out of the ordinary course in Japan. Two months ago the chief of the Ceremonial Bureau in the Emperor's household called at my house and proposed that I should take the direction of the orchestra organized for Imperial service—an orchestra composed of Japanese performers, the resources of which are naturally much more extensive than those of the small band of 18 which I have been assisting. The offer was a surprise, for the reason that in engaging people for this sort of duty the Japanese authorities have hitherto sought the co-operation of the foreign legations, and have been guided by diplomatic advice. Having no knowledge of our music, they thought this would be the safest way to secure experts; and as a rule (though not always) the teachers and conductors thus employed have fulfilled their duties extremely well. The application in my case, coming directly from headquarters, is the first instance I have known (or heard of) of a departure from the habitual practice. The explanation of the unusual step is simple. The orchestra which I took in hand a year ago worked so faithfully and diligently under my care that it gradually reached a standard of proficiency much higher than any body of musicians here had previously attained. It had, I am sorry to say, a great deal of hostility to contend against, and there would have been no acknowledgment of its merits if the progress had not been too obvious to question. When it had fairly made its mark the officers controlling the Emperor's household and department appeared to realize that it was scarcely worth while sending to Europe for a musical director, since they could engage one on the spot, who had found it possible to bring out the best capabilities of Japanese instrumental performers. You may be sure that no foreign official suggested my appointment. I do not know a single one of them, and their influence, if exerted at all, would have been cast in other directions. For my own part, as I have said, the idea of occupying the post had never crossed my mind. It was with considerable misgiving that I accepted, on account of my health; and when I did agree, it was with the stipulation that I should be free to withdraw at any moment. If I found the strain of managing two orchestras too severe; for of course I would not relax any of my labors with the volunteer society that has so long deserved my best endeavors. I think, indeed, that it was largely for the sake of these volunteers that I decided to assume the additional charge, for, in a country where official recognition means nearly everything, the fact that their conductor—their very own—had been chosen to lead the musicians of the court could not fail to make an impression upon the public much deeper than any evidence of their superior attainment could create. It is a pity that this should be the case, but it is true; and I dare say Japan is not the only place where the popular judgment is similarly swayed. At all events, there was an end to all doubts that the volunteer orchestra had worthily earned its reputation, and the confidence shown by authority, in its conductor, has encouraged and stimulated the members to more ambitious exertions than ever. I began working in the new field seven weeks ago, and, though the duties are heavy, I have not, since the first fortnight, found them exhausting. All through my years of illness I have noticed that whenever I have been required to apply myself strenuously to any congenial occupation it has been a physical benefit to me; that is, if I could once get the internal machinery into effective operation. I hope it will prove so now. No service could be more to my liking. My students have faith in me, knowing that I spare no pains in doing the best I can for them. Seeing that I am in earnest, they, on their side, are much more in earnest than is common with Japanese scholars. The same thing is apparent when I taught English in the University, soon after

my arrival here, thirty years ago. The surest way to make these people conscientious and devoted is to convince them that their instructor is likewise conscientious and devoted—and above all, he is bent upon helping them—not striving to advance himself. The inability to grasp this last idea has led to more educational failures on the part of foreigners in Japan than any other cause.

"On the subject which is naturally foremost with me, just at present, I may say that most of my preliminary drudgery is over, and some of the expected results are showing themselves. For nearly two months nothing could be done with the new orchestra but to lay foundations for really effective operations. It was necessary to be very slow at first, in order to gain satisfactory ends. Perhaps my hardest task was to prevent undue hurrying, not on the part of the musicians, who seem to understand the value of careful preparation, but by other persons who would have wished to see everything done at a stroke. In fact, I shall be compelled to open public proceedings somewhat earlier than the time which I consider appropriate. Demands from certain high quarters cannot be gainsayed, and on the 25th of this month we go to the palace at Shiba to play before the Empress, who will then listen for the first time to an orchestral performance. Military music (that is, by a band of brass and wood), has been heard at court for several years, but the more delicate effects of the orchestra are yet unknown to me. I am glad of this, for it will encourage the musicians greatly. The Japanese are extremely sensitive to marks of appreciation when they are striving to win honorable distinction.

Arthur Hartmann, a young musician who has studied the violin under G. M. Loeffler, and composition under Homer Norris, will have his Hungarian dance played at the Pop Concert on Wednesday evening.

June 25, 1900

They were talking about happiness and tales and legends in which happiness is pursued. Mr. Jules Renard smiled in philosophically aggravating manner. "Let me tell you about a woman I knew."

THE HAPPIEST IN THE VILLAGE.  
Her husband, who drank and beat her, died at the right time. Since then there is no happier woman. She has some land, a vineyard, and some ready money. She is not obliged to work. She just lives in shade or sunshine, according to the hour, with her fingers joined together, in summer over a white pelisse, in winter under a thick shawl of black wool. She knows no one in the village who would not like to be in her shoes, and she would not swap places with any one. Even when her father left her—after her husband—she had gone too far toward happiness to stop. She mourned the old man decorously and easily forgot him. And now that she is alone in the world, she no longer fears lest death should again disturb her good appearance. They are never weary of wondering at her.

"Madame Louise, your hair is still black!"  
"What's that you say?"  
"Black and wavy. I congratulate you."  
"Lord, how absurd!"  
"Your face shines like a mahogany table."

"Is it right to mock an old woman like me?"  
"An old woman who has all her teeth and, I wager you, thinks of nothing else but marrying again. Well, the man who gets you is lucky."

"If I should dare to be so foolish," says Madame Louise, "the people would play the bones and tongs at my wedding. I love peace as much as health."

"But how do you keep yourself so well?"  
"I drink, I eat, and I sleep, like anybody else."

"Yes, but you must have some especial recipes for cooking."

"Dear, dear, you will make me split." "Seriously, your chief expenses are for food? It must cost you something to be as fine and sleek as you are."

"Meat makes me sick at the stomach. I was born strong and well fleshed. All I had to do was to stay so."

"What do you spend a day?"

"You are mighty inquisitive."

"Let's reckon up. Two sous of milk?"

"Yes."

"Then what?"

"A sou and a half of bread."

"Good. I'll put it down."

"One sou for coffee, two for butter."

Then I have my store of bacon and wine, wine from my own vineyard. I drink a glass at each meal."

"Is that all?"

"No. Sometimes I walk in the fields with my basket and look for dandelions. I add an egg. That is a feast."

"And dessert?"

"Cream cheese, and a plum from my garden."

"What time do you get up?"

"Seven. Warm from my bed, I drink my coffee. Then I do housekeeping until noon."

"I have seldom seen a house so well kept."

"It is easy when the house is little. It is big enough for me. I eat at noon. Then I fix myself up and visit."

"Who does your washing?"

"I dirty too little to have a boy wash. When my neighbors attend theirs, they ask me if I haven't something to put in, and I give them a little bundle of linen."

"Economical, temperate, clean. Madame Louise, you are a model woman."

"But sometimes I am silly! Once a year I go to the city and I buy a good firm piece of stuff that will wash."

"Are you, then, just a little coquette?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't use what I buy. I put it in the closet and I look at it from time to time. I like the stuff for sheets better than sheets and the stuff for a dress than the dress itself."

"Some one may rob you. Are you not afraid?"

"No, now that I am no longer afraid of my husband."

"Was he such a tough case?"

"I don't want to speak ill of him, for he is dead. May the good Lord pardon him as I no longer think of him. He was a scamp, a drunkard, a loafer. He rushed at me like a bull, and I never knew whether he was going to beat me or caress me. As a rule, he beat me for his pleasure. To be beaten by a stinking drunkard humiliated me, and at last I began to strike back. One night he came in an awful state, and three down two or three miserable fish which he had caught before he got drunk at the tavern, and he said, 'Cook them! I said, 'My fire is out, I'm not going to make it for such trash.' 'Start the fire! There's no more wood; I burned the last stick this morning.' Of course there was wood, but that was my little trick. Then he called me names which self-respect prevents me from repeating."

"No more wood? Just wait! He snatched a sick-axe. I thought he was going to kill me, and I crossed myself. But he got up on a chair and began to hack at the beams of the ceiling."

"There's wood for you! I locked my door and ran to the neighbors. He kept on hacking away, and he would have ruined the whole house, had he not fallen headfirst on the rubbish and snored there all night. Some time after that the good Lord relieved me of him."

"And so you are the happiest of women because your husband is dead?"

"I should like if I said I were sorry."

"All men are wicked. But are you never lonely?"

"No, I could live like this as long as the good Lord."

"That is hardly possible. Are you afraid of death?"

"Yes, but I hope to go to heaven."

Madame Louise said this gravely. Why should she not go? She does not go to no one, and she keeps still when she cannot speak well of others. She never misses mass or vespers, and she follows all the coffins to the cemetery. Later, as soon as she is dead, she will mount up toward God. But the ascent will perhaps be hard, for she hates to walk and if the road to heaven is too steep she will often say:

"Dear Lord! I am going to slip!"

A highly valued correspondent writes:

"A number of years ago, before he was famous, Theodore Roosevelt was asked how he pronounced his name, when I was introduced in this country, and what it meant. Here is his answer: 'My name is pronounced Ro-sa-velt, th's with almost a z sound; introduce about 1620; Dutch; means field of roses.' Now we shall see whether the American people, who are supreme will make him dissyllabic or dactylic. He objects to being a trochee. Of course, McKinley is an amphibrach. Roosevelt wishes to be a dactyl. This information should be kept from all political enemies."

June 26, 1900

IN PORT.

I have sailed down the narrow strait,  
And harbor safe in Hell at last;  
My hawser to the pier is fast,  
And by the gang-plank now I wait!

Twice rare good sailing, all the way:  
Your passionate breath made pleasant gale;  
That filled by crowded willing sails,  
And bore me from the Ports of Day.

Like Palinurus, Passion blind  
Handled the helm, and guessed the stars,  
And through the midnight whistled bars  
Of music strange to woo the wind.

When that you answered not his art,  
He cursed the ship from truck to keel,  
He ground the compass under heel,  
And rent to shreds the useless chart.

When to his call your fancy swerved,  
And swept us on with fiery breath,  
Toward the pallid Port of Death,  
No mariner was better served.

But then you grew to love us less,  
You whipped the waves to jealous storm—  
I saw my Palinurus's form  
Go toppling down to nothingness;

While at that moment loud did ring  
The ding-dong of a passing bell  
Upon the echoing coasts of Hell—  
And that was all my voyaging!



A friend has sent us the bill of fare of the breakfast furnished the guests at a tavern in Columbus, Ohio. It is an elaborate bill, beginning with "bouillon en tasse" and steamed shell oysters, passing through fruits (among them stewed rhubarb, cucumbers and spring onions), health foods (including obster in three forms), and then nearly everything that remains in the category of food from broiled shad to New Orleans molasses. We also observe with pleasure that sassafras tea is served, probably drawn from the wood. But what demonstrates emphatically the cosmopolitan and courtly character of host and guests at this tavern is the legend that appears at the foot of this bill of fare: "Toute inattention des employes recevra immediate attention des proprietaires, en vous adressant au bureau."

Mascagni is a restless man, in his life as well as in modulation. He is anxious that the political lightning should strike him, and he really believes that there is "a special place and work for him in the Italian Parliament." "When I enter the House," he exclaimed, "I will join hands with Gabriele d'Annunzio and others, and we shall form a group of the Intellectuals, and like ourselves felt and heard." The great play actor, Novelli, who also was amused, has a saving sense of humor. He answered, "I am neither a genius nor an idiot, therefore I understand that one cannot be both a politician and an actor. The latter I am, of a fact, so the former I cannot be. Pray, do not let me hear any more of the matter." At the same time d'Annunzio has indisputably some of the necessary qualifications of an Italian politician, however badly he may have imitated Duse. Thus not long ago he fought a duel with the manager of a newspaper and pinked him in the left

cheek. We have at last received a full account of the proceedings at the dinner given by Sir Henry Irving at the Savoy Hotel in London on his return from America. Sir Henry remarked that the tunes of England were dear to those who guided the destinies of the United States and that it was his belief that bonds between Great Britain and the American Republic would grow even stronger with the advance of time. Mr. Irving observed that Sir Henry had imitated the standard and moral tone of the stage. These are speeches that are kept standing in all well-ordered newspaper offices. It's a wonder that Sir Henry and Mr. Choate held their tongues straight as they sat around the mahogany tree. How the old nursery rhyme goes? "The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath: And in the cup an onion shall he throw." ("Hamlet" Act V.—in a rare edition.)

All this reminds us that at the World's Temperance Congress held at London this month, the only intemperate language used was directed against the moderate drinker. The drunkard escaped; but the moderate drinker, it appears, is "a fumbling mediocrity who has not the courage either to abstain or get blind drunk."

It is said of the late Judge Chamberlain that he did not begin his literary work until after long preparation, and when he was past his fiftieth year. He was a striking exception to a rule that has prevailed of late. Venerable whiskers no longer command respect or a large salary. Youth, imperious, arrogant, presumptuous youth sits in command. In surgery there is the boy operator. It is the boy bank President or railroad President or college President that shapes and molds and directs. The old declamation piece should be changed to "The atrocious crime of, being a middle-aged man."

Then we have the boy historian, the girl novelist, the boy editor, the wise and luminous essays written by a like-ly youth high twenty-one. If you are of 40 years, O rude reader, be humble; your life work is over. Experience, discrimination, reasonable judgment, accumulated learning—these are as nought when weighed in the balance with prancing youth.

Good news from Paris! News that will gladden the hearts of American tourists. The telephone girls of the Paris offices are at last provided with hot and cold baths.

They have been selling South African war relics in London. A pair of boots with hat and pipe with tobacco taken from a dead Boer at the battle of Spion Kop brought \$6—and they will be pretty ornaments on the mantel-piece of some Christian and English family.

Two sisters were killed this week on a North Carolina farm by lightning. "They were asleep in one of the front rooms upstairs. When found they were clasped in each other's arms."

Here is another refutation of the old opinion entertained by Plutarch and others, that those asleep are never smitten with lightning. Plutarch discusses the question and at the same time inquires why mushrooms are thought to be produced by thunder.

"The Bodys of those that are awake are stiffer and more apt to resist, all the parts being full of spirits, which as it were in a harp, distending and screwing up the Organs of Sense, makes the Body of the Animal firm, close and compacted: But when Men are asleep, the Organs are let down and the Body

The use and the abuse of the glim-rickey has increased amazingly the im-portedation of limes. The New York Sun says that up to five years ago only 300 or 400 barrels of limes were imported; and now the imports amount to about 4000 barrels.

A musician of this town was asked why he wore constantly a singularly shabby and reddish coat. He answered in tear-choked tones: "The Abbé Liszt gave it to me 30 years ago."

June 27, 1900

#### THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Here were a goodly place wherein to die—Grown hatterly to sudden change averse, All violent contrasts fain avoid would I. On passing from this world into a worse.

Miss Campbell, "a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company," bore grateful witness to the faith at the annual picnic of the New York Vegetarian Society. After she had eaten heartily of peanut croquettes and Irish oatmeal which had been soaked six hours, she arose and said, "I have been a vegetarian for a year. My voice is stronger and clearer than it was when I ate meat." She then went to the piano and lifted up her voice in song, so that three window panes were broken. Tenors, as some say, diet rigidly on squash and slippery elm tea, except German tenors, who are fed exclusively on raw meat and beer. A chorus girl, on the other hand, is as liberal in her tastes as she is good to her mother, and she enjoys whatever the "gentleman friend" is pleased to provide.

Then Dr. Julian P. Thomas was at the picnic. He eats nothing but raw vegetables, and yet he "broke a broom handle into many pieces across his thigh, and bent a kitchen poker into fancy curves by striking it on the calf of his leg and on his thigh."

Young Mr. Wright represented at the picnic "a fourth generation of vegetarians," and thus exposed a fallacy of popular reasoning:

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath: And in the cup an onion shall he throw." ("Hamlet" Act V.—in a rare edition.)

All this reminds us that at the World's Temperance Congress held at London this month, the only intemperate language used was directed against the moderate drinker. The drunkard escaped; but the moderate drinker, it appears, is "a fumbling mediocrity who has not the courage either to abstain or get blind drunk."

It is said of the late Judge Chamberlain that he did not begin his literary work until after long preparation, and when he was past his fiftieth year. He was a striking exception to a rule that has prevailed of late. Venerable whiskers no longer command respect or a large salary. Youth, imperious, arrogant, presumptuous youth sits in command. In surgery there is the boy operator. It is the boy bank President or railroad President or college President that shapes and molds and directs. The old declamation piece should be changed to "The atrocious crime of, being a middle-aged man."

Then we have the boy historian, the girl novelist, the boy editor, the wise and luminous essays written by a like-ly youth high twenty-one. If you are of 40 years, O rude reader, be humble; your life work is over. Experience, discrimination, reasonable judgment, accumulated learning—these are as nought when weighed in the balance with prancing youth.

Good news from Paris! News that will gladden the hearts of American tourists. The telephone girls of the Paris offices are at last provided with hot and cold baths.

They have been selling South African war relics in London. A pair of boots with hat and pipe with tobacco taken from a dead Boer at the battle of Spion Kop brought \$6—and they will be pretty ornaments on the mantel-piece of some Christian and English family.

Two sisters were killed this week on a North Carolina farm by lightning. "They were asleep in one of the front rooms upstairs. When found they were clasped in each other's arms."

Here is another refutation of the old opinion entertained by Plutarch and others, that those asleep are never smitten with lightning. Plutarch discusses the question and at the same time inquires why mushrooms are thought to be produced by thunder.

"The Bodys of those that are awake are stiffer and more apt to resist, all the parts being full of spirits, which as it were in a harp, distending and screwing up the Organs of Sense, makes the Body of the Animal firm, close and compacted: But when Men are asleep, the Organs are let down and the Body

becomes rare, lax, loose, and the Spirits falling, hath abundance of Pores, through which small sounds and smells do flow insensibly: For in that Case, there is nothing that can resist, and by this resistance receive any sensible impression from any Objects that are presented, much less from such as are so subtle and move as swiftly as Lightning. \* \* \* Besides, those that are asleep are not startled at the Thunder, they have no consternation upon them, which kills a great many that are no otherwise hurt, and we know that thousands dye with the very fear of being killed. \* \* \* For certainly the hearing is a Sense that is soonest, and most vigorously wrought upon, and the fear that is caused by any astonishing noise raiseth the greatest commotion, and disturbance in the Body, from all which Men asleep, because insensible are secure; but those that are awake are oftentimes killed with fear before they are touch't, and fear contracts and condenses the Body so that the stroak must be strong, because there is so considerable a resistance."

And yet there was a striking instance in opposition in 1665, and in this town of Boston. There were terrible cracks of thunder and Captain Davenport, "a worthy man, and one that had in the Pequot War ventured his life, and did great service for the country, then residing in the castle, where he commanded, having that day wrought himself weary, and thinking to refresh himself with sleep, was killed with lightning as he lay upon his bed asleep." Thus he.

The Earnest Student of Sociology calls our attention to facts about marriage and divorce published in the civil and judicial statistics of England and Wales, edited by John Macdonald, Master of the Supreme Court. "The most dangerous period of married life appears to be the years between 10 and 20. After five years of matrimony divorces begin to be numerous; but it is after ten years that they reach their maximum. In childless marriages also there is a greater tendency to divorce; and in the largest proportion of cases the marriage has taken place in a Registry Office. Again, it is to be noticed that after 20 years of matrimony men seldom divorce their wives; the women are then generally the plaintiffs."

June 28, 1900

Mr. Jules Renard had listened patiently. Perhaps he had smiled once or twice on Miss Eustacia; but he had opened his mouth only to blow smoke wreaths. When Mr. Auger had finished his oration on the delights of country life, Mr. Renard said: "You remind me of my old friend Pouques, who had so much domestic trouble over a little matter of curtains."

#### THE CURTAINS.

At last Mr. Pouques was going to rest, going to live, because no one really lives at Paris when he is in an office. He had his pension. He owned a little country house which he had long desired. He was almost settled in it, and now he was about to enjoy the first meal of a man who is free and master in his own home.

"I'll keep the dining room for myself," he said to his wife. "The window opens on the garden. It is the best aired room in the house, and when it rains I can sleep there, or dream, or do anything I please."

"All right," said his wife. "I prefer the kitchen. That room alone is bigger than our apartment on the fifth floor, rue Hervieu. How cramped we were! Only the mercy of heaven kept us from being stifled. Our hens are better lodged here. Give me just another week to put things in order."

"What are you doing there?" said Mr. Pouques.

Mrs. Pouques, standing on a step-ladder, was using a screw driver over the window.

"You see," she said calmly, "I am putting up my curtains."

"You are putting curtains on that window, on my window?"

"Yes," she said, "and on all the windows. Don't get nervous. The ladder is strong."

Mr. Pouques, who was seated with a newspaper in his hand, jumped up in his surprise.

"What!" he cried, "do you think that I have worked like a dog for all these years, saved sou by sou until I could buy this country house and this garden with trees, flowers and books, for you to come and shut off my view and hide my sun with your rags? Do you hear, you old donkey! Take all that stuff out of my sight, if you don't want me to pitch it into the fire and you after it!"

Mrs. Pouques did not make him speak twice. She got down from the ladder much quicker than she had climbed it.

Here is a story about the peacock superstition written by William Telbin, a scene painter, to G. R. Sims. Mr.

Telbin painted the peacock's feathers in "The Last Chance" at the Adelphi, London. "One of the scenes in the play was 'The Peacock Inn' at Rowsley. A very large piece of this scene, with mullions of the windows and the doorways modeled, was hung on a big moving frame at the painting rooms of Her Majesty's Theatre—the old one—and just as the artist was writing the last letters of the word 'Peacock' over the inn the line broke and the house fell twenty-five feet, and was completely broken up. It took several days to restore the scene, but it never looked the same. Mr. Telbin says that when the inn was repaired, and he was going to write 'Peacock' again, his staff of assistants were absolutely nervous. When the last letter of 'Peacock' was written there was a sigh of relief. Everybody expected at least an earthquake."

Mr. Francis Vielé-Griffin has written a long poem, "Oom Paul," which appears in the *Mercure de France* for June. Mr. Vielé-Griffin—who, by the way, is a son of General Vielé of New York—says many pleasant things about Mr. Krueger: that his voice is as strong as the sea; that in the tones of this voice you can hear readily the sound of clashing swords and brazen bell; that his simple gesture is tutelary and yet without tragic emphasis, etc., etc.—all of which may possibly console "Ce grand paysan, fort et gauche."

Swiss cheese is made in Herkimer County, New York, but where are Egyptian cigarettes made? Mr. Joseph Gluckstein, a tobaccoist, swore lately in a London court that over 100 names of countries are given in shops to cigarettes which do not come from those countries. And no gentleman by the name of Gluckstein would deceive even a blind man in such a little matter.

Mlle. Georgette Leblanc, the delicious and original artist of the *Opéra-Comique*, is far from satisfied. She had her portrait taken as Phryne, a highly artistic photograph, in which she appeared in a Greek tunic designed and arranged by herself. But, lo and behold! a big colored poster, stuck on all the walls of Chicago, has been sent her representing Miss Olga Nethersole in Daudet's *Sapho*, and it is simply an exact, faithful reproduction of the photograph, face, form and costume of Mlle. Georgette Leblanc, who consequently protests against the use which has been made of her effigy.—*Figaro* (Paris).

There is at least one woman in London who is sure of herself. She wrote the Islington War Carnival Committee that she should like to pose as Venus; that she has a "tall, good figure, and is considered good looking."

We cannot tear ourselves from London. Here is an advertisement clipped from a daily journal: "Odd False Teeth Bought.—Many ladies and gentlemen have by them old or disused false teeth, which might as well be turned into money. Messrs. R. D. and J. B. ——— of ——— (established since 1833) buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them, they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. If reference is necessary, apply to Messrs. ———, Bankers, Ipswich."

Full high we soar, and dive exceeding deep, And tease the gods to fling the unwilling mead; And best of guerdons is the grassy sleep And dusty end of all our dream and dead.

Through the kindness of a sea-faring friend we are enabled to publish today a fragment from a manuscript found in a bottle off The Brewsters.

"The most amusing place in the world is"—we regret to say that the word is blotted. "There is much of Leach and the hotel is many as to its rooms. The food is quite up to the standard of the average hotel anywhere. The service is most excellent, and the ladies who deign to wait at table are all to look upon and spy as to their action. There be many wild beasts there in the shape of elderly couples with diamonds and vast breadth of beam. Many, also, with whiskers, great and terrible. They eye me askance, and I imagine from sundry overheard remarks, think me very beautiful as I trip jauntily around the piazzas after my frugal dinner. I am blamed lonesome, for the people there talk gaily of millions in stocks, and never having seen a million or a stock I know not what to say to them, but only hold my peace and look wise which was ever the cue of great men. I shall be mighty glad when"—And here the MS. is again illegible.

Why was this letter confided to a bottle? Where is the hotel? Or did the bottle go down at sea with all on board? And these mysteries of the deep!



relationship which often  
"vast breadth of beam"  
in stocks" was noted at  
years ago by one Mortimer Col-  
et, essayist, novelist, newspaper  
ack. No doubt we have quoted these  
before, but they will bear repeti-  
for this repetition is not heathen-  
or vain.

men of odious dress,  
of immense abdomen,  
with their diamond rings—  
Such are the mass of our six hundred kings.  
And thus does the English House of  
Commons remind us, in one way, at  
least, of the United States Senate.

Old Charles did not go to his class  
anymore. He gave his reasons at the  
porphyry. "Why should a man be  
obliged to maintain relations with a set  
of fellows in whom he has no lively  
interest, and for whom he has no real  
affection? I was one of many, pitched  
into a class where money was spent  
foolishly by fond parents on sons who,  
in many instances, would be happier  
today and more beneficial to city and  
country if they had learned to be a  
good cobbler, mechanic, tailor or farm-  
er. The one or two men of whom I was  
truly fond are dead. I went a few years  
ago to my class dinner. It was a  
ghastly affair. There was a clergyman  
who told shady stories with a snigger  
to prove to us that after all he was  
not too good. He had his reward; he  
was unanimously voted a cad. There  
was a Judge, who kept still, lest his  
speech should bewray him—he was an  
awful duffer in college; he never could  
make up his mind, lest he might there-  
by become unpopular. There was a fel-  
low in a shabby suit, who talked brisk-  
ly of his excellent business; poor devil,  
he made a brave showing, and far be  
it from me to mock him. The general  
attitude was one of suspicion. A whis-  
pered to B, 'I wonder how C keeps his  
country house and horses. Don't you  
remember what a ninnyhead he was at  
college, and he was as poor as Job's  
turkey.' Or S whispered to T his  
scheme for pushing himself still further  
above the heads of the crowd. Then  
there was that hollow gaiety, that  
forced mirth of inherently uncongenial  
and incongruous middle-aged men, try-  
ing to be simultaneously and gregari-  
ously jovial. Some even tried to slag.  
And what a head I had the next morn-  
ing. No! Judge Hoar may enjoy such  
performances and sing and rejoice, but  
I prefer the anniversary dinners in Dr.  
Holmes's verses."

The apartment house has killed ro-  
mance in many ways. Thus, there is  
no longer the possibility—except for  
dwellers on the first floor—of sitting  
on the steps any warm summer even-  
ing. The electric light, the impertinent,  
rubber-necking electric light has also  
had much to do with the disappearance  
of this delightful practice. Still there  
are a few old houses on whose steps  
young maidens sit in cool, enchanting  
attire, listening to the confessions of  
love, while at the same time, unless  
they have prudently brought out mats,  
they feel the approaching symptoms of  
what may be diagnosed as appendicitis  
by some indefatigable surgeon, unduly  
enamored of his trade. Yes, there are  
still such houses—but no longer in  
Beacon Street or Marlborough or Brim-  
mer or Borslston. The South End is  
still the true romantic district of this  
town.

We regret to find the Providence  
Journal telling stories about "roosters  
and hens." We are pained to find that  
this great sartorial oracle is in spots  
pruriently prudish. Therefore we feel  
it our duty to remind it of the following  
passage from the complete works of  
Richard Grant White: "A rooster is  
any animal that roosts. Almost all  
birds are roosters, the hens, of course,  
as well as the cocks. What sense or  
delicacy, then, is there in calling the  
cock of the domestic fowl a rooster, as  
many people do? The cock is no more  
a rooster than the hen; and domestic  
fowls are no more roosters than canary  
birds or peacocks. Out of this nonsense,  
however, people must be laughed rather  
than reasoned."

To J. S. S. The report that Senator  
Depew is going into vaudiville next  
season has been contradicted, and so  
Mr. Ezra Kendall is breathing a freer  
breath.

We cannot recommend all poetry in  
hot weather. We struck these lines  
yesterday in a new volume of verses  
by a woman:

"Hence, ah hence!" I sobbed in quivering  
passion.

"From these fearful haunts of fiendish  
men!"

Better far the plain carnivorous fashion  
Which is practised in the lion's den."

#### THE LUCKY NUMBER.

And when it was the appointed hour,  
Jacques went alone to the clerk's office to  
draw his lot. His anxious father waited  
outside the door.

Little Paul happened to go by.  
"Look here," said the father of Jacques.  
"Make a prayer quickly, so that my boy  
will draw a good number and need not be a  
goddier."

Paul, who was a good little boy, knelt  
down in the road, folded his hands, with  
his finger ends on a level with his forehead,  
and, moving his lips quickly, recited a  
prayer which he knew by heart. When he  
was through, he got up. The father of  
Jacques felt better. He took hold of Paul's  
hand, and they waited.

Soon Jacques came out of the office. His  
face was radiant. He had drawn a lucky  
number.

"See!" said the father of Jacques to little  
Paul. "That is all you have to do. It's the  
best way, and it never fails."

Paul was proud, and he began to sing a  
song that he knew by heart.

And a dozen years afterward Paul was old  
enough to draw his turn. He had no luck.  
He drew an unlucky number, went as a sol-  
dier to the war, and lost a leg in battle.

Thus the Lord always squares things.

To wear cool, thin garments grace-  
fully is not given to every man. There  
are certain unfortunates who cannot  
carry a belt quietly. They are always  
tugging for another hole, and the shirt,  
fatigued as well as fatigue, bulges in  
wads above the line of demarcation.  
Other men, even in the midst of a se-  
rious discussion of imperialism, clutch  
madly after descending drawers and  
give unconsciously an imitation of a  
comic-opera sailor. There are men who  
sweat in their hair and whiskers; their  
hirsute outfit is dank and matted, and  
with a startling expression of their  
eyes they bear a striking resemblance  
to the orange-utan, the celebrated ape  
of Borneo and Sumatra, the silvan and  
arboreal anthropoid, Simla satyrus, to  
use the language of the ancient Ro-  
mans. Then again we know of a  
learned professor in this city who  
sweats only on the top of his shrubless  
and dome-like head; great drops stand  
upon it, and if he moves they drip, as  
into a pail. In hot weather the pleas-  
ingly averted brunette woman has the ad-  
vantage over the sugary blonde, in case  
they glow. But this is not true of the  
sterner sex. One of the most pathetic  
and grotesque sights on a hot day is  
a stubby man with black, piratical  
beard, and with a soggy handkerchief  
around his neck. Better far if he were  
to chuck away the foolish linen collar,  
throw open his shirt, and let the breeze  
fan his skin. Even if he were not he-  
roic, he would at least look cleaner and  
more comfortable. But, poor wretch,  
he is afraid of popular remark, he  
stands in awe of Mr. as well as Mrs.  
Grundy. Let him rise in his manhood;  
let him put into literal practice the no-  
ble words of Tobias Smollett:

Thy spirit, independence, let me share;  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the  
sky.

An English newspaper man has  
drawn up an examination paper to be  
passed by all those who propose to  
speak in public on the Loyalty of the  
Colonies, Imperial Federation and kin-  
der topics. Here are some of the ques-  
tions.

Where are the following places?—

God's Country Across the River, the  
Faithful City, the Bull's Eye of the  
West, the Land of the Pink Pearl,  
Stolen America, the Arabia of America,  
the Never-Never Land, Pile of Bones  
and The Australian Capital.

Give quotations from the works of  
Mr. Rudyard Kipling suitable for use:

(a) In a leading article on Clause 74  
of the Australian Federation bill; (b)  
in an article on emigration to the An-  
daman Islands; (c) in a leader note on  
the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage;  
(d) on a new Imperial Postage Stamp;  
(e) on a Christmas card sent to your  
second cousin's wife in Glipp's Land;  
and (f) on a saddle manufactured in  
Great Britain for the colonial market.

Describe the effects of emigration to  
a British colony on (1) a "right good  
turnut-hower" from Somerset; (2) a  
mechanic from Omaha in Nebraska; (3)  
Mr. Buckman; (4) the usual toad; (5)  
a London sparrow.

Write an essay on Imperial Federa-  
tion without quoting Mr. Rudyard Kip-  
ling, or compare and contrast the styles  
of cursing employed by a London cab-

man, a New Zealand sheep shearer, and  
a Yukon dog driver.

That we should have forgotten the  
sad anniversary, or that at least we  
should have let the day go by without  
due allusion! For in the year 1678, on  
the 29th of June at Cambridge, in New  
England, "a thunder-clap with light-  
ning broke into the next house to the  
college. It tore away and shattered  
into pieces a considerable quantity of  
the tile on the roof. In one room there

then hapned to be the wife of John  
Benjamin, daughter to Thomas Sweet-  
man, the owner of the house, who then  
had an infant about two moneths old  
in her arms; also another woman. They  
were all of them struck; the child  
being by the force of the lightning  
carried out of the mothers arms, and  
thrown upon the floor some distance  
from her. The mother was at first  
thought to be dead, but God restored her,  
though she lost the use of her limbs  
for some considerable time. Her feet  
were singed with the lightning, and  
yet no sign thereof appearing on her

shoes. Also the child and the other  
woman recovered. In the next room  
were seven or eight persons who re-  
ceived no hurt. It was above a quarter  
of an hour before they could help the  
persons thus smitten, for the room  
was so full of smoke (smelling like  
brimstone) that they could not see  
them. Some swine being near the door  
as the lightning fell, were thrown into  
the house and seemed dead awhile,  
but afterwards came to life again. A  
cat was killed therewith. A pewter  
candlestick standing upon a joyned-stool,  
some part of it was melted and carried  
away before the lightning, and stuck  
in the chamber-floor over head, like  
swan shot, and yet the candlestick  
itself was not so much as shaken off  
from the stool whereon it stood." Thus  
he.

THE *Mercure de France* (Paris) of  
June published as the leading  
article "The Loves of Chopin  
and George Sand," adapted from  
Mr. James Huneker's "Chopin, the  
Man and His Music." The translator  
and adapter, Mr. R. de Bury, speaks  
in high terms of Mr. Huneker's "Mez-  
zotinis in Modern Music": "The  
chapter on Brahms is a marvel of lit-  
erary interpretation of music; the  
whole volume bears witness to a new  
manner of feeling and understanding.  
"Mezzotints" and "Chopin" should be  
translated into French." Goldmark  
received on his 70th birthday a letter  
of congratulation from his teacher in  
harmony and counterpoint, Godfried  
Pryer, who is now 93 years old and  
still in active service as a conductor  
of church music in Vienna. Goldmark  
answered by saying that Pryer, with  
the exception of a violin teacher, was  
the only one of his teachers who  
helped him materially in his musical  
development.—They are hurrahing at  
the Opéra, Paris, over the box office  
receipts. Thus the receipts one night  
at a performance of "The Cid"  
amounted to the equivalent of  
\$425, which does not seem  
to us a stupendous sum, but it  
should be remembered that the  
opera house is not a gigantic barn, and  
that the singers are paid small sums.

—Mrs. Tryphosa Batcheller and Miss  
Augusta Doria of Boston sang at the  
final concert of Marchesi's school year.

—Three Hebrews, members of an  
opere-tta company at Munich, have been  
converted to Catholicism.—The opera  
house at Brunswick will be rebuilt at a  
cost of \$400,000.—Tamagno gave a con-  
cert at Turin for the purpose of send-  
ing some workmen to the Paris Exhi-  
bition. The net receipts were \$37.—  
Old Mustapa led a Dominum of his own  
composition at St. Peter's, Rome, on  
the occasion of canonization.—When  
"Sordello"—libretto not by Browning—  
was produced at Florence, a great num-  
ber of the friends of the composer, Er-  
nesto Villini, came from his native  
town, Leghorn, to clap and stamp and  
cry "Bravo!" but criticism was, never-  
theless, severe.—The new managers  
of the Monnaie, Brussels, propose to  
add to the repertory: "Henry VIII.,"  
"Louise," Puccini's "La Bohème," Mo-  
zart's "Escape from the Seraglio,"  
"Tristan," "Siegfried," "Götterdäm-  
merung," and they will revive "William  
Tell," "La Dame Blanche," and,  
perhaps, Bruneau's "Le Rêve."—"La  
Pée-Pritemps," a ballet with  
choruses, music by H. Kling,  
a professor at the Geneva Conserva-  
tory, was produced at Montreux, May  
19.—"The Wizard of the Nile" has  
been produced in Berlin, but music by  
Julius Knechtshofer was interpolated.  
The Berliners liked "A Runaway Girl,"  
which was produced there at the Les-  
sing Theatre May 20.—De Lucia made  
a sensation as Canio in "Pagliacci" at  
Covent Garden, June 14. It is only in  
New York that this great singing-actor  
is not appreciated.—The *Pall Mall*  
Gazette said June 15 of Gadsdi's Sant-  
uzza: "We had always known her in-  
deed as a capable actress, a still more  
capable singer; but we had never en-  
countered her before in quite this mood  
of passion, and of white-hot vehemence.  
She never slackened in intensity, but  
filled every note—and whatever you  
may say about Mascagni's music, you  
cannot deny passion to it with pas-  
sionate significance. Her singing was  
in every way admirable—powerful and  
beautiful. Perhaps lacking a trifle in  
delicacy, her vocalization was never-  
theless not inappropriately so just in  
this particular part; it may be that she  
took the privilege here of the peasant  
whose character she was assuming."

—Emilio Pizzi has resigned his po-  
sitions as director of the Bergamo Ce-  
servatory of Music and musical direc-  
tor of the Church of St. Marie-M-  
jeure.—Lucille Hill was highly praised  
as Venus in "Tannhauser" at Covent  
Garden. Shall we ever see a lithe and  
supple Venus?—They say in London  
that von Dohnányi's performance of  
Beethoven's sonata op. 110, "erred on  
the side of romanticism."—The im-  
portant fact is announced that M.  
Shakespeare has departed from his ab-  
ode of abdominal breathing. If  
god, therefore, is no longer his belly.—  
Jean de Reszke made his appearance  
at Covent Garden June 12, but he was  
"in poor voice."—Melba has given  
marble bust of herself to the National  
Gallery of Melbourne. She wrote to  
the Trustees that she is "a daughter  
of your city" and hoped that she was  
not wholly forgotten there.—Dr. Swin-  
erton Heap, a well-known English or-  
ganist and composer, died June 12 of  
pneumonia. He was 53 years old, and  
took the Mendelssohn scholarship in  
1864.—When they don't know what else  
to do in London they hold a Handel  
Festival. Of the one last month Mr.  
Vernon Blackburn wrote in advance  
"If we were asked whether the Handel  
Festival appealed to our artistic sense  
of what is true and reasonable, we  
should be compelled to reply in the  
negative. Mere size, mere multiplica-  
tion of detail is not artistic. When the  
architect of St. Peter's determined to  
build the largest church the world has  
ever seen, he was not inspired by an  
artistic idea, any more than was the  
gentleman who first thought of honor-  
ing Handel by an unprecedented accumu-  
lation of sound through the mere  
addition of unit to unit. Moreover, we  
are bound to say that the very fac-

of this accumulation makes a contin-  
uously artistic effect next door to im-  
possible. When you have four thousand  
singers gathered together for purpose  
of performance, you cannot insure ac-  
curacy or anything like accuracy of  
effect. Mr. Runciman's theory that  
you are bound to have a "continuous  
murmur" in an orchestra for real per-  
fection, and that absolute accuracy  
defeats its own object, should be the  
complete justification of the Handel  
Festival, if only that theory happens  
to be true; unfortunately, it is not like-  
ly that even Mr. Runciman would car-  
ry the logic of his own conclusion  
quite to this point. "Continuous mur-  
mur" is, however, a very happy phras-  
e to apply to the prevailing effect of  
Handel Festival chorus. You get thun-  
der, certainly; but the echoes of the  
thunder mingle with the real thing s-  
distractingly that there is little which  
is clean and clear in the general re-  
sult. At the same time, it is not to  
be forgotten that all that human skill,  
energy and enthusiasm can do to in-  
sure success is invariably enlisted to  
make these Festivals a genuine suc-  
cess; it is the principle of the thing  
not the single-minded efforts of the  
conductors and performers, which  
comes in the way of the Handel Festi-  
val."

Philip Hale.

Even so, dear Hezzer, bringer of all good  
things,  
Sends the same silver dew  
Of happiness down her dim, delighted skin  
On some poor collier-hamlet—(mound of  
mound)  
Of stifled squalor; here a root-throated stal  
Sullenly smoking over a row  
Of flat-faced hovels; black in the grit y air  
A web of ralls and wheels and beams; with  
strings  
Of hurding, tipping trams!  
As on the amorous nightingales  
And roses of Shiraz, or the walls and tower  
Of Marseilles—the ineffable—where the  
espys  
The splendor of Ginnistan's embattled spear  
Like listed lightnings.

July 2 1890.

THE PIGEONS.  
Every fine day they wheel the sleek  
girl's chair to the window of the ten-  
ement that overlooks the street so the  
should a breeze stir the hot air she  
may enjoy it. And every day she die  
a little bit. There is something that  
matter with her spine. She wears her  
braces and straps all about her body.  
Her body is so thin and small that you  
think of a bird enaged.  
After she is settled in her chair the  
mother kisses her and goes back to her  
washtub. If the girl wants anything  
she rings the silver-plated hand bell  
which her brother gave her on her  
birthday a few years ago. Then the  
mother comes to her, wiping soap-whit-  
ened arms upon her apron.

The sleek girl rarely rings the bell.  
She sits there quietly, looking out into  
the street, half closing her dull eye  
against the glare of the white road  
which, burning in the sun, runs like a  
stream of molten glass between the re-  
brick sidewalks.

There is the tenement small; com-  
mingled odors of cookery and of in-  
fants' clothing, and of airless, many  
bedded rooms.

Pretful babies wail.



July 3 - 1900

sweating, red-faced peddler leads  
lained, yellow horse attached to  
eaking wagon wherein fruits and  
ables are withering. He calls out  
ully, with his hollowed hand to  
mouth. "Straw-burr-ies! O straw-  
!" Languid, bare-armed women  
p fitfully with next-window neigh-  
on the shady side of the street,  
chaffer indifferently with the  
ler.

A girl sees without noticing and  
without attention. Opposite her  
ow there is a vacant lot. There is  
ch of rank weeds and stunted,  
ed grass growing there. Her eyes  
xed upon this pitiful, dusty bit of

once passed a week in the coun-  
only once.

remembers the sky, a real sky,  
merely an oblong patch between  
rows of brick houses; and acres  
reen; and trees; and a well-wheel;  
best of all, barn-yard fowls.

These memories are dim, unreal,  
y words she repeats to herself,  
he pigeons have not yet come,  
gets fidgety. She wishes they  
d hurry.

denly there is a dance of shadows  
e white roadway and down swirl  
pigeons in a bunch, lowering thin,  
sh talons as they touch the  
ad. They shut the fans of their  
They scatter about and peck  
and there.

girl's eyes brighten. She throws  
handful of bread crumbs. At her  
n the pigeons make their usual  
ring pretense of flight, and then  
again. They run with funny lit-  
eps to the crumbs.

girl knows them all. There is  
now-white, consequential looking  
with his puffy neck and spread  
all. There is the brown old mat-  
hat always forages by herself, a  
y, suspicious soul. And there is  
pretty, small one, with feathers  
ilver gilt, that she likes best of  
or it comes nearer to the window  
any of the others. Sometimes it  
up bright, beady little eyes at  
yes which remind the girl of shoe  
ys.

at once a noisy mob of spar-  
-those gamins of bird-life-aflit-  
the pigeons and begin to steal  
umbs from under their very bills.  
volubly abuse their big, stupid  
s and one another. Their absurd  
ip-and-jump makes even the  
s's strut seem dignified. They  
a among themselves. The girl  
ers if the hot ground is burning  
oes. She laughs delightedly. She  
s out more crumbs.

agged vagabond cat slinks stealth-  
et from the vacant lot. With its  
aid back, its tail swinging, its  
flattened against the ground, it  
noiselessly step by step toward  
hite cock. With a shrill cry the  
aves her thin arms. "Shoo! Shoo!  
at turns, discomfited; its tail  
; it trots away.

girl returns to the feeding of her  
Then she lies back in her chair  
Her eyes are dreamy. The  
s are the Invokers of her one

sees a sky all blue and white,  
g a whole world, not merely an  
atch between two rows of  
ops; she sees green, acres of  
e and trees; and a creaking wheel  
g over a cool well; and there is  
ell of grass, and milk, and flow-  
id. O best of all, there are hens  
hing and pecking in the barn-yard.  
like to the hens are those peck-  
eons—if she could but see them  
dabbling their heads down and  
ifting them to the sky—as though  
ing God.

once passed a week in the coun-  
ly once.

eenly the cock looks up. Then  
his whir of wings he leaves the  
ul, followed by his alarmed harem.  
br with a stone in his upraised  
ostands near the corner. He grins  
e the flying pigeons.

girl lies back in her chair with a  
Her dream fades. But her eyes  
longer dull. She smiles as she  
nk of the little thieves of sparrows  
g her big, stupid, gentle pigeons.  
by-and-by, if the street is quiet  
ay, or if not then, why, tomorrow,  
fine, the pigeons will come and  
voke for her dream of trees and  
and barnyard fowl. And the  
y little sparrows will steal their  
urs. And she will feed them and  
them nearer. She hopes some day  
nce her pet to light upon the  
e ledge, perhaps to feed from her  
Ah—just think, if it  
u. Her heart beats quieter at the  
ty thought.

THE QUIETIST.

Down in the orchard, where the leaves  
Play hide and seek all day,  
I crossed the web the shadow weaves  
And came where Doris lay.  
Her arms were crossed above her hair,  
Her eyes were curtained close,  
And on her lips her dreams bloomed fair  
As on her cheek the rose.

The little rosy apples leaned.  
Between the leaves, to see;  
The blackbird, by the pear-bough screened,  
Exchanged a glance with me;  
The sunshino strove to part the boughs,  
And kiss her sleeping eyes:  
But I turned back toward the house  
For I, for once, was wise!

We read the other day of an ingenious  
young woman in London. She had a  
pretty taste in food and dress; she had  
no income; she loathed work. She had  
been a cook, and she had served mis-  
tresses of credit, on excellent terms  
with the mammon of unrighteousness.  
Therefore she went gaily from shop to  
shop, buying fruit here, flowers there,  
underclothing everywhere; her hair was  
died at a court hairdresser's. She  
charged the cost impartially to former  
mistresses, though she did pay a fav-  
ored one the compliment of a bill of  
£99. And yet just as Domitian is  
spoiled by the thought of crushed flies,  
and Henry of Navarre by his aversion  
to soap, so Miss Mary Powell, for she  
bears the name known to the Hudson  
River, is not without spot or blemish.  
She descended to steaks, mackerel and  
eggs when the purveyors were not  
looking, and now she languishes in  
jail. Let us hope that the jailer will  
follow the advice of Mrs. Izora Char-  
dler, a member of the Rainy Day Club  
of New York, who, robed in "a sweep-  
ing white gown," argued for the har-  
monizing influence of beauty, and de-  
clared "if a maid were given some  
beautiful picture to think of, it would  
counteract ill humor."

Mr. Nagelmackers says that China is  
"loneycombed with secret societies." But  
many of these are harmless, "and they  
resemble the guilds of mediaeval  
Europe. Almost every trade and cal-  
ing has its secret society. The occult  
power wielded by these bodies is ex-  
perienced by residents in China in con-  
nection with their domestic servants.  
The be-pigtailed cooks and butlers are  
adepts in the art of lining their pockets  
at their masters' expense, their favor-  
ite practice being to overcharge their  
employers in connivance with the  
tradesmen. The trouble is that there is  
nothing for it but to pay this tax with  
resignation. It is useless to discharge  
a servant who habitually makes you  
pay more than the market price for  
your meat, vegetables and other sup-  
plies. His secret society knows to a  
cent the amount of the 'squeeze' in  
which you have been mulcted—'squeeze'  
being the suggestive pigeon-English  
expression for the illegitimate profits  
in question. The new servant is in-  
formed by the society of the 'squeeze'  
exacted by his predecessor, and with  
imperturbable impudence he will con-  
tinue to levy precisely the same toll.  
In the unlikely event of his having  
leanings toward honesty, the servant's  
secret society would wreak dire ven-  
geance on him for his treachery to his  
order. The amount of the 'squeeze'  
varies with each employer. It is regu-  
lated in the main by the extortion sub-  
mitted to by the resident on his arrival  
in the country. M. Nagelmackers says  
that the 'squeeze' at the French Lega-  
tion in Peking amounts to 17 per cent.  
The other legations escape a little more  
lightly."

An anonymous article on the Russian  
censorship, which was published in the  
Mercure de France of June, is well  
worth reading. It ends with this story  
that speaks nobly of a Chinese Em-  
peror. The censor in that country told  
his master one day that certain Chinese  
journals did not speak well of him and  
his decrees, and that he should adopt  
strict measures against them. The  
Emperor replied: "He who can prove  
by his writings the faults of a govern-  
ment, and is bold enough to point out  
the means by which affairs can be  
bettered, should not be punished; he  
should be regarded as a patriot and  
should be honored."

Applicants for the positions of lec-  
turer and writer concerning Imperial-  
ism are requested to pass an examina-  
tion in the elements of Colonial Knowl-  
edge—at least the *Poll Mall Gazette*  
suggests the need of such examination.  
We published some of the questions  
last week. Here is a paragraph which  
was then omitted. "Give some account  
of the history and application of the  
following words and phrases: Bloomer,  
creper, moss-back, jackaroo, milpas,  
romatabou, Blue Nose, Bob-White,  
Nichee, parka, che-chu-qua, wasts,  
hoodlum, dope, tin-cow, blitherer, Mr.  
Mother Country, Away up in the Red,  
the Ill-h and the Low makes two,  
wind-splitter, truck-pass, tiger-siss-

boom-aah. He's all right, good sot,  
s long boy."

The Shah of Persia, who has been re-  
cruiting at Contrexeville for his ardu-  
ous duties, said to a reporter, "In Per-  
sia we do not ask about the weather,  
for it hardly ever changes." Happy the  
country that has no need of weather  
bureau with its deceptive advice as to  
safety without an umbrella.

Mr. William Archer, who was lately  
characterized as "a cool-headed idealist  
mounted on a hobby-horse, which car-  
ries him just about as far as his  
brother of the rocking persuasion,"  
says that as the law in England now  
stands almost every unfavorable crit-  
icism concerning the drama or a musi-  
cal entertainment is technically a libel;  
and "judges and juries are notoriously  
inclined to strain the law to its utmost  
in favor of the complainant." He adds,  
"Artists who take advantage of this  
state of the law and this temper of the  
courts are not playing the game."

"S. G." wrote as follows concerning  
Stephen Crane's death: "Mr. Stephen  
Crane's death leaves American letters  
the poorer by a man of real talent,  
though the talent was theory-ridden.  
He was one of the impressionists who  
cannot feel secure of their impression  
unless they have hit you in the eye.  
His battle-pieces were much more high-  
ly colored, much fuller of blood and  
thunder, than even the reports sent  
home by American journalists from the  
field of battle; and his little story,  
'Maggie,' pushed brutality of construc-  
tion and expression to its very limit.  
Still, behind this determination to see  
things bloody, there was a real power,  
a touch of something like genius, and  
there is good ground for regret."

The custom of saying grace at meals had,  
probably, its origin in the early times of the  
world, and the hunter-state of man, when  
dinners were precarious things, and a full  
meal was something more than a common  
blessing! When a bountiful was a wind-fall,  
and looked like a special providence. In the  
shouts and triumphal songs with which,  
after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky  
booby of deer's or goat's flesh would natu-  
rally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the  
germ of the modern grace. It is not other-  
wise easy to be understood why the blessing  
of food—the act of eating—should have had  
a particular expression of thanksgiving an-  
nexed to it, distinct from that implied and  
silent gratitude with which we are expected  
to enter upon the enjoyment of the many  
other various gifts and good things of ex-  
istence.

Thus, as you no doubt remember,  
Charles Lamb begins his essay on  
Grace before Meat, an essay that for  
years was as a stumbling block to  
many excellent persons who regretted  
the whimsical expression of Lamb's  
views; for they, themselves, clothed in  
formalism and respecting all formal-  
ties, failed to detect the sweet religious  
spirit of the essayist. It is undoubt-  
edly true that the practice of asking a  
blessing, or "saying something" before  
each meal, is not as universal in New  
England as it was even 30 or 40 years  
ago. To our mind the custom is most  
beautiful when it springs spontaneously,  
although in halting or uncouth phrases,  
from the lips of those who know what  
it means to earn daily bread. And  
here we are brought back again to the  
essay of Lamb.

But Mr. Gotte, a farmer, in a Middle  
State, was not to be deterred from say-  
ing grace even when his wife and  
daughter turned against him. One of  
the great newspapers that direct the  
universe and incidentally strive to bet-  
ter the human race gives us a realistic  
description of the dinner scene in Mr.  
Gotte's cottage at Port Jervis, June 26—  
it is well to be precise in these matters.

Mr. Gotte bowed his head and said:  
"We will now return thanks for all the  
good things we are about to receive." Surely  
there was a tribute to wife,  
daughter, maid-servant. Does not the  
honest farmer seem to you punctilious  
in giving credit to the housekeepers?

But his young daughter, Adelaide—  
strong-minded and, we fear, inclined  
toward skepticism, chirped up: "What's  
the use of praying? You'll be only  
quarrelling and fighting and cursing af-  
terward." Truly, a disagreeable girl.  
Mr. Gotte raised his own head and  
flung a plate at that of his daughter.  
"I say we will pray."

Mrs. Gotte, instead of discussing the  
proper and improper uses of "will"  
and "shall," sided with her daughter  
and incidentally struck Farmer Henry,  
her spouse, on his nose. "The child is  
right," she cried.

Mr. Gotte, not quick at verbal re-  
partee, stabbed his wife in the arm  
with the carving fork, as though a  
guest had asked him for a wing.

Miss Adelaide sprang at her papa  
and she, too, was stabbed. We regret  
to say that the exact aim of the devout  
father is not indicated in this instance.  
But Farmer Henry drove his wife and

daughter before him unto the house of  
a neighbor, and shrieked at every  
jump: "You won't pray, eh? Just let  
me catch you!"

Perhaps it is only just and fitting to  
remind you that today is the Fourth  
of July. As Artemus Ward said in his  
sketch, "Pyrotechny," which was writ-  
ten originally for English readers and  
published in a Christmas annual edited  
by Tom Hood, the younger, "You know  
why we celebrate this day. The Amer-  
ican Revolution in 1775 was perhaps one  
of the finest revolutions that was ever  
seen. But I have not time to give you  
a full history of the American Revolu-  
tion. It would consume years to do it,  
and I might weary you."

If you have children you surely were  
conscious of the dawning of this glori-  
ous day, and if you have no children  
the children of others reminded you  
occasionally of the festival. We do  
not propose to discuss again the  
peculiarly barbarous rites and sacri-  
fices that characterize the celebration.  
It is enough to say that the day is  
dreaded by at least eight men and  
women out of ten; that it is now with-  
out much historical or patriotic signifi-  
cance. There is a carnival of noise  
from midnight July 3 to mid-  
night July 4. And there is no  
escape from this noise, go where  
you please. Possibly there is com-  
parative quiet on Minot's Ledge or  
Boone Island. Some nervous persons  
try to find oblivion in punch consumed  
in large quantities before luncheon; an  
injudicious course, for then even their  
breath smells of Chinese crackers and  
they see pin-wheels, rockets, and all  
manner of whizzing, sizzling, cracking,  
hissing things before the weary sun  
goes to bed in hope of sleep. Nor does  
the remark of the optimist, "You forget  
that you were once a boy," bring any  
consolation. The philosopher keeps as  
far away from human beings as is pos-  
sible and bears it all, although he does  
not grin.

Certain London society women will  
appear as supernumeraries at the Em-  
pire Music Hall, the favorite resort of  
good Mrs. Chant. "They will not go  
on in the regulation tights and ballet  
dress, they will just wear their walk-  
ing costumes, tea gowns and so on." This  
shows that, after all, they have  
not full confidence in themselves.

The Daily Telegraph (London) says  
that there has been of late a notable  
slump in the bands of negro minstrels  
who go about the streets of London  
singing for coppers. The public cares  
at present only for war songs. Sentimental  
plantation or coon ditties fall  
on deaf ears and bring no coins out of  
pockets.

A star, among stars, in the blue of the night,  
A star amid stars, a delight amid light.  
For none was so radiant as she, nor so  
bright,  
And she longed, being star, for the stars be-  
yond call,  
(Not knowing herself for the starriest of all),  
And, reaching toward them, she let the cord  
fall  
That fastens the stars to their place in the  
sky,  
And fell, for we saw her, from heaven on  
high  
To the dark of the sea where the drowned  
things drift by.

For centuries wives have been accused  
of a desire "to wear the breeches."  
The phrase is found in France, Hol-  
land, Germany, as well as England.  
Few husbands have been willing that  
their wives should thus appear clad  
in the garb of authority, but, on the  
other hand, there have been few who  
have not allowed their wives to try  
them on. At last a woman appears—  
and in our own glorious republic—who  
absolutely refuses to don the symbol  
of domestic government. Mrs. Belle  
Chalmers of New York has filed a pe-  
tition for limited divorce. According to  
her statement, Mr. Chalmers, a tailor,  
beat and abused her, and in 10 years  
bought her only six dresses. Further-  
more he did not provide enough food  
for her. All this she bore as though  
she were a lineal descendant of the  
patient marvel sung by Chaucer; until  
one day, she rebelled and demanded a  
new dress. "You have a dress in which  
to go out on the street and you don't  
need any other," was the harsh reply.  
She told him she had no suitable street  
dress, and she asked him for a dress to  
wear in the house.

"Mrs. Chalmers says that at this re-  
quest her husband pointed to an old  
pair of trousers of his which were ly-  
ing on a chair, and exclaimed: 'It is  
not necessary for you to wear a dress  
around the house. We are not receiv-  
ing visitors, and you can wear those  
trousers while working at home.'"  
Then with a burst of pride in work-  
manship he exclaimed: "They are as  
good as any dress that was ever made."

She put them on. But that day she  
consulted a lawyer.

Unfortunately the newspaper that ac-  
quainted us with this episode in daily

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cath for the coffin.—The Era says: "I hear that a syndicate is being organized to carry out a scheme for the employment of young actresses when of engagements. The idea is to have a smart tea room in the West End, to be called the 'Green-room Tea Room,' the attendants to be ladies connected with the theatrical profession. They are, for the time being, disengaged."—The Vienna Opera House will be closed until Aug. 10.—Before the harmonious Orchestra of Vienna left Paris, the players received a letter from the Emperor that the Emperor of Hofmusiker was granted any one of them who had been a member of the orchestra for ten years.—A Bach festival will be held, under the auspices of the new Bach Society of Leipzig, at Berlin, March 1901. The program will include important works by Bach which are often heard in concerts; then the concert according to Matthew will not be performed.—The General Society of German Musicians has voted a sum equivalent to \$250 for the statue to be dedicated to Franz at Halle.—Schubert's statue at Zwickau will be dedicated June 8, 1901.—The Ménestrel says the statement that Puccini will compose music for an opera founded by Puccini and Illica on the story of Tarzan, and adds: "This might not be a bad idea, and if Italian composers did follow the example given by Puccini with his 'Falstaff,' and return to the 'buffa,' to the 'dramma giocoso,' which was the true glory of musical comedy for two centuries, perhaps they would find the spirit and dash of their predecessors Pergolesi, Jomelli, Cimarosa, Guglielmi, Porpora, Paisiello, Rossini, Mascagni has already gone in this direction, for his 'Maschere,' which is now announced, is an 'opera buffa.' Now Puccini joins him. Why do not young composers follow the example? Do they think that we have had enough of ancient heroes, of their exploits, of criminal knights, of long-winded recitatives, accompanied cruelly by tubas, cymbals and euphoniums? Why cannot our young composers try to laugh at us as their fathers laughed, Monnier, Grétry, Boieldieu, Nicolò and so on? Others? Perhaps thus they will find success which at present seems to fly away from them. Are we younger the sons of Villon, Rabelais, Molière, and do we go to the theatre only to weep—above all, to weep?"—The discovery at Naples of the baptismal certificate of Domineo Matti shows that he was born Oct. 18, not 1683, as has been believed. The first International Congress of the Congress of the Exposition, at Dubois and d'Indy presided in. There was talk of many things: should be a class for conductors and conservatories; the newspapers should agree to regulate the duties of the trombone and pistons should be improved; metronomes should be used more carefully, and movements 30, 104, 120 should be better regulated; the notes of the chromatic scale should be numbered, beginning with the low C of 32 feet. Jean de Reszke's cold stuck to him obstinately. When he appeared at the Garden, "the demeanor of the audience is said to have done much to excuse M. de Reszke's confusion. It did not encourage him, but preserved an attitude of icy disapproval. Another feature of the evening was the presence in the audience of Jean de Reszke's brother Victor, who had come away from Moscow to hear the man whom he had not seen on the stage for years. Mme. de Reszke sat next to him until she retired to her box with him until she retired to her room to retain her composure any more." The writer of the Sun from Berlin I quote, adds charitably, "Nervousness is one of the explanations for the painful results of the evening. M. de Reszke had not sung more than a year and he is as great a sufferer from nervousness as are all artists. Somebody met him one evening in the corridor of the Metropolitan stage awaiting the time of his appearance. 'What are you doing here he was asked. 'I am the condemned prisoner,' he said, 'waiting to be taken to the gallows.' His condition as well as his disposition not to sing again, might be the result of some severe attack of nervousness." and then follows a discussion concerning the scarcity of lobsters.—Jean appeared as Escamillo at the Garden, and Salza was the Don

sented a striking embodiment of the character. In fact, his personation may be said to have been the Prince of Toreadors, so commanding was it, and so instinct with courtly grace. The Don José was M. Salza, who acted and sang with a fervor that anon culminated in muscular displays suggestive of the dentist who was in the habit of dragging his patients round the room in his efforts to extract their molars, but Mlle. De Lussan did not seem to mind, and certainly Don José has provocation."—The same writer found fault with Susan Strong's costume as Venus. "It was inappropriate for Venus to be dressed in white. No one desires the simplicity of a smile and a wreath of roses, but a tinted garment is obligatory to sustain Venus's reputation." Yes, she might have worn at least a pink bonnet.—The Handel Festival at London must have been a queer affair. "The proceedings although in great measure partaking of the nature of a performance, were really a rehearsal, and manifestly were so regarded by Mr. Manns, who did not hesitate to pull his forces together when their attack became ragged and uncertain. The first of these interruptions occurred in the double chorus, 'He spake the word,' from 'Israel in Egypt.' In this the accent went astray, and was only got right by Mr. Manns shouting, 'Ta ta, te, Tum, tum.' Another excerpt, 'He led them through the deep,' from the same, elicited more 'ta ta's' from the conductor, who apparently was too anxious to bestow a thought upon his vocal production, which, without wishing to be personal, can only be described as suggestive of the efforts of a screech owl at the bottom of a fog-horn."

July 9, 1900

#### THE ABSINTHE DRINKER.

Gently I wave the visible world away.  
Far off, I hear a roar, afar yet near.  
Far off and strange, a voice is in my ear,  
And is the voice my own? the words I say  
Fall strangely, like a dream, across the day;  
And the dim sunshine is a dream. How clear,  
New as the world to lovers' eyes, appear  
The men and women passing on their way!  
The world is very fair. The hours are all  
Linked in a dance of mere forgetfulness.  
I am at peace with God and man. O glide,  
Sands of the hour-glass that I count not,  
fail  
Serenely: scarce I feel your soft caress,  
Rocked on this dreamy and indifferent tide.

Poor-Cuban women! As soon as they arrived at Cambridge they were told that they must not brush their teeth out of the window, and they were forbidden to throw matches in the slop-jar. Now they learn that the much-vaunted social liberty of the American women is legendary. The Cuban visitors must not walk alone with men in the cool of the evening. "All calls are to be formal. None but relatives of the girls are to be received, and each man is obliged to present his card." (This is sad news to the gallant rubber-necks of Boston, who went to the transports and took down the tag-numbers of the most bewitching and desirable.) "This card is to remain with the chaperon for future reference." We see sentimental men, young and old, rushing to the engravers. Mr. Henry Smith orders 100 cards with the name "Percy Beauregard," and Mr. John Higgins will present himself as "Mr. Harold Plantagenet Montressor."

We hear too little about the daily life of these bewitching Cubans. Do they miss their chocolate, which, with a glass of cold water and a cigarito, furnishes at home their "desayuno," or do they put down the American breakfast of beefsteak, eggs, health foods, slop-coffee, ice water, hot bread? And if they do have their chocolate, is it thin stuff, or so thick that a spoon will stand upright in the cup? Are they allowed to smoke in their rooms? Do not shudder if you discover one of these women smoking a black cigar. All mild tobacco is hot in the mouth, as Mr. Sala once observed. "Mild tobacco smoking leads to drinking: Witness the Turk, with his continually replenished coffee-cup, and the German, who washes down the chopped-up haystacks which he crams into his pipkin of a pipe with innumerable mugs of beer."

This reminds us that Mr. W. J. Bryan, who does not smoke, buys domestic cigars for his friends. And is such a man to be intrusted with the destinies of a nation?

Of course the Providence Journal will not support Mr. Bryan, for he wears "a string tie." Furthermore, Mr. Bryan sees nothing unstatesmanlike in the combination of a black alpaca coat and the variety of trousers known to the vulgar as "lights."

We like to read of Mr. Bryan's home, which is "a model of comforts and taste." We doubt if he is a friend to dadas and friezes, Japanese fans,

Nuremberg candle-sticks, Eastern rugs bought from oppressed Armenians, Eastlake furniture. "There are no garish or bizarre effects." We see a silver plated icepitcher with goblets on the sideboard and at least one rocking-chair in each room. "A beautiful and lifelike marble bust of Mr. Bryan is a striking feature of the parlor," whereas every gold-bug hangs his portrait—in the act of cutting off coupons or signing some monopolistic instrument for crushing the laborer—where it will impress the visitor. "There is nothing light or frivolous about the Bryan library," although complete sets of Dackery and Thickens, "interspersed with collections of poetic gems," stand on the shelves. Collections of campaign badges and buttons are among the choicest bric-à-brac. Little Willie refuses to wear shoes and stockings except on Sundays and holidays. It is a happy home.

Mrs. Bryan prefers the West to the East. "It broadens one," she said to a reporter, "to live out in this vast expanse of cultivated country. People who are fenced in, it seems to me, sometimes have narrower views than people whom no pent-up Utica confines." But she should visit Utica, which is wide-open, as are most of the larger towns in New York.

Do not misunderstand us. We entertain a profound respect for Mrs. Bryan. She is a loving, devoted wife. As a proof of this is her statement that she finds Mr. Bryan's smile "expressive" as well as expansive.

Yesterday 220 years ago there was a strange and awful tempest in Cambridge in New England. It was truly an "amazing providence." Mr. Matthew Bridge observed a thick cloud coming along his father's field before his house, as to appearance very black. In the inside of the cloud there seemed to be a light pillar, "as he judged about eight or ten foot diameter, which seemed to him like a screw or solid body. Its motion was continually circular, which turned about the rest of the cloud." Great trees were twisted and torn down, and carried a distance from the place where they were. "The cloud itself was filled with stones, bushes, boughs, and other things that it had taken up from the earth, so that the top and sides of the cloud seemed like a green wood. \* \* \* Moreover there was such a great noise made by the storm, that other considerable noises at the same time, as falling of very great trees very near one, could not be heard. The above-said Matth. Bridge, and a boy with him, endeavored to run to the house, but were prevented by the storm, so that they were necessi-

tated to lie flat upon the ground behind some bushes, and this thick cloud and pillar passed so near them as almost to touch their feet, and with its force bent the bushes down over them, and yet their lives were preserved. John Robbins, a servant man, was suddenly slain by this storm, his body being much bruised, and many bones broken by the violence thereof." Thus concerning that.

The English newspapers are bitter in their comments on the "Imbecilities of the War Office." At the recent manoeuvres at Aldershot the men were up at 5 A. M. and supplied with a breakfast of bread and butter and tea. It was ordered that light refreshments should be furnished in the course of the day. "These refreshments were construed into the contents of a water-cart and a soda-water bottle." In some cases the water-carts did not appear. And these soldiers made a march of from 16 to 20 miles with a sham fight thrown in; they were under arms for some 16 hours. "Frantic with thirst and faint with hunger, the wretched men fell out by hundreds. Amongst them were the men of a regiment which had lately returned from Ceylon. They could stand Ceylon because they were comfortably mushroomed, and were not starved, and marched at the same time, but they succumbed to Aldershot."

In the wild struggle for existence, we want to have something that endures, and so we fill our minds with rubbish and facts, in the silly hope of keeping our place. The thoroughly well-informed man—that is the modern ideal. And the mind of the thoroughly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-à-brac shop, all monsters and dust, and everything priced above its proper value.

On the piazza, women rich in flesh and diamonds swept with their trains. They laughed loudly and they turned attractive and masking profiles whenever they passed critical men who were smoking out-of-door cigars. He stood in the office before the hotel clerk and gestured wildly with a laundry bill in his hand. "I tell you, I haven't had any laundry work done here. I sent my wash to Boston. I suppose you send your laundry bills in advance in case

of fire."

The Earnest Student of Sociology was talking with Major Ulysses on a Nantasket boat. "Yes, travel has changed," said the Earnest Student of Sociology; "I remember when I was a school boy at Exeter, I used to look forward eagerly to Thanksgiving and Christmas, and as each day went by, I dashed it on the calendar. Was it because I wished to see home and mother? I did wish to see them but there was a still more powerful lodestone. There was the obsessing thought of broiled chicken and waffles at the Massasoit House in Springfield. I lived in a town on the Connecticut River, and to gain it I was obliged to pass through that town. Do you know that although I could have reached home before supper, I always contrived it so that I was obliged to stop over at Springfield for that meal. In these days the station was near the tavern; the host honored the guests by personally conducted carving; and there were maps on the walls of the office or front public room. There were no waffles like unto those waffles. There are no waffles now to be compared with them. And where have those waffles gone? I fear like Hans Breitmann's party, they are away in the Ewigkeit."

The Major answered: "Yes, yes. And do you remember before the days of buffet cars and vestibule-trains, how travelers between New York and Boston used to look forward to the stop at Stamford with its ale? There was no such ale as that drawn at Stamford! But now we are hurried through the town that was as an oasis in the desert. Is there no ale drawn there today for the fortunate passengers on local trains? Is the pump forever dry?" And there was silence, the silence that is a tribute to the memory of pleasing and melancholy contemplation of the irrevocable past.

The Navy Department has received a report from Captain Leary, Naval Governor of the Island of Guam, but alas, the department does not see fit to publish the report or the embodied proclamations. Captain Leary is one of the most delightful humorists of the period. But humor is seldom appreciated by them that are in authority, possibly because they have a lurking suspicion that they are not after all impressive or imposing in the eyes of their subordinates. As a proof of this, witness the career of Lieutenant Derby ("John Phoenix"). Commander Seaton Schroeder, who is to relieve Captain Leary, is no doubt a gallant officer, but we fear that his reports will be dry and statistical—official, not human documents.

A defaulting paymaster, lodged in a New Jersey jail, is trying to starve himself. His course is an error of judgment. Why does he not realize the advantages of prison life? In a cell one is able to concentrate his mind, to grapple successfully with novels by Meredith and the more obscure poems of Browning. Nor in hot weather is he liable to acute sickness from imprudent eating and drinking.

We have received the following letter:

"Nantasket, July 4.  
"Editor Talk of the Day:  
"I was considerably surprised to read in the New York World that the young women of a certain seaside town have formed a society for the discouragement of the summer romance. It is a protective society, as it has for its object the 'protection of its members from the young man who plays butterfly,' and, in the terms so commonly seen in our court reports, trifles with their affections.

"If it be true that in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, it is equally true, it seems to me, that in the summer most men's thoughts lightly turn toward. There would be no ground for complaint if Cupid played a fair game—if he relighted the old fires built high in ante-nuptial days, or if he took the bellows to a flame newly sprung up between two jealous, devoted, inseparable lovers—two souls with but a single thought, or the two human halves destined, according to the old Greek notion, some day to meet and form a unit.

"But much to my amusement, and much, no doubt, to the distress of the devotees of Hymen, Cupid works blindly, recklessly. Thus, men who seek the sea because their families seek the country, and other men with the old pledges still fresh between their teeth, are led astray, even as were the men before Ulysses. Seduction is in the air. I see it in the salt breeze from the sea; in the balmy, fragrant zephyrs from the woods; in the field; on the water; in the gold of sunrise and the crimson of sunset; in the outing skirt



and the faint shirt waist; in the most modest bathing suit; in conversation and in silence; in the games in the stuffy parlors, and in the chance meetings on the dusty roads. And, sir, you remember that Ulysses had companions to tie him to a mast and to pour wax into his ears, while the poor fellow indulging in a two weeks' vacation can find neither mast nor wax, not to mention trusty friends.

"Consequently I have to smile at the uselessness of the young women's protective association. Penelope trifled with 40 suitors; she did not ring the bell, nor did she call for help. This is a new day. The flame has begged protection from the moth. Ha! Ha!

#### "OLD GUARD."

Mr. G. R. Sims, ordered to Switzerland for his health, writes his impressions of travel for the benefit of the readers of the Referee: "There was no doubt as to the nationality of the gentleman who sat himself down at my breakfast table at Fâle. He took my coffee pot and my milk jug and helped himself without 'with your leave' or 'by your leave'; he took my butter and my little plate of rolls. He dropped a pat of butter into the honey pot and never apologized. When he had taken my dish of butter and my coffee pot he put them where I could not reach them. If I had been a foreigner I should have been angry, and I should have muttered maledictions on 'these English.' Being English myself, I understood that it was only the independent Briton's rough-and-ready way of getting what he wanted without going through forms and ceremonies and risking himself on the thin ice of a foreign language. So I said nothing, but I thought a good deal to myself."

My dream has led me to the bourne of life.  
Faint with the ruthless ecstasy of spring.  
And stress of song these lips may never sing!

The tossing branches overhead, at strife,  
With mist air, sweet and uncontaminated,  
Bewilder me with thoughts of growth—too late!

All the odor of field or wood.  
Steals passionless as vapor through my blood.

Yet I foreknew the end! In every chime  
Of bell-flow'r, audible to wistful ears.  
Or throbbing lilt, I heard the steady years  
Tread onward in the fume and flux of time:  
Saw death's dark visage on the altar-stair.  
Men heap'd with garlands—through the tender air  
That nurtur'd crocus-bloom and almond spray.  
Discern'd the close of their delicious day.

Then I, too, by the unremitting law  
Which strew'd their petals, must decline  
and pass;  
And he no more remember'd 'neath the grass  
That freshens to this June wind's whispering flow;  
Save as a drowsy singer haunting streams,  
A dreamer and inheritor of dreams;  
Who trod the moorland scourg'd with bitter rain,  
Mute in the throes of earth's delight and pain.

The cable brought the thrilling news that Calvé, after she had sung at Windsor, was invited to sleep there. And now newspapers of London acquaint us with more intimate facts. Thus we learn from one of Mr. Astor's young men—M. de Nevers himself may have been the interviewer—that Queen Victoria gave her portrait to Calvé, her portrait "adorned with her autograph and framed handsomely in a folding screen of purple velvet and gold;" and she also gave her a pendant, "a fine very large sapphire, surrounded by diamonds." The next morning Calvé fared "sumbustiously," like the rich man in the parable, and "went for a lovely drive in the park." Calvé also said: "She is a wonderful woman, your Queen, and she understands and loves good music."

It appears that de Paechmann only sailed for Europe last week, although the season was over weeks ago. "His fear of the ocean," says the New York Sun, "amounts to a mania, and it was one year ago this month that he arrived here, although his professional work did not begin until some months later." Verdi has always had a horror of the sea, and Rossini dreaded travel by land or water. On the other hand, the late Chevalier de Kotski, the man who used to describe, with the aid of a piano, the awakening of the lion, was an intrepid traveler in his old age; William Vincent Wallace delighted in telling of his incredible adventures in New Zealand; Saint-Saëns, most restless of all composers, is constantly on the go.

We saw Old Chimes yesterday at luncheon. He was eating a bowl of hulled corn and milk. "A simple dish,"

he observed; "one that is admirably suited to hot weather. And yet others are of contrary opinion. That man over there under the miner's water sign had for his luncheon a glass of beer, a big plate of blazing, brilliant tomato soup, a small sandwich, and then two glasses of beer. Why is it that you can seldom find raw tomatoes served properly in eating house or club? They present one measly tomato, in brittle slices of an unripe hue, on some stray leaves of lettuce. The tomato was not on the ice over night; when it—think of the significance of 'it' in this instance—when it was ordered, it was hastily sliced and a few pieces of ice were thrown in. Result: A warmish, watery, insipid thing, for which they have the audacity to charge you an absurd price.

"I see by the newspaper that Dr. Eduardo Wilde advises the Powers to tear down the Chinese wall. The destruction of this symbol, he asserts, will hurt their religious feelings and inspire them with superstitious terror. But I find myself asking, what are we and other nations doing there? What business have we all to be there? If ever there was a nation that has for centuries wished to be at peace, to avoid complications with foreign Powers, to be let alone thoroughly, that nation is China, an enormous country which swarms with people that for the most part are insanely industrious and temperate. I am told that they are silly and wicked because they worship their ancestors; but in this worship they are like all good Bostonians.

"I am told that many of the Chinese preach publicly the mortality of the soul; but in this very city of Boston, this material city, I meet educated men, known by name to many, who admit frankly that they have no belief in a future life. Not that I agree with them; in fact, I pity them for their short-sightedness and lack of genuine self-appreciation. And I also remember the sweet and merciful gospel preached by Confucius when the ancestors of many of us were no doubt dressed in skins; they basked each other's heads with clubs, contracted and dissolved sudden and violent marriages, and generally disported themselves in unpleasant, bestial ways. I am told that the Chinese are cruel in their punishment. Looking toward our Southern States I see negroes burned at the stake; a woman claims the honor of applying the torch, and leading citizens and citizenesses fight for charred relics. I hear the groans of the convict-labor gangs, let out to contractors, working beyond their strength in foul places, starved, beaten. Are dark cells, paddles, the hose unknown in Northern jails? How has the Chinaman been treated on the Pacific Coast? Has he not often been hunted like a wild beast, treated with a cruelty that no one would show toward a dumb animal? Is he not often in Eastern States the victim of any band of hoodlums crazed with rot-gut? No, no," said Old Chimes, as he waved his spoon in air, "there is much to be said on both sides, if I may borrow Mr. Auger's pet phrase. The English nation did harm enough when it smuggled opium into China. For many years the English regarded France as a nation of cooks, hairdressers, and dancing masters. I fear some of my beloved compatriots believe the Chinese are all of them rascals, and they judge a great nation by the toughs, just as the Chinese might be tempted to believe that Kearnyite is synonymous with American."

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the row between Miss Janette Steer and W. S. Gilbert, speaks of the disappearance of the actor as artist and the multiplication of the actor as amateur, as injurious to the playwright. "Show me a woman," said the French cynic, "and I'll show you an actress." Would that the process were efficacious on this side of the Channel. A year or two since a magazine invited the leading dramatic critics to name the best actresses on the English stage. Scarce one of those selected for eminence and mastery of her art by judges best qualified to choose is now to be found playing. Youth, beauty, charm, these are the requisites, the passwords to the boards, and possibly success. Without these, experience and brains go for little. And, per contra, when qualities of head, and temperament, and person, are found in conjunction, the personality becomes instantly of value."

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes, I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it.

The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

We have received from R. P. U. the

following sketch:

They were speaking in general about smells, for they had just passed a sidetracked train of stock cars loaded with pigs and sheep. The elderly gentleman with the expensive complexion had just delivered himself of a platitude.

"Nothing is so potent as an odor to bring up associations."

We were all trying to recollect who had said that first, and the gentleman with the expensive complexion was about to deliver another platitude, when the young man with the incipient moustache leaped lightly into the conversation.

"That comes right home to me. I encountered three instances of it only yesterday—three of that sort together—rather remarkable, don't you think?" He looked round as if expecting a general assent.

"When I was a little boy," he said in the nick of time (for the elderly gentleman had thought of his second platitude), "I lived in Chicago, and one of our favorite playgrounds was the yard of a large brewery. Now the vicinity of a brewery, as you doubtless know, has a peculiar smell."

The man with the blue-black jaw spat, and swallowed nervously.

"I was riding my bicycle through Roxbury yesterday," the young man continued, "on my way to the office, when I came to a gang of five or six 12-year-old boys in the street, yelling and throwing things at one another. As I rode among them I watched their movements and the expression of their faces with a good deal of interest and sympathy. Suddenly then I felt as if I were one of them—that is as nearly as I can describe the feeling that swept over me and was gone before I could grasp it. For a fraction of a second I was in the inside of those boys' brains. I knew just how it felt to be on the alert to dodge and throw, whichever chance came first, and at the same time to yell useless directions to the other boys who were 'on my side.' As soon as the feeling was gone I knew that it had come with the heavy smell of the malt which had swept down from the brewery I was passing.

"The second time was in the office. I was calling the typewriter's attention to a mistake in a letter she had written, and she came to my desk and was looking over my shoulder. She is near-sighted, and she had left her glasses on her desk. As she leaned over to look I felt her breath on my cheek. Just then a gust of air from the open window blew a bit of her hair into my ear, and the tickling made me jump."

The man with the expensive complexion chuckled.

"What did that remind you of?" he asked, and he winked comprehensively at the crowd.

"A closed chapter," said the young man sternly. There was silence for a moment, and the man with the expensive complexion thought he had found his opening, but again the young man was too agile for him.

"I rode out to Cambridge that afternoon and encountered the third instance. As I entered the college yard behind a group of Cubans I caught a whiff of cigarette smoke, with the indescribable odor of liquorice paper. Instantly I was leaning over the rail of a steamer looking down at the lighter alongside where bronze men with bare legs and arms were stowing barrels of potatoes and reels of barbed wire. A man on the deck was shouting, 'Ar-r-iba!' and 'Abaxo!' at the donkey engine, and the smell of brown paper cigarettes came like incense from the lighter."

"I walked behind the group of Cubans for a moment and listened to their Spanish. Then I took out a cigarette and came up beside them and asked suavely:

"¿Tienen Ustedes cerillos?" One of them turned and said quickly, "I haven't any matches, but I can give you a light!"

The man with the blue-black jaw spat again, and the elderly gentleman with the expensive complexion chuckled.

"Your speaking of breweries," he said, "reminded me of a friend of mine—"

But the brakeman opened the door and said something, and he got up and went out.

A lemonade stand in front of the Public Library Building in Copley Square? There was no lemon juice in the original and celebrated Pierian spring.

Then M. Deschanel arose in the Chamber of Deputies and lifted up his voice and said, "You are making me tired, M. de Baudry d'Asson." Yes, but how did he say it in French? "Vous me fatiguez, M. de Baudry d'Asson?"

Happy the man to whom in the night watches this firm conviction does not come: "After all, I am nothing but a cad."

Prof. Edward Cummings of Harvard

University gave an address on "The Curve of Social Progress," much to the envy of the Earnest Student of Sociology, who for years has been trying to get on to those curves.

We knew the late Gus Traeger well and when we were at Yale we attended regularly his lectures. He was happy and most prosperous from 1872 to 187

when he drove a furious trade in cellar. There much honest beer was put down, and Mr. Traeger from behind the bar lectured affably on topics of the day, metaphysics, the Sweep of the Mongolian, the Influence of the sun on Curbstones, etc., etc. He was a kindly generous soul. He became ambitious and established a tavern; various were his fortunes; at last misfortune was his constant friend. And so we like to think of him when he was happy and contented behind the little bar in the cellar.

Mr. Peter Nissen wore a derby hat when he shot through the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara. This mars the glory of the achievement. The occasion demanded a plug hat. We appeal confidently to the Providence Journal.

July 13 1900

If one could hear aught the murmurings Of some shore-stranded sea-shell as it sings It might be then that he would come to know An harking of the Planner's purposings.

The weary shuttle can no more divine Of how its thread looks in the whole design, Then we poor shuttles in the hand of Fate Can fathom of the plan a single line.

The newspapers told us yesterday that dogs were sold for food in certain German towns. We have eaten lung hash and stewed chicken-claws at a boarding house in Berlin and Dresden but we have never tasted dog—at least to our knowledge. And yet there is testimony to the effect that dogs are not necessarily poor eating. Capital Cook—not Bob, but the old sailor—an his merry men made interesting experiments when they were among the Otahaitians. "We had lately learned that dogs were esteemed as a more delicate food than pork; and upon this occasion we determined to try the experiment. . . . The dog was taken out excellently baked, and we agreed that he made a very good dish. The dogs which are here bred to eat taste no animal food, but are kept wholly upon bread fruit, cocoanuts, yams, and other vegetables of the like kind. . . . We all agreed that the South Sea dog was little inferior to an English lamb." And once when Cook was convalescent after a sielness, a favorite dog fell a sacrifice, and he puts it, to his tender stomach. The New Zealanders and other highly civilized nations eat Carlo, Rover and Mops.

An army officer told us a few months ago a story of adventure on the plain. He was charged with a diplomat errand to an Indian Chief, who we come him with dignity and feasted him. The main dish was dog, and the officer, in the discharge of his duty ate heartily, without hesitation or grimace. When he returned to the post he gave an account of his journey and his brother officers laughed at him heartily. He waited a week or so and then gave them a dinner. They swore that the meat was delicious. "Where in the world did you get it?" After they had finished the dish and paid an end to compliments, he said: "The meat you liked so much, gentlemen, dog." Then was there another instance of the triumph of mind over matter; for two or three hurriedly left the table to follow the example of Hellogabai and other celebrated Roman feaster. Here is a practical solution of the problem "What to do with our Pe during the Summer Months." We do not advice the eating of them in war weather; but the faithful dog or the faithless cat might be served up on the table just before the house closed for the season. There would then be no cruel abandonment; the would be no anxiety concerning the welfare of the animal, out to boar. Some claim that cannibalism originated in religious worship paid to elder members of the family; that steak off a sleek aunt, or grandfather's kidneys were eaten in reverence and adoration. And so the devotion of a dog might be repaid by a personal and stomachic tribute.

The Bostonian is recognizable even under the most adverse circumstance. Thus Mr. Thomas Telmon, a deaf upholsterer, 65 years old, fell from the roof of his house in Pittsburg, and alighted on his head. When he arrived at the hospital he conversed freely. We quote now from the New York Sun, which loves Boston and shows its love by continually chastening it. "He talked incessantly all day, although he has been in Pittsburg 50 years he used the broad 'a' of his birthplace, Boston, and the falling i



while every Pittsburgher uses  
"a" and the rising infection."

remarkable experience of Mr.  
reminis of a story of simple  
Chelsea, Vt. Two young men of  
N. H., seeking their fortune 60  
ago, left their home and finally  
to the pretty town in Orange  
It was night and there was  
at might be euphemistically de-  
bl as a social gathering at the  
As the strangers were talk-  
th the landlord about rooms,  
and screams of laughter were  
from the floor above, and a fat  
erly man was thrown down the  
He landed on his head, waved  
et feebly, and then sank in a  
unconscious. A young fellow ran  
r knelt by the body, and blub-  
"Father, do you know any-  
Tell me, do you know any-  
A spectacled person looked  
on, and at last said to the  
erowd watching from above the  
of their playful humor: "If he  
ou had better throw him down

female strikers met Miss Katie  
a scab, in a New York cigar  
of. They pulled her hair, boxed  
ers, and to quote Miss Dopp,  
her out of her name." We  
nd this last phrase to the Cuban  
s who are endeavoring to master  
eties of the English language.

Max Beerbohm hopes that when  
South African war is over Mrs. Pat-  
campbell will play Selysette, or  
ale, or Alladine? He adds: "Lon-  
ontains quite enough Maeter-  
as to make such ventures profit-  
her as a manageress. The only  
that she may be discouraged by  
iotic behavior of people who,  
et sense of poetry, insist on go-  
see poetic plays. When I went  
me to 'Pelleas and Melisande,'  
were, as usual, enough of these  
to make a widespread titter at  
points in the play. The scene  
turret in the garden was, as  
punctuated with laughter. I  
ome time in wondering why. A  
aning from a turret window  
g her long hair, and, beneath,  
up to her, her lover—what is  
unny in that? People don't do  
hings in real modern life, of  
s. And that is apparently the rea-  
ny to some people such things  
unny. It is not in the power of  
e to adapt his mind to other  
ons than those under which he

These asinine titters are really  
e than the critics who sol-  
brand as 'unpleasant' the scene  
h Goland holds up his child to  
rough Melisande's window. In-  
ey are better, inasmuch as they  
pretend to pass judgment on  
of art. "Unpleasant" Fancy a  
ating a work of remote, sym-  
t in the same spirit as that in  
he would write a leaderette about  
ay's sensational divorce case?"  
Beerbohm's remark about the  
behavior of people who, with-  
ese of poetry, insist on going to  
ic plays," recalls the first per-  
age here at the Hollis Street The-  
The Sunken Bell." At least three  
four in the audience snickered,  
e and voted the remarkable piece  
bore. The trouble with the  
as that it was a poetic play,  
nderstood by Germans brought  
ury stories and old legends and  
ign dreamers who are not yet  
ed that life consists wholly of  
achinery, and course dinners.

July 14, 1900

#### A REFUSAL

See this was what you meant to say,  
wish that I had never spoken!  
yet, whenever you looked my way—  
ugh this was what you meant to  
say—  
Your blue eyes told me, day by day  
(thought), that silence might be  
broken.  
All this was what you meant to say!—  
wish that I had never spoken.  
All dare you venture to accuse me  
of turning love into a jest?  
I on you did perhaps amuse me;  
I... dare you venture to accuse me?  
"Not your heart that grieves to lose  
me."  
"Is wounded vanity at best.  
T dare you venture to accuse me  
of turning love into a jest?"

e talk, it seems, of sending  
Grant to China, "because of  
et his name is expected to have  
he Chinese." This reminds us  
Duke of Wellington died the  
ay.

eldavasky": We do not know.

ever appeal to the Providence  
in vain. July 12th we asked  
don of the Sartorial and Clam-  
concerning the propriety of  
honor of Mr. Peter Nissen in  
of shooting the Whirlpool  
July 11th, the very day before,

the Sage had objected to Mr. Nissen's  
derby hat. "Mr. Nissen deserved to  
lose his derby hat since he was so  
foolish as to wear it on an excursion  
of this kind. How unpoetic, how un-  
picturesque to shoot the rapids of  
Niagara in such a prosaic headgear!  
Some people have no sense of sartorial  
propriety. How would Colonel Roose-  
velt have looked wearing a silk hat  
in the charge up San Juan Hill? What  
a figure would the Yale or Harvard crew  
cut in frock coats and kid gloves? Mr.  
Nissen is a successful navigator, but  
regarded in the light of the ethics of  
dress he is a distinct failure."

Thus, although we do not approve  
the opinion, we gladly recognize the  
fact that the eye—this is poetic license;  
the Sage has two eyes, in fact four,  
as rude boys would say—of this arbiter  
of fashion never sleeps; it watches the  
sartorial follies of mankind from  
Tuxedo to Tien-Tsin, from St. Peters-  
burg to Putney, Vt.

Some, yes, many are perplexed these  
mornings as to the proper and comfort-  
able clothing for the day. Mr. James  
Howell tells us of a praiseworthy cus-  
tom of Prince Maurice of Orange: "In  
the morning he awaketh about Six in  
Summer, and Seven in Winter; the first  
thing he doth, he sends one of his  
Grooms or Pages, to see how the Wind  
sits, and he wears or leaves off his  
Was-cot accordingly. Then he is about  
an Hour dressing himself." His ex-  
ample, we are told by a commentator,  
was followed 250 years afterward by  
an Oxford Fellow, who dressed ac-  
cording to the wind, "but having no  
groom he looked from his window to a  
vane belonging to a neighboring col-  
lege. It so chanced that an under-  
graduate of that college, who loved  
climbing, tied up that wind-vane when  
it pointed east, so that the poor don  
was too hotly dressed for many days."

To go back to Mr. Peter Nissen a  
minute. He has been likened to bridge  
jumpers, balloon bridegrooms and  
grooms, and other sensational persons.  
Probably the first of his kind was  
Erostratus, the young gentleman who  
fired the Ephesian dome that his name  
might go thundering down the cen-  
turies after the names of the architect,  
contractors, gasfitters, plumbers, up-  
holsterers, etc., of the temple were for-  
gotten. Justice has been done him at  
last by Mr. Marcel Schwob, who tells  
his story in "Vies Imaginaires." Ero-  
stratus was a disciple of Heraclitus and  
he firmly believed, nor could he be  
shaken by horrid torments, that the  
best soul was the driest and the most  
inflammable. His soul answered this  
description and he wished by some  
startling deed to proclaim the fact to  
the world. And so July 21, 356, he broke  
into the secret chamber of Diana and  
set fire to the curtain of the many-  
breasted goddess. Now the 12 cities of  
Ionia forbade the mention of his name  
under penalty of death. Nevertheless  
his name has been whispered unto the  
present day. Suppose that no news-  
paper had mentioned the name or the  
hat of Mr. Nissen; how long would  
tradition have preserved the recollec-  
tion in the neighborhood of Niagara?

A tax collector in Connecticut, at the  
age of 22, is now taking a vacation for  
the first time in his life. How does he  
take it? Is he on a yacht, or at the  
Paris Exhibition? Or is he seen daily  
on golf links?

There are business men not as old  
as this tax collector who will tell you  
proudly that they never have had a  
vacation since they were boys. Ob-  
serve their dull eyes, drawn skin, and  
feverish breath.

Here are a few verses from a Boxer  
placard. We quote from the Pekin  
and Tien-Tsin Times:

The Gods assist the Boxers,  
The Patriotic Harmonious corps.  
It is because the "Foreign Devils" disturb  
the "Middle Kingdom,"

Urging the people to join their religion,  
To turn their back on Heaven,  
Venerate not the Gods and forget the ances-  
tors.

Men violate the human obligations,  
"Foreign Devils" are not produced by man-  
kind.

If you do not believe,  
Look at them carefully.  
The eyes of all the "Foreign Devils" are  
bluish.

No rain falls,  
The earth is getting dry.  
'Tis because the churches stop Heaven.

When all the military accomplishments or  
tactics  
Are fully learned,  
It will not be difficult to exterminate the  
"Foreign Devils" then.

Push aside the railway tracks,  
Pull out the telegraph poles,  
Immediately after this destroy the steamers.

The great France  
Will grow cold in her heart and downhearted,  
The English and Russians will certainly dis-  
tress.

Let the various "Foreign Devils" all be  
killed.

May the whole elegant Empire of the Great  
Ching Dynasty be ever prosperous!

July 15, 1900

DON PEROSI has a rabbit-like fer-  
tility. Here he is, just after the  
performance of his oratorio, "The  
Slaughter of the Innocents,"  
talking about a new sacred music-dra-  
ma, "Moses," in which the text will be  
put into modern Italian verse by two  
Milanese authors. The work is to con-  
sist of a prologue and three acts, and  
treat of the life of Moses from the find-  
ing of the baby in the Nile to the cross-  
ing of the Red Sea. The work is not to  
be sung in a theatre, but will be illus-  
trated by pictures thrown on a screen.  
But where will Moses be when the  
light goes out?—The Roman corre-  
spondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes  
thus of another fertile man: "The au-  
thor of 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' as the  
years go on, is more and more prolific  
in the production of operas. Two new  
works are about to be brought out, the  
'Maschere' (the Masks), a thoroughly  
Italian subject, and 'Vestilia,' the scene  
of which is laid in ancient Rome. Mas-  
cagni has, however, the idea of a new  
production, over which he is most en-  
thusiastic. Scores of librettos are daily  
showered on him, and recently among  
them he found 'Quo Vadis?' which he  
at once seized on with his usual impet-  
uosity. Besides the fascination of the  
subject itself, he has been influenced  
by the enormous circulation the book  
has had throughout Italy, and the un-  
precedented run of the drama adapted  
from the romance. The drama has now  
been running for months, and seems as  
popular as ever. Long runs have been  
hitherto unknown in Rome. Puccini's  
'Tosca,' for example, ran for only two  
weeks with the best artists."—Mary  
Krebs, the pianist, died at Dresden  
June 28 in her 49th year.—Letters from  
London say that the voice of Jean de  
Reszke is now such an uncertain quan-  
tity that it is doubtful whether he will  
come to this country again as a singer.  
On the other hand, Saléza, who has  
thus far escaped bullet, thrust, or poi-  
son from our old friend Mr. Maxime de  
Nevers, has gained 39 pounds of  
flesh, and is in excellent voice.  
The reports of the breakdown  
of Jean de Reszke will, of course,  
animate and cheer all of his tenor col-  
leagues.—Robert Blass, a deep bass  
who appeared at Covent Garden this  
season, has been hired by Mr. Grau for  
the Metropolitan. "It is said that Mr.  
Blass is an American by birth." How  
is this? He was a pupil of Stockhaus-  
en; he made his debut as the King  
in "Lohengrin" at Weimar, where he  
remained for two years. Then he  
went to Bremen, and it was reported  
a short time ago that he had en-  
gagements at Dresden that would car-  
ry him into 1901.—The 43d Annual Festi-  
val of the Worcester (Mass.) Musi-  
cal Association will be held in Mechan-  
ics' Hall, Sept. 24-28. Mr. G. W. Chad-  
wick will conduct. "The managers  
have decided to effect a somewhat rad-  
ical change this year by the transposi-  
tion of the Thursday and Friday even-  
ing programs. Although the history of  
the association includes the record of  
some most brilliant Friday evening con-  
certs, the great crowds and enthus-  
iasm of the Thursday evening concerts  
have been in a way the climax of the  
festival week. By the plan now adopt-  
ed the choral work of the week, with  
the exception of a short closing num-  
ber, will be completed on Thursday  
evening, and the continuity of the festi-  
val performances of the higher class  
of music will not be interrupted by the  
popular miscellaneous concert." The  
works include the first performance in  
the world in English of "The Beati-  
tudes," by César Franck. Brahms's  
"German Requiem" will have its first  
performance at these concerts, as will  
also Verdi's "Te Deum." The first con-  
cert will be devoted to Sullivan's  
"Golden Legend." The orchestral  
compositions are not all chosen, but  
the following will be played: Glazou-  
now's Sixth Symphony in C minor, op.  
58; Mendelssohn's Third Symphony in  
A minor (Scotch); Schubert's unfin-  
ished Symphony in B minor. The piano  
soloist will play a concerto in the  
Thursday afternoon concert. Among  
the solo singers engaged are Lillian  
Blauvelt, Sara Anderson, Ernestine  
Schumann-Heink, Evan Williams,  
Theo. Van Yox, G. Campanari and  
Gwilym Miles.

Mr. J. F. Runciman has made the  
following study of the Prima-Donna:  
The prima donna, after all, is an en-  
gaging study. I have been much en-  
grossed by her of late, and I have tried  
to fix the dates of various representa-  
tives of the species. For there can be  
no doubt they need dating; a great  
many of them would profit by learning  
the period to which they rightfully be-  
long. At one time it was sufficient to  
say the words prima donna and one  
was at once understood. Every one

knew to be meant a lady of no educa-  
tion, of more or less passable appear-  
ance on the stage, brainless, with or  
without a little sheer musical instinct,  
a fine voice highly trained, greedy,  
grasping, vain, jealous, petulant, in-  
different as an operatic impresario  
himself to all artistic considerations,  
desirous mainly of two things—to make  
money and to gain huge quantities of  
applause. She knew nothing of the  
operas in which she took part; the op-  
eras were to her things which pro-  
vided her with a certain number of  
songs and shares in concerted num-  
bers—things which unluckily also pro-  
vided her rivals with similar opportuni-  
ties of display. To her the best opera  
was the opera which gave her the finest  
chances and gave her rivals the worst.  
She was a parasite who did all she  
could to destroy art in the operatic  
theatre; she became a byword; all

genuine composers loathed her; the  
manufacturers of sweetmeats and spec-  
tacles hated her, but knowing her  
power over the public, they flattered  
her. The coming of Wagner's music  
has almost driven her out of the thea-  
tre. Here and there one comes across  
an old lady who sighs for the days  
when she made stupendous successes  
in "Sonnambula" and "Favorita," but  
she is seldom found in public, and when  
she is found, every part of her is  
blasted with antiquity, and she is fain  
to hide the ruins under paste, enamel,  
powder and rouge. At the present day  
the term prima donna may mean either  
a noble and sincere artist or an incom-  
parable idiot; it may imply a splendid  
voice and no power of acting, or a fine  
actress and very little voice, or none  
at all. It is true that the old taint  
hangs about many of the finest and  
most sincere of them. Who, for ex-  
ample, would have dreamed that Ter-  
mina, one of the most magnificent of  
Wagnerian prima donnas—perhaps she  
is the best of them all—would conde-  
scend upon Puccini's "La Tosca"? And  
if a Termina can so fall, what hope is  
there of the taint ever working out of  
any of the species? I have hopes; there  
are prima donnas who for sheer artistic  
joy in the thing will sit out Wagner  
night after night, who regard a Verdi  
or a Saint-Saëns or Donizetti evening  
with dread and something approaching  
disgust. They belong to a still younger  
generation than Termina, and within  
20 years we may possibly find popular  
favorites who will not for money or ap-  
plause sing the ugly and bad thing.  
So far there appears not to be one of  
that sort actually on the stage. They  
are good, bad and worse, but they are  
all touched with the ancient prima-  
donnism. Here is a little list of a  
few of them with their proper periods  
approximately determined.

PATTI.....Back away amongst the  
mastodons and pterodac-  
tyls of op-er-a.  
ALBANI.....Crinoline period.  
MELBA.....Dress-improver period.  
CALVE....."Yellow Book" and Au-  
brey Beardsley period.  
EAMES.....The reign of the Ameri-  
can marriageable wom-  
an with a millionaire  
father.  
LEHMANN.....Bayreuth sentimental,  
womanly, period.  
GILBRANSON.....Bayreuth, '96 period.  
TERMINA.....Present day.  
EDITH WALKER.....Period as yet undeter-  
mined.  
GADSKI.....Perennial type of the in-  
dustrious, not brilliant,  
but always trustworthy  
artist.

July 16, 1900

Patchouli! Well, why not Patchouli? Is  
there any "reason in nature" why we should  
write exclusively about the natural blush, if  
the delicately acquired blush of rouge has  
any attraction for us? Both exist; both, I  
think, are charming in their way; and the  
latter, as a subject, has, at all events, more  
novelty. If you prefer your "new-mown hay"  
in the hayfield, and I, it may be, in a scent  
bottle, why may not my individual caprice  
be allowed to find expression as well as  
yours? Probably I enjoy the hayfield as  
much as you do; but I enjoy quite other  
scents and sensations as well, and I take  
the former for granted, and write my poem,  
for a change, about the latter. \* \* \* Only  
personally, I prefer town to country; and in  
the town we have to find for ourselves, as  
best we may, the "décor" which is the  
town equivalent of the great natural  
"décor" of fields and hills. Here it is that  
artificiality comes in; and if any one sees  
no beauty in the effects of artificial light,  
in all the variable, most human, and yet  
most factitious town landscape, I can only  
pity him, and go on my own way.

There is a touch of oriental and  
biblical stateliness of diction in the  
account of Mr. Lewis G. Tewksbury's  
doings. We do not allude to the  
phrase, "a young Napoleon of finance,"  
for this phrase has been worked to  
death, and is now of no more value  
in characterization than "a rising  
young" lawyer, blacksmith, forger, in-  
fidel. But this phrase "He loved fast  
horses, and he bought the kings of the  
turf for his private use" might have  
come from the lips of the Preacher in  
Jerusalem or from the mouth of a  
major or minor prophet.

At night when I feel the moon mounting  
stealthily behind me I turn about quickly  
and look straight at her. This is the more  
prudent course. And I should like to have  
someone, while I am looking at her, read  
to me in the shadow exact details about her.  
The mystery of the moon does harm to  
the heart of the ignorant. She is the de-  
spair of the poet because he can say nothing  
new about her.

Here is a pretty romance of the P  
Exposition: A Bordeaux trad-



who had come to Paris with his little daughter of five, went into a side show at the exhibition, where one of the features was an Eastern dance. "Why," exclaimed the little girl, "there's mamma!" pointing to one of the Oriental dancing girls on the stage. The voice reached the ears of the "Oriental dancing girl," who burst into tears and rushed from the stage. The Bordeaux visitor made his way to the Commissary of Police and laid the matter before him; the Commissary sent for the Bordeaux tradesman's wife who had eloped some time since, been deserted by the man she went away with, and had had to resort to dyeing and dancing to get a living. There was a reconciliation and husband and wife left together.

They have all sorts of trouble at this same Exhibition, and there is as much screaming over statues there as there is in Boston, where every citizen and citizeness is a divinely appointed critic of art, morality and the conduct of the world at large.

It appears that Prince Oukthomsky, a Russian traveler and ethnologist, lent to the Russian Asiatic section of the exhibition a collection of statuettes in bronze of idols venerated by Mongols. These idols were extremely realistic, for the Mongolian is not as fussy about the full display of the human body in public as are his Western brother and sister. There were loud cries of "shocking!" and "A Father of a Family" was writing continually letters of indignation to the newspapers. The officials did not wish to offend the Russian Prince, who is an important personage, so they packed the poor, shivering statuettes in a "Mongolian box," and labeled the box "Mongolian Idols."

Mr. Victor Peter's equestrian statue was eminently proper, and neither horse nor rider would bring a blush to the cheek even of a member of the Watch and Ward Society, but the statue was too long by a few inches to go in the appointed place. The sculptor begged vainly the permission of the architect of the Grand Palais to scoop a small hole in the building. The management finally decided that the sculptor must dock the horse of its tail and carve off a slice of the animal's buttocks.

Yesterday was an anniversary of more than ordinary interest. For July 15, 1665, there were terrible cracks of thunder; "an house in Boston was struck by it, and the dishes therein melted as they stood on the shelves; but no other hurt done in the town, only Capt. Davenport, a worthy man, and one that had in the Pequot War ventured his life, and did great service for his country, then residing in the castle, where he commanded, having that day wrought himself weary, and thinking to refresh himself with sleep, was killed with lightning as he lay upon his bed asleep. Several of the soldiers in the castle were struck at the same time, but God spared their lives." Now concerning the old opinion that lightning spares those asleep, we have already spoken.

Messrs. Ruhlén, Sharkey, McGovern, and others of the noble band must envy their brothers in China. For what says the Chinese poet, from whom we quoted Saturday?  
The Gods come from grottoes,  
The Gents come down from mountains  
Support the human bodies to practice the boxing.

Mrs. P. G. Hamerton says that although wine does not make French men drunk, it makes them rich and anaemic, while bad beer is quite so bad as bad wine, and is not so much of it in the market. Confirmed whisky drinkers, who may read her article in Blackwood, will hug to their souls the famous saw concerning their favorite drink. A commentator says, apropos of Mrs. Hamerton's remark, that beer-drinking communities lead the van of human progress, and just now it is well to remember the old prophecy that the tea-drinking nations would finally prevail over those that were addicted to coffee.

Mr. G. R. Sims records the important fact that he went from Lucerne to Brienz with a mixed company of English, American, French, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch, Russian and German travelers. "And they all wore brown boots." He adds: "Terrible to relate, some of the tourists wore them with high hats." We shudder at the thought, but were these handsome objects American millionaires?

The swallow, glossy-backed and blue,  
Circling about the sparrow's house,  
Laughed: "Sparrow, dear, I pity you  
Your winter spent 'mid leafless boughs,  
For I have been where leaves are green,  
Where Time's old secrets still are hid;  
The Old Nile's snake-line have I seen,

And obelisk and pyramid."

"And I have seen the olive groves,  
The oleander's buds of flame,  
The land of mute and mystic loves,  
The shrines of gods without a name;  
And I have filled by spirit full  
Of the gold glory of sun and sand,  
While you have stayed here, brown and dull,  
In that dull, brown, sad English land."  
The sparrow laughed, a prettier laugh  
Than the blue swallow's twittered fear:  
"Poor friend, if you had seen the half  
Of the brown things that bless life here!  
The brown-eyed children in the snow,  
The brown-haired lovers, breast to breast,  
My love's brown wings that come and go,  
Brown babies in my own brown nest!"

Hearken unto the words of the scribe Anl, who made maxims that are found in the Papyrus of Bulak No. 4: "Frequent not the taverns in which they drink beer, for fear that one repeat words which may have gone out of thy mouth without thy having perception of having pronounced them. 'Thou fallest, thy limbs are broken and no one extends a hand to thee; but thy drinking companions are there to say, 'Put out that drunkard!'"

The Rev. George Olsen, who spent 30 years in China, told a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette many, many things. "People have little idea of the appalling nature of Chinese ignorance: It is penal just now to know anything of Western civilization, or at any rate, to show it. The word used to designate anything pertaining to the West is 'vicious.' During recent examinations for literary degrees the Chancellors were instructed to weed out all those who showed Western knowledge. Not only were they to fail to pass, but to be punished. And if the Chancellors neglected this duty, Viceroy were to be held responsible. \* \* \* I am calling to mind a map that was shown to me in China, constructed according to Chinese ideas. It represented all the best and most central parts of the world as China, all other nations being a mere insignificant fringe, added as a setting. So you see that to show any knowledge of geography, or to know that twice two make four, is a disqualification for a scholar. In mathematics they are centuries behind our present knowledge, and their ancient standard leaves them hopelessly out of the running. A Chinese official has been heard to ask if in the West we have the same sun and moon as shine in China. I don't mean to say that there are not intelligent men in China, but they are not in power. \* \* \* Chinese do not distinguish among 'foreign devils,' they do not even distinguish English from Japanese, I mean the bulk of them. They do not know where England and Japan are situated. When the Japanese war broke out Chinamen said to each other: 'The foreigners have rebelled.' They are the only people; all others are, or ought to be, subject to them. This is where their appalling ignorance comes in."

David Bispham is announced to deliver a lecture before the Washington Choral Society next winter. Mr. Bispham took fright at the report that he was to leave the concert stage and become an actor, although no agitation was noticed in other quarters. Mr. Bispham denied the awful rumor at one of his concerts, and it remains to be seen what tortures he will suffer under the heinous accusation that he is to become a lecturer.—New York Sun.

Surely the dancing at summer hotels this season is for the most part quibsy. Occasionally you see a girl "all steel springs and ginger," who seems to enjoy prancing and capering in the violent two-step, but only with difficulty does she find a partner who is responsively athletic. The girl is held in a peculiar fashion—often as if accidental contact with her would be distressing to the male. Ah, it was different, when we were young! Then there is a strange dance today in which to the liveliest of music the dancers bob slowly up and down with a pained expression as though there were an exposed nail in each boot. To the social lepers who rubberneck upon a cool spot on the piazza the sight is amusing, and yet there is refined cruelty in thus seeking pleasure at the expense of the laborers within. What has become of the old-fashioned, voluptuous waltz?

Can anyone tell us the origin of the term "lobster" in its application to a human being (male) and the year of its first appearance above the horizon of slang?

Miss Brandram, who sang Ruth in the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" June 30 at the Savoy, London, figured as one of the Major General's daughters at New York in 1879.

Ah, how these anniversaries crowd upon us! July 17, 1677, a vessel, whereof

Mr. Thomas Berry was master, set sail from Boston in New England, bound for the island of Madeira. They were becalmed about 3 P. M., being half-way between Cape Cod and Brewsters Islands, and they perceived a thunder shower arising in the north-north-west. "The master was walking upon the deck, and as he came near the main-mast, he beheld something very black fly before him, about the bigness of a small mast, at the larboard side; and immediately he heard a dreadful and amazing noise, not like a single canon, but as if great armies of men had been firing one against another; presently upon which the master was struck clear round, and fell down for dead upon the deck, continuing so for about seven minutes; but then he revived, having his hands much burnt with the lightning. The ship seemed to be on fire; and a very great smoke, having a sulphurous smell, came from between the decks, so that no man was able to stay there for more than half an hour after this surprising accident happened. The main-mast was split from the top-gallant-mast head to the lower deck. The partners of the pump were struck up at the starboard side; and one end of two cables staved down betwixt decks. Two holes were made in one of the pumps, about the bigness of two musquet bullets. They were forced to return to Boston again, in order to the fitting of the vessel with a new mast. Through the mercy of the Most High, no person in the vessel received any hurt, besides what hath been expressed. Yet it is remarkable that the same day, about the same time, two men in or near Wenham were killed with lightning as they sat under a tree in the woods." Thus concerning that.

July 18 1900

He stars look down from heaven above  
When human hearts are breaking,  
To mock the foolishness of love  
That sets poor mortals aching.

This love, they say, this fatal bane,  
To us it cometh never,  
And thus do we alone maintain  
Our deathless course forever.

French newspapers have stated that Fernand Le Borne has been commissioned to write an opera "for the opening of the new opera house in Boston." The N. Y. Sun comments on this statement: "If this report means anything at all, it probably means that he is to compose some orchestral numbers for the new Boston Music Hall." The Sun adds: "Le Borne is a Belgian. \* \* \* In France his work is wholly unknown."

Now, it is true that Le Borne was a Belgian, but he is a pupil of Massenet, Saint-Saëns and César Franck, he has lived for some years in Paris, where he has composed and acted as music critic for sundry journals, and, furthermore, he is a naturalized French citizen. To say that his work is wholly unknown in France is to say the thing that is not. His "Temps de Guerre," a series of "orchestral pictures," was played at an Opéra concert in Paris in 1895, and his string quartet, violin sonata, and several pieces for voice and orchestra, and voice and piano, have been performed within the last few years at concerts in Paris. It seems incredible, however, that he should be asked to write an orchestral piece for the opening of the new Music Hall. Mr. Gerike is in Europe, but no doubt he took his conservatism with him. The work to be performed at the first concert in the Huntington Avenue building next October is Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. There will probably be a preface to the overture, but we hardly think that it will be by Le Borne.

When Rose came as waiter to the seaside inn, she was red and white, fair of skin, and there was "a springy motion in her gait, a rising step." She carried her dishes proudly, like a maiden on an antique vase, or like that delicious woman in Aubrey Beardsley's "Fruit Bearers." (O Aubrey, why did you die? Why did you leave your romantic novel "Under the Hill" unfinished? We would not have lost you for a wilderness of C. D. Gibsons!) It was a rare delight to see the nape of her neck, to watch the curves of her supple body, the beautiful line of the upraised arm. But now it is hot and the guests are fretful and the hard work has told on Rose. Her face is pasty and pimpled. Her eyes are as burnt holes in a blanket. Her walk is soggy. And she supports a melon as though it were an iron ball. Even the dollar bill given her by a half-sympathetic, half-amorous merchant does not bring gladness to her heart. She takes it perfunctorily, as though she deserved five times the amount.

The arrogance of the early-riser is seen in its full aggressiveness at the sea-side. The men that are obliged to get out of bed at six o'clock and to

take the seven o'clock boat for the duty into personal virtue. The crow over the "lazy ones," who do not leave the sea before 8 or 8.30. "You lose the best part of the day. I would not miss the fresh harbor air for anything. I am braced for the whole day. And then the boat is not crowded." Thus do they address the men of enviable leisure. Thus do they keep a stout heart. They are almost as objectionable as the small father of a first child during the first fortnight of parenthood.

They still make excuses for Jean d'Reszke in London. One critic, and an influential one, admits that de Reszke did not sing or act well in "Die Meistersinger," and yet he insists that there is only one Jean and there never will be another. As for the other tenors they are, as Pandarus said of the soldiers that passed after Troilus, "Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. \* \* \* The eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws." We may expect to hear similar remarks in New York next season, if the only Jean deigns to return to this country.

Has the Providence Journal pondered the fact that a Tenderloin Masher in New York, who was speaking to women that passed like ships in the night, and was making a general nuisance of himself, described himself at the station house as a "gentleman," and tried to prove his statement by calling attention to his silk hat?

Mr. Conrad Fleckner, the author of "Knowledge is Truth," is a profound student of economic questions. We quote from page 7 of his immortal work.

"How to accumulate wealth for those who are growing up, and who will take our places when we are dead and gone: We will say that Mr. Sheriff is entitled to \$5000 of his own and his property is worth \$1000. The increase over \$5000, let it be what it will, goes to build or repair roads. Let it be so all over the United States. If the wealth is increased and becomes \$4400, which cannot be collected over \$5500, must be paid to the U. S. A."

We add the following puzzle (p. 6-7): "Here is the barrel that cost me no railroad fare. At Des Moines, Ia the train came uncoupled, and the rope broke while I was telling to three other gents in the same car who had happened at Omaha in 1893, the lady falling from the trapeze."

July 19, 1900

There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to jog through history the faltering steps of Kings. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit quietly and gaze at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat. They live as we all should live, undisturbed, indifferent, and without disquiet. They neither bring ruin upon others, nor ever receive it from alien hands.

If you must eat soup in public these hot days refrain from tomato soup. If you have the least regard for the comfort of your fellow-man. Choose something of a green or whitish complexion. And why do you raise that mercury by insisting on an oxblood shirt, which is more irritating than the fatal shirt of Nessus? Wear something gentle, soothing—ashes of rose or a delicate green, robin's egg blue.

The comfort of the dwellers in a seaside inn depends largely on the natural disposition of the cornetist. There are two kinds of cornetists—the wild and the domesticated. It is natural that the former should frequent madden beach or savage mountain valley, and there pour out his rage against mankind; but the inn-keeper should use discrimination in his choice of orchestral players; he should insist on hearing a cornetist, not in the city, but on a very spot where he is to play. For appearances are deceitful. The cornet may be amiable, even philanthropic outward view, and he may even strive to lead the better life when he is down and without his instrument. But the weapon in his hands, and to him to an inn where the sight of a foolish gaiety of others calls for lurking and morose rage, and he cannot control himself. In that short it is the possibility of an illad of w Are the guests at dinner? Are they the veranda in search of a breeze? they wear? "Ha! ha!" says the cornetist, "this will never do! I should I blow and sweat for him! He sets his lungs in action, he fixes sardonic, stiff-lipped embouchure, in a moment the inn is filled with gloom, the food becomes apples, Sodom, the breeze runs away and frightened beyond recall. Of course thoroughly domesticated cornetist commands a high price; but he is to be obtained even in the height of the season.



The Referee (London) makes this sage mark apropos of the Ruhlin-Sharkey fight: "It seems as if my guess that the Americans are not too well off for content is pretty nearly correct. Their champions certainly do seem to beat each other. And any novice at sport can tell you that such a state of things means that the whole lot are no better than moderate."

We enjoyed reading about the lady in Pittsburgh, who saw the McGovern-Erne fight. She wore a pair of her husband's striped trousers, a black diagonal double-breasted coat, a hat outing hat and patent leather boots. During the fight "she was all eyes, ears and attention." After the manner of her sex, she had no sympathy with the loser, and she presented McGovern with "a big floral bouquet." She considered the fight to be the best exhibition of athletics she saw; foot ball, base ball, tennis, do not compare with it." The lady in Pittsburgh, who—we state this merely as a matter of record—is a handsome net, 5 feet 6, with a wealth of black hair, does not think—she does not speak actively—that women should be allowed to take part in prize fighting, though "she uses the gloves with her band almost daily." Hippia, the wife of a Roman Senator, was also highly pleased with gladiators and shows; in fact, she ran away with a gladiator, who seems to have been the hero of his period. It is true that she had many things disagreeable in her life. Face, his forehead gaul'd by his net, a great wen on the middle of his nose, and a sharp rheum always pling from his eyes. But he was a gladiator! This makes him as beautiful as Hyacinthus was in the eyes of his wife. 'Tis the sword they love."

You may remember that the Khedive visited Queen Victoria at Windsor about the first of the month. He presented her with a poem in the best Arabic, that beautiful language from which we have borrowed so much of our word alcohol. Here is a translation of part of the poem, which "was written by a well-known Egyptian poet of letters." You will observe he lays it on with a trowel: Lady of the Kingdom, O Thou bringer of Those Mighty Suns, who dost along with their Realms to preside under which roll as humble as the Heavenly Planets bright, and Thy Sacred Head do the Aunwreath their Love-garlands in woven with the Love-jewels of husbands. But art Thou a Goddess, that before Thee have Times fled and knelt with an affrighted soul? To Thy Sway have humbled themselves the Countries of the Earth, the mighty Oceans with their foaming Plains, and the fearlessers with their rolling sands, thunderstruck stood before

The original marriage certificate of John Garrick and Eva Maria Vio was sold in London the other day. Contemporaneous play actors and actresses have so many of these documents that there will be little chance for them in the auction rooms of the future.

In England, when a policeman has to bring up a bicyclist he wears his cape with surprising decorum. At Stratford two wheelmen charged with Jehu-like riding, one of them in turn summoned prosecuting constable, "who in riding his extemporized brake, killed both rider and machine." The bicyclists were each fined 10 shillings, 6d. costs, and the policeman was to pay a fine of 10 shillings with 6d. costs for the damage.

"My pants may be ragged," said the man, "but they cover a warm heart."

July 20, 1900

#### THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

Forbidden to gather roses  
In a garden dead in snow,  
I shall as soon find in my heart  
The dead that died of weeping long ago.

The world that once had been my throne,  
My foot hath trod me down;  
That should have been a queen,  
Gather roses for another's crown.

Chimes appeared Thursday at the Referee and sat in his accustomed place. He said nothing about the "heat-bell," except in the way of philosophical remark concerning the character of the official weather prophet. "I have no doubt," said he, "that the local weather bureau is personally an excellent man and citizen, but as a weather prophet he is too optimistic. A man in that position should be a confirmed pessimist; he should always take the worst view of the future. Then the day turns out to be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than he predicted, the public, pleased by

his discomfiture, will forget, as in the twinkling of an eye, personal inconvenience. Men and women will say, 'Ha, ha! Did you ever see a man make such breaks? He's one of the false prophets you read about in the Bible. This isn't such a bad day, is it?'"

No one knows how Old Chimes spent those three famous days. Miss Eustacia is at Campobello, and even if she were here, she would not expose her uncle to ridicule. We suspect, however, that he was for many hours in the bath tub; for we have heard him in hot weather quote this sentence from one of his favorite books: "At Aden in Arabia they keep their markets in the night, to avoid extremity of heat; and in Ormus, like cattle in a pasture, people of all sorts lie up to the chin in water all day long."

With an evening coat and a white tie, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized.

The wife of the Italian painter Segantini, who died suddenly of pneumonia last year in the Engadine, has written to the Rivista di Studi Psichici an account of a singular incident which occurred at their home 13 days before her husband's death. "Segantini was then perfectly well, and had just finished his important painting, 'Death,' in which a mountain scene was represented with the figure of a woman weeping over a bier. Segantini was resting in the studio when his wife entered, thinking him asleep. He then told her that, while perfectly awake, he had seen his own body on the bier, and had seen her weeping over it amid the scenery represented in the picture. Thirteen days later Segantini died in the small mountain cottage on the Schaffberg, above Pontresina, where he stayed while painting. The scene as his body was carried down the mountain was identical with that of which he had had so clear a vision 13 days before."

We asked the other day whether anybody could tell us the origin of the term "lobster," as it is applied to some of our fellow-men, and also the date of the first application.

We have received the following communication:

Boston, July 18, 1900.

Talk-of-the-Day Editor:

It is said that the contemptuous epithet of "lobster" originated in Gosport, England—a town opposite Portsmouth—in 1836. A detachment of marines, in their scarlet tunics, were landed at that town at the closing of the war between the allied powers and Russia, and one of the men (who had a "jag" on) met a colored man and insulted him by calling him a "black nigger," etc. The colored man returned the insult by saying: "Who you call'n nigger? Weren't choo black 'fo you were balled?" Since which nothing "jars" a British red-coat more than to call him a "lobster."

DANNY DURACK.

But this specific application of the term to English soldiers is of much older date. You will find it in Captain Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," the second edition of which was published at London in 1788. Grose says "Lobster. A nickname for a soldier; from the color of his clothes. To boil one's lobster; for a churchman to become a soldier." And then Grose tells a singularly shocking repartee made frequently in those good old days—and no doubt in this year of our Lord—by nymphs of the Point of Portsmouth.

John Camden Hotten's "Dictionary of Slang" (second edition, 1890) it is stated that a policeman, as well as a soldier, is called "lobster" by the vulgar, and "lobster box" is a barrack, or military station.

But the term is older than the days of Captain Grose. In one of Somers' "Tracts" (about 1642) we read "The nickname of lobsters now misapplied to soldiers seems to have been first applied to Sir A. Hazilrigg's regiment of cavalry, completely armed with corslets—the first body of cavalry on that side which would be brought to stand the shock of the King's horse." And in "Rump Songs" (1662) we find these charming lines:

"Sir William on Run-away-downs had a bout,  
Which him and his lobsters did totally rout,  
And his Lady the Conqueror could not help him out."

In Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" (1896) "lobster" is also applied to a bowler of lob (in cricket), and at Winchester College the verb "to lobster" is synonymous with "to cry," "to make any unpleasant noise."

"Homard" in French slang is applied to a soldier, just as "lobster" is in England, and it also characterizes a domestic in full livery.

But our question is still unanswered. Today in this country "lobster" has a widely different signification. When a play actress says that, although she never found a pearl in her clams, she

once got a diamond ring out of a "lobster," she makes no reference to soldier, policeman or flunkey.

The Referee wisely remarks: "When Russia had designs upon Turkey, France and England met her on the fields of the Crimea, and fought for the rights of the weaker Power. The method was not wholly unselfish, but it was less frankly cynical than the one now adopted. The principle of those days, simply stated, was this: You shall not rob that weakling, because in robbing him you injure me. Today the principle is: You shall not rob that weakling unless you give me a share of the proceeds of the robbery, but so long as it is a case of share and share alike we are with you, and will settle things in amity. Well, this is a world in which the weakest goes to the wall."

#### THE POTEEN MAKER.

There's a little gold bee that hums low in the bloom,

The honey she makes has the sweetest perfume,

To lift up the heart and to lighten the gloom:  
The honey that's made in the heather.

You make talk of your roses, your lilies, and  
And the milk from the cow that is wholesome  
And nice,

One draught of her honey's the rarest device  
To brighten the black wintry weather.

For I'm a young fellow contented to lie  
And gaze thro' a hole at the blue o' the sky,  
And twist the gold horn of my cow till she's dry.

My Drimin Dhu Deelish, my treasure.

'Tis playful she is, sure a child might draw  
And milk my sweet Drimin, and nothing to fear,

Nor dread she'll kick over the bucket, my dear;  
She'll yield you her milk for a present.

The milk that she gives is more precious than gold,  
The first pull you take you have riches untold,

The next you have love and will never grow old,  
And beauty and honor and pleasure.

The priest and the parson combine in her praise,  
The polls will turn the blind eye to her ways;

Sure, even the gauger will have his kind days,  
When a drop of the liquor is pleasant.

She's my store and my cattle, my wife and my cot,  
This black little still with the worm and the pot.

While she sits beside me I envy no lot:  
Contentment is better than money.

Rich Damer, of Shroffell, lies under a stone,  
And ould Paddy Murphy, his riches are flown;

I'm richer than Croshus, here sittin' my lone,  
And milkin' the milk that's like honey.

Many men and, alas, some women,  
Insist on drinking more than is good for them, and in the morning there are the revenges of outraged Nature: that curious pain in the head when you stoop to lace your shoes, a disinclination to talk, think, eat; and then that filthy taste in the mouth. Hot coppers! And how do you cool them? And how do you cheer and tone up the stomach? Herring, bromides, clam-juice—there is a long list. In Berlin jaded revelers drink fearful draughts of asparagus water—a vile drink, but it is "sarching."

Almost any drink that is cold and frothy or cold and still gives momentary, deceptive relief. Some Englishmen greedily eat whelks. This reminds us of "W. F. W." who seeing a Londoner clear a board of the just-named delicacies recalled the case of "the bibulous philosopher with the stutter who took little frogs, the next morning, and used to pat himself as they went down and say 'B-b-beautifully cool!'"

We heard a gray-haired young man deploring the fact that his father had not been a merchant near a wharf. "No," my father would say—I am not disrespectful when I add—and with satuous pride, 'no one of my family for many years had anything to do with trade. There have been doctors, lawyers, clergymen in the family, teachers, writers, philanthropists, but no tradesman.' And look at me! I received the doubtful benefit of a college education—I say doubtful—because I was not a close student, and the comparative lawlessness of college life handicapped me in the race after graduation. I tried the law, I tried to paint, I tried what is euphemistically known as literature. In my own way I have worked hard and nervously, and what is the result? Now that I am in what is called the prime of life, I have no bank account, I own nothing of value, I have no security against the future. I see many of my schoolmates prosperous, they have land and beeves, stocks and bonds, insurance policies, a sleek

life and smug children; they are merchants, as were their fathers before them. They had a start. Do you say there is no romance or beauty in trade? Think of the ships of Tharshish that centuries ago were laden with ivory, and apes, and peacocks, besides gold and silver and other things. Go along the wharves. Smell the queer foreign smells. Think of importing teas, dyestuffs, red and white curiously carved and majestic chessmen. Think of dealing in punchons and carboys. Only yesterday I saw a warehouse with the sign 'Pickled Limes.' I envied the owner; and I wondered if he had a desirable and marriageable daughter."

An old negro sits in a small beer saloon. He watches the procession of day laborers; some carrying empty dinner pails, others on their way to the steamboats. He counts each glass as it is filled and quaffed, he counts, not enviously but appreciatively. He, too, is thirsty. There is a lull, and the chief beer-drawer, who is the proprietor, begins to chaff the old man. He accuses him of some grotesque immorality. The victim defends himself. "No, sir; I have a little room in Portland Street, and I don't do nothing that I am ashamed of." The beer-drawer still bores away with the heavy obstinacy characteristic of Teutonic humor. The old man is good-natured. He has a hair-trigger laugh. A lounge brushes away the flies from a dish and winks at the proprietor. Customers divert attention. The negro still defends himself; but no one heeds his words. Steins and schooners are emptied at a gulp. Will the negro finally get his beer? He has earned it. But we cannot wait; we have just time enough to catch the boat.

July 22, 1900

THE music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette—undoubtedly it is Mr. Vernon Blackburn—wrote as follows about Mr. Saléza as Edgardo in "Lucia": "We ourselves—the present writer—hailed Saléza long ago as the tenor of the future; that future, so far as the ordinary repertory of Italian opera goes, has now become the present; and not all the animosity of the least reputable section of a certain class of American journalism—an animosity as insincere as it is purely personal and worthless—can destroy that fact. But this is to stray unawares into gutter gossip." Great Heavings! And, pray, to whom does Mr. Blackburn refer so truculently? Mr. Saléza was treated kindly by all the leading newspapers of Boston and New York when he was in this country. The only bitter attacks made upon him came from the mouth of Mr. de Nevers, a frequent contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Blackburn did not have a good time at "Lucia," which he dismisses as a "cheap" opera. Melba sang. "We have heard," said Mr. Blackburn, "this singer in more radiant voice, in a mood of more abandoned ecstasy, in this very opera. Still, it remains a wonderful voice, and her interpretation of this part remains a wonderful achievement. Those who consistently accuse Melba of impotent acting have surely never seen her Lucia. That proves, at all events, that if she often contents herself with impotent acting, there is no earthly reason why this should be so, if she would only condescend to give the matter a fraction of her attention. Unfortunately, she does not seem to think it worth her while. She relies upon her magnificent voice, which, for the present, is well enough; but she must remember that time, the mere passage of years, has a curious trick of avenging the carelessness of youth; this (as Hamlet or another did not say) was never a paradox, but the times are bound to give it proof."—But he did enjoy the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Savoy. "It is a fine tribute, too, to the genius of the composer that the music seemed to have lost none of its early freshness, its wild-flower beauty. We have remarked before of Offenbach how, despite the thousand claims he has upon one's humor and laughter, his work has practically ceased to be contemporary. Mr. Carte himself probably proved so much in his revival of that composer not many years back at the Savoy. But 'The Pirates' Saturday had all its own original interest, musical and literary. It had not yet become a mere historic relic of some Old Red Sandstone period in the history of art. It was living and even new."—At the same time poor, despised "Lucia" attracted July 3 "the most brilliant audience" of the season. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and all the rest of them, lent gracious influence. Nothing was said, however, about Mr. W. W. Astor's presence or absence. Another "Australasian prima donna," Miss Nora Dene, has sung in London. She is said to have "some good qualities."—Mr. Blackburn wrote of Jean de Reszke in "Die Meister-singer" July 4: "The theory (which we have always sturdily refused to believe)

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that Jean de Reszke had departed to a better and happier world than ours, and that his mortal remains had been stored in the empty case of a grand piano, was (for the present, at all events), discredited by his appearance last night at Covent Garden as Walther. Not quite—perhaps one should say, not by any means—at his best, he, nevertheless, contrived, with that infinite skill and resource of his which would cover almost any defeat (and which belong to him peculiarly), to stave off absolute failure. It would be absurd to say that he sang well; it would be equally absurd not to say that, under obvious circumstances of great difficulty, he accomplished really an extraordinary feat."

—Johann Kubelik, the violinist who has been making a sensation in London, was born at Michle in 1880. His father was a market gardener and an amateur fiddler. Kubelik entered the Prague Conservatory when he was 12 years old. "Two years ago he made his debut at a small concert in Vienna. Last February, however, he began his real public career at Berlin." The Referee found in his resemblance to the portraits of Paganini a support to the doctrine of reincarnation. "The sallow complexion, heavy mass of lank, coal-black hair, the slim figure buttoned up in the familiar frock coat, and the bend of the right knee, all irresistibly recall the great Italian fiddler, and the suggestiveness is intensified by Kubelik's extraordinary executive dexterity, for which there would seem to exist no difficulties. The most florid passages, the most impossible speed, the highest harmonic, are all delivered with an ease and perfect intonation that inevitably would have been ascribed to the direct assistance of his Satanic Majesty had Kubelik flourished in the past century. As an artist, in the true sense of the term, he has much to learn."—Cowen's new piano concerto in B flat was played for the first time June 28 by Paderewski at a Philharmonic concert: "If I had a deep, dark, generation-bottled-up hatred for a living composer, methinks I should bribe a virtuoso to entreat the hated one to compose a work for his particular instrument. This thought was prompted by listen-

ing to Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's piano concerto in B flat. Not because the work is unworthy of its composer, for it possesses a virility and is written with a masterly command of modern resources that show the hand of the skilled and experienced craftsman; but the trail of the virtuoso is over it, and many of the piano-forte passages lead up with a triumphant flourish to nothing. At the conclusion the audience applauded so persistently that I wondered if it were prompted by admiration for the work or desire to induce Mr. Paderewski to play the extra piece, forbidden but invariably allowed by the directors."—The same London critic has discovered with Gulbranson as Brünnhilde that when the heroine "is awakened by Siegfried from her sleep of some 20 years she is essentially a woman with a past, and when she began to talk to him in aunt-like, when-you-know-as-much-as-I-do fashion, one somehow felt that advantage was being taken of Siegfried's inexperience of matters matrimonial, and that it was going to be Mrs. and Mr. Siegfried."—Old Dittersdorf's symphony, "The Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus," was played lately at Cologne, and the work was declared to be of more than historical interest.

July 23, 1900  
They loved and laughed, they kissed and chafed,  
They threw the happy hours away;  
That's the way the world goes round—  
That's the story of Yesterday.  
They talk of fate and calculate,  
And keep accounts, and measure, and weigh;  
That's the way the world goes round—  
That's the story of Today.  
They'll see on high in yonder sky  
The God whose power destroyeth sorrow;  
That's the way the world goes round—  
That's the story of Tomorrow.

When men clad in "fatigue shirts" walk together in friendly conversation and in self-appreciation, they should dress for the occasion so that the colors of the shirts will not clash, so that they will not jar the eyes of the beholder, as cracked cymbals disturb the ear. We saw three young fellows Saturday who were much pleased with themselves and the world at large, and yet their shirts were respectively of Humboldtine, magenta, and baby blue.

Nearly all the lights are out at the comfortable, unfashionable sea-side inn. You yawn and begin to undress, while you look through the open window at the harbor lights. You think of the suffering in the city and congratulate yourself on your own prudence and your ability to be cool and

calm. Suddenly through the transom comes a queer, brisk patting. What can it be at this hour? On a plantation in Virginia you have heard in the early morning such sounds coming from the quarters and you have smacked your lips and murmured "Beaten biscuit for breakfast." But here the room is surely that of a guest. Again the brisk patting as of hands applied smartly to firm flesh. Is it a stout man laboriously going through a course of patented gymnastics? Pat-pat-pat-pat! How does the old nursery rhyme go?

Patty cake, Patty cake baker's man,  
"Far I will, master, as fast as I can;  
"Prick it and prick it,  
And mark it with a T,  
And there will be enough for Jacky and me.  
Or should you spell "Patty Cake,"  
"Pat-a-Cake," and should not the last line be "Put it in the oven for Tommy and me"? The patter is tireless. You hear no voice of pleasure or remonstrance. Just as you are about to turn out the gas, you see on a card hanging to the fixture, "Massage treatment by a lady expert in the house," and you go to bed disposed for pleasant dreams.

Why should any one have been offended even if the Prince of Wales had mistaken a waiter at club or inn for Mr. Choate? The story that such an incident occurred is "indignantly denied," but whether the indignant person is the Prince, the Ambassador or the Waiter is not clear. One professional lie-naler speaks somewhat contemptuously of a waiter's "lack of distinction and intellectual aspect." But here are waiters who have the face, bearing, reserve, tact of statesmen and diplomatists. At our humble sea-side inn the head-waiter hears a striking resemblance to Disraeli, and the late famous court juggler, fresh from arranging the mind of his Queen, would have been the first to applaud the waiter's treatment of the old lady near the door whose dry toast is never just right. His male assistant has the face of a Yellow-Book poet; and we pardon him easily when he brings a hither-water instead of Apollinaris. What are ambassadors and all diplomatists but servants and waiters? And what does Milton say? "They also serve who only stand and wait." Then there are the true verses of Calverley.

This reminds us of a snobbish story about Queen Margherita told lately in a London journal. She was kneeling—gracious condescension—in St. Peter's before the tomb of the fisherman-apostle. An American girl addressed her in broken Italian, jogged her elbow, and asked if she would be so kind as to move a little, as then there would be room for both on the bench. "Her Majesty turned to the girl, and drew herself up with an air of displeasure which melted to amusement at the absolute consternation depicted on the face of the pretty American, who stood as though turned to stone, at the idea of having touched—none too respectfully—Royalty, as by this time she had recognized Her Majesty and realized the enormity of her offence. She made a deep courtesy and retired without a word." Now this beautiful story appeared in Mr. Astor's newspaper, and in a prominent position and with a prominent double head. We doubt the truth of the story. There is absolute democracy in Italian churches. Margherita is a simple and devout woman. And in any temple of God are not Queen and queen alike when on their knees?

To C. E.: The best time to pick garden flowers, we are told, is at sunrise. Put them immediately into a tub in the cellar and arrange them after breakfast. Picked at this hour, their color is more pungent and their life is longer. Onions and beets may be plucked later in the day.

An extremely palatable, nutritious and digestible dish for hot weather is "coulibiac" (Russian: kyemdiakr), which is a kind of pie made of rice and minced cauliflower or fish. "The vesiga (parts of the sturgeon's spinal column) gets gelatinous when cooked and adds a peculiar flavor to the dish." The filling should be baked between two layers of pastry, and the total thickness should be about an inch and a half. The pie should be served piping hot, and the proper accompanying drink is brandy.

Mr. Monnier tells this story about official life in China: "A short time ago the Emperor of China made up his mind that the street of the Legations in Pekin should at last be paved. To insure the work being done, he himself provided the money—some \$16,000. This sum was handed to a high official of the Public Roads and Highways Department. It entered into the mind of this dignitary that the work could be done for much less. He very soon found an enterprising contractor who undertook the task for \$5000. No. 2 had, however, views similar to those of No. 1, and was equally successful in finding a No. 3, who, in his turn, considered \$2500 an extravagant sum for so insignificant an undertaking. The street was eventually paved at the cost of \$16." And yet some say that the Chinese are not in an advanced condition of civilization.

July 24, 1900  
'Tis the voice of the Lobster: I heard him declare,  
"You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."

Let us return to our lobster. Imperialism is a side issue. Even Mr. Bryan promises to put aside the discussion of 16 to 1 and to give the undivided attention of his gigantic mind to the consideration of why the term "lobster" is applied to a certain species of the human male. Mr. Bryan will not even spend any more time in wondering what became of the platform-clause about the income-tax, which disappeared as completely as the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." The interest is continental. Anxious mothers have sent us photographs and descriptions of their sons, and asked "Is he a lobster?" Doubting sweethearts have consulted us. But all such letters are confidential. Out of the mass of correspondence we select today the following letters:

Worcester, Mass., July 20, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The term "lobster" was used in this country as early as 1775, as an indication of contempt. John Adams in his argument in defence of the British soldiers on trial for murder because of complicity in the "Boston Massacre" refers to the name "lobster" as one of the epithets applied by the populace to the soldiers. Your correspondent who thinks the term originated in 1856 will have to be careful or he will be included among those who are regarded as "lobsters."

Yours,  
CALEB PLUMMER.

But we have already shown (July 20) that the term "lobster" as applied to a soldier is as old as 1642 if not older. Furthermore, we deplore the personal attack on our correspondent, Mr. Danny Durack.

Another letter gives the first answer to our question. We do not say that the answer is conclusive or indisputable.

Boston, July 20.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The term "lobster" as at present generally applied to individuals gained currency some years ago during the winter horse-racing at Guttenberg, N. J. These races were devised to meet the demands of the sporty element by whom they were almost solely patronized. This particular portion of the community are very prolific in epithets, which they apply rather freely to any person or thing that thwarts their desire to win. Among the daily frequenters of the track a winning horse would be termed a "clinker," "crack-a-jack," or a "hummer," according to his ability to "push wind." A loser would be termed a "dead one," a "slow freighter" or a "creeper." One day a small knot of "shoestrings," i. e., touts and bettors of small means, were given a tip by someone who claimed to be "in the know," on a horse that was to be a "sure thing" winner. A pool was formed to which they all chipped in "everything but their ferry money."

The aggregate only made a small sum, but comprised their all, and their hopes were high when it was placed at good odds for their equine to win. But alas! they were doomed to disappointment. The steed that carried their money seemed to have been stricken with locomotor ataxia, for long after the others had passed under the wire he was observed coming along the stretch, like a coal-cart horse after a hard day's work in summer. It was a crusher to the "push," but they were not lacking in humor, for one of them noting the leisurely pace of the animal called out to another with a grin, "What do you think of the wonder, Mickey?" To which the other replied in a crestfallen way, "He's a lobster." The aptness of the description raised a general laugh as the circumstances of the pool and its makers were well-known to everyone about the track. The expression caught on and was repeated many times on the way back to New York. In this way it gained circulation and began to be applied to individuals, in the same sense as "chump," "blowhard" or "sucker," all of which are in current use as slang. The New York Sun once tried very hard to locate the origin of the expression "in the soup" and gave it a lot of authors. Its surmises were all wrong. It originated right here in our harbor, and was first brought ashore at City Point. But as Dan Maginnis, not Rudyard Kipling, used to say, "That's another story." GIL.

We add to the material for discussion the following note which we found yesterday in Phil Robinson's "The Poets and Nature":

"The union of a lobster with the human form is an impresa of very old date, but the families on the continent that bear this crustacean for a badge probably refer it back to no earlier times than the chivalric days when

knights went forth to fight in that armor of overlapping plates which were called 'ecrivisses.' But just as many have adventitiously arrived at honor, so many others have accidentally fallen into disrepute, and the lobster, recollecting its traditional obliquities, may hardly go haughtily. Its character in legend is very curious, for while the crab is always of good repute, the lobster is ever of bad. Very—we wish Mr. Robinson would drop "very" from his vocabulary. Here are three cases of "very" in 11 lines of his pace—"old engravings show us a fool astride a lobster, and the significance of that medal of the Pretender in which the youthful aspirant is shown in the arms of a Jesuit who rides a lobster, conveys nothing to the credit of either the friar or the 'fish.'"

The arrest of Mr. Vanderbilt on the Blue Hill Parkway reminds us of John Phoenix's story of Mr. Kerren who once drove a preacher to his homo after service.

"The rattling 2.40 pace at which they tore along was rather too much for the worthy preacher. 'Kerren, rasped his anxious reverence, as he held firmly by the back seat, after a flying leap over a stone of unusually large dimensions, 'do you know why you are like the Pharisees?' 'No, sir,' said Kerren, touching up his leader. 'Why,' rejoined the good old man, 'ye appear unto men too fast.'"

Certain newspapers in giving an account of a fire in Farmington, Me., alluded to the Rev. John S. C. Abbott as "the author of the Rollo books." And are we so soon forgotten? The right as well have called the late Judge Abbott the creator of Rollo, Jonah and Mr. Holiday.

How cautious in statement is the New York Times! In the report of the filing of a suit for divorce, the Time says: "The defendant is reputed to be wealthy," and, yet, in the same sentence we are told that he is a plumber.

July 25, 1900  
If the world were a paradise of luxury and ease, a land flowing with milk and honey, where every Jack obtained his J at once and without any difficulty, we would either die of boredom or hang them selves; or there would be wars, massacres and murders; so that in the end mankind would inflict more suffering on itself than it has now to accept at the hands of Nature.

To G. M.: We have given your question due consideration. We advise you to order dry toast at breakfast and butter the toast yourself. Perhaps you do not know that in many large inns and restaurants butter already melted is spread equally over the toast with the aid of a toothbrush.

The landlord of a seaside inn is largely responsible for the mental condition and the behavior of his guests while they are at their work in the city. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Lash is obliged to take an early boat. He orders the night before a simple breakfast: melon, two soft-boiled eggs, toast and a fluid catalogued as coffee. He rises with a desire which is common among all healthy persons, for something cool and soft. While he shaves he thinks of a chilled cantaloup. After he has thoroughly aroused his more luxurious neighbors by pouring dirty water, as from a towering cliff, into the slop-jar, by stamping his feet into his new russet shoes, by clearing his throat ostentatiously to show that he is a true Bostonian, by slamming the door provided with an uncertain lock, he hurries down the stairs with this one thought: "Cantaloup." There it is on the table—warm. He tries it with a spoon. It is as soft as boiled summer squash. He rows the table girl, who brings him one that is cold; but it is as adamant. His day is ruined. He gets into a violent dispute with a man on the boat. He just misses his street car. The mail aggravates his rage. He thunders at the bookkeeper and brings tears to the eyes of the typewriting girl. He further inflames his blood by two cocktails before luncheon. A wolfish appetite is thus engendered. The 5.20 P. M. boat carries a man with bloodshot eyes, fierce breath and unsteady hands. And all this came from the cantaloup, as the Trojan war came from an apple.

Muskmelons should be as Robert Burton puts it, well-corrected and sparingly used.

Mrs. John A. Logan complains because "there is practically no exhibit of American women at the Paris Exposition." We fear that she is a superficial observer. There is always an exhibit of American women in Paris.

"Quilvis Unus" in a letter to the New York Sun prefers "The Star-Spangled Banner" to "America." He says "the melody of 'America' has been borrowed." But so has the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was originally an English drinking song entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven."

Golden promises are made by Mr. Henry C. Savage for English opera in New York. There will be a revival of "The Bohemian Girl."



correspondent writes as follows: "I d that a teacher in the high school Holyoke, Mass., was asked to re- n because she told her scholars that Saviour was one of a family of 10 l's and sisters. Will you kindly e me the names of these brothers 'sisters'? We are tempted to an- r, "Why don't you find out for self?" but weak good nature has n our bane; it has prevented us from dling high positions of trust. Fur- more, our correspondent asks a stion that has been the cause of dling of blood as well as ink. James Little, Joses, Jude, Simon, and sis- were they brothers and sisters, or e they cousins? See the diction- s of the Bible, and also a singular s, "Recherches Historiques sur la onne de Jésus-Christ," by Gabriel not (pp. 208-251). Pelnot gives the licting opinions of many, and finally es as follows: The brothers James Little and Joses were the sons of a r of Joseph, Mary, who was first wife of Alphaeus, and then the wife opas by whom she had Jude, n, Mary the wife of Zebedee, and y known to the Evangelists as "the r Mary." Thus according to Peig- the brothers and sisters were in ty cousins. But the question will ably never be settled, and we call attention of our correspondent to not's concluding words: "Although ave tried to form this genealogi- hart from the most plausible pre- ts, we are far from believing that ave put an end to the discussion of subject. Evangelical history does urnish enough fixed points for us gue positively from them. It is fore necessary to be satisfied with ctures and to choose from them ost probable."

these anniversaries fraught with r! They will not down. Thus on 24, in the year 1761, the ship called narle (whereof Mr. Edward Ladd then master) being an hundred es from Cape Cod, in lat. 33, 34. P. M., met with a thunder- . "The lightning burnt the main- di, split the main-cap in pieces, the mast all along. There was al one dreadful clap of thunder, port bigger than that of a great at which all the ships company amazed; then did there fall some- from the clouds upon the stern te boat, which broke into many parts, split one of the pumps, ther pump much hurt also. It bituminous matter, smelt much fred gunpowder. It continued g in the stern of the boat; they th sticks dissipate it, and poured water on it, and yet they were ble by all that they could do elinguish it, until such time as e matter was consumed. But rangest thing of all is yet to be oned. When night came, observ- e stars, they perceived that their sses were changed. As for the ss in the bldd'kill, the north was turned clear south. . . . amen were at first puzzled how k their vessel right, considering he south point of their compass ow become north, but after a lit- . It was easy to them. Thus did all 1000 leagues. As for the com- wherein the lightning had made edle to point westward, since it ough to New England, the glass broke, it has, by means of the ming to it, wholly lost its ver-

July 26, 1900

NOCTURN.  
The barren heart of midnight,  
In the shadow shuts and opens  
The loud flames pulse and flutter,  
In hear a cistern leaking.

ping, dropping, in a rhythm,  
gh, unequal, half-melodious,  
The measures aped from nature,  
The infancy of music;

the buzzing of an insect,  
Irrational, persistent—  
Just listen, listen, listen—  
A passion of attention;

It taps upon my heartstrings,  
As my very life goes dripping,  
ping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,  
The drip-drop of the cistern.

read on a bulletin board the other  
"Man shot in the West End."  
It is not pleasant for a man to be  
in any end, north, south, east or  
no matter in which direction he  
ing; still if a man must be shot,  
his his west end is the most com-  
and least dangerous place. For,  
some ancient philosophers insist,  
ul is as a sun in the body, it  
urely in the east and sinks at a  
able hour in the west. We say  
nable" hour, because even a New  
il conscience is not so wide  
after 7.30 P. M. and a good din-  
It is early in the morning or  
h noon.

light long in this sweet little village  
hear the soft note of the pistol

With the pleasant squeak of the victim  
Whose been shot perhaps in his gizzard.

A London Journal rejoices in Mr. Keith's theatre in that town because "here then at last there will be in England a chance for 'chasers.'" And it gives this definition for the benefit of its readers: "Don't you know what 'chasers' are? They are a kind of variety turn of so awful a quality that the American continuous show man-agers engage them to fire out the audience whenever it seems stopping too long for its money."

Loie Fuller's new palace in the Rue de Paris reproduces in plaster her flying skirts, fold by fold. "As multi-colored lights are thrown on, one might imagine a Gargantuan Loie petrified in one of her most artistic creations."

Sarah Bernhardt proposes to play male parts in plays in which she has heretofore appeared as the heroine.

At last Christy Minstrelsy is dying in London. For many years there was no more popular entertainment than that given by Moore and Burgess at the St. James's Hall, but the receipts last year were so low that the company could not pay its debts and the landlord has begun an action to recover possession of the hall.

Two books that may interest readers of everything pertaining to the Chinese question: (1) "Anti-Foreign Riots in China," which was published at Shanghai in 1892. (2) "The Yellow Danger," by M. P. Shiel, of which book a London reviewer says, "It is not sense and it is not literature, but it does make your flesh creep with its description of Chinese cruelties."

The depreciation in value of the capital of nine of the chief "attractions" at the Paris Exhibition amounts to 58 per cent.; and an incomplete list of the side shows gives the amount of capital invested therein as nearly \$10,000,000.

History is often illustrated contemporaneously and handed down to posterity by children's songs. Mr. G. R. Sims heard three little boys—the oldest was not over six years old—singing at the top of their lungs these lines in a London street:

One, two, three—  
The Relief of Kimberlee.  
Four, five, six—  
The Relief of Ladysmith.  
Seven, eight, nine—  
Old Krueger on a line.  
Ten, eleven, twelve—  
Old Krueger gone to Hell.

This reminds us that Mr. Sims found the cult of Krueger universal in Holland. He saw Krueger on cigar boxes, pipes, wall paper, handkerchiefs, money-boxes, lamp-stands, walking-sticks, paper weights. "All the arts had bowed the knee to the noble Boers, and even sanitary science had fallen a victim to hero worship: 'The Transvaal,' 'The Krueger,' and 'The Cronje' were the names printed boldly on the latest improvements in lavatory fittings." The Dutch children carry to school their food in little tin boxes ornamented with portraits of Krueger and Steyn.

To S. M.—No, we must refuse to take part in the fatigue-shirt-without-coat discussion. Only in communities where men are self-conscious can such discussions arise. What is it to the Infinite whether you wear a belt or suspenders? Who invented suspenders, and when?

Where did this story, which we find in the Era, come from? "M. Brunetiere, editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes, is an authority on Bossuet, often styled the 'Eagle of Meaux.' A visit to America some time since brought M. Brunetiere a letter from a showman of the Barnum type. It ran as follows: 'I have just heard that a Meaux Eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your own country, has become your exclusive property. As proprietor of one of the largest museums in the States, I may say that this Meaux Eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would be valuable to me. If you will let me have this rare bird, and tell me how you feed him, you can quote your own figure.' M. Brunetiere politely explained that this 'rare bird' had been dead for nearly 200 years, and had never even been stuffed!"

His exotic vocabulary was the fruit of the widest research. He ransacked the ancient plays for long-forgotten words. He cared not where he picked up his neologisms, so that they were dazzling and bizarre. . . . He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror.

We have received the following communication:

Boston, July 25, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:  
Let us pause for a space and consider the variants of the term "lobster" as applied to the human male.

Slang, I take it, like temperament, is largely a matter of geography, climatic conditions and environment. While the term lobster is understood in the West, the application does not carry with it in that part of the country the effectiveness which a similar expression does at tidewater, where the beast is better known.

I agree with your correspondent Gil in that the present use of the word originated on the racetrack, but I believe he has missed a point in the story. It is true that the term was applied to a slow horse, but the manner of application was this: The man who placed the bets of the "shoestrings" reported to his constituents, "Fellows, we're up against it. The damned horse is running backwards."

"Well, he is a lobster," replied Slinkers.

But what I started to discuss with you is the variants found inland, notably in Buffalo, Cleveland and other lake cities. With the assistance of Eugene R. White, an eminent philologist, poet and editor of Niagara Falls, I have classified these terms. Let it be understood that the nominal roots, "beegin" and "geegin" have precisely the same significance as "lobster." The letter "g" in every case is pronounced hard, as in "gout," not soft, as in "gln." The accent is on the first syllable.

Up to this time the classification takes cognizance of the following terms:

BEGIN, Noun, a lobster, chump, and in general, any male person who for any reason is unpopular or disliked, as, "Smith is a beegin," meaning that Smith is undesirable company.

BEGIN, Adjective, as "The dinner was pretty beegin," meaning that the dinner was badly served and was generally pretty bum.

BEGIN, Verb, active, as, "Jones was all right till he got a lot of high balls in him, then he began to beegin," that is, after he had his drinks Jones began to act in an unseemly manner.

BEGINHEIM, Noun, diminutive of Beegin. As, "Robinson and his wife and a bunch of beeginheims are at the hotel." This means that Robinson's children are sassy brats.

BEGINHEIMER, Same as Beeginheim, only worse.

(NOTE)—In certain localities "beeginheim" and "beeginheimer" are Hebraic variants of "beegin," and are not necessarily diminutives.

GEGIN, Feminine of beegin, a female lobster.

GEGINHEIM and GEGINHEIMER, Feminine diminutives.

In Chicago these terms are perverted into "boggin" and "goggin," and in Milwaukee I have even heard "boogin" and "googin," but the true form is as enumerated above.

Upon a recent visit to Buffalo I looked over the files of the Enquirer and during the years 1897 and 1898 I found these words used in print many times. Another curious word which is current in Buffalo is Gog, as applied to any person whose name is unknown, as, "Who's th' Gog," meaning who is the person indicated. In some cases the word is combined with the reproachful name of Willie, as, "There were a lot of Willie Gogs at the dinner," meaning that there were present a number of persons, not necessarily unidentified, who were not interesting.

As to the exact origin of these words I am definitely informed that they came into being to fill a void. There seemed to be no word having the precise meaning of "lobster" which could be used as a verb, adjective or noun. The first time they were used in print was in the Buffalo Enquirer in 1897, and I take it that they were the invention of two men who were then editorial writers on that paper.

MICHAEL TABERSKI.

Mr. G. R. Sims remarks in his pleasantest voice: "American actors seem to pick and choose, instead of taking what is given to them, as an actor should." This remark was suggested by Mr. John Drew, who, according to Mr. Sims, did not care for the part of Wolff Kingsearl in "Miss Hobbs," but threw it away to achieve "only a mediocre success in 'The Tyranny of Tears.'"

To L. M.: You ask what "dithering" means. The word is used commonly in dialect in the northern and midland counties of England. To "dither" is to tremble, shiver or shake with cold or fear. The noun "dither" is a tremble, shake, quiver, but "the dithers" may mean "the horrors," as applied to incipient delirium tremens. Then there are such pleasing forms as "dither-and-plop," "dither-cum-plop," "dither-a-wack," "dithcrum-shake" and "dithery-dodder."

July 28, 1900

Kate-a-Whimsies, John-a-dreams,  
Still debating, still delay,  
And the world's a ghost that gleams—  
Wavers—vanishes away!

We must live while live we can;  
We should love while love we may,  
Dread in women, doubt in mau—  
So the Infinite runs away.

We have received the following communication:

Salem, Mass., July 25, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

In connection with your interesting study as to the derivation of the word "lobster," I was interested to find that Roger Wildrake applies the term "lobster" in a colloquial way to one of Cromwell's soldiers and in the Protector's presence. The allusion comes in one of the latter chapters of "Woodstock" during the time the Woodstock party was in what a friend of mine calls "Duranceville." I forget the exact context, but the use is not dissimilar to that of latter-day slang.

While on marine topics let me call your attention to the racy phrase "to stay under water." Meaning thus, Several men meet around a table and one of the party has purchased the preliminary round of German sociability. Being a thirsty soul, the purchaser disposes of his quantum at once in anticipation that some one else will correspondingly purchase. But all the others slip and chat until the purchaser, driven to the wall, exclaims, "You fellows can stay under water longer than any one I ever saw."

Argal, "to stay under water" is to duck your turn to buy refreshments.  
H. C. GAUSS.

Minnie, an Afrikaner girl, spoke thus to a correspondent of the Daily News (London): "My! but he was a queer Karl. He drink two cups of coffee a day only, and washed himself all over every morning. Ach! such nonsense! If the Lord intended his people to wash all over themselves every day, why did He ordain that they should wear clothes?"

Another book pertinent to these fearsome, bloody days is "Villago Life in China: a study in Sociology" by Arthur H. Smith. The author claims that the object of Chinese education is to pump up the wisdom of the ancients into the minds of the moderns. "The whole plan of Chinese study has been aptly called Intellectual Infanticide." Some of the village superstitions are interesting. Thus, foreigners with umbrellas have been mobbed "as the efficient cause of drought." Mr. Smith, who is a missionary, reasons from analogy and assumes "that a period of 500 years dating from the opening up of China to missionary effort in 1860 will suffice not only for a general diffusion of Christianity, but for its obvious superseding of all rival faiths." As a reviewer says, Mr. Smith omits to mention "that Christian missionaries have been at work in China for over 400 years, and that the early efforts of the papal emissaries who reached that country in 1581 were more successful, and distinctly more encouraging, than the results obtained by the missionaries of today."

There has been confusion over Mr. Winston Churchill and his namesake; and now come Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady and Mr. Standish James O'Grady.

Mr. John W. Reiff, the distinguished American visitor in England, wrote his mother early this month and confided to her that "there was races at Newmarket" on July 4th. Do not bewail the solecism; you will find similar instances in brave books of the Elizabethan period. And Mr. Reiff, like the lady who asks for the banners, rides well for one so young.

We hope that her discussions over the best street pavement for Boston will not provoke the bitter words that individualized a recent meeting in London. The question was whether Vauxhall Bridge Road should be paved with wooden blocks or asphalt, and one vestryman charged another with suffering from a severe attack of "asphalt-phobia." "The member accused of being a victim of that ominous-sounding disease replied, but his philology appears not to have been equal to the fudge, and practically he was disarmed. The word ought, nevertheless, to be registered—with its antithesis 'woodolatry.'"

This is the time of year when the first man off the boat or train and the first man on the boat or train are seen in all their raging ferocity. And yet we cannot justly claim this singularly constituted animal as peculiar to hurrying America. An English Judge, Addison by name, has recognized from the bench the existence of the species in his own country. He decided lately that a railway passenger is justified in opening the carriage door before the train stops, because 90 persons out of every 100 do so and therefore the custom is justifiable. A foolish, weak-chinned, slobbering course of reasoning, as it seems to us.

The Pall Mall Gazette, summing up the late theatrical season in London, speaks thus of Mrs. Carter: "Her admirers would have one believe that the mantles of Bernhardt and Rejane together had fallen on Mrs. Leslie Carter, but 'Zaza' only emphasizes their



...tion. The play, of course, is  
tawdry beyond redemption, but the ac-  
tors is not averse to tinsel in her meth-  
ods. The cleverness of the performance  
is undeniable—it is the product of a  
brain which knows the technique of  
the stage backwards. But great acting  
calls for something more, which Mrs.  
Carter fails to give. She has certain  
clever methods with which she over-  
comes the nerves of her audience; but  
her hearts remain untouched. With  
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose Magda  
ranks as the acting success of the year,  
it is otherwise. Technique was always  
a secondary consideration, and, though  
an occasional roughness is traceable in  
consequence, her sincerity is never in  
question. By the side of that whirl-  
wind of passion in the scene with Von  
Keller, Mrs. Carter's similar outburst  
is but as a tinkling cymbal."

July 29 1912  
**M**ASCAGNI thinks well of his or-  
chestra. He said in Rome to a  
reporter July 7: "At last, after  
overcoming many obstacles, I  
am really going to Paris with my or-  
chestra from the Conservatoire de Pe-  
saro. I am in the enviable position of  
a man who is really seeing one of his  
ambitions realized." When the reporter  
ventured to hint that there would be  
much competition at the exhibition, he  
turned upon him like a lion, and, jump-  
ing impulsively from his chair, said:  
"Competition! Competition! Of course!  
that is just what I want, and you will  
see that we shall astonish the musical  
world!" He then went on: "The or-  
chestra has 100 members, some of whom  
are magnificently clever, and I am not  
afraid of other orchestras—in fact, I  
court comparison with them, even with  
those of Paris, Beyrouth and Vienna  
themselves. I shall give a series of con-  
certs in Paris, too, of course; cosmo-  
politan audiences, and hope to find my  
way to London; only, unfortunately, it  
is now the off season there. Knowing  
the vigor of my young musicians, and  
my own powers as a conduc-  
tor (you see I am not modest), I am  
looking forward with extraordinary  
pleasure to the visit." The reporter  
adds that Mascagni has been very bit-  
ter on the subject of the supineness of  
the Government with regard to sending  
some of the leading Italian musicians to  
Paris. "So niggardly have the authori-  
ties been that the members of the com-  
mission for arranging such a represen-  
tation have all resigned. Hence the  
Maestro is taking his orchestra at his  
own expense; but his pleasure is not by  
any means all selfish, as he, above every  
one, has strong opinions about the  
music of his native land, and the ex-  
traordinary musical ability of Italians  
as a nation."—Eugenio Checchi, a friend  
of Puccini, has lately given some in-  
teresting details of the student life of the  
composer of "La Tosca." "One day,  
picking up a book on Puccini's table,  
which was called 'Bohemian Life, 1881;  
Register of Expenses,' he found inside  
noted a little of everything, coffee,  
bread, tobacco, sugar, milk, and so on,  
with the entire exception of substantial  
food. In one place there was a herring  
reordered which Puccini laughingly ex-  
plained had been the supper of four per-  
sons. From the Congregation of Char-  
ity of Rome he received £4 a month,  
which he shared with a brother and a  
cousin. They lived in one furnished  
room, for which they paid 24s. a month.  
The pension came in a registered letter,  
and they usually had to bear the sight of  
the landlord triumphantly opening the  
precious letter, abstracting the 24s. and  
turning over the remainder to them.  
Many were the scenes they had with  
this man. He forbade them to cook in  
their room, and at the hour of meals  
went into the next room to listen. Their  
usual stratagem was to put a spirit  
lamp on the piano and over it a dish  
to cook eggs. When they began to  
crackle the cousins would call, 'Play,  
play like the devil,' and Puccini would  
improvise all kinds of wild music,  
which stopped abruptly when the mod-  
est three eggs were on the table. After  
his studies were finished the pension  
stopped, and he had to look about for  
pupils, but he only found one at two  
lessons a week, for which he was paid  
tenpence each. From that time on his  
circumstances gradually bettered, until  
his first opera, 'La Villi,' gained him  
recognition, while his later works have  
brought fame and fortune."—The Pall  
Mall Gazette says of "The Casino Girl,"  
produced at the Shaftesbury, July 11:  
"Comic Pasha, comic page,  
comic thieves, exquisitely costumed  
girls, uniformed choruses—the elements  
so mixed that nature might stand up  
to all the world and say, 'This is an  
American musical comedy.' The music  
is just as good as the music of 'The  
Belle of New York,' no better, no  
worse: it is bright, showy, not very  
refined, highly colored, easy to re-  
member, and for the rest it might be  
described in any quantity of nega-  
tives."—William II. has contributed his  
autograph, as a composer, to the ex-

hibition of musical autographs at Par-  
is.—Mr. Blackburn says that to hear  
Manche Marchesi sing Mozart's "Dove  
Sono" (In German) "is like nothing so  
much as to witness an attempt to  
weave cobwebs into corduroy."

Mr Vernon Blackburn wrote as fol-  
lows in the Pall Mall Gazette of Puc-  
cini's "Tosca," which was produced in  
London July 12 (the original production  
was at Rome Jan. 14 of this year):

Last night Puccini's "Tosca," adver-  
tised on the playbills as having been  
produced with enormous success in  
South America (a fearful and wondrous  
appeal to the opera-goer), was given  
for the first time in this country at  
Covent Garden. Let us begin by con-  
gratulating the opera authorities upon  
the great beauty of the mounting of  
the work. "Messaline" last year and  
"Tosca" this year have shown what  
beautiful scenic effects can be obtained  
even by the much-abused and an-  
tiquated methods of Covent Garden.  
The interior of Sant' Andrea della Valle  
—one of Rome's dearest churches—was  
a beautiful and true scene, exquisitely  
appointed, and admirably proportioned.  
The final setting, too, of the embatte-  
ments of the Castle of St. Angelo,  
with a near view of St. Peter's  
was nobly done. In fact, the syndicate  
seems prepared to achieve for Signor  
Puccini and Mr. de Lara all that it re-  
fuses cavalierly enough to Mozart, Go-  
noli or Verdi. And the music of Signor  
Puccini? Frankly, we have been very  
disappointed. So great had been the

anticipation of a very noble work that  
possibly its failure to realize that  
anticipation to the full may account for  
some of that disappointment; but we  
cannot disguise from ourselves the fact  
that in "Tosca" we have not nearly so  
serious or appealing a work of art as  
we had in "La Bohème." The effort to  
be great at all costs is too obvious, and  
too often results in mere triviality. In-  
genious the score certainly is; so much  
you would naturally expect from a com-  
poser with so fine an instinct for mere  
musical craft as is Puccini. Pretty also  
it often is, and the orchestration is for  
the most part skillful and individual.  
But whether Sardou has spoiled Puc-  
cini or Puccini has spoiled Sardou we  
are not prepared to say; in the face of  
this composer's undoubted sincerity and  
admitted talents, we should prefer to  
think the first of these alternatives, if it  
were not that Sardou's talent were also  
admitted, whatever might be said of his  
sincerity. The fact remains that "Tos-  
ca" is a disappointment; it has no real  
grip, no memorial strength. It has  
many effective enough passages—note,  
for example, the ecclesiastical music of  
the first act—and it has many charming  
melodies scattered over its pages. But  
it is not strong, it lacks verve and in-  
tellectuality. We have a kindness for  
Puccini in much the same sense as  
Macaulay had a kindness for Leigh  
Hunt; but we are disposed to think  
that in "Tosca" Puccini allotted him-  
self a task for which he was not by na-  
ture fitted. We could fancy this com-  
poser writing an idyl of Fontainebleau  
in the palmy days of Louis Quatorze,  
with Louise de la Vallière peering wis-  
tfully through the leaves, and porcelain  
beauties moving with intricate sim-  
plicity over well-trimmed lawns. But  
"Tosca," with its melodramatic and  
stagnant passion, and when its more or  
less high tragic atmosphere, is not for  
Puccini. As to the singers, we cannot  
say that Ternina was a great success,  
and we cannot indeed say that we ex-  
pected success from her. She could  
not help being sincere; but the sincer-  
ity of Brunilde and Eldeio did  
not sit well on the shoulders of Tosca;  
nor did the music suit her voice. De  
Lucia was good enough as Cavaradossi,  
and Signor Scotti was an admirable  
Scarpia; M. Gilbert's Sacristan was a  
capital little study, and the chorus  
was quite good. Macmillan could not  
easily have conducted better. The work  
was received with enthusiasm.

#### CHILDHOOD.

In the forest there is a bird whose song  
stops you and makes you blush.  
There is a clock that does not strike.  
There is a quagmire with a nest of white  
beasts.  
There is a cathedral that descends and a  
lake that ascends.  
There is a little carriage abandoned in the  
copple, or it goes down hurriedly the foot-  
path, and it is re-bibbioned.  
There is a troop of little comedians in  
costume, seen on the road through the edge  
of the woods.  
And, finally, when you are hungry and  
thirsty, there is some one who chases you.

For a month, at least, you walk to  
your office in unaccustomed streets.  
The boat brings you early to the town,  
and you carry your breakfast, alert,  
ready to drive a hard bargain, at an  
hour that in winter, fall and spring  
finds you in bed—folding or respectable.  
The same faces seen morning after  
morning become familiar to you, so  
that after a fortnight you are tempted  
to bow, especially to the tall, thin, cool  
brunette, who, however the mercury  
and General Humidity may grin, shows  
heat only in her eyes. You speculate  
concerning the homes and evenings of  
the shop-girls whom you pass. They  
are in haste, for only the nine-o'clock  
girl moves leisurely. Some of the  
faces are pinched, drawn; faces of the  
poorly-fed, poorly-lodged, poorly-paid.  
Faces of girls condemned to the tread-  
mill, how they stare out of counte-  
nance the smug prater about the dig-  
nity of woman's work! There is the face  
of the disheartened, reckless baggage  
with her pitiable attempt at smartness.

There is the face of the little girl,  
grave with premature, cruel responsi-  
bility. 'Tow of the eight o'clocks are  
like the women of Darien described by  
an old buccaneer of glorious memory  
as "free, airy and brisk." And every  
morning at the same corner you meet  
a middle-aged man whose head rolls  
about loosely. He chews a wooden  
toothpick and he looks at you with  
ruminating eyes. They all pass daily  
until it seems to you that you meet  
no other men and women. And a  
month from now, with your changed  
hours, they will be to you as though  
they were not.

Here the profound lesson of reception, nor  
preference nor denial,  
The black with his woolly head, the felon,  
the diseased, the illiterate person are  
not denied;  
The birth, the hastening after the physician,  
the heggar's tramp, the drunkard's stag-  
ger, the laughing party of mechanics,  
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage,  
the top, the eloping couple,  
The early market-man, the hearse, the mov-  
ing of furniture into the town, the re-  
turn back from the town,  
They pass, I also pass, anything—passes,  
none can be interdicted,  
None but are accepted, none but shall be  
dear to me.

They were defining luxury. The  
young Augustus said that he would be  
happy if he only had shirts, arranged  
in a careful color scheme, one for each  
day of the month.

We cannot approve of the conduct of  
a man in Omaha—he was a Captain,  
too—who complained to the police of  
Miss Fern Atwood because she kissed  
him in the street, "willfully and with-  
out his consent having been first ob-  
tained." It appears that she stepped  
in front of him, clasped him in her  
arms, kissed him on his lips, and was  
so much pleased that she honored him  
in the same manner five or six times.  
Nor do we like to think of Miss Fern  
in the cooler. Perhaps she had been  
waiting some years for that kiss. The  
men in Omaha may be shy. Or Miss  
Fern may belong to the Folk Lore  
Society of Omaha and be acquainted  
with the fact that the wearer of fern-  
seed goes and acts invisible; hence the  
episode is merely a result of mistaken  
confidence.

Father Le Comte, who asserted that  
true religion or the knowledge of the  
true God had been kept up in China  
for several ages, was censured by the  
Sorbonne for that proposition Oct. 18,  
1700.

If you are a slave to the pernicious  
habit of cocktailing and yet wonder  
why cocktails are so incongruously  
potent, dismiss the idea that therein  
you have "infinite riches in a little  
room." Ask the barkeeper to pour the  
same amount of whisky or gin into an  
ordinary whisky glass. Then you will,  
perhaps, realize what you are doing  
when you take "a few cocktails."

A prominent member of the editorial  
staff of the New York Sun calls atten-  
tion to the fact that the cocktail in a  
German beer saloon is a miserable  
thing. But you should no more expect  
to find a cocktail in a beer saloon than  
in a hardware store. It is there as  
much out of place as a hymn book in  
a billiard room.

What is the precise meaning of  
"There's 'air'?" Is it a term of re-  
proach, derision or approval? Let us  
illustrate by quoting the account of an  
interesting episode in lowly English life  
which has been extolled in verse by  
poets. Robert Keene, law clerk, was  
charged at Bow Street with assault-  
ing Augusta Berbero. The prosecutrix  
said that she was crossing Hungerford  
Bridge with some friends, when some  
one shouted out, "There's 'air!'" and  
then the prisoner, whom she had seen  
before, rushed up and struck her in the  
face four times, knocking her head  
against some railings. The prisoner,  
however, said that the lady, who  
seemed to be annoyed by the shout of  
"There's 'air!'" began the affray by hit-  
ting him with her umbrella. He ad-  
mitted striking her twice, but it was  
in self-defence. Mr. Marsbam: "What  
was intended by the remark, 'There's  
'air'?" The witness: "It is shouted all  
over the streets. I don't think there is  
any meaning to it. Mr. Marsbam told  
the prisoner that he did not think both  
blows were in self-defence, and fined  
him 40 shillings; in default, 14 days.

There are curates in England that do  
not bring over \$12 50 a week.

Again we quote from the Referee:  
"And now the patient monster is  
awake. It must kill or be killed. There  
is no help for it. China is proving that  
there is more than wind in the belly  
of the india rubber dragon we have  
pricked so freely. There is after all a  
vital force in that huge mass of which  
we have thought so disparagingly. You  
see, I am trying to find the all-round  
justification without which it is im-  
possible to arrive at a reasonable con-  
clusion. We find when we look close  
to the question that  
The inevitable is everywhere.  
Russia must go to the sea. Great Brit-  
ain must protect her own vital inter-

...scarce help encroaching. Germany and  
France must look after their sides as  
the matter. China must make one last  
fight for its own integrity. The old  
Greek scholiasts, who loved nothing  
better than to find a question to which  
there was no possible solution, used to  
ask this riddle: "When the irresistible  
encounters the Impregnable, what hap-  
pens?" When in a fight in which  
whole world is engaged almost every-  
must encounters a must not in equa-  
force, what shall we look for?"

July 21 1912  
For know, O King, that man can originate  
naught but by command of Allah the Most  
High and that He is the Giver and all good  
which befalleth a creature hath its end and  
issue in Him. He alloteth His favors to  
His creatures, as it liketh Him; to some He  
giveth gifts galore while others He giveth  
barely to win their daily bread. Some He  
maketh Lords and Captains, and others Re-  
cluses, who abstain from the world and aspi-  
re but to Him, for He it is who saith:  
"I am the Harmer with adversity and the  
Healer with prosperity. I make whole and  
make sick. I enrich and impoverish. I kill  
and quicken: in my hand is everything un-  
to me all things do tend." Wherefore it  
behoveth all men to praise Him.

Now that the two months most fa-  
vorable to thunder storms are over we  
propose to leave the city for an un-  
certain length of time. And yet we are  
haunted today, on the point of depar-  
ture, by the thought of a sad anni-  
versary. For on July 31, 1858, there  
happened a storm of thunder and  
lightning with rain in the town of  
Marshfield, in Plymouth Colony in New  
England. "Mr. Nathaniel Thomas, John  
Phillips, and another belonging to the  
town, being in the field, as they per-  
ceived the storm coming, betook  
themselves to the next house for shel-  
ter. John Phillips sat down near the  
chimney, his face towards the inner  
door. A black cloud flying very low  
cut off it there came a great ball of fire  
with a terrible crack of thunder; the  
fire-ball fell down just before the said  
Phillips; he seemed to give a start on  
his seat, and so fell backward, being  
struck dead, not the least motion of  
life appearing in him afterward. Cap-  
tain Thomas, who sat directly op-  
posite to John Phillips, about six feet  
distance from him, and a young child  
that was within three feet of him  
through the providence of God, re-  
ceived no hurt; yet many of the bricks  
in the chimney were beaten down, the  
principal rafters split, the battens next  
the chimney in the chamber were brok-  
en, one of the main posts of the house  
into which the summer was framed  
rent into shivers, and a great part of it  
was carried several rods from the  
house; the door before Phillips, where  
the fire came down, was broken."

The true reason of our departure is  
not wholly in search of health or pur-  
suit of happiness. We go in quest of  
the origin of the term "lobster." We  
shall first examine and cross-examine  
the inhabitants of Guttenberg, New  
Jersey, but we do not propose to go by  
way of New York, for Town Talk  
(published in San Francisco) assures  
us that "such words as 'hell' and  
'devilish' are said to be in the lexicon  
of every young society woman in the  
New York smart set, and not to use  
them frequently is an indication of lack  
of culture;" profanity is no part of our  
nature, and therefore New York is  
to us as a city of the Plains. We sym-  
pathize heartily with a besotted rev-  
eler who, in a beer-saloon of Atlantic  
Avenue, said last Saturday afternoon  
in a solemn voice: "Understand,  
don't go into no place where I can't  
take a lady. Am I right?" The bar-  
keeper grinned approval, and the skin-  
ny cat on the floor looked the discrim-  
inating orator straight in the face and  
laughed.

Nothing will daunt us in the ques-  
after the origin of the term "lobster."  
Jason and his voyage for the golden  
fleece sink into insignificance. "It may  
be that the gulfs will wash us down; I  
may be we shall touch the Happy  
Isles;" we may not return before we  
have helped in solving the Pekin mys-  
tery and determined whether the Em-  
press Dowager is really a more feroc-  
ous creature than Temba-Ndumba who  
pounded in a mortar her own male chil-  
"to make an invulnerable ointment  
who resolved to turn the world into a  
desert, and did her best; and finally  
waxing worse with years, took a love  
to her arms by night and dined off him  
next day."

During our absence, men and women  
of large reputation will contribute to  
this column: President Eliot, The Man  
with a Hoe, the author of "To Gilt and  
to Keep," the press agent of Jean de  
Reszke, Mr. E. Winslow, Mr. W. J.  
Bryan, and minor and major poets of  
the transcript.

We shall also investigate the case of  
Mr. Dingekirche, who "had his legs cut  
off" by a train run by the "Such Same  
River and Ditto R. R. Co." We shall  
endeavor to find out why Mr. Ding-  
ekirche did not like his legs, why he had



cut off, whether they were bandy  
arenthetical.

shall also try to locate exactly the  
of "Duranceville," whether the  
known to ordinary, prosaic geo-  
hy is Holyoke, Mass.; Lima, Ohio;  
la, N. Y., or Hackensack, N. J.

yet there are letters that should  
answered. One correspondent asks,  
y did the New York Sun of July  
publish news about Mr. Josiah  
y directly under an article headed  
berg, 500 feet high?" Another  
es to know the origin of the phrase  
ning emptins." We do not know.  
ptyings" or "Emptins" in this  
try is a synonym of "yeast;" but  
doubt whether this has anything to  
with the question. "Dialect notes"  
ton, 1894 says: "To run emptins"  
show signs of not holding out well,  
or instance a speech or an enter-  
of any kind. Probably from  
y of a beer-barrel." Farmer's  
ericanisms" says emptyings is "the  
of beer, elder, etc." We know to  
cost what runnin' emptins is.  
when at night so many are sleep-  
he sleep of the unjust and yet you  
with burning eyeballs and see in  
ark all manner of creeping, crawl-  
birds, animals and insects, when  
start with a shudder and KNOW  
the air is full of moving things,  
high time for you to be off, to  
of derringdo. What better for us  
to follow in the footsteps of our  
ed colleague the Heron-editor, al-  
th we too fall in discharge of duty,  
shall not flinch although fate may  
us to Buffalo, the home of Michael  
rski and the terms "Beegin," "Bee-  
im," "Geegin" and "Willie Gog."  
armed with consciousness of con-  
tion to duty, we are prepared to  
out the "Beegin" in his den, the  
y Gog" in his lair.

Aug 10, 1900  
Vacation

Boston, Aug. 10, 1900.  
the Editor of Talk of the Day:  
n the absence of the Earnest Stun-  
of Crustacea, and anxiously await-  
the results of his present research  
the domain of Popular Etymology,  
y I be permitted to suggest a purely  
riori hypothesis as to the probable  
gin of the terms "Googin," "Googin-  
m," and "Googinheimer?" Also of  
egin?"

Whatever may be the origin of the  
at three of these terms, it seems  
evident that all three must have  
common origin. My hypothesis is  
at the second, to wit, "Googinheim."  
mediates the others etymologically,  
ng plainly a quasi-phonetic Anglo-  
merican spelling of a German sur-  
ne: Gugenheim, or Guggenheim—it-  
a corruption of Gaugenheim, which  
dently came from the original  
uenheim (Country Home), just as  
ugengigl came from the original  
uen-Itzl. "Googin" is evidently a  
larial contraction of "Googinheim."  
ake "Googinheimer" (the added ter-  
mination having a patronymic value)  
have first been used to mean a mem-  
of the Gugenheim family, or "one  
the Googinheims"; which would ac-  
count for its later application to the  
men- and children of the family.  
"oginheim" itself probably drifted  
to the same meaning still later, by  
process known to etymologists as at-  
traction, after the contracted "Googin"  
al become the familiar form of the  
name.

The probable explanation of the pe-  
ative force of all three terms is that  
person who first used them took a  
ticular (to him and others well-  
own) Mr. Gugenheim as a generally  
gnized epitome of undesirable qual-  
ies, and used his name to designate  
human incarnation of objection-  
ness. As we call a sleeky, trach-  
ous person a "Judas," he called any  
pleasant individual a "Googinheim,"  
"Googin"; and, being a person of  
ne reputation for epigram in the  
mmunity, he was soon imitated by  
iers.

I take "Beegin" to be a mispro-  
nunciation of some common word, ha-  
ual with the original, and typical, Mr.  
genheim; some word like "begin,"  
"baking," or perhaps "begging"—as  
have "Sheeny" from the German  
ral "schoene" (an adjective much  
ed by certain members of society in  
king up wares, or describing plausi-  
business opportunities). This "Bee-  
g," being recognized characteristic  
Mr. Gugenheim, came in time to be  
ed as synonymous with his name,  
and so acquired the same signification  
"Googin."

I submit these hypothetical specula-  
tions for what they may be worth.  
Love me, etc.,

KNATCHBULL CZOHT.

John A. - Aug 13

The father has a right, as we know  
the law, to name his own children, and  
for that reason we gladly assist a  
valued correspondent to refute the  
views of Mr. Czoht. The following let-  
ter explains itself:

Clovelly, 14 August, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

My attention has been called to the  
letter of your correspondent, Knatch-  
bull Czoht, and his hypothetical specu-  
lations on the subject of the origin of  
the terms "beegin," "googin," "beegin-  
heim," etc.

I had supposed that I had made my  
meaning perfectly plain in my letter of  
some weeks ago. I said at that time  
that these words were inventions, pure  
and simple. Your correspondent evi-  
dently desires to trace some hidden  
meanings which had been invisible to  
the inventors of these words. He is  
entirely wrong. The words had no de-  
rivation, strictly speaking. They were  
simply manufactured to fill a want.  
They mean exactly what I said they  
meant. If I choose to make a word  
mean something other than Mr. Web-  
ster or Mr. Worcester or Mr. Fitchburg  
or Mr. Braintree or Mr. Quincy Adams  
says it means—that's my business, and  
I seriously object to any citizen rising  
and calling up long forgotten deriva-  
tions for my words of virginal inno-  
cence.

"Beegin." I take it, is a good word.  
It means "lobster." The word grew.  
It was not derived from "begin," nor  
from "baking," nor from "begging."  
It had no being till one day when we  
wanted to call a man a lobster by way  
of an adjective. To be sure we might  
have said that Robinson was very lob-  
ster, but that didn't seem to carry quite  
the meaning of extreme lobsteriness.  
"Beegin" did. After that we evolved  
the other words. There was a neces-  
sity for a feminine and a diminutive.  
These were made by "Geegin," and the  
suffix "heim." In this case the suffix  
does not refer to "the place where  
found," as one of your correspondents  
suggests. "Heim" is a diminutive end-  
ing. Maybe it isn't in its Teutonic and  
original sense, but in my vocabulary it  
is a diminutive. As one of those present  
at the making of these words I claim  
to know what they mean, and your  
correspondent is in error when he  
says we might have taken a particular  
Mr. Guggenheim as a type of undesir-  
ableness and then used his name to  
designate any other person of like char-  
acteristics. He is wrong. We never  
knew a Mr. Guggenheim, except a gen-  
tleman who mended umbrellas, and he  
was a particularly desirable person to  
know. He had the loveliest whiskers.

I fall to see, too, why "Gaugengigl"  
should be brought into the discussion  
as having anything whatever to do with  
the essential "Geegin."

If, for instance, I should refer to a  
picture as being particularly gaugen-  
gigl, I should mean that it was one  
of the most exquisite bits of workman-  
ship possible. I am not sure but the  
adjective "gaugengigl" is a good one  
to include in a too short list of words  
which are really descriptive. I choose  
to make "gaugengigl" mean dainty,  
perfect, accurate, colorful. Hereafter  
I shall use it in my criticisms. If I  
choose to say that Taberski Mhmus,  
he being the youngest, if I say that he  
bumbled, and thereby carry the impres-  
sion that the youngster tumbled and  
bumped himself, I am saying a vast  
amount of nervous energy as well as  
a lot of time, and carrying a far more  
vivid impression to my hearers than I  
might otherwise. It was Lewis Car-  
roll of blessed memory who invented  
the portmanteau word. When he said  
"wabe," he referred to a wide lawn  
which extended a long way before and  
a long way behind. By this simple  
word he carried a distinct idea. While  
"beegin" and its correlatives are not  
portmanteau words, still they convey  
a meaning which is unmistakable. To  
convey a like idea many phrases, or at  
least words, would be required. Sim-  
ilarly, a "guffoon" is a large man who  
goes to the theatre and laughs to beat  
the band. "Gloosome" is that mucil-  
uginous feeling that one gets on a  
hot day. The list is interminable, but  
unfortunately only a few of us know  
the words and can use them fluently.

When Emily, the hen, after setting  
three weeks on a bunch of door knobs,  
found that she had no chickens, she  
went crazy, flew up in a tree, crowed  
once, and died. All this is written in  
a story by Mr. Owen Wister.

"That's funny," said the Cowboy.  
"Well, it ain't so damned funny," re-  
plied the Virginian.

After all, it's all in the point of view,  
and if your correspondents like to find  
strange meanings for words, all right.  
But—they miss a lot of peacefulness of  
mind.

Very sincerely,  
MICHAEL TABERSKI.

Vacation over  
Sept 16, 1900

Mr. H. G. Tucker will give a series  
of concerts this season. At the first,  
Oct. 29, César Franck's "The Beati-  
tudes," will be performed for the first  
time in Boston. It is to be sung at  
the Worcester musical festival, and the  
Boston performance will be given by  
the same chorus, with Mr. George W.  
Chadwick as conductor.

At the second concert, Nov. 26, Bos-  
ton will welcome Mr. Emil Paur, formerly  
conductor of the Symphony Orchestra.  
Tschaiowsky's sixth symphony and  
some selections from Wagner will be  
on the program.

On Dec. 17 two choral works will  
form the program. The first is an  
entirely new work, "A Wanderer's  
Psalm," by Horatio W. Parker, who  
will conduct the performance. Mr.  
Parker was invited to write this work  
for the Hereford (England) Festival of  
this year.

The second part of the program will  
be Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise,"  
written in 1840 for the occasion of the  
fourth centennial celebration of the  
invention of the art of printing. Mr.  
Tucker will conduct.

Bach's Cantata, "O Light Everlast-  
ing," which was first given in Boston  
Dec. 9, 1898, at the Second Church, will  
be repeated at the fourth concert, on  
Feb. 4. Mr. Tucker will be conductor.  
Mr. Chadwick's Cantata, "The Lily  
Nymph," will be performed for the  
first time in Boston, and conducted  
by the composer.

The plan for the final concert, on  
March 11, is not yet fully completed,  
but one of the great oratorios will be  
given, and it will be as good a per-  
formance as can be obtained by a  
well-balanced chorus and orchestra, so-  
loists of high rank and thorough re-  
hearsals. It is promised that these con-  
ditions will govern all the concerts.

The Metropolitan English Grand Op-  
era Company, under the direction of  
Maurice Grau and Henry W. Savage,  
will make its first appearance in Bos-  
ton at the Boston Theatre on Monday,  
Jan. 28, 1901. The engagement is for  
two weeks, with matinees on Wednes-  
day and Saturday.

The program of the Worcester Festi-  
val, Sept. 25-29, will be as follows:

TUESDAY EVENING.  
Sullivan's "Golden Legend."  
Soprano, Elsie; Mme. Blauvelt; contralto,  
Ureula; Miss Stein; tenor, Prince Henry, Mr.  
Van York; basso, Lucifer, Mr. Miles.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.  
Overture, "Leonora, No. 2".....Beethoven  
Solo, Mr. E. C. Towne.  
Tone Poem, "Lancelot and Elaine".....  
MacDowell  
Symphony No. 6 in C-minor.....Glazounow

WEDNESDAY EVENING.  
Symphony in B-minor (Unfinished).....Schubert  
Aria "Non più Andrai" ("Figaro").....Mozart  
Mr. Campanari.

Aria, Mme. Schumann-Heink.  
PART II.

"German Requiem".....Brahms.  
Soloists: Miss Anderson, Mr. Campanari.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.  
Suite No. 1, in F-major.....Moszkowski  
Solo: Mr. Walker.

Symphony, "Scotch," in A-minor.....  
Mendelssohn  
"Scherzo Capriccioso".....Dvorak

THURSDAY EVENING.  
Cesar Franck, "Les Beattitudes."  
Soprano, Miss Anderson; mezzo-soprano,  
Miss Stein; contralto, Miss Jean Foss; tenor,  
Mr. Williams; tenor, Mr. E. C. Towne;  
basso, Mr. Miles; basso, Mr. Julian Walker.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.  
Tone Poem, "Les Preludes".....Liszt  
Piano Concerto, No. 1, in B-flat minor.....  
Tschaiowsky  
Miss Cottlow.

(a) Traueme .....  
(b) Schmerzen .....  
Wagner Songs

Overture, "Flying Dutchman" .....Wagner  
FRIDAY EVENING.

Overture, "Alacron".....Cherubini  
Aria, "Oberon".....Von Weber  
Mr. Williams.

Ballet Suite .....Rameau  
Mad Scene, "Hamlet".....Ambroise Thomas  
Mme. Blauvelt.

Sacred Hymn, "Gloria a te".....Buzzi Peccia  
(Composed especially for Mr. Campanari.)  
Mr. Campanari.

"Feuer-Zauber" ("Die Walkure").....Wagner  
Aria, "Gerechter Gott" ("Rienzi")  
Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Quartet, "Rigoletto".....Verdi  
Mme. Blauvelt, Mme. Schumann-Heink,  
Messrs. Williams and Campanari.

"Te Deum," double chorus, orchestra  
and organ .....Verdi

Schumann-Heink will give a song re-  
cital in Association Hall, Saturday af-  
ternoon, Oct. 13.

The Handel and Haydn Society pro-  
poses to dedicate the new Music Hall  
to oratorio with a performance of "El-  
jah," Sunday evening, Oct. 21. The so-  
lo singers will be Lillian Blauvelt,  
Theo. Van York, Ffrangcon-Davies.

I quote from the circular sent by Mr.  
Bradbury, the Secretary, to the chorists:  
"We also propose to give 'The Mes-  
siah,' Dec. 23 and Dec. 25; Verdi's  
"Requiem," Feb. 24.

"The work for Easter is not fully de-  
cided. If we can secure Mme. Semblich

and Edward Lloyd, with whom we are  
now in correspondence, we shall give  
"The Creation."

"The season will be one of unusual in-  
terest and brilliancy. The dedicatio

of the new Music Hall and the fact that  
a new hall for our rehearsals, built on  
modern plans, and with every conveni-  
ence for our work is to be ready for us,  
we expect, about Feb. 1, must interest  
every friend of the society and stimulate  
us to maintain a high standard of ex-  
cellence. The gratifying achievements  
of the chorus last year under our new  
and popular conductor assure us an-  
other enjoyable season and a largely  
increased number in the chorus."

From the same quarter where the ut-  
ter loss of Jean de Reszke's voice was  
discovered there comes now the news  
that his voice has been completely re-  
stored. One report deserves as much  
credence as the other. Both are the re-  
sult of hysterical ignorance, and it  
would be impossible for the persons  
who are deciding the fate of the fa-  
mous tenor's voice to tell whether it  
has undergone any change or not if  
he were to sing for their benefit. M.  
de Reszke has given his own views on  
the subject, and he presumably knows  
more about it than anybody else. He  
says that he made the mistake of sing-  
ing before he had fully recovered from  
an attack of influenza which he con-  
tracted on his way to London. He  
struggled for some time against that,  
and has been staying in the Pyrenees  
trying to recover his health. He be-  
lieves that his voice is in good condi-  
tion, and he ought to know. At all  
events, he has said that he will not re-  
turn here next winter unless he feels  
that his voice is equal to the strain of  
the work. And he may be relied upon  
to do as he says.—New York Sun.

The soloists engaged thus far for the  
concerts of the Pittsburg orchestra are  
Lillian Blauvelt, Schumann-Heink,  
Clara Butt, Plancon, Scott, Julian  
Walker, singers; Maud Powell, Fritz  
Kreisler, Luigi von Kunits, violinists;  
Hugo Becker and Henri Merck, cellists;  
Carreno, Fanny Zeisler, Dobnányi,  
Whiting, pianists.

There is talk of getting up a grand  
spectacular performance of "Carmen"  
in the bull ring at Bayonne toward the  
end of next month, band and chorus  
being multitudinous, but the superla-  
tive attraction will be a real bull fight  
in the fourth act, with Mazzantini, the  
well-known torador, in the rôle of  
chief butcher. Poor Bizet! How he will  
groan in the Elysian Fields on learning  
that his work has been prostituted in  
such a way! A more humane, kind-  
hearted man never breathed.—The Era.  
Gaston Salvayre, composer of "Le  
Bravo and La Dame de Monsoreau,"  
has just completed the score of a four-  
act lyrical drama, entitled "Salah-Ed-  
Din" (Saladin), which, in due course,  
will be produced at the Paris Opéra.  
The libretto, by Henri Bocage and Paul  
Ferrier, is founded on some of the more  
important events of the second crusade,  
including the recapture of Jerusalem by  
the Mohammedans. A ballet, in which  
dancing and shouting dervishes appear,  
will form a highly original feature of  
the work.

Leonora Van Stosch-Howland played  
Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso at a  
promenade concert, London, Aug. 25.  
"Her execution is neat and true, and  
there is the 'milk of human kindness'  
in her playing, which invests it with  
charm," said the critic of the Referee.  
But Mr. Blackburn of the Pall Mall Ga-  
zette sniffed, and at this late day!—at  
the piece itself: "The work, of course,  
does not lend itself easily to emotion;  
it is catchy, showy, flashy, what you  
will of that particular sort of composi-  
tion; but it served."

It is said that an original poem by  
Owen Wister will be read at the open-  
ing of the new Music Hall Oct. 20, and  
that Mr. H. L. Higginson will make an  
address.

Philip Hale.

Sept 17, 1902

We'll walk the woods no more,  
But stay beside the fire,  
To weep for old desire  
And things that are no more.

The woods are spoiled and hoar,  
The ways are full of mire;  
We'll walk the woods no more,  
But stay beside the fire.

We loved in days of yore  
Love, laughter, and the lyre.  
Ah, God, but death is dire,  
And death is at the door—  
We'll walk the woods no more.

Six weeks have gone by, rude and  
gentle readers, since we had the  
pleasure of addressing you on vital  
subjects, subjects of paramount in-  
terest, such as were discussed by the  
walrus and the carpenter on a fine  
and memorable night. Six long weeks—  
to use a curious rhetorical flourish—  
as though one week is longer than  
another. They were not weeks spent  
in idleness or sin. In company with



som-fatigued not  
is needless to say that  
to the Earnest Student of  
and that master of stipling,  
Historical Painter, we went in  
of the slang-word lobster, re-  
solved to trace it to its lair. The voy-  
age after the golden fleece, the hunting  
of the mark, the adventures of the  
38, 36, 54, 32, Perry-Niners, the quest of  
the golden girl, the pursuit of the well-  
loved, the faint of Nansen, the  
privations known by Mongo Park, the  
journey by the disguised Burton to  
the Holy City—these and all records  
of adventure in comparison are as  
naught. There was but one thought.  
As Isbrandt asks in Beddoes's dismal  
tragedy, "What is the lobster's tune  
when he is boiling?"

We had intended to make our first  
observations at Pride's Crossing, but  
a confidential letter from Uncle Amos  
advised us that the lobster could be  
studied to better advantage elsewhere.  
"Pride's Crossing," wrote the good old  
man, "is merely a case of proud flesh."  
We, therefore, went to Buffalo, N. Y.,  
the home of Mr. Michael Taberski,  
the celebrated beeginologist. We found him  
at the newspaper office which he occa-  
sionally honors with his presence. Mr.  
Taberski is a tall, thin person, with  
a porcelain forehead, a watery mouth,  
and a distinctly autumnal smile. He  
wears congress gaiters and prefers  
plug tobacco to fine-cut. He was  
affable and showed us specimens of  
beegins in a state of admirable preser-  
vation; for he introduced us to his pub-  
lisher and put us up at the club. Mr.  
Taberski declined to discuss the essay  
on Beegins by one Knatehbul  
Czoh, because, as he said, the au-  
thor signs an assumed name. "The  
Beegin chapter is closed," said Mr.  
Taberski; "at present I am engaged on  
an inquiry into the names and char-  
acters of the Buffalo girls who were  
once strenuously urged by a poet to  
come out and dance by the light of  
the moon. I am fully persuaded that  
they belonged to our best families." He  
presented us with a copy of his pam-  
phlet on "Beegins" bound up with "A  
Treatise on Mascottes."

At certain mountain resorts we found  
lobsters playing consciously at golf.  
This reminds us that on our return  
we received the following poem in-  
closed in an envelope stamped "Per-  
kins's Mills."

Thank goodness! that the summer folks are  
gone,  
And the breezes that are wafted up the  
lawn  
Are not laden with the yawp of witless  
sillies,  
Nor the senseless giggle gabble of the sil-  
lies;  
Thank goodness! that the summer folks are  
gone,  
Thank goodness! that the summer folks  
have quit  
Before we rich and all have had a fit.  
There's now a sweet relief for him or her  
who seeks  
From little lattle gossip and nasty little  
clipped;  
Thank goodness! that the summer folks  
have quit.

D. B. T.

There did we escape shipwreck,  
and once we were lowered from  
a fourth story at night in a basket.  
We drank out of typhoid fever buck-  
ets. Stage coaches were overturned.  
In one instance politeness compelled  
us to drink warm beer. And the ad-  
ventures at Guttenberg, N. J.! The  
Historical Painter started Sept. 14 for  
Richmond, Va., to make sketches of  
the scene when a colored brother at  
the national Baptist Convention made  
an unsuccessful effort to drown the  
voice of Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett  
by raising the hymn "Throw out the  
Life Line."

We take pleasure in stating that Miss  
Eustacia has at last rewarded the pa-  
tient adoration of the Earnest Student  
of Sociology. They are betrothed. Old  
Chimes, who confided to us this fact,  
added in an indisputably alcoholic out-  
burst, "He's all right, and we can get  
along together most comfortably. Miss  
Eustacia, who is romantic, wished to  
live with him in his rooms in Bloss-  
som Court; but I insisted that he should  
come to us. I shall be much more com-  
fortable and, and as he is already ac-  
customed to my ways, there will be  
no foolish disputes over what we shall  
eat and drink."

But do you ask about the origin of  
the lang word "lobster"?

The result of our labors will appear  
in a superbly printed volume next  
spring, and we do not propose now to  
discount the sale. The book will be  
modeled after "Oysters and all about  
Them," the immortal work in 1370 pages  
by John R. Philpotts, Eng., L. R. C. P.  
and S. Edin., J. P., etc. The title of  
the opening chapters are "Zoological

Remarks," "Ancient History of the  
Lobster," "Modern History of the Lob-  
ster," "What is a Lobster?" "The  
Structure of the Lobster," "The House  
that the Lobster Built," "Birth, Growth  
and Reproduction of Lobsters." Other  
chapters will be "The Lobster at  
Home," "The Lobster Abroad," "Can  
a Lobster Disguise Himself?" "The  
Lobster as a Citizen," etc. The book  
will be profusely illustrated with views  
of Guttenberg, Boston, New York and  
other favorite haunts of lobsters, with  
portraits of leading lobsters on the  
stage, at the bar, in society, and in  
private life; with sketches of the lob-  
ster in various costumes (pyjamas in-  
cluded), etc., etc. This book, which will  
be the last cry in typographical art,  
will be sold at \$10 and only by sub-  
scription. Canvassers are now taking  
out accident policies.

Sept 18 1900

As for the case of those "social aspirants"  
who, in default of other distinction, place an  
exaggerated value upon a hyphen, there is  
little to be said. Unless they have executed a  
deed-poll or obtained licenses, the "Brown-  
Joneses" and "Smith-Robinsons" of the  
suburbs are living under aliases, and may  
be correctly addressed as "Brown, alias  
Brown-Jones" by any sufficiently enraged or  
discourteous objector to their parade of fool-  
ish vanity. Their case appears to be on  
all-fours with that of persons who have  
altered their surnames by the employment  
of anagram. Thus the founder of Almack's  
was really named McCall, and altered his  
name by means of an anagram.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep  
head downwards.

Mr. Doogue should procure at once  
for the Public Garden at least two  
specimens, male and female, of the  
Cunning Bassaris (Bassarid astuta).  
"Its eyes, like those of all purely noc-  
turnal creatures, are large and round,"  
nor does it take belladonna to gain this  
brilliance. There cannot be too many  
nocturnal creatures in a city that goes  
to bed before 11.30 P. M.

We hear that only thin soups will  
be served this season at the tables of  
"our best people." The moustache-  
spoon is no longer in favor, and as  
many men insist on wearing a mous-  
tache, to hide the weakness of the  
mouth or in foolish obedience to the  
caprice of some woman, thick soups,  
which are inclined to hang on a hairy  
upper-lip, like dew on a shrub, will not  
be tolerated.

Who is the greater bore—the con-  
firmed golfer, or the man with a new  
yacht? A writer in Blackwood affirms  
that the nature of golf seems peculiarly  
favorable to the display of Scots wit,  
and he gives two ghastly instances.

"Man, major," said an old caddie to  
the gentleman who had been using  
strong language freely, "if you had  
kept your tongue aff the ba' an' your  
een on't, you wad play better."

The second instance is still worse.  
"Was it not another of these porters  
of the links who, after his employer  
had played nine holes of missed shots  
and putts, surrendered the clubs to an-  
other caddie with the remark, 'Ye'll no  
mind, laird? I made but a pair break-  
fast this mornin', an' I'm no in a con-  
dection to stand ony mair o't.'"

September is a month accustomed to  
strange sights and dire calamities. Thus  
in September, 1682, a man at the Isle  
of Providence, belonging to a vessel,  
whereof one Wollery was master, was  
charged with some deceit. In an at-  
tempt to vindicate himself, he wished  
aloud and horribly "that the devil  
might put out his eyes if he had done  
as was suspected concerning him." That  
very night a rhume fell into his  
eyes, so that within a few days he  
became stark-blind. "His company be-  
ing astonished at the Divine hand  
which thus conspicuously and signally  
appeared, put him ashore at Providence  
and left him there." Our in-  
formant adds: "A phystian being de-  
sired to undertake his cure, hearing  
how he came to lose his sight, refused  
to meddle with him. This account I  
lately received from credible persons,  
who knew and have often seen the man  
whom the devil (according to his own  
wicked wish) made blind, through the  
dreadful and righteous judgment of  
God." Thus he.

Why this pother and shrieking about  
Pierre Louys's novel "Aphrodite" at  
this late day? Newspapers of New  
York tell us that the Secretary of the  
Treasury is expected to read the book—  
and this is not a dull task—and then  
decide whether under the law the work  
should have entry through the Custom  
House. The Sun of September 16th  
added: "The first lot reached this  
country about three months ago, and  
were copies of a German edition. Then  
came a quantity of the French edi-  
tion, and within the past few days 30  
copies of the work in English."

But "Aphrodite" was imported gaily  
as far back as 1896, and the copy now  
before us, dated that year, is of the  
101st edition. Long ago it was dis-

cussed freely. Why this sudden out-  
break of outraged morality?

While the Secretary of the Treasury  
is about it he should read for his pleas-  
ure other works by the ingenious and  
ingenious Louys: "La Femme et le  
Patin," "Les Chansons de Billitis," and  
"Mimes des Courtisanes" (which is a  
literal translation of certain delightful  
dialogues by Lucian). The Secretary  
will thank us for calling his attention  
to these books, which will divert his  
mind after the heavy burden of the  
day; nor will he be so hard-hearted as  
to deny others similar enjoyment.

"Aphrodite" immoral? Does it not  
end decorously with a death scene and  
an entombment?

Anglomaniacs should secure without  
delay a copy of "Where We Get Our  
Best Men," by A. H. H. M. (London,  
Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). An earnest  
statistician—did you ever reflect on the  
horrors of domesticity in the house of  
a statistician?—has investigated the  
sources from which persons eminent  
during the reign of Queen Victoria de-  
scended. He has made a list of 3063  
"eminent men," of whom 100 are "pre-  
eminent." He incidentally remarks  
that "the few eminent men who devel-  
oped alcoholic habits were Scotch,"  
which, as a London reviewer remarks,  
"reads like another injustice to Ire-  
land."

This same reviewer closes an amus-  
ing article, although A. H. H. M. will  
surely fail to find it funny, with this  
practical advice: "In selecting, there-  
fore, a calling in which to rise to emi-  
nence, a young man had better re-  
member that according to A. H. H. M.  
early deaths are most common among  
men of letters, particularly poets,  
which latter, he also remarks, are  
liable to insanity, and also among ar-  
tists, administrators of tropical regions,  
explorers and war correspondents. With  
regard to birth, he had better also re-  
member that, though it is good to be  
a clergyman's son, it is distinctly bet-  
ter to be one of a family of 'aristocrats,  
officials, etc.,' and that if it is too late  
to rectify the error of not having been  
so born, it may not be too late to cul-  
tivate 'aristocratic officials, etc.,' as  
friends and acquaintances. The statis-  
tics of the fathers-in-law of eminent  
men are not given."

A medical journal tells of a new ter-  
ror of courtship. "A young woman for  
some days had been suffering from a  
supposed attack of pleurisy. When a  
doctor was called in he found that one  
of her ribs was fractured. After much  
questioning, the girl admitted that her  
betrothed had inflicted the injury while  
giving her the usual tender embrace be-  
fore parting on his last visit." This  
brings to mind the story of Sarah Bern-  
hardt and the grizzly bear.

#### A SONG OF HAPPINESS.

The days pass and the nights, and the wind  
blows:

I have planted a tree of Happiness, and the  
tree grows.

The light comes and the dark, and the rain  
falls:

I have planted my tree of Happiness within  
high walls.

The North wakes and the South, and the  
spring's here:

I watch by my tree of Happiness and let  
none near.

The flowers spring and the grass, the hay is  
mown:

About my tree of Happiness a vine is grown.

The year dies and the leaves, and winter  
nears:

I have watered my tree of Happiness with  
falling tears.

The clouds lift and the mists, and a bird  
sings:

But about my tree of Happiness close Sor-  
row clings.

We have received the following let-  
ter. As far as we are able to judge, it  
is a passionate cry straight from the  
kailyard. We referred the letter to our  
friend, Mr. Sandie Macleod, who claims  
to be in direct descent from the in-  
ventor of Kellbaggie whisky (see Burns's  
"Jolly Beggars" for a eulogy of this  
brand). Mr. Macleod assures us that  
the communication is written in "pure  
Scotch Doric":

Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 17, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

In yer offish ye keep a confunt  
lobster. I hinna been readin yer paper  
vera lang bit as I fin out the day its  
mair nor sax weeks. Weel a wis jist  
comin tae like it, fin that chap wha  
signs himsel D. B. T. (maybe he means  
debt) began tae tell us he wis gaun  
awa tae fin out the oreegin o the name  
Lobster. Ever sin a cam tae the coun-  
try a 've hard the name stuck on tae  
folk and cu'd never ken the rizin fou,  
so seein I wis begun tae get the Jour-  
nal thinks I this lang heeded chap's

gaun tae fin out and tell's. Weel, wha  
heres sax (as he says lang) wee  
gaen by and noo he comes back a  
gles us a lang story about Lobst  
he'd seen playin goul and siclike a  
something about BEEGINS, fat ti  
are a kenna and kenna, bit tae pit  
fair tae ye, are we ony nearer the  
lution o the oreegin o the word Lobst  
It's a perfect shame o im tae ga  
awa for information that thoosans w  
witin for and syne come back wi  
fine story, an aff pitten wye he's go

I'd a guld mind nae tae buy anith  
single sheet o yer paperie bit and  
yer awgents invleiged me into su-  
scribin for an atlas o some kin, sae  
jist wirk awa, bit am depennin on  
to tell maister D. B. T. that am av  
dissapintt wi him, an at a canna p-  
sibly wite tae spring tae ken about  
Lobster and mair nor that, a canna,  
ony means, spen 10 Dollars for his  
beukie fin it cums out, gin ever  
daes, nae mair enoo bit jist look aef  
him in the futer. Yours in a Rage,  
NORMAN

The lobster-beegin correspondence  
herewith positively closed. We re-  
any one who wishes to refresh him-  
at the fount of knowledge to a let-  
signed "Gil" and published in this c-  
umn, July 24.

Mr. W. L. Alden and Mr. Le Gallier  
are still busy putting ancient and m-  
ern authors in their proper positio  
reversing long-established judgm-  
propheying jauntily, as one leaps h-  
the air and cracks heels together thr-  
Mr. Alden asks: "Who among cu-  
vated people would waste time to-  
in reading 'A Woman in White'  
'Armada'?" And only the other d-  
Mr. Le Gallienne, sniffing at W.  
Henley, reminded us of a tom-  
watching from a pump handle  
swoop of a falcon. And, by the w-  
Mr. Alden, the title of Wilkie Collin-  
famous novel is "The Woman  
White."

Nearly every day the newspapers  
mind us of the existence of the moph-  
animal known among men as "a pr-  
tical joker." Thus we read Monday  
one who finds delight at Fort Hamil-  
in fooling undertakers by telephon-  
or writing them that at certain hou-  
bodies are ready for burial. There ha-  
no doubt always been practical joke  
from the days of the unfillal Ham.  
appears that Tamagno, as Nero a-  
Bolito's opera, will make up after a  
celebrated bust of the Emperor. Now, N-  
was pre-eminently a practical jok-  
and not only in his choice of liv-  
torehes and in his incongruous solo p-  
formance while Rome was a-burnin-  
for when he was a lad "he woi  
catch up a cap on his head, and so c-  
guised, goe into taverns and victu-  
ling houses; walke the streetes play-  
and sporting all the way, but yet  
without shrewd turnes and doolng n-  
chiefe; for he used to fall upon the  
that came late from supper and knoe-  
them soundly; yea, and (if they s rugl  
with him and made resistance), b-  
wound and drowne them in the sin-  
and towne ditches." Then there va  
that tiresome man, Theodore Ho-  
and there was a Mr. Bower, an ir-  
sistible humorist, who once on a bo-  
vard in Paris pinched a strange lad's  
leg and ran an old gentleman "ale-  
the street for a considerable dista-  
by the breech of the trousers and e-  
scruff of the neck." French and E-  
lish memoirs of the last two centus  
abound in stories of such light-heart-  
gallant fellows.

The Duke of Sutherland has accep-  
ed the Presidency of the Scottish S-  
Control Society. Members of the  
ociety agree (1) not to drnk int-  
cants before noon or except at ir-  
regular meals; (2) not to "treat;" (3)  
not to give alcoholic drink in ret-  
for services rendered.

O. K. asks us the origin of the t-  
"hunkidori." We do not know. I o-  
is a bilious note in Farmer's "Air-  
canisms." "Hunkye, hunkidori—h-  
these strange words stand in 'a  
Great American Language' for 'su-  
relatively good."

Any one of broad reading will p-  
member the use of the word "hun-  
(without an "e") by Artemus W d  
at the Shaker service. "Elder Ur-  
in particler, exhiberted a right sn-  
chance of spryness in his legs  
siderin his time of life, and as he m-  
a dubble shuffle near where I so  
rewarded him with a aprovin s-  
and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my  
and festlv cuss!"

The father of a young woman  
got into trouble through wand-  
about the streets of London in  
dress said only this: "Sec what co-  
of reading the novels of Mrs. S-  
Grand."



Sept 20. 1900  
The Cad, vomited forth from every city and town in hundreds, thousands, millions, with every holy day and holy-day. The chief reation of modern life is the Cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture, and it may safely be said that the poorest slave in Hellas, the meanest fellow in Egypt, the umblest pariah in Asia, was a gentleman beside him. . . . The helot of Greece, the gladiator of Rome, the swashbuckler of feudal Europe—nay, the mere pimp and under of Elizabethan England, of the France of the Valois, of the Spain of Velasquez—were dignity, purity, courage in person beside the Cad of this breaking dawn of the twentieth century; the Cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he kicks down the feeble woman or the yearling child, and making life and death and eternity seem ridiculous by the mere existence of his own intolerable fatuity and stiality.

However this may be, the crank, pecially the species known as the elligious crank," has been familiar to e people of many centuries. Only e other day in Fleet Street, London, respectably-dressed man drew the atention of passers-by to the head-line a newspaper which read: "Plague London." He then took chalk from s pocket and wrote on a boarding: London is doomed. God is angry with sinners. Repent, or beware the plague." And thus he went about, iting and speaking his awful statements and prophecies, until he stood outside St. Paul's, to which he pointed, and he thus addressed the crowd that followed him: "It is doomed! The plague is returning, and the building will be again destroyed. God's anger is with us."

Now turn to Daniel Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," the dreadful year 1665. "Nay, Some were so Enthusiastically bold as to run about the Streets with their Oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the City; and One in particular, who, like Jonah Nenevah, cry'd in the Streets, 'Yet Forty Days, and London shall be destroyed.' I will not be positive, whether he said forty Days, or yet a few Days. Another run about Naked, except a pair of Drawers about his Waist, crying Day and Night; like a man that Joseph mentions, who cry'd woe to Jerusalem! a little before the Destruction of that City: So this poor naked Creature cry'd, 'O! the Great, and the Dreadful God!' and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a Voice and Countenance full of horror; but he could not stop, or rest, or take any Sustenance, at least, that ever I could hear of. I met this poor Creature several Times in the Streets, and would he spoke to him, but he would not enter into Speech with me, or any one else; but held on his dismal Cries continually."

He talk at the Porphyry was about station, the proper length of one, the e to take it, the place to spend it. Several said that their respective vacations had been tiresome and in vain. Ralph Utterly, a comparatively new member, at last lifted up his voice and said: "Perhaps I am selfish, but certain mountain and seaside resorts that I once visited with my family are now intolerable to me, because they are popular, I was reading yesterday a book of essays by Dida, and I was so much struck by his sentence that I copied it. Let me read it to you: 'Zermatt, so late as 1810 in the strongholds of the Higher Alps, is now a mere cockney excursion, and 1000 trippers invade its solitude with every summer, piodding like camels in the desert, vexing the air with inane questions, offending the mountain stillness with songs to which the bray of mules and music, insulng the crystal clearness of the heavens with the intrusion of their own ludicrous, bintant, and effecile personalities, incapable even of being silent and ashamed.' Now, as made miserable at a mountain resort this summer by eminently respectable persons, who were continually drawing my attention to this or that view; one would chatter at sunset, saying, 'I never tire of the lights on the mountains; don't you prefer the mountains to the sea?' Another would point out the resemblance between clouds and animals, and grow angry when I failed to see a porcupine or an old woman or a hippopotamus kneeling in the sky. Another would wonder why the trees defied the lightning. Chatter, chatter all the time. I was reminded of a story about DeQuincey, to whom a miserable person said while a railway train passed, 'Folks would have roared at that when we was boys.' He can I go out," asked the opium-eater, "when I run the risk of meeting some one who may say that kind of thing to me at any minute?" Then there is the kindly body who is worried about his health. If you take cold, have a headache or suffer from colic, then she prescribes nux vomica and a from an inexhaustible bottle. She

is so kindly disposed that you cannot hurt her feelings; but if you utter profuse thanks and say that your physician has warned you especially against her favorite drug, you know at once that she has her suspicions and will conduct personally an investigation about you and your conduct when she returns to Boston. Nor can she understand why an old family prescription recommended to her years ago by her family physician and put up by a highly respectable apothecary should not at once appeal to you."

Poor Cissy Loftus! She lately gave recitations before a London audience. One of her selections was Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking speech, which she, dressed in a bell-shaped white skirt with crimson underwear, and with a red rose in her loose hair, delivered with thrilling emphasis. The audience, however, regarded her utterance of "Out damned spot!" as wildly humorous and laughed incongruously, as did a "distinctively Boston audience" in Music Hall when Yvette Guilbert declaimed that tragic poem, "La Soularde."

Sept 21. 1900  
SEPTEMBER.

I am of many moods and many shapes,  
I strip the chestnut and I tread the grapes.  
The pulse of life runs high within my veins,  
My hands and lips are red with berry stains.  
I bid the leaves from all their dances cease  
And die a golden death. And I release  
The spell of summer, so that all remember  
Winter and death at beck of me, September.

Dr. Johnson in his bow-wow fashion defined a punster as "a low wit, who endeavors at reputation by double meaning," and in spite of the eulogy pronounced on the pun by the runaway lover of Fantine and in spite of Mr. Henley's essay on Thomas Hood, we are inclined to say ditto to the bulky lexicographer. Certain puns by Hood and Lamb are incredibly brilliant, and the Japanese have punning words of rare beauty in their poetry; but these do not offset the atrocities perpetrated daily by the poor victims of verbal insanity.

Yet we heard yesterday a pun that is not wholly despicable. A physician who is actively interested in cremation as it is practised at the Forest Hills Cemetery was riding his hobby-horse at the Porphyry. To him a member said: "Yes, doctor, your colleagues earn their living, but you urn your dead."

Old Chimes was told by an eminent specialist that the percentage of twins born in Boston and the immediate neighborhood during the year which ended Sept. 1 was much greater than that of any year before. He answered: "This, I suppose, is another proof of the popularity of President McKinley's expansion policy."

The old gentleman—"old" is hardly the word—was interested in the story of the doings at Portsmouth, N. H. "But what is this talk about 'closing the chasm?' I thought the 'chasm' between the North and the South was closed long ago; but it seems as though there are some who take delight in opening it again, just as some pick at a healed wound. This talk reminds me of an experience I had in Florence—Italy, not Massachusetts. I was awaiting there the arrival of an old friend, a chum of my youth, whom I had not seen for many years. Walking the Lung' Arno with a charming woman—I wonder what has become of her? No doubt I should be sadly disappointed if I tried to put life into clinkers, for she must now be fifty—or even fifty-five—I mentioned my joy at the coming of my friend. She said, 'You will not have much to talk about, for, no doubt, you have had a violent correspondence all these years.' 'No,' said I; 'our friendship is not of the kind that needs continual putting up.'"

They were talking at a seaside inn of the "shameful attack" made on Mr. Richard Harding Davis by a perfidious English aristocrat. "I don't care what they say about Mr. Davis," remarked a young woman from New York; "his wedding was a beautiful one. I was there at Marlon. And do you know, there was such a collation that there were 12 palls of swill. Everybody was talking about it."

We have received the following per-fervid letter:

Boston, Sept. 19.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:  
Please tell us what unmitigated fool for school house first wrote school. A newspaper last Thursday said "The Hemenway school was unroofed Wednesday."

Because the word church signifies a building and also a body of communicants, it does not follow that a state house is a state, a dog house a dog, nor a school house a school.

The same newspaper added, "the damage to the structure will not pre-

vent the school from being held as usual." Why not write, "The damage to the school will not prevent the structure from being held as usual."

In another column, I read, "Superintendent Cogswell reports some 1100 scholars in the Cambridge High School." Now if school and school house are synonymous words, some foreigner learning our language might ask if these 1100 scholars were all in high buildings and if a grammar school was a low-posted building.

Are there not incongruities enough in our language already without multiplying them? Real improvements are in order every time, but mere innovations without some excuse are a nuisance.

Several years ago some fool undertook to write Holmes "Holl" for Holmes "Hole." The United States Government sat down on that folly, and now the United Newspaper Press should sit down on this school house fad and stop calling a school building a school.

X. X. X.

But why is X. X. X. so hot? Dr. Johnson defines "school" as "a house of discipline and instruction," and with this meaning makes "school" and "school-house" synonymous. Ash (1795) defines "school-house" as a "school." Bailey (2d ed., 1756) defines "school" as "a place where any language, art or science is taught;" he ignores the word "school-house." Whittier, in his poem in praise of Massachusetts, makes "school" stand near the church, and thus the State does not fear the "big-ct's blinded rule."

The London newspapers have been publishing letters on the subject of holidays for women. "A Husband and Father," in a letter to the Daily Mail, does not see how it is possible for a wife to have absolute rest unless the husband is immensely rich. There are discordant voices. "Women require holidays more than men. They are weaker and should have rest. (But has not a gifted young lady in the Far West, where the sun goes down, proved conclusively, within a week, by all sorts of experiments, that woman is the stronger vessel?) An American chirps, "Most men do not know the terrors of a wife's life." An Englishman sneers in reply, "In America they do, it seems. There every wife is a Queen and has perpetual holidays on her throne." One correspondent suggests keeping the husband at home to look after the children while the wife goes away, but this correspondent is a humorist, masquerading as The Friend of Woman.

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's symphonic poem, "La Mort de Tintaglle," which was first performed at a Symphony Concert in this city, Jan. 8, 1898, will be played in Brussels this season at one of the Ysaye symphony concerts. These concerts—this is the sixth season—are among the very first in Europe in excellence of program and merit of performance. Ysaye, we hear, will also add Mr. Loeffler's Divertimento for violin and orchestra to his repertory.

Sept 22. 1900  
Good resolutions are simply a useless attempt to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely nil. They give us, now and then, some of those luxurious sterile emotions that have a certain charm for us. That is all that can be said for them.

We were honored yesterday by the apparition of the peerless Miss Eustacia, who, faultlessly attired, entered the office with rustling, madding skirts. Never before during our acquaintance had she shown such an inclination toward anger. "My quarrel is not with you so much as it is with my uncle, Edward Chimes. You know, however, that the poor old man is at times given to strong waters, and I am surprised that you repeated to the public any statement made by him about my private affairs. I am fond of the Earnest Student of Sociology; I like him better than any man I have ever seen." We assumed a romantic position and cast languishing eyes toward her. "Don't be absurd; you are not a bad fellow—I might as well be frank—you are no longer young, you have lost your figure, and I do not always find you sympathetic. But I am not betrothed to the Earnest Student—although I am not ashamed to tell you that I may be some day. When we are married—I mean, if we ever marry—I should infinitely prefer to live alone with him in Blossom Court than to have Uncle Chimes with us in Beacon Street. He is my uncle, and I know his good points, but his influence would not be beneficial to my husband." She blushed, and the office boy, whose parents came from the fair land of Poland, was lost in admiration; in fact, he dropped a bottle of mullage which he was carrying to the tariff editor.

"I know," continued Miss Eustacia, "that Uncle Chimes has had much to try him this summer. We were at a

sea-side cottage for a fortnight, and he did not enjoy a new game called piazza-golf. It is a simple game. There is an old gentleman in a rocking-chair at one end of the piazza. He tries to read a newspaper. At the other end is a small boy with a driver and a ball. The game is for the boy to drive the ball over the old gentleman's head without hitting the piazza-roof. Uncle grew nervous, and I am afraid that he resorted to stimulants. I suppose I should not be vexed with him; but you will deny the report of my betrothal?" She sat a moment in the only comfortable office chair. She smiled, put on her hand, asked us to call next month, when she would be at home for the winter, and then the room was again desolate.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!  
I look'd and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;  
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

With closed street cars comes the old, familiar menagerie smell. And this smell, symptom of filth and danger to health, will continue as long as receptive, absorbent plush-cushions are used.

O, this fatal month of September! One Francis Taverner in September, 1662, rode late at night from Hilbrough in Ireland. There appeared to him one in the likeness of James Haddock, formerly an inhabitant in Malone, where he died five years before. Taverner asked him who he was; the spectre replied: "I am James Haddock; you may call me to mind by this token, that about five years ago I and two other friends were at your father's house, and you by your father's appointment brought us some nuts, therefore be not afraid;" and the spectre told him if he would ride along with him he would acquaint him with a business he had to deliver to him. Which Taverner refused to do. Upon his going from the spectre he heard hideous screeches and noises; to his great amazement. The spectre appeared again unto him in divers formidable shapes, threatening to tear him in pieces if he did not do as he was required. This made him leave his house where he dwelt in the mountains and remove to the town of Belfast, where the spectre appeared to him again in the house of one Pierce, severely threatening of him. Taverner acquainted some of his friends with his perplexity. They took advice from Dr. Downs, then minister in Belfast, and other godly and devout

men—as Dr. Jeremie Taylor and Thomas Alcock. They framed questions for him to propound to the spectre, who came over a wall when Taverner lodged at my Lord Conway's. The spectre gave no answer to the questions; only seemed to crawl on his hands and feet over the wall again, and vanished with a melodious harmony. Thus concerning this.

"Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class." If they were not intellectual they would not be such close students of modern drama.

Yvette Guilbert, or Mrs. Schiller, as she is now, is sadly disconcerted because she is growing stout. A fat Yvette would be as impossible on the stage as a short and squat Clara Butt or a thin Wagnerian prima-donna. Yet why should Yvette care? She has cancelled outstanding contracts and in certain cases paid damages. "I am tired of amusing other people," she says; "I am now going to amuse myself." A Paris correspondent speaks of the strong feeling of sympathy between Yvette and Zola. "Zola's early days were pitiless in their hardness, and so were those of Yvette. One day at a dinner given by the author at the Ile de Jatte, Yvette was invited to sing. She went; but when Zola told the hard story of his early struggles, Yvette listened for a few minutes and then burst into tears, for he was only telling her own story of sadness and disappointment. It seems that authors have offered to write pieces round her, that revue compilers have offered the central rôle, but Yvette only shrugs her shoulders, and will sing from time to time for her own amusement, and for the sake of charity."

The following instance of a well-merited reward for perseverance is told by the Liverpool Mercury of a commercial traveler who was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fête day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor, and, ascertaining that he was attending the fête, about a mile out of the town, set out after him. When he arrived there a balloon was on the point of



ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other acrobats. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of: "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

The Referee (London) speaks thus kindly of the Honorable John Lawrence Sullivan: "J. L. Sullivan was not 'all lavender' while he was here, but that very remarkable man had certain points which made those who saw enough of him to read his character try to forget the bad for the sake of the good. Please understand that I do not use the expression in chaff in saying that there was nothing mean about John L. the Great. He had a very high and mighty opinion of Sullivan, which was perhaps too lofty to suit the rest of the people who did not happen to be Mr. J. L. S. Besides taking a wide view of himself and his prowess—mark you, in his day he was far and away the best man at his particular game—he was quite above the pettiness which later celebrities show. When at Amiens his party were wrangling over two penny-halfpenny points with Mitchell's representative, objecting to every proposal made, in the hope of getting the match decided, Sullivan had one say; that was all, and sufficient: 'Tell Mitchell to find the place and I will come when and where he tells me.'"

THE program of the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, Sept. 25-29, is one of more than ordinary interest and worth. The production of César Franck's "The Beatitudes" next Thursday evening would distinguish this festival even if the other choral works were of no greater value than Sullivan's "Golden Legend," which will be sung at the opening concert Tuesday evening; but Brahms's "German Requiem" will be sung Wednesday evening, with Miss Sara Anderson and Mr. Campanari as the soloists, and Verdi's "Te Deum" will close the festival. The solo singers are Lillian Blauvelt, Sara Anderson, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Gertrude Stein, Jean Foss, Evan Williams, Mr. Van Yox, E. C. Towne, Mr. Miles, Mr. Walker. Miss Augusta Cottlow will play Tchaikovsky's piano concerto No. 1 Friday afternoon. The chief orchestral pieces will be Glazounoff's Symphony No. 6, Schubert's Symphony in B minor, Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony, symphonic poems by Liszt and MacDowell, overtures by Beethoven, Cherubini, Wagner, and pieces by Wagner, Dvorak, Rameau.

The program of the Fourth Annual Maine Music Festival is an unusually handsome pamphlet, handsome in typography and illustration. The Festival, of which Mr. W. R. Chapman is the conductor, will be held at the Auditorium, Bangor, Oct. 1, 2, 3, and at the Portland Auditorium Oct. 4, 5, 6. The solo singers will be Lillian Blauvelt, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Sibyl Sammis, a soprano, originally from Dakota; Alice Grace Sovereign, a contralto, born in Rockford, Ill.; Katherine M. Ricker of this city, E. Ellsworth Giles, a tenor of New York, Campanari and Ffrangcon-Davies. Richard Burmeister will be the solo pianist the afternoons of Oct. 3, 6. Campanari's only appearances will be Oct. 2, 5. The programs are of a miscellaneous nature, except on the evenings of Oct. 3, 6, when "Elijah" will be performed, with Miss Sammis, Miss Ricker, Mr. Giles and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies. Attention will be paid composers and musicians of Maine in Part II. of the fourth concert, Oct. 3, 6. The program-book contains letters of encouragement and appreciation from leading men of Maine. Mr. Chapman tells me he proposes to arrange and conduct festivals of a like nature in Western States.

The new organ in Symphony Hall will be first played at an organ concert by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. Mr. Clarence Eddy will follow him, and he will be assisted by Katharine Fisk, contralto, and Leonora Jackson, violinist. It is said that Mr. Goodrich will be the soloist at the first Symphony Concert of the series, when he will play with orchestra a concerto by Handel.

In choosing the People's Temple as a concert hall Mr. Tucker was influenced by the admirable acoustic properties of the auditorium, together with the facilities for placing orchestra, chorus and soloists at the best advantage for the production of fine effects. While the People's Temple offers these advantages, it still has a seating capacity only slightly less than that of the old

Music Hall, and all seats are practically within view of the stage. Mr. Tucker has had the courage to break through ancient traditions and use the best auditorium available for his concerts, when the necessary combination of circumstances is taken into consideration.

The first rehearsal of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society will be held this evening at 7 o'clock at Copley Hall, Clarendon Street. It is necessary to begin rehearsals much earlier than usual this year, as a special performance of "Elijah" will be given on Oct. 21 to dedicate the new Symphony Hall to oratorio. Lillian Blauvelt, Mr. Van Yox and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies have been secured. Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct, and the orchestra will be made up of Symphony players.

The Journal has received a copy of "Music and Children," three essays—"Music and Boys," "Children and Their Music Teachers," "Teaching Music to Children"—by Clement Bisbee.—Mrs. Leonora Van Stosch-Hiowland played Mendelssohn's violin concerto at a Promenade Concert in London. "It was not a great or deep reading, but it was essentially womanly in its grace, truth and sweetness—a reading that lingers pleasantly in the memory."—Mr. Perry Averill, baritone of New York, also appeared at one of these concerts. "He has a good baritone voice, but he seemed unaccustomed to addressing so large an audience, and to be more anxious to do himself justice than to honor the composer; but he succeeded sufficiently to induce his listeners to clamour to hear him again."—De Lucia, the tenor, has had much trouble since he took the management of the

San Carlo Theatre at Naples and then withdrew. Newspapers have attacked him venomously and praised him with slobbering praise.—Perosi has set to music a Hymn to the Redeemer by Leo XIII., which will be performed Dec. 24 at St. Peter's.—Max Bruch has been appointed Professor of Composition at the Conservatory of Berlin. He is only 62 years old.—Weingartner has finished his dramatic trilogy, "Orestes," founded on three tragedies by Aeschylus.—Cosima Wagner, who could not recover damages from the theatres of Elberfeld and Barmen for concert performances of "Parsifal," has revenged herself by forbidding these theatres to produce any opera by Wagner.—The stage manager of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, has devised a method of reducing at will the dimensions of the stage when works of an "intimate nature" are performed.—They say that Jean de Reszke, assisted by Ternina, Brema, Van Rooy and Ed. de Reszke, will give performances of "Tristan" in Paris next November.—Saint-Saëns is at work on a new opera for the Paris Opera. The librettists are Sardou and Gheusi. He will also write the music for "Isis," which will be performed in August, 1901, at the Amphitheatre at Orange.—Delna is rehearsing the part of Carmen in a "mysterious fashion," for her appearance at the Opéra Comique.—Several friends of the late Louis Gallet have subscribed for an unpretentious monument of the prolific librettist, which will be erected at Valence, his native place. It is from the chisel of Injalbert, and takes the form of a bust placed on a rather tall pillar, at the base of which a sylph is seated playing on a pipe.—Mr. Coleridge Taylor is putting the finishing touches to his cantata, "The Blind Girl of Castell-Cuille," for next year's Leeds Festival, and has in hand the incidental music for Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Herod," to be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Percy Pitt is correcting the proofs of his incidental music to Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," to be presented by Mr. George Alexander at St. James's Theatre. Mr. Pitt has composed three preludes, and makes much use of representative themes.—Mr. W. J. Woodcock, the choirmaster of the Episcopal Cathedral at Garden City, heard that his church was accused of luring away choir boys of the Church of the Epiphany. He was promptly interviewed. He denied the charge and inserted a sting in his reply: "We do not want any of them, anyway, for they are not good enough."—Eugenia Mantelli, the excellent operatic contralto, proposes to live permanently in New York after she has finished her engagement at Lisbon.—Puccini will set Belasco's play "Mne. Butterfly" to music, and make a two-act opera out of it, with the inevitable intermezzo.—Mr. G. R. Sims tells this story in the Referee: "I was intensely interested in 'The Story of a Bass Trombone,' who was a policeman and who had set his heart so much on getting into the local band that he devoted all his leisure to the practice of his fa-

vorite instrument. He had practised the trombone to such an extent in order to qualify for his proud position that he had been three times summoned by his neighbors for being a nuisance. At last, when he had blown himself out of five houses, he took refuge in a wood, where in the dead of night he practised by the light of a lantern. But the Squire who lived near objected to 'Rule, Britannia!' on the bass trombone at 1 A. M., and ordered him off. At last he discovered a cottage on a bleak and lonely heath. The nearest building was a huge charitable institution. The policeman took the cottage, and thenceforward was able to play his trombone in peace. The charitable institution was an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb."—A curious accident happened at Bologna the other day. A bellringer, while ringing the bells in the campanile of a church, was struck by a great bell in its swing and thrown violently out of the window of the tower. Fortunately he fell in a sitting posture on the roof of a church some 50 feet below, and was only stunned. Shortly recovering, he was able to descend unhurt, and was acclaimed by the crowd which had witnessed his involuntary flight, and now called out "A miracle! a miracle!"—Joseph Sheehan will be the tenor at the first performance of opera in English at the Metropolitan, N. Y.—The Referee thus speaks of Edward German's music to "English Nell," produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre: "The music is always in accord with the stage picture, and accentuates the situation without ever becoming obtrusive. A feature of the bright overture is the effective use made of the old English melody, 'Early One Morning,' a verse of which song is subsequently sung by the girls

In the scene in Quinton Manor Park. I doubt if Charles II. ever heard it, but it is old enough, and decidedly genuine. The theme associated with Nell is so thoroughly English in idiom that it might well pass for a genuine folk-tune. The merry-making music in the first act is full of mirth and jollity, and suggests an out-of-door atmosphere that is most refreshing and exhilarating. This, with the overture, a country and a pastoral dance, I am glad to learn, will form a suite for the concert room, where I doubt not it will become popular. The theme assigned to Charles II. is more suggestive of the kindly than the 'merry' side of the monarch's character, but it provides an excellent contrast to the other thematic material. There is also a pleasing barcarolle in the last act, and many incidental passages which attest to the composer's fertility and skill and his perfect sympathy with his task."

Sept 24. 1900

#### LOVE IN SEPTEMBER.

In days to come, Dear, will not two remember

This year of years, and all its twilight hours,  
When red skies darkened like a dying ember,  
And your calm garden deepened to September

In all its flowers?  
The twilight garden, Dear, we will remember  
Who made it ours.

Sunflowers and marigolds and mint beset us,  
Moths, white as stitchwort that had left its stem;

Dear, though the garden and its folk forget us

We will remember them.  
Loyal as sunflowers are, we will not swerve us,  
From any faith sweet for remembering,  
We'll make the mint's remembered spices serve us.

For autumn as in spring.

There's other sweetness, too, shall not be driven  
Away by any frosts that touch our hair;  
Sweet breaths of Southern wood in evening air—

Sweet breaths of Southernwood that you have given

For a green breastknot to my dove-gray gown.

Sweet Southernwood that followed me at even,

Me in your arms lifted so near to heaven  
That never homespun day can drag me down.

Some one has sent us the circular written by Mrs. Francis A. Meyer of West Pullman, who is a candidate for Governor of Illinois.

Familiar, thrice familiar is her first paragraph: "I desire the position (not as most men do) for the gain that is in it, but I desire it wholly and chiefly for the good that I can do in that position;" but when Mrs. Meyer describes herself as "the true representative of the true God and all humanity, and of the people of our country in particular" we recognize her indisputable right to the office. Is it possible that Mr. Yates or Mr. Alschuler will continue in the field? Will the people of Illinois neglect the opportunity that is thrust upon them?

"I belong to no party," says Mrs.

Meyer, "yet in me and my principles are centred all the best elements of the five parties in our country." Yet she is not content with this broad, sweeping statement; she goes into pleasing detail: she unveils her private life: "I am strictly for being temperate in all things, in eating as well as drinking. But though I abhor drunkenness I think no man and no government has the right to deprive the majority of the people of something that is used for benefit, for pleasure and health, chiefly because some do not control themselves, use it to excess and create misery." From which we infer that Mrs. Meyer is not actively engaged in fighting the demon, Rum.

Nor is she always strong in the matter of grammar, although she admits that she has "the nerve strength and the will-power and the sound principles" in her, "to do only what is right and good in all things and to all people." The purist will shake his head at the following sentence: "Though I must admit that I know little about politics, I know what is right and wrong in all things, and having an easy comprehension gift, I will say enough, with the help of God and men, acquire the necessary knowledge."

Some candidates stand on the Constitution or on "the principles of our fathers." Mrs. Meyer has a still surer foundation: "If I do not well during my term you will not need to and you will not elect me again, but whether re-elected or not I will do well. This is part of my platform and my principles that men can depend on, to stand as solid as The Rock of Ages."

In Cleveland a club has been founded to which only divorced men are eligible as members. Not long ago a prominent newspaper man in New York characterized himself to us as "the largest alimony club in the city." He should be chosen a non-resident member without payment of dues by the Election Committee of this new club in Cleveland.

Did Dr. Wolcott of Cambridge speak in jest or in earnest when he said, "If Harvard only had a John D. Rockefeller to fall back on she would be thankful"? Would President Eliot welcome a "Rockefeller Hall"? Would the wording of a thankful inscription be to him a labor of love?

Mr. Leon Mead contributed a pleasant article to the last number of the Conservator. He described a conversation between Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller in this city. Mr. Mead afterward—but let him tell his own story "A few days later I called upon Whitman, my pockets stuffed with verses. He received me in an affable manner and I soon ventured to read him a little poem I thought he might like. A its conclusion he smiled forgivingly asked me to tell him about my grand father on my mother's side."

We have received the following letter Boston, Sept. 22, 1900.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:  
I was looking for an apartment in the neighborhood of Brimmer Street. A real-estate agent was most civil to me, a Westerner. He personally conducted me and spoke his choicest Bostonese. I saw a building with studio windows, and asked my guide, "Whose studio is that?" He looked surprised and said, "What do you mean?" I answered, "Why, that is surely a studio. Do you know the painter who has it? He looked at the building as though a were examining a mirage. Then he said, 'Impossible, madam; this is a highly respectable neighborhood, an nothing of the kind would be allowed. Yours truly, E. K. P.'

A man named Terence Kelly poisoned himself lately at Liverpool. A long letter written by him was read at the Coroner's inquest. In this letter Kelly said: "I have no doubt that the taking of fifty to sixty grains of opium daily for fifteen years has had everything to do with my present state. To say trouble at the inquiry I may say that I have got so low at last that I have to commit suicide. . . . Some time since I tried half an ounce of laudanum, then one ounce, then an eighth of an ounce of opium itself, then a quarter of an ounce, and at last three eighths of an ounce of opium, but a without effect; and this time I intend to take half an ounce, or, say, 2 grains, and that ought to finish me when six or eight grains are considered enough to kill any ordinary Christian."

I can understand why Lou (live, with all his advantages of wealth and station, committed suicide after using the drug for years." After describing the effect of opium on the system, the sensation of which Kelly says "is glorious," the letter states that "During the fifteen years I took it, say from thirty to forty years of age



ound the brain as well as the heart  
thickened in action. Now my brain  
not receive any impression and is  
te soft, and I have no more think-  
faculty than a boy of ten years,  
have forgotten almost all I ever  
w."

Sept 25, 1900

t often happens that the real tragedies of  
occur in such an inartistic manner that  
by hurt us by their crude violence, their  
solite incoherence, their absurd want of  
aning, their entire lack of style. They  
ect us just as vulgarity affects us. They  
e us an impression of sheer brute force,  
d we revolt against that. Sometimes, how-  
er, a tragedy that has artistic elements of  
auty crosses our lives. If these elements  
eauty are real, the whole thing simply  
eals to our sense of dramatic effect. Sud-  
dly we find that we are no longer the  
ors, but the spectators of the play. Or  
her we are both. We watch ourselves,  
d the mere wonder of the spectacle en-  
alls us.

Mr. Corbett is beyond doubt and pre-  
vention a brave man. He is coming  
me to face Mrs. Corbett.

That the successful burglar is usually  
tender husband and a doting father;  
ut the lion-tamer is as wax in the  
nds of a little wife or is hen-pecked  
d accepts his fate without a murmur  
hese are historical facts in line with  
e date of the battle of Marathon  
the invention of the cotton-gin. We  
ve never had the pleasure of dining  
h the Human Ostrich in the bosom  
his family, but we do not believe  
t he confines himself or his guests to  
diet of pebbles, saws and gimlets.  
prize-fighter in the ring, actively en-  
ged in the exercise of his profession,  
ows a joy that is possibly above all  
s. Walt Whitman has sung this  
rticular joy. But take the pugilist  
ay from the ring; strip him of the  
ouragement of seconds and betters,  
a drunkenness of battle, the stimulus  
garish lights, the shouting, the hope  
glory and the thought of tele-  
ephoned fame; then confront him with  
exed woman whose tongue is barbed  
d in perfect working order, and you  
l see whether he is truly game.  
e repeat, Mr. Corbett is verily a Ney  
ong his colleagues.

the "spectre moose" of Maine, who  
eves the Wild Man of the same  
ite when the latter is a weary of  
stunt, is an interesting animal. He  
in a separate class with the White  
rse of the Plains, and Moby Dick,  
e whale that mocked Captain Ahab  
d his predecessors and followers.  
y does not some hunter try a sil-  
bullet, cast at midnight, with awful  
es and ceremonies?

a correspondent agrees with us in  
denmation of the hardened punster  
l reminds us of the treatment recom-  
ended by Ensign and Adjutant  
cherty, late of the 99th, a Tipperary  
iment. "A punster, during dinner,  
a most inconvenient animal. He  
ould, therefore, be immediately dis-  
nicted. The art of discomfiting a  
nster is this: Pretend to be deaf;  
d after he has committed his pun,  
d, just before he expects people to  
igh at it, beg his pardon, and re-  
est him to repeat it again. After  
y have made him do this three times,  
y, "O! that is a pun, I believe." I  
ver knew a punster venture a third  
hibition under similar treatment. It  
quires a little nicety, so as to make  
n repeat it in proper time."

We have received the following let-  
ter:

Boston, Sept. 21, 1900.  
ditor "Talk of the Day."  
he orchestra in a downtown restaur-  
t was executing (in the hangman's  
ase) a Chopin waltz the other even-  
g, and I fell to thinking of the un-  
ppy poet who loved Chopin so much  
at he attempted to paraphrase his  
usic into impassioned poetry. I won-  
er how many, even among musical  
ople, are familiar with the poetry of  
thur O'Shaughnessy? The second  
lume of the Golden Treasury did  
mething to make his name familiar  
ouple of years ago, to many who  
d never so much as heard it before;  
t the wave of popularity then cre-  
ad was transient at least in America.  
t as a master of smooth and felici-  
ous music O'Shaughnessy was almost  
e equal of Tennyson, and in his  
orter songs and in such lyrics as  
e the Fountain of Tears," he struck a  
ote of strange and perfumed sadness.  
e certainly deserves a place among  
r familiar poets. I wonder if there  
e readers of this column who know  
a as a friend?

E. P. W.  
And E. P. W. inclosed the following  
em by O'Shaughnessy:  
We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea breakers,

And sitting by desolate streams—  
World losers and world forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We built up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashioned an empire's glory.  
For one man with a dream at pleasure  
May go forth and conquer a crown,  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth  
Built Ninevah with our sighing,  
And Babel itself in our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the Old of the New World's worth:  
For each age is a dream that is dying—  
Or one that is coming to birth.

Mr. G. R. Sims has been deeply im-  
pressed by the host of American women  
in Europe, who, without exception,  
wore a mysterious chain armor bag  
which appeared to be made of silver.  
"I am not learned in the niceties of  
female fashion," he says, "and it may  
be that this chain bag is not a badge  
of American nationality. But it has  
sparkled in my eyes this season where-  
ever there has been a gathering of  
pleasure-seekers or tourists. It re-  
flected the fierce rays of the heat wave  
on the summit of Pilatus, it glinted  
along the green river where the Rhine  
sisters swim and sing Wagnerian top  
notes without swallowing any water,  
it chinked around Paul Potter's Bull  
in the museum at The Hague, it  
dazzled the eyes of the coxswains on  
the Henley course and drove some of  
them dangerously near the piles, and  
at Hampton Court it shimmered  
among the green trees of the glorious  
gardens, not in tens, but in hundreds.  
It was as though a bright bag battalion  
of American Amazons had captured  
Europe and then concentrated on the  
British capital. In the innocence of  
my heart I at first took the silver bag  
to be the badge of the army of Chris-  
tian Endeavor. But on thinking things  
out, and putting the dainty hats, the  
silk petticoats, the smart frocks, and  
the chic coiffures together, I came to  
the conclusion that the silver bag brig-  
ade was not on this side solely for the  
purpose of inculcating in the British  
people a desire for the simpler life and  
a closer observance of the Ten Com-  
mandments."

Sept 26  
Worcester  
Festival

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 25.—The  
forty-third annual Festival of the Wor-  
cester County Musical Association be-  
gan this evening in Mechanics' Hall  
with a performance of "The Golden  
Legend" by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The  
Board of Government this season is  
as follows: Mr. Charles M. Bent, Presi-  
dent; Mr. Daniel Downey, Vice Presi-  
dent; Mr. Luther M. Lovell, Secretary;  
Mr. George R. Bliss, Treasurer; Mr.  
Paul B. Morgan, Librarian, and the  
Directors are Messrs. Edward L. Sum-  
ner, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon  
Butler, Charles I. Rice, Sam'l W.  
Wiley, Charles A. Williams, Sam'l E.  
Winslow, W. S. G. Kennedy, Mr. Geo.  
W. Chadwick is the conductor (his third  
season). Mr. Franz Kneisel is the as-  
sistant conductor and concertmaster.

The orchestra numbers about sixty  
members of the Boston Symphony men.  
Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich is the organist,  
and Mr. Arthur J. Bassett is the pian-  
ist. The program book compiled by Mr.  
Walter M. Lancaster is an assistance,  
and not a distraction and a snare. The  
chorus is estimated on paper as made  
up of 400 singers.

The programs of this Festival are of  
an unusually high order. The produc-  
tion of Cesar Franck's "The Beati-  
tudes" would distinguish any festival;  
and the choice of two other choral  
works, Brahms's "German Requiem"  
and Verdi's "Te Deum," which will  
also be sung for the first time at these  
concerts, is laudably ambitious. It was  
perhaps necessary to humor the public  
by allowing it to hear a work easy of  
comprehension, melodious in conven-  
tional fashion, music that can in no  
way perplex or amaze. Sullivan's  
"Golden Legend" was the work chosen  
as a lubricant. They like this music in  
Worcester, for the cantata was sung  
there in '89, '90 and '96. In the last  
named year Sullivan's work served  
chiefly as a pretext for stellar adora-  
tion. The solo singers were Nordica,  
Mrs. Bloodgood, Mr. Evan Williams  
and Mr. Campanari. The parish an-  
them and the sheet music salon senti-  
mentalism pleased the people, but the  
chief attraction was Norden, who took  
the matter seriously and cabled to Sir  
Arthur, without consideration of ex-  
pense, "Golden Legend" complete  
triumph. Finest performance ever given  
in America. House crowded. Audience  
enthusiastic. "This music," he said,  
the composer, who was suffering at the  
time from a cruel disease of the kid-  
neys.

Sullivan is a great composer in a lit-  
tle way. He was the Mozart of the  
Savoy. In operetta he displays a rich  
melodic vein, skill in treatment of  
voices, masterly discretion and piquan-  
cy in orchestration, and, above all, an  
intense appreciation of the humor of  
the Gilbertian text. Furthermore, he  
gained the popular vote by indulging  
in sentimentalism, in sugary strains  
that sang of love and wicket gates and  
setting suns and of the reflections of  
betrotted persons looking forward, and  
eminently respectable widows and wid-  
owers looking backward. With him,  
emotion is always gentle. His wid-  
ower, in profoundest gloom, sees that  
his shirt cuffs are not shy.

But whenever Sullivan has essayed  
be romantic, or the passionate, or per-  
fected over the grand style, his failure  
has been complete. It is true that  
Longfellow's poem is merely sentimental,  
without force or passion; and yet a  
composer of genius, with "The Golden  
Legend" as a pretext, might have  
risen easily in daring flight. Lucifer  
might have been turned at least into a  
melodramatically interesting villain,  
with a harsh, grating laugh; but Sul-  
livan has regarded him as a sound  
Church-of-England man who would look up-  
on a tiresome dissenter.

The performance this evening in  
many respects was satisfactory. The  
female voices in the prologue were oc-  
casionally timid, and the male singers  
several times waited for a polite bell  
ringer to save them the pitch, but on  
the whole the choral work was far  
better than usual, in firmness, attack  
and nicety of expression. Miss Stein,  
Mr. Van York and Mr. Miles were  
burdened with music, that is either  
cheaply melodious or pretentiously dull.

There was curiosity to hear Mme.  
Blauvelt. Her voice has suffered a sea  
change since she last sang in this coun-  
try. Her voice was formerly what is  
known as bird-like, and she was ranked  
high as a canary-soprano. It is true  
that there are other song birds, as the  
hermit thrush, whose minutes are more  
beautiful than the days of the chat-  
tering bird in cage. I do not know  
whether Mme. Blauvelt deliberately  
tried to broaden her voice. It would  
not be surprising if she made the at-  
tempt, for now even half-starved choir  
sopranos dream of singing the music  
of Bruchhilde in at least one of the  
operas of the Trilogy. Tonight Mme.  
Blauvelt's tones seemed broader, but  
there was a loss of brilliance and no  
compensation in fuller expression of  
emotion; for, no matter how emotion-  
less certain music may be, the voice  
itself may even, then throb with emo-  
tion. The singer showed a desire to  
turn poor lyrical Elsie into a dramatic  
heroine, but the attempt was futile;  
and if it had succeeded the result would  
have been incongruous. Here is a pos-  
sible explanation of her explosive up-  
per tones without due reference to the  
rhetorical accent. It must also be said  
that the fair singer did not sustain her  
tones, and in matters of rhythm she  
was sometimes impetuously careless.

The performance was evidently en-  
joyed by an audience larger than that  
which is seen as a rule the first night  
of the festival. "O, Gladsome Light,"  
the hymn in parish anthem form, and  
the ensemble, "The Night is Cloudless  
and Serene," were heartily applauded.  
But the inherent weakness of Sul-  
livan's cantata is most clearly noticeable  
when the performance approaches an  
ideal standard; and thus the glory that  
crowns a chorus and quartet acts,  
paradoxically, to the injury of the com-  
poser.

The program Wednesday afternoon  
will include Beethoven's "Leonora,"  
overture No. 2; MacDowell's tone poem,  
"Lancelot and Elaine"; Glazounoff's  
symphony No. 6. Miss Sara Anderson  
will sing "Dich, theure Halle" from  
"Tannhauser."

The program Wednesday evening will  
be as follows: Schubert's Symphony in  
B minor (unfinished); aria "Non piu  
ardrai," Mozart (sung by Mr. Cam-  
panari); Vitellia's air from Mozart's  
"Titus" (sung by Mrs. Schumann-  
Heink); and Brahms's "German Re-  
quiem," with Miss Anderson and Mr.  
Campanari as the solo singers.

The concerts of the afternoon begin  
at 2.30, the evening concerts begin at 8.

Sept 27

Worcester, Sept. 26.—The program of  
the second concert of the Worcester  
Festival this afternoon was as follows:  
Overture, "Leonora," No. 2.....Beethoven  
Aria, "Dich, theure Halle".....Wagner  
Tone poem, "Lancelot and Elaine".....MacDowell

Symphony No. 6, in C minor.....Glazounoff

The three orchestral pieces were per-  
formed for the first time at these con-  
certs. It is a pleasure to add that  
the music was such that the good-  
sized audience was deeply interested.  
Nor was there in this instance mere  
fetish-worship; for although some—and  
I am of them—would put Mr. Mac-  
Dowell in the very first rank of com-  
posers now living, and above many of  
reputation who no longer make music  
on this earth, the name of MacDowell  
is not yet one to conjure with irre-  
sistibly throughout the land, and the  
name of Glazounoff is still too un-  
familiar in our concert halls. The fact  
that such music is heard with marked  
attention and interest shows that the  
taste of the Festival audience has grown  
unmistakably during the few years pre-  
ceding, during which the program  
committee has had the courage to  
bring before the public orchestral  
works of modern and even radical ten-  
dency. The orchestra, led by Mr.  
Chadwick, played with spirit and effect  
when the peculiar circumstances—as  
overwork at rehearsals, the short  
periods given to rest, etc.—under which

the men play are taken into considera-  
tion. Glazounoff's symphony is, in-  
deed, one of the strongest works of the  
younger school. There is not undue  
attention given to glaring colors;  
there is no distracting attempt to gain  
bizarre effects; there is everywhere  
self-control, even in the mad rush and  
the rhythmic surprises of the finale;  
there is thought, intelligence, authority  
in expression. Perhaps the finale would  
have been stronger if the composer  
had not added a coda that seems al-  
most an enforced yielding to contra-  
puntal zeal; but this is an open ques-  
tion. Mr. MacDowell's symphonic  
poem does not rank with either of his  
suites; and yet there are many pages  
of romantic beauty and high imagina-  
tion. It is as original in feeling and  
expression as the symphony of Glazou-  
noff is beyond doubt and peradven-  
ture the work of a creator, not a com-  
piler, however respectful, of reminis-  
cences. And it is not too much to say  
that when you hear a page of Mac-  
Dowell's music you do not have to  
look at the title page to know the sig-  
nature.

Miss Sara Anderson first won repu-  
tation at a Festival Concert two years  
ago. Her success was so pronounced  
that she was immediately in great de-  
mand. She accepted many engagements  
without duly pondering her ability to  
perform all the allotted tasks. As a re-  
sult of her indiscretion, she often sang  
music that did not suit her voice and  
temperament, and furthermore, she  
sang badly. I do not know about her  
musical adventures of the past year,  
but this is certain: She has gained in  
power, breadth, understanding, author-  
ity. Her performance of the entrance  
aria of Elizabeth, under the leadership  
of Mr. Kneisel, gave much and legiti-  
mate pleasure. The voice itself was  
fresh, pure and womanly, and the in-  
terpretation suggested the emotion of  
a loving maiden as well as the dignity  
of a daughter of a ruler.

When portions of Brahms's German  
Requiem were performed for the first  
time, and from manuscript at a  
Gesellschafts-Concert at Vienna to-  
ward the end of November, 1867, Hans-  
lick was inexpressibly shocked because  
some members of the audience—"a  
half-dozen gray-haired fanatics of the  
old school"—hissed the piece, the com-  
poser, and then that applauded. This  
public demonstration of private wear-  
iness was possibly in poor taste, for  
the solemn character of the work for-  
bade such treatment, and the senti-  
mentalists might well have protested on  
the ground that the Requiem was a  
tribute to Brahms to the memory of his  
mother. On the other hand, a thought-  
ful man might with reason protest  
against the work on account of the in-  
herent petty pessimism and cowardly  
attitude toward death.

Mr. Runciman once wrote a remark-  
able article about Brahms, in which  
he said: "But Brahms became more  
and more devoted Brahmsite; he ac-  
cepted himself as the guardian of the  
great classical tradition (which never  
existed), and he wrote more and more  
dull music. It is idle to tell me he  
is austere when my inner conscious-  
ness tells me he is merely barren, and  
idler to ask me to feel beauty when  
my ears report no beauty to me."

In most of his bigger works  
he sacrificed the beauty he might have  
attained to the expression of emotions  
he never felt; he assumed the pose and  
manner of a master telling us great  
things, and talked like a pompous  
duffer. An exception must be made:  
one emotion Brahms had felt, and did  
communicate. It was his tragedy that  
he had no original emotion, no rich  
inner life, but lived through the days  
on the merely prosaic plane; and he  
seems to have felt that it was his  
tragedy. Anyhow, the one original  
emotion he brought into music is a  
curious mournful dissatisfaction with  
life and with death."

To Brahms's death is a matter chiefly  
of threadbare crape and gloom. The  
grave is a dark hole given over to the  
dominion of the worm. The adjective  
"delicate," which Walt Whitman ap-  
plied to death, would have been be-  
yond the comprehension of this com-  
poser of singularly limited imagination.  
Or what would Brahms, whose ending  
was pitifully sad and even mean in the  
absence of silent resignation or heroic  
struggle, have said to these lines of  
Henley:

"A summer night descending cool and green  
And dark on daytime's dust and stress and  
heat.  
The ways of Death are soothing and serene  
And all the words of Death are grave and  
sweet."

And Henley, mark you, a man of in-  
domitable will and intense virility, to  
whom life should be the greatest boon,  
has lived under the shadow of the  
hospital, and to him the Surgeon with  
his knife is an old and familiar friend.

The weak despair of Brahms when  
he contemplated death is more sharply  
defined in his four serious songs than  
in the requiem and the snivelling pes-  
simism of some of his absolute music  
may be attributed justly to his con-  
stitutional defect, but there are pages  
of requiem which justify the perform-  
ance of the work as an exhibition of  
the singular make-up of the composer.  
Page after page is saturated with in-  
digo woe, and the consolatory words  
are set to music that is too often dull  
with unutterable dullness. I know that  
others find the words noble and inspir-  
ing, that the adjective "miltonic" is  
used by some. I cannot agree with  
these enthusiasts. If there is any sug-  
gestion of Milton in this work Milton  
is the poet of long-winded theological  
discussion, with never-ending pedal  
point of fatiguing argument. He is not  
the Milton of sublime vision. And I  
know of no musician who has so shiv-  
ered and quivered in the song of death.  
Take for instance the scene be-  
tween Bruennhilde and Siegmund, the  
thought of death in "Goetterdaem-  
erung" or in "Tristan," how much nob-  
ler is the spirit in each case! Or, if  
you say that Siegmund was merely a  
pagan, contrast the spirit of Brahms  
with that of Mozart, Cherubini or Vi-  
di in their requiems.



The performance cannot honestly be called one of any distinction, but it was not bad enough to work fatal injury to the music or to warrant elaborate censure. The difficulties of the requiem are known to all musicians and an ideal performance is a rare thing.

It is enough to say that the chorus sang with more attention to notes than to dynamic expression; that the parts were not always well balanced; for the tenors were weak; that the orchestra played with too much force and without sufficient rehearsal. On the whole, the performance was better than the one anticipated, and anticipation was based on knowledge of the difficulties of the work and not on prejudice or any restless desire to be disagreeable. The solo singers, whose task was unthankful, were Miss Anderson and Mr. Miles. The latter took the place of Mr. Campanari at exceedingly short notice. Mr. Campanari, however, expects to sing Friday evening.

The performance of Brahms's "Requiem" followed a miscellaneous concert in which Schubert's unfinished symphony was the orchestral piece. Mr. Evan Williams was in excellent voice and sang the prize song from "Die Meistersinger." Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang an aria from Mozart's "Titus." Schubert's "Die Allmacht" (orchestrated by Louis Saar). She pleased the audience hugely by good nature, volume of tone and rapid jumps from shrill soprano to cavernous alto. Her vocal offerings were many and grievous. In answer to hearty applause she gave a vaudeville performance of the drinking song from "Lucrezia Borgia." Her interpretation of this delightful air was incredibly inartistic and at war with all the tradition as well as the character of the song and the scene in which it occurs.

The program Thursday afternoon will include Moszkowski's Suite No. 1, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Dvorak's Scherzo capriccioso; Wagner's "Song to the Evening Star" (Mr. Julian Walker). César Franck's "The Beatitudes" will be sung Thursday evening, and the solo singers will be Miss Anderson, Miss Stein, Miss Foss, Messrs. Williams, Towne, Miles and Julian Walker.

Worcester, Sept. 27.—The concert of this afternoon need not detain us long. The program included Moszkowski's suite No. 1, which, with all its salon elegance skillfully prepared and genteel effects, is older today than any one of the better symphonies of Haydn; for Moszkowski's musical breath is weak, and his modernity endured but for a moment. Add to this work the Scotch symphony by Mendelssohn and Dvorak's highly colored Scherzo Capriccioso. The performance of these works was lethargic and dull. Mr. Julian Walker sang Wolfram's song to the Evening Star. Mr. Walker is an Englishman by birth, but, as I am told, he came to this country at an early age, lived in the South for a time, studied the violin and piano, and afterward turned his attention to singing. He now lives in New York. His voice is indeed a beautiful, rich organ, and he sings with delightful ease; his phrasing, however, is inclined to be cut-and-dried, and he does not as yet appreciate the continuity of a musical line.

César Franck's "Les Béatitudes" was performed this evening for the first time in English. The oratorio was begun as far back as 1870, and it was published in 1890. Fragments were performed at concerts in Paris in 1878, 1880, 1887; but the first performance of the whole work was at Dijon in 1891 at the commemorative festival of Saint Bernard, and the first performance in Paris was at a Châtelet concert, Colonne conductor, March 19, 1893. (Now César Franck died Nov. 8, 1890.) The writer of the poem, Mrs. Colomb—I see that the translator into English attempts to dignify the author by calling her "Lady Colomb," but Mrs., or, if you prefer, Madame, plain Madame is her only title—the writer, I say, took for her text each one of the beatitudes, and to shun monotony, caused Christ, Satan, the Angel of Pardon, the Angel of Death, and the Mater Dolorosa to appear as characters in her little and undramatic drama. Here, too, a mother weeps over the empty cradle; an orphan deplores its lot; widows mourn and will not be comforted. The motif of the poem is the triumph of the Saviour over Satan, the regeneration of humanity, a victim to all earthly miseries. The poem is not literature either in the original version or in the translation. The plan reduces itself to a succession of scenes.

The life of Franck was calm, indefatigable, blameless; it was devoted to his art, composition and instruction, and to the service of the Holy Catholic Church, in which he was a humble and devout believer. He knew not envy or malice or fame. But he never posed as an unappreciated man. He was beloved by his pupils, and among them are the names of leaders of the modern French school, who are, alas, neglected by the conductors and many of the critics of this country. Arthur Coquard, one of these pupils, wrote of his master: "Franck had made unto himself an atmosphere of his own thoughts and affections, an atmosphere that was undisturbed by foreign currents; his soul delighted itself with its own ideal of art and philosophy; and in the contemplation of serene beauty, his soul brought forth great and sometimes sublime works. His work was conceived in the calm joy of ecstasy, without thought of public opinion, and this dream lasted beyond the day of performance. When works by Franck

were performed in public, he heard nothing but the music; and if the interpretation seemed to him adequate, he was the happiest of men. It was not that he despised the indifference of the public; he had not so much as a suspicion of it.

I quote these words because they may assist in comprehension of the composer of this sublimely religious and at the same time human work. It should also be remembered that Franck was a Belgian by birth and that his boyish years were spent at Liège. The influence, natal and acquired, that this may have exerted over his processes of thought, might lead to a discussion, which, however interesting it might be, can be only hinted at in a hurried and necessarily inadequate report of a performance.

Mr. Chadwick conducted and the solo singers were Miss Anderson, Miss Stein, Miss Foss, Messrs. Williams, Towne, Miles (the Voice of Christ) and Walker (Satan). The oratorio begins with an expressive typical theme, the theme of Christ the Consoler and the Redeemer; and this leit-motiv preserves unity of conception in all the many transformations throughout the work.

A tenor describes the condition of the old world at the time of the coming of the Messiah: There was no hope in any heart; men were either executioners or victims; the world was dying under the burden of crimes and sins, when a gentle voice was heard, and poor wretches raised their eyes toward Heaven and forgot distress; angels descended, and about their Master on the sacred mount sang "Blessed be He who gives fresh hope to heavy hearts." This prologue is of simple and most impressive beauty and strength.

Then follow the eight beatitudes. Each is treated in the form of a miniature cantata except one in which the voice of Christ answers a long and passionate tenor solo. The lateness of the hour at which I write forbids analysis of each beatitude, and nothing is so wearisome to a reader as a technical analysis of that which he has not heard. There will be a better opportunity when the work is given in Boston next month by this chorus under the same leader. Let me, therefore, state general impressions.

There was only a cut of a few pages tonight, and this respect was due to the composer on the occasion of a first performance, but the work will bear severe cutting. There are pages of pro-developments or repetition that might well be spared. Franck was such a master of counterpoint that he thought in canonic form, and such was his polyphonic enthusiasm that his joy in science sometimes overcame his sense of proportion. Sundry omissions would not harm the composition; on the contrary, it would enhance the general effect so far as the public is concerned. And yet to the musician nearly every page excites wonder and admiration. It is the music of a master of the highest rank, and how few are his companions! It is also the music of a sweet and strong soul, whose faith is childlike—to whom death has no terrors, to whom God is a loving Father and Protector. This music is of no church, it breathes the fears and the hopes of humanity. Here is no ecclesiastical pomp, here is no thought of ritual; a trusting soul communes directly with his Maker. There are passages that bring tears to the one that knows poverty, oppression, the grief of separation; but there are also passages that bring peace, consolation and unshakable trust. There is no more truly religious work in the whole literature of music. The oratorio, considered purely as music without any association of ideas, is a masterpiece of masterpieces, one that would place Franck, if he had written no other work, by the side of Bach and Beethoven. There is a wealth of pure, spontaneous melody; there is a rich and ingenious system of harmony known to him alone. There are also these characteristics, solidity of construction, amazing skill in development, equally amazing polyphonic complexity, clear, beautiful, effective orchestration, and the grand style in ensemble. The work is devout without ostentatiousness, mystical without the loss of its tenderness toward poor humanity, emotional without a taint of sentimentality.

Mr. Chadwick may well be congratulated on the performance, which was, indeed, not without weaknesses and flaws. But when the difficulties of the work and the necessarily inadequate orchestral rehearsals are remembered, the wonder is that there were not more serious faults of omission and commission. The most striking solo work was that of Mr. Williams. Solos that Miss Anderson should have sung were sung acceptably by Miss Stein, on account of Miss Anderson's sudden indisposition. Miss Foss was wholly inadequate. Mr. Miles sang effectively, and so did Mr. Walker, except in the noble music assigned to the Angel of Death, and there Mr. Walker showed a lack of imagination and musical feeling. His shabby treatment of the final ritard was ample evidence of this. The oratorio made a deep impression on the audience, and applause was frequent, hearty and spontaneous.

Friday will be the last day of the Festival. The program of the afternoon concert will be Liszt's "Les Préludes," Tchaikowsky's piano concerto, No. 1 (Mrs. Augusta Cottlow, pianist); Wagner's "Träume" and "Schmerzen" (sung by Miss Foss) and the overture to "The Flying Dutchman." The evening concert will correspond to the "Artist's Night" that in preceding years was "of a Thursday." The program will include Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon"; aria from "Oberon" (Mr. Evan Williams); Ballet-Suite Rameau-Mottl; Mad scene from "Hamlet" (Lillian Blauvelt); Buzzi Peccia's "Gloria a te" (Mr. Campanari); "Feur-Zauber" from "Die Walküre"; "Gerechter Gott" from "Rienzi" (Mrs. Schumann-Heink); quartet from "Rigoletto," and Verdi's "Te Deum."

Worcester, Sept. 28.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

"Les Préludes".....Liszt  
Piano Concerto No. 1.....Tchaikowsky  
"Träume" and "Schmerzen".....Wagner  
Miss Cottlow.  
Miss Foss.  
Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner  
Miss Augusta Cottlow is a young woman who, I am told, was born in Chicago. She has studied under several masters, among them Busoni; and she has played, or to use the language of the Festival Bulletin, she "has created distinct sensations in Russia, Holland and England." She has also played in cities of Germany.

Her choice of a concerto this afternoon was unfortunate, for Tchaikowsky's work demands a male pianist of hot blood, or the passionate Teresa Carreno, or the Amazonian Adele aus der Ohe.

Today we saw a girl who had studied industriously the notes of a big concerto. She has a well-rounded technique; she plays with ease and with a specious authority that may well provoke the applause of an amiable audience, as happened today when she was imperiously recalled and obliged to add a piece to the program. But her emotional nature is still under maidenly control and she is not yet ready to interpret works of color and passion. Her performance was monochromatic: the way of a maid with a Tchaikowsky concerto. Nor has she yet the requisite strength and abandon. A fairer opportunity to judge her claims might be afforded by her appearance in a recital.

Miss Jean Foss is distinctly an amateur, and she is not an amateur of high rank. It would serve no useful purpose to criticize her singing in detail. Her appearance in these concerts was unfortunate for herself and the Festival Committee.

The concert this evening was what is known to society reporters as "a gala occasion." It was a night of personal display on the part of singers and audience, and yet to the calm and thoughtful person in citizen's daily dress, the feature of the concert was Verdi's "Te Deum."

The tedium, however, was a feature in production rather than performance. It was not sung with steadiness, the climaxes were not irresistible and there was a prevailing absence of dynamic contrasts.

Furthermore, it was not performed until after the large audience had exhausted itself in frenzy of Stellar worship. The concert opened with the noble overture to "Anacreon." Mr. Evan Williams followed with an aria from "Oberon," which he sang with breadth of style, intelligent attention to detail and a sense of conviction that swept everything before him.

His singing at this festival has surpassed even that which won him glory here in "The Swan and the Skylark" and "Samson and Delilah." He added as an encore a Welsh ditty in three stanzas to which Mr. Schaeffer played a harp accompaniment. Mrs. Blauvelt sang the mad scene from "Hamlet" and the Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers." She appeared to greater advantage than on the opening night. Her voice was under firmer control and the music was better suited to the character of the voice. Her technique was generally adequate, and her trill was especially worthy of praise. Her intonation was not always pure, but the chief fault to be found with her is a self-consciousness that will war against her career unless she considers seriously her ways. She is not simple in making her effects, and she has not yet learned to think first of all of her art and not of the audience.

Mr. Campanari sang a sacred hymn, "Gloria a Te," composed for him by Buzzi Peccia. The piece is a bombastic pot-pourri of reminiscences from opera by Leoncavallo, Mascagni and other ingenious gentlemen of tunes and hot blood, but it served admirably to display Mr. Campanari's brilliant and sympathetic voice. He added Mozart's "Non Piu Andrai." Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang an aria from "Rienzi," and also Liszt's "Three Glories," to which Mr. Ondrick played a violin obligato in spirited fashion. Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang with breadth, she sang with genuine feeling, but after the manner of the Germans, and the beauty of many of her tones and the sincerity of the singer awakened enthusiasm. The quartet from "Rigoletto" was not well sung, for Mr. Williams was unsteady in rhythm at the beginning and Mrs. Blauvelt was unwise to take the octave note above at the end.

Thus closed a festival that was a brave attempt at high ideals and this attempt was in certain and vital points successful. I hear that the association will not lose money in consequence of its course.

Sept 30 1900  
THERE was much delightful gossip and confidential information about singers and players in the Worcester newspapers during the Festival. Thus the telegram told a palpitating world that Mrs. Schumann-Heink says "her life is a busy, though simple one; nights when she does not sing she retires at 9 o'clock. She always takes two cold baths a day, one at night and the other in the morning. She says she learned this from Americans."

Mrs. Schumann-Heink, contralto, will give a song recital at Association Hall on the afternoon of Oct. 13. This re-

cital will afford an excellent opportunity for the display of her talent in varied and interesting program. Programs and tickets can be secured at the box office in Steiner Hall on and after next Wednesday.

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich will give an organ recital at Symphony Hall on the evening of Oct. 25. This will be the first recital on the new organ and will evidently attract much attention. Further announcements regarding the program and sale of tickets will be made by Mr. Mudgett, who has the management of the recital.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, will make his debut in America Nov. 12 at Carnegie Hall with an orchestra led by Mr. Paur. He will play with the Kneisel Quartet in Boston Nov. 20, and he will also give recitals here.

Mrs. Adelaide Jordan will take the alto part in "Elijah" to be sung by the Handel and Haydn Oct. 21. The other singers will be Lillian Blauvelt, Th. Van Yox and Ffrangcon-Davies. Tickets will be on sale at Symphony Hall Oct. 15 at 9 A. M.

Mr. J. Melville Horner has resigned his position in the First Church, Christ, Scientist, to accept that of bass and director of the quartet at Piedmont Church, Worcester.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote in the Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 14 as follows about the new work of Prof. H. ratio W. Parker, sung at the Hereford Festival Sept. 13:

This brings us to this morning's performance, and with it a novelty in the shape of "A Wanderer's Psalm" by Prof. Horatio Parker of Yale, who setting of the "Rhyme of the Heaven County," produced last year at Worcester, was received with such signal marked favor. Mr. Parker's new work can scarcely be reckoned as being among the most modern music of the generation; and, indeed, his models are frankly, a very long way from Wagner, Tchaikowsky, or Richard Strauss. Rather, adding to his model the technique which belongs to the audacity of the last 50 years, he goes back to Haydn for his master. Whether the result altogether—I mean in the bulk rather than in each separate instance—on the plane of the highest art I will permit myself to doubt. The musical twisting of Haydn's serpent have been indulgently smiled upon by right critics any time this three-quarters of a century; but Mr. Parker out-Haydn Haydn. His aim is to be as pictorial as he possibly can; and if I may congratulate him upon his success in thus and little essays in imitation, must also add that that success will not be accomplished without a liberal sacrifice of the sense of humor. B. Mr. Parker makes the sacrifice fair and without an effort. He is all of realism, and I confess that he does very cleverly indeed. I will not say more than cleverly, for given a certain accomplishment and a certain vitality I do not think that the effects he obtains are particularly difficult to manage. If you desire to express musical phrase, for example, "They reel and fro and stagger like a drunk man," it is not a very subtle thought to make your music reel and stagger. Mr. Parker goes gayly to the obvious and his music does everything in the way of reeling and staggering that the soul of the realist could desire. The score becomes alive with reels and staggers. Is it music? I am not quite sure. Handel of course tried the same thing in "The land brought forth frogs." Was that music, too? I scarcely think so; and Mr. Parker may like to think that he has played the reel quite as well as Handel played it—precisely the same lines. But when you come to the attempt at a grand ton picture which Mr. Parker essays "For He maketh the storm to cease and compare it with that tremendous tone-picture, 'He sent a thick darkness,' from 'Israel in Egypt,' it then that you realize the tremendous superiority, the indefinite aristocracy, the elder master. I should certainly not have made the comparison, which many might think unfair to Mr. Parker, were it not that the subject of the two oratorios is so very similar, and that Mr. Parker has assuredly made the attempt to do that which Handel so magnificently did. I only chose him as a standard whereby to measure Mr. Parker's virtue. (The question of the authorship of a great part of 'Israel in Egypt' does not, of course, come

here; I use the name of Handel just as one might use the name of Homer even though I do not believe in a single authorship for the "Iliad.") There leave Mr. Parker for the present. At the hands of Mme. Albani, of Miss Ad Crossley, of Mr. William Green and Mr. Andrew Black the work got an exceedingly representative interpretation. The chorus was admirable.

The autograph manuscripts of Bellini's "Norma" and "Beatrice di Tenda" have been secured by the Italian Government for the National Musical Academy, to prevent them from being sold to a foreign purchaser. There has been a dispute over the authorship of the song, "The Jolly Young Waterman," which is often sung in the opera, "Wapping Old Stairs." The song according to the Era, was written by Charles Dibden and sung by him in his entertainment, "The Waterman," at the Sans Souci Theatre in 1790, though he wrote and published it some 10 years before.—There is a row in the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. The con-



luctor, Mahler, ordered that the male singers in a revival of "Rienzi" should have to the quick. The chorus for once showed emotion, and even rebelled.—Lise Landouzy has returned to the Opéra-Comique, Paris, and appeared as Nanon and Lakmé.—They say that Arma Senkrah, the violinist, who was known here as a young girl, filled herself because she and her husband were poor, and yet the latter would not let her play in public; hence torbldness and despair.—Stefano Doady of Palermo has written an opera which Koerner, the soldier-poet, is the hero.—Arthur Friedheim, the pianist, has written an opera, "The ancer," in which Thais, a remarkable oman even in her period, Alexander e Great, Diogenes, Dionysius of Syra- se, Aristotle, Apelles, Praxiteles and ing Ptolemy take part.—Zoellner's era, "The Sunken Bell," is to be per- rmed in many German cities this ason.—They say of "Lolo," a new mic opera produced at Manchester, 1g., Sept. 8: "The principal virtue is at it is a comic opera on genuine, ightforward lines, with an actual ot which is adhered to more or less herently." This is a rare virtue. e librettist is Arthur Sturgis. J. M. over wrote the music.—I quote from e Era of Sept. 9: "Some curiosity has en aroused at Queen's Hall by Mr. unel Gomez's recently improved rnet, on which he played a solo on Wednesday. This instrument is pitched B flat, but not only can the low E be sounded, a note half a tone lower n is possible on ordinary B flat rnet, but increased executive fa- ties are secured, and the A clarinet can be dispensed with. The tone of the trument is remarkably rich and full.

Mr. Horace L. Traubel wrote as fol- s in the North American of Phila- delphia:

gersoll said to me in one of our ce: "The great literature of our ld is to be tested by its readiness of vocalization. The immortal song, immortal prose, lends itself to the . Tried by this test, Whitman is remely great." Whitman's sonorous s are indeed impressive, whether ized in the exigencies of oratory or sic. Bell, one of the younger Eng- composers, has written a sym- ny, calling it Walt Whitman, which received the honor of distinguished ormanee and is admirably accept- dy the more eminent musical writ- who were present at its initial pre- ation. Whitman would often re- id me in a half-humorous way that aves of Grass was intended as h, if not defeated of its purpose, id perhaps inspire them to some e, contemporaneous utterance."

was a true prophecy. simply conventional musician ld find Whitman too drastic and centary for inspiration. But the cians who are willing to make rtures in their trade, throwing e a trammeling tradition, discover Whitman a major source of artistic entation. Bell has shown this in a ohony which it took an orchestra est part of an hour to play. Vil- Stanford many years ago utilized Lincoln Ode for a stately and sen- s composition. Artists everywhere drifted toward Whitman for the rn theme. I am told that Grieg always read Whitman, and regards as essentially musical and a mine talizing and germinal treasure to osers who rebel against estab- l musical creeds.

prior reflections bring us eas- to the present moment and to Phila- and invite some direct refer- to the already large share of at- on given by Philadelphia musi- to Whitman. Four local singers ate have signally written to Whit- Weda Cook, Frank G. Cauffman, as Douly and Philip Dalmás. At onvention of the Whitman Fellow-

in this city, on the 31st of May, ongs of two of these composers— as and Cauffman—were sung to dience, not all of it by any means manic, to whom the result seemed ic and powerful. Dalmás sang wn songs, eight in number, and wn such daring in method as ed somehow to give his work re- ble and exceptional identity. as's innovations excite extreme n either to applaud or condemn. is proposes to publish a volume se songs. He is of Philadelphia tage, and has spent years both d and at home in severe training. a man of ripe ideas, gravely in- ed in the social movement, in d spending several years at Holm-

theme chosen by Cauffman in the sung for him at the Whitman on was the "Lincoln Death . Dalmás sang "Aboard at a Helm," "Portals," "Reconcilia- "Night on the Prairies," "Look Fair Moon," "Twilight," "A Midnight," "As I Watch'd the man Ploughing." Weda Cook has "O Captain, My Captain!" and "In-Faced Prairie Boy!" She ex- to sing these on the occasion ed, but was too ill to appear. has written to a number of poems. None of these songs en published. one critics who have always d against Whitman on the ground lacks lyrical quality, the v ry and growing warmth of mus- their regard for him, and the d use they make of his poetic must come with a certain shock. Whitman walked these streets ho effect our greatest literary

craftsman and supreme musician, though his individuality imparted to his heart and his lyricism the properties of a fresh procedure. Whitman rebelled against old artistic forms, not because he was averse to form, but because, he desired free volition and plenty of room. As to form in the abstract, his was most unmistakable and inexorable.

Oct. 1, 1900

Beyond the independence of a little sum laid aside for burial money, and of a few clapboards around and shingles overhead on a lot of American soil owned, and the easy dollars that supply the year's plain clothing and meals, the melancholy prudence of the abandonment of such a great being as a man is to the toss and pallor of years of money raking, with all their scorching days and icy nights and all their stifling deceits and underhanded dodgings, or infinitesimals of parlors, or shameless stuffing while others starve—and all the loss of the bloom and odor of the earth and of the flowers and atmosphere and of the sea and of the true taste of the women and men you pass or have to do with in youth or middle age, and the issuing sickness and desperate revolt at the close of a life without elevation or nalveté, and the ghastly chatter of a death without serenity or majesty, is the great fraud upon modern civilization and fore- thought, blotching the surface and system which civilization undeniably drafts, and moistening with tears the immense features it spreads and spreads with such velocity be- fore the reached kisses of the soul.

And as today is the first day of a month that leads to serious contempla- tion of things perishable, hearken to the words of the Cadi, Imaum Ali Zade, in answer to a friend of Layard, in an- swer to questions concerning the popu- lation, business, and previous history of the city where the Cadi dwelt.

My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver!

The thing you ask is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confu- sion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Is- lam. It were unprofitable for us to in- quire into it.

Oh, my soul! Oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content, in none. We (praise be to God!) were torn here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible then that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

Listen, oh, my son! There is no wis- dom equal to the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken our- selves unto Him in seeking to pene- trate into the mysteries of His crea- tion? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tall goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and di- rect it.

But thou wilt say unto me, "Stand aside, oh, man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things." If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it.

Will much knowledge create a double belly, or wilt thou seek Para- dise with thine eyes?

Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, "There is no God, but God!" Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakhr) Imaum Ali Zade.

Why should anyone at Washington, D. C., be so disturbed at the sight of hugging in street cars and in theatres as to write a complaint to the District Commissioners? The hugging is done in public.

If you go to Père La Chaise in Paris, you may see there a monument on which is written

LEON NOEL

Né en 1844. Décédé en—

Once a month this playactor places a wreath on the stone, kneels, and prays.

The Troy Press speaks with no un- certain tone against the bottle. It re- cords the fact that destructive prairie fires in Montana and Dakota have been started by the concentration of the rays of the sun upon broken beer bottles that are scattered freely along the cat-

tle trails and wagon roads, and it then thunders editorially:

"This example of the danger of the bottle is bad enough, but many more horrible illustrations could be quoted. Carrying a bottle in the pocket, for instance, is a habit that oftentimes lights the fires of hell, and is responsible for murder, arson, pauperism, women-beat- ing, children-starving, disease and death. The bottle is crazing, brutaliz- ing and poverty-breeding; it robs the brain of reason, the hand of skill and the heart of love; it destroys the home and fills the penitentiary; it scandalizes society and damns its devotees.

"Beware of the bottle!" This is true, every word if it. We do beware of the bottle. We infinitely prefer beer that is drawn from the wood.

E. H. asks: "What is the origin of the phrase, 'Have you ever been to Lynn?' I have heard it used by a man when he thought another was trying to overreach or humbug him."

We do not know; we are like the Cadi quoted above. Can any reader answer the question?

Oct. 2, 1900

### "THE CADET GIRL."

"The Cadet Girl," a comic opera in three acts, was produced last night for the first time in Boston at the Columbia Theatre. Mr. Fred J. Eustis was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Baron Chartreuse.....	Dan Daly
Pelopidas.....	George A. Schiller
Popo.....	William Cameron
Lucien.....	W. Probert Carleton
Georges.....	Charles H. Bowers
Berg-op-Zoom.....	Charles Danby
Giffard.....	Harry Dodd
Antoinette.....	Adelle Ritchie
Marguerite.....	Alice Judson
Daisy.....	Toby Claude
Mme. Majeste.....	Catherine Lewis
Baroness.....	Hattie Moore

The piece was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, July 23. It is an adaptation by Harry B. Smith, with additional lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin, and music by Ludwig Eng- laender, of "Les Demoiselles des Saint- Cyriens," an operetta in three acts, by Paul Gavault and Victor de Cottens, music by Louis Varney, which was pro- duced Jan. 22, 1898, at the Cluny, Paris, with Mrs. Dorville as Marguerite, Miss Duberny as, Antoinette, and Hamilton as Berg-Op-Zoom. In the original ver- sion Marguerite, a pupil at a young lad- ies' boarding school, had been divorced after a marriage of seven hours. She, as well as Antoinette, the free and gay landlady of an inn, is a niece of an old man, who leaves by will his estate to the one of these nieces who is declared by the first comer to the chateau, after the reading of the will, to be the hand- some in face and form—in sculptural beauty. This first-comer is the Belgian Berg-Op-Zoom, a chaste poet. An- toinette is ready, yes, eager to compete for the estate; Marguerite hesitates, and at last pretends to accept the con- dition, so as to excite the jealousy of her lover, with whom she has quar- reled. Antoinette anticipates her and wins the prize. A generous girl—gen- erosity was her prevailing fault—she wishes to divide the estate with Mar- guerite. But lo! there is a codicil. The testator had added: "Since modesty is the first of virtues, my estate shall go to the one of my nieces who refused to display her charms!" It is the turn of Marguerite, who divides the estate with her cousin. There are pleasant details; there is an English Miss Daisy at the boarding school; and there are extraor- dinary couplets at the expense of Ibsen, Strindberg and Maeterlinck.

Now this piece in Paris pleased, and it was performed over 80 times the year of the production. Surely the dialogue was briskeer and keener than that pro- vided by the fecund Mr. Smith, who cast a mantle of chastity—just a little frayed—over the French text, a mantle that is a funeral pall. For an English girl, he has substituted an American; the Belgian poet is turned into a Swiss scientist; but these and other more serious changes would be of no import- ance if Mr. Smith had only been moved to wit or humor. It must be said frank- ly that his book is dull, and his lines are vapid. Nor is the music of any special charm or vivacity. The cham- pagne waltz is the most distinguished number—and how refreshing was the can-can quotation from the delightful Offenbach.

Good people, male and female, were thus forced to exert themselves with extraordinary effort. Personality counts as nine-tenths in pieces of this de- scription, and the audience welcomed the comedians. Mr. Daly appeared almost discouraged at the thankless- ness of his task and the emptiness of his lines and songs. His inimitable self-possession carried him through, and his bored air was not necessarily feigned. Mr. Cameron was excellent in a wildly grotesque part; Mr. Schiller was most industrious; Mr. Danby's make-up was characteristic, and Mr. Carleton was a manly lover. Miss Toby Claude's vivacity evidently pleased the audience and Miss Ritchie deserved to win the estate, although the spectators, alas, were not allowed to see the full beauty of her architecture. It would also no doubt have been a pleasure if Miss Judson had been persuaded to display herself as Diana.

As Sir Toby Belch—not Miss Toby Claude—remarked: "Wherefore are these things hid?" In such contests the audience should be allowed to vote. The will should have been broken so far as the extraordinary clause was con- cerned. Why should such enjoyment be reserved for the woman-hater, Berg- op-Zoom?

The piece is handsomely mounted. There was a large and applauding audi- ence.

Philip Hale.

Dullness, less comely than grief, has gone over my soul. Sullen and sluggish its waters of bitterness roll.

It is naught to me now How the wind-stricken woods to the lash of the nor-wester bow, How the bubbles are bright on the vanishing track of the vole, How beauty is writ on the world as a legend is writ on a scroll.

It is naught to me, drunken of dullness, an alien here, How the people are trodden of anger and sorrow and fear; How lust on the shoulder of love has laid tremulous hand.

I am dull, I am slack, And Doubt goes before me, and following fast on my track A ghost I can hear stepping soft o'er the leaf-sodden land.

I am old, I am cold. I have trafficked for dreams in the market where visions are sold. I have bought me a dream, and the dream of my spirit takes toll, And of dreams I am sick. In the place of dead dreams, dead desires, I alone stand up, quick; Dullness, less comely than grief, has encom- passed my soul.

The physicians of the Shah, who is at Marienbad, are afraid his cure will be interfered with by the inability of the local theatre to produce ballets.

Old Chimes called on us Sunday after- noon. He was in thoughtful mood, and yet he refused to smoke either a pipe or a cheap black cigar that was given to us by a millionaire as a mark of his distinguished esteem. Our living room looks through one window at rail- road tracks, and through another at a private hospital with public display of patients. "When any man," said the hearty old buck, "reaches the age of forty years, he should be summoned before a committee of the town in which he lives. The Chairman should then address him thus: 'What have you done that you should be allowed to go on living, or what do you propose to do that we should assent to your claim and desire? Have you benefited the world, or even your parish? Have you ever done anything? Have you the slightest idea that you will be of benefit if we grant you any term of years from one to twenty? Or is your egg of such slow incubation that the shell will not be broken before you are sixty? Come now, deal honestly with us. No excuse whatever? We thought so. Play the man. Masrur is in the ante-chamber with his bowstring, and you will find him the best friend you have known.'"

Friends of the deceased are respect- fully requested not to sing at the grave.

"You look forward," continued Old Chimes, "to what will never come. Nature has not regulated wisely all things. Take baldness for instance. It was the desire of my youth to have iron-gray or snow-white hair when I was forty. (I met a man the other day who confided to me that as a lad he had desired mightily to wed a tall, lithe, passionate brunette. He was on the watch for such a help-meet. He talked, he dreamed of his ideal. Nor was he handicapped by poverty, sickness, or timidity. And yet he deliberately married a dumpy lymphatic blonde, as though he had never held before his eyes the golden words of Thomas Fuller: 'Fat folk, whose collops stick to their sides, are generally lazy, whilst leaner people are of more activity.') Let me see, where was I? Yes, yes; we were discussing baldness. Instead of iron-gray or snow-white hair at forty, baldness came upon me. And why should not baldness attack the beard

instead of the hair on the crown. Why should not a man be made more com- fortable each day as he nears the grave? Why should not his beard be- gin to fall out so that he would soon be spared the pangs of shaving?"

Ah, the malice of these little women! Said Rose to Blanche, "Did you ever see such guys as those Whacker girls!" To which Blanche answered, "I under- stand their dressmaker pays them nush-money to keep them from telling her name."

This recalls the line in the old com- edy: "Tell me who your tailor is—so that I can avoid him."

Mr. W. L. Alden is in doubt whether "Elizabeth and her Garden" was writ- ten by at least two of every three of the German nobility, or whether the book is one of the minor works of Bacon.

Here is a peep at the social life of the English: At Blackburn a woman, named Roberts, charged her husband with assaulting her. The clerk asked if he worked. The complainant (scorn- fully): "Work! No, he enjoys life. Every morning he comes here to listen to the trials. He comes home to dinner, and afterwards he goes to the police station to see the prisoners sent off in the Black Maria. Then he goes for rest on the boulevard."



There are vegetarians among fish.

Another glimpse of social life in England offered through the kindness of the Fall Mall Gazette.

"Five and fifty years ago, in 1845, Mr. James Hacker married Louisa, his wife. They have lived together ever since, but yesterday Mrs. H. came to Westminster Police Court to tell the Cad she could stand her husband's brutality no longer, and wanted a separation. It appears that she married in haste—and she has certainly repented at leisure. 'God bless me! Over 50 years ago, and here now,' was the magisterial comment. Like a wise man Mr. Francis declined to part this pair of silly old people, who would probably die of boredom if each of them had not got the other to quarrel with. When one has had words (varied by an occasional blow) with the wife of one's chest since 1845, it is really foolish to think of parting."

Some thought that the plague in Glasgow was due to rats, and the city rat-catcher was ordered to play the part of the Pied Piper. A writer in the Glasgow Herald suggested that the Scotch one pound note is as likely to disseminate disease as a rat. Bundles of these notes are often taken by bank tellers over the counter with a pair of tongs.

A local contemporary recently alluded to a granddaughter of the poet Whittier. It was our impression that the said poet died a bachelor.

We learn from a report of the meeting of the American Society of Professors of Dancing that an ingenious dance, known as "the debut," is a five-step movement danced in three-four time. This dance, correctly named, was surely the one indulged in by Mr. Clarence McFadden on a famous occasion.

At last he broke loose and struck out with a will.

Never looking behind or before,  
But his head got so dizzy he fell on his face,  
And chewed all the wax off the floor.

Here is a man for whom it was worth while to work. Mr. Samuel Gradwell, who died in June, was a hotel and restaurant proprietor in Manchester, England. His estate has been valued at \$48,950 gross, including personality of the net value of £23,284. In his will he directs that his business shall be carried on by his Trustees, for seven years after his death, and that the profits shall be distributed annually in certain proportions among 34 of his employees whom he named, and that at the end of the seven years the business shall be sold and the proceeds divided in a similar manner among these 34 employees or their survivors.

The only artists I have ever known who are personally delightful are bad artists. Good artists give everything to their art, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in themselves. A great poet, a really great poet, is the most unpoetical of all creatures. But inferior poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse their rhymes are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second-rate sonnets makes a man quite irresistible. He lives the poetry that he cannot write. The others write the poetry that they dare not realize.

C. J. R. writes: "I find the last official report concerning the condition of Mount Auburn Cemetery entertaining reading, as when it is stated that the Corporation of the said cemetery shared last year in the general prosperity of the country. This reminds me of an inscription on a portrait in Horticultural Hall—I think the portrait was in that hall."

"JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.,  
First Promoter of Mt. Auburn Cemetery."

And awesome things happened in October. We quote from a rare Ms. (the composer whereof is to us unknown): "Lismore, Oct 2, 1858. In another part of this country, a poor man being suspected to have stolen a sheep was questioned for it; he forswore the thing, and wished that if he had stolen it, God would cause the horns of the sheep to grow upon him. This man was seen within these few days by a minister of great repute for piety, who saith, that the man has an horn growing out of one corner of his mouth, just like that of a sheep; from which he hath cut seventeen inches, and is forced to keep it tied by a string to his ear, to prevent its growing up to his eye. This minister not only saw but felt this horn, and reported it in this family this week, as also a gentleman formerly did, who was himself an eye-witness thereof. Surely such passages are a demonstrative evidence that there is a God who judgeth in the earth, and who, though he say long, will not be mocked always." Thus far is that narrative.

So Mr. Carl (some spell it Karl) Armbruster of London will give 10 lectures on the "Life and Works of Richard Wagner" at the Lowell Institute. There will be "vocal illustrations" by Miss Pauline Cramer, and piano playing by the lecturer. Will Mr. Walter Damrosch raise his German-silvery voice against the importation of foreign labor, or will he welcome a coworker in the vineyard? Mr. Armbruster was born at Andernach-on-Rhine, July 13, 1846. He was that fearsome thing, a precocious pianist. He settled in London in 1863, and "spread the Wagner cult" in England. He was Richter's assistant conductor at the Wagner concerts of 1862-84; he conducted at the Royal Court Theatre, later at the Haymarket, and then at Drury Lane. He on several occasions assisted in the preparation of performances at Bayreuth. Miss Cramer, unless we are sadly mistaken, was the graceful grail-bearer in the solemn procession in "Parsifal" for several years.

"I'd do anything for your sake, Vera—because you are my wife." Is Mr. Corbett uxorious or a mere bluffer? We are grieved to hear him saying: "I have returned to prove all they said about me—about that mean woman, the music-hall singer—what's her name, Mile, Cornille—is nothing but lies"—"Mean woman"—"what's her name"—and is this the way in which Gentleman Jim speaks of his lately esteemed friend and steamer companion?

Youtsey—youtsey—let us see—how does that line go—"youtsey-tootsey?"

A correspondent writes:  
Boston, Sept. 30, 1900.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:  
(Document No. 42-1900), annual report of the Wire Department of the city of Boston, is a valuable and interesting document containing much information.

On page three it states, "The Electric Protective System affords protection against those who do not hesitate to break the seventh commandment—the knights of the dark lantern and the jimmy."

But where does the eighth commandment come in?

Query—Did the statesman who wrote the document patronize the Douay version, and are the commandments different in number or numbering with the King James version?

X. X. X.  
To quote the Rev. E. H. Plumtree, "In the received teaching of the Latin Church resting on that of St. Augustine the first Table contained three commandments, the second the other seven. Partly on mystical grounds, because the Tables thus symbolized the Trinity of Divine Persons, and the Eternal Sabbath, partly as seeing in it a true ethical division, he adopted this classification. It involved, however, and in part proceeded from an alteration in the received arrangement. What we know as the first and second were united, and consequently the Sabbath law appeared at the close of the First Table as the third, not the fourth commandment. The completeness of the number was restored in the Second Table by making a separate (the ninth) command of the precept, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' which with us forms part of the tenth."

A letter of a young clergyman, in the Daily Mail, complaining that he has been subject to insult when traveling third-class on the railway, has evoked the following story from another correspondent: A clergyman was dining in a hotel with some commercial travelers who made jokes about him. He moved not a muscle of his face, and after dinner one of them approached him, saying, "How can you sit quietly and hear all that has been said without uttering a rebuke?" "My dear sir," said the cleric, "I am Chaplain to a lunatic asylum."

The name of Antoine Vollon, the French painter, who died a short time ago, should be dear to New Englanders. One of his paintings, a panel in the Chat Noir of former glory, represented "a monstrous codfish, his body curled, his whole appearance preternaturally ill-favored, gazing with lack-lustre eyes into a polished copper stewpan placed ominously near him."

Which Polish poet do you find the more sympathetic, Szczepanski or Przybyszewski? We see you holding your hand to your ear; we hear you saying "How?"

The new edition of the delightful novels of Herman Melville, published in Boston, reminds us of Stevenson's warm appreciation of the undeservedly neglected author. In one of Stevenson's letters he declares Melville to be "a howling cheese," and this is almost as eulogistic a term as "honey cooler."

Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt has gone to work, actually gone to work. "He will report at the office every morning and leave at 5 in the after-

noon, taking half an hour for luncheon." And now we can all go to sleep, with unperturbed mind. Still it might satisfy some restless souls to know the precise nature of his luncheon; whether he chooses several beers and a couple of chocolate éclairs—a favorite mixture in Boston—or steak and onions; and whether he sits or stands.

OCT- 4 - 1900

OCTOBER.  
I'm shod with mist and crowned with fire,  
I wear the opal of desire,  
As gray as water is my gown,  
That rustles over leaves grown brown.

Above my head the kestrels hang,  
The wild geese go with whirr and clang  
Of passing wings; the plovers cry  
Above me in a yellow sky.

I have the scorpion for my star,  
And all fair things my kindred are;  
All dreams too sweet for man to bear,  
All visions builded of despair.

I am a queen, yet govern none  
That laughs or weeps beneath the sun.  
I wear the opal and I wear  
The desert sands amid my hair.

Ah, will this fearsome month never be over? Listen again to the manuscript of horrors:

"Another thing which caused a noise in the country, and wherein Satan had undoubtedly a great influence, was that which happened at Groton. There was a maid in that town (one Elizabeth Knap) who, in the month of October, Anno 1671, was taken after a very strange manner, sometimes weeping, sometimes laughing, sometimes roaring hideously, with violent motions and agitations of her body, crying out, 'Money, money,' etc. Her tongue for many hours together was drawn like a semi-circle up to the roof of her mouth, not to be removed, though some tried with their fingers to do it. Six men were scarce able to hold her in some of her fits, but she would skip about the house yelling and looking with a most frightful aspect." Thus much concerning Elizabeth Knap.

We spoke yesterday of Stevenson and his characterization of Herman Melville as "a howling cheese." T. M. F. writes: "Why should 'he's the cheese' or 'he's a howling cheese' be regarded as a phrase of eulogy? What is the origin of the phrase?"

How easy it is to ask questions, T. M.

F., as you loll at ease, clothed in purple and fine linen, smoking a mora breva—which is a memento mori—and unexcitedly conscious of stewed meats and claret to come.

"The cheese," meaning "anything first-rate or highly becoming," is a common expression which came into general vogue in England about 1840. "It has been variously traced," say Farmer and Henley, "to the Anglo-Saxon 'ceosan,' to choose; German, 'kiesen'; French, 'chose'; Persian, 'chiz'; Hindu, 'cheez.' \* \* \* Yule, writing much later (than 1853) says the expression was common among young Anglo-Indians, e. g., 'my new Arab is the real chiz,' i. e., 'the real thing,' a fact which points to a Persian origin."

The term is in Halliburton's "Clock-maker" as early as 1835; and Charles Reade used it in "Very Hard Cash": "Who ever heard (said Mrs. Dodd) of a young lady being married without something to be married in?" "Well (said Edward), I've heard Nudity is not the cheese on public occasions."

When Stevenson described Melville as "a howling cheese" he possibly had Limburger in mind.

And why should "cheese it!" be thieves' slang for "Leave off! Have done! Be off?" English thieves have used it for at least a century, and you find it in George W. Matsell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y., 1859). Is the phrase a corruption of "Cease it," as Farmer and Henley suggest?

This reminds us that there is a discussion of the word "boulder" in the hospitable columns of the New York Sun.

S. L. F. made the astounding statement that the word "To the English, people, with whom it originated, conveys the notion of a dead-game sport, a rattling good fellow, a chap who will run through a fortune in a year, will drink, gamble, and play the deuce generally with himself." Others laugh and say a boulder is "something between the snob and the cad, lacking the aspiration of the one and the individuality of the other."

Now the great dictionary "Slang and its Analogues"—a remarkable work in spite of faults, would that it were published beyond the letter "M"—gives this definition "A vulgar though well-dressed man; a superior kind of 'Arry; one whose dress and personal appearance are correct, but whose manners are of a questionable character. A 'bally-boulder' is one of the most ob-

jectionable of the genus." Here is an instance of the nuance in that which is not literature.

We do not find the word in Matsell's book; but in our thirst for information—statues are erected by subscription in honor of wise guys, and there are speeches and music—we drank in this fact: "Bouncer" in 1859 was "a fellow that robs while bargaining with the store-keeper." How words change, shed their skin, take on new forms of beauty, and then die and are buried!

A gentleman known to the police of London as "Fish and Taters" admitted in court that his name was John Herschell; he claimed the name proudly saying that he was an admirer of the works of the astronomer, and, being of a scientific turn, he had borrowed it. He gave several proofs of his mastery over scientific principles; thus, he attributed his failure in life to the "incomprehensibility to a finite mind of the inscrutable laws of nature." And a student of sociology, who is by trade a police reporter, adds: "One of them he now learns, is that if you break a bootmaker's plate-glass window, whether for scientific purposes or others, it is likely to cost the bootmaker £13 17s 6d and yourself six months."

"The Chinese are cruel to their children," we read. We also read yesterday that a daughter of Alice Coombe, a laundress, a child 15 years of age and partially paralyzed, was made to do all the housework, while another child, who has since died in hospital was "gnawing the ends of his fingers ravenously."

Here are two lines from "Florodora," a piece in which Florence St. John returned to the stage: "Society ceased to exist when gold was discovered in South Africa." "The aristocracy ought to be much obliged to Columbus for having discovered America."

Mr. G. R. Sims says that dramatic coincidences are now known "Spuds." Now in Scotland a "spud" is a raw potato.

Adelina Pattl, Baroness Cedarström, went to Stockholm to sing there Sept. 25. Her husband, ex-teacher of ecalthenics, gymnastics, or what-you-would evidently advised Swedish movement her ease.

Some months ago we spoke of the heroic doctors, who volunteered to lie from June to October in a deadly bed of the Campagna near Ostia, in order to demonstrate the relation between malaria and the mosquito. These doctors have been experimenting successfully, according to the last report. "They live in a mosquito-proof hut taking no quinine or any other precaution against the disease. From June to October is the height of the malarial season, and no one could spend a night in those regions under ordinary conditions without becoming infected. Two doctors have been reported up Sept. 13 as free from disease." Yes, the mosquito must go. But certain villages on Cape Cod where mosquitoes are thoroughly at home there is no malaria except that contracted from the excessive use of maica ginger as a temperance beverage.

A certain philanthropist spent two years of his life in trying to get so grievance redressed, or some unjust law altered. Finally he succeeded, and nothing could exceed his disappointment. He absolutely nothing to do, almost died of ennui, and became a confirmed misanthrope. If you really want to console me, teach me to forget what has happened, or to see from a proper artistic point of view. I not like the young man who used to that yellow satin could console one for the miseries of life. I love beautiful things that one can touch and handle. Old cades, green bronzes, lacquer-work, carvings, exquisite surroundings, luxury, pleasure—there is much to be got from all that. But the artistic temperament that create, or at any rate reveal, is still more to me. To become the spectator of one's own life is to escape the suffering of life.

Vitruvius in his treatise "De Architectura" insists that the ideal architect should know drawing, geometry, opt arithmetic, history, philosophy, music, medicine (at least to a certain degree), jurisprudence, astrology, and the stars in their courses. But this is not an architect should also know the fact of disappearing—witness the case of Mr. Henry B. Ball.

Here is comfort for those singular beings known as Baconians. We quote from an Englishman: "A month or an actor who was 'resting' stayed here so they had a special discussion for benefit on the Baconian theory, he being there as supreme court of appeal to whom every difficulty was referred and the only argument he used



at no one who had been at Stratford-Avon could doubt for an instant that Shakespeare was the author of the plays.

A writer in Success says that one qualification of the perfect typewriter is "absolute silence about what he knows as a confidential employe." Well, alas, too true!

Books of advice to travelers are almost always entertaining. James Howells' "Instructions for Forreine Travellers" (1642) is as delightful reading as a collection of Familiar Letters. How seriously he took himself and the world may be judged by his first sentence: "Amongst those many advantages, which conduce to enrich the mind with variety of knowledge, to rectify and ascertain the Judgment, and to compose outward manners; and build up to the highest story or perfection, Percognition or Forreine Travell is none the least." And now comes Mr. O. Malesch with his "L'Art de Voyager à l'Etranger." He asks the question: "Do you take a tub every morning?" and then speedily advises you to interrupt the habit, which is costly hotels, wastes time and causes confusion by reason of the apparatus which maids and waiters are obliged to arrange, as well as of the confusion imported into a small room." Mr. Malesch gives valuable advice concerning clothes necessary to the traveler. He says that you may travel "very" with one cotton night-shirt, one flannel day-shirt, and three shirts. When your night-shirt must go to the wash, your flannel day-shirt is a good substitute, and it will serve as a day-shirt if you add collars and cuffs; or a dicky and the flannel shirt may be used as a dress-shirt "before even after use as a night-shirt." Provided with this versatile and obliging garment, "You may go equally well to the opera or to a court ball, worn under the ordinary white of commerce," this faithful companion "will enable you to dispense with an overcoat." Mr. Malesch carries six collars enough for a journey of one or two months. (We remember young man in Windsor, Vt., in the sixties who wore proudly an enamel steel collar and told us that he used no other for two years; when it showed signs of fatigue, he resorted to the application of some order on a tooth-brush.) "As for hugging," says Mr. Malesch, "it is a small expense, the repetition of which only affects a budget, which is very limited." And thus he remains true to the traditions of his country.

Professor Richet of Liège has made a statement regarding the cure of tuberculosis by the juice of raw meat, which, in the course of experiments on dogs, has proved infallible. He demonstrates that it is the liquid portion of meat in its raw state only which has the property of killing the bacillus.

To publish the following communication, although we have already answered the question propounded by X. X.:

Boston, Oct. 3, 1900.  
For of Talk of the Day:  
Obviously X. X. X. is familiar only with the King James version of the Bible. He should familiarize himself with the Douay version, which has to commend it not only its choice English, but its unmatched fidelity to the original. It must be the Bible in the Wire Department. I hope that there is a Bible in every other department of the City Government—is the Douay version. In that case the seventh commandment is: "Thou shalt not steal." This, of course, is a widely different injunction from that contained in the seventh commandment found in the King James version, which is as the sixth commandment of the Douay version. The difference between the arrangement of the decalogue in these two versions is radical only as the mere numbers are concerned. The consecutiveness and the spirit of the commands are the same. It is that this simple discussion will excite sectarian controversy. On the contrary, I regard it as the fortunate means of disclosing the fact that the Bible is read at City Hall. Before the fact all sects should do reverence.  
B. B. PHENWAY.

To inveterate foe of tobacco, after being exhausted the vocabulary of warning you to turn from pipe, snuff, plug, fine-cut, adds with provoking air of triumph, "You have no enjoyment from this vile practice if you smoke in the dark you do not tell whether your cigar is alight or not, unless you see the red glow at the end of it."

Inspired by such talk, Mr. W. W. wrote as follows: "Now as I have been blind for upwards of 30 years I am naturally somewhat fairly qualified to test the validity of this statement. I was a smoker for 30 years and my infirmity crept upon me,

and I am smoking even now as I dictate this letter. In fact, I have smoked all my life. To say that I do not know whether my cigar is alight or not, because I cannot see either the smoke or the red glow at the end of the weed, is simply absurd. The taste alone is sufficient to tell me accurately. The one is infinitely pleasurable and flavorful, and the other exceedingly disagreeable and objectionable. Tongue, palate and odor are incontrovertible testifiers. I grant that the pleasure of smoking is lessened by the absence of the sight of the smoke, but only slightly, and to assert that I do not know whether I am smoking or not is as much as to say I do not know whether I am standing on my head or my heels."

Oct 6, 1900  
FOR A SEPULCHRE.

Between the hands, between the breasts,  
Down the white body 'twixt the thighs,  
The sword is laid until it rests  
Upon the once kissed feet. Men's eyes  
Read "Odi et Amo" graven there.

Behind those eyelids now fast sealed,  
Behind cold breasts that rose and fell  
With passion, what has life revealed?  
The great sword guards her secret well,  
With "Odi et Amo" graven there.

O was it Love that conquered Hate?  
Or was it Hate that set her free?  
To Death all questioners come late;  
The sword and the woman all may see,  
And "Odi et Amo" graven there.

Put your hand on your heart and answer honestly: "When you read your newspaper, do you not skip the news from China?" As soon as you learned that the Ambassadors and other foreign officials were safe, your interest died. And yet how eagerly you read the sensational reports about horrible tortures and wild deaths! How you speculated concerning the precise nature of the cruel, incredible deeds over which the rumor-mongers modestly drew a veil, and at the same time kept peeping under it! And, although you now deny it with a pretty show of indignation, you were disappointed when you found out that no foreign devil had been thrown into a kettle of boiling water, that no fair body had been given to the dogs. And now you skip the news from China, just as you have forgotten that a certain Mr. Mollinieux is still at Sing Sing.

A lion in a menagerie exhibited in a French province behaved politely in the presence of the tamer and a guest, the local butcher, until the latter held a glass of champagne under his nose; then the noble beast bit and mauled the wine-opener. This is a severe commentary on the particular brand.

The Freshman class at Yale is less than that of several previous years. President Hadley is naturally disturbed. He will see that the athletic department is thoroughly reorganized.

It is evident that hazing is by no means in certain colleges merely a tradition. A barbarous practice, no doubt; but do you remember what pleasure you had as a Sophomore 20 or 25 years ago? You and your companions made a fat, pompous Freshman dance on a table in his night shirt and with a spread umbrella held in one hand. Another Freshman was obliged to recite the speech of Spartaecus. And there was one who was forced to sit in the basin of a fountain. These amusements were among "the advantages of a collegiate education."

We are disappointed in Mr. John Burroughs's "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," because the author says nothing about the life and habits of women who in winter assume a coat of seal-skin, which they do not shed until late in the spring. A reviewer says of the work, "It is, first of all, a kind of address book of our more common wild animals"—hence the omission is the more inexplicable. Does wearing a seal-skin coat lead inevitably to a passion for diamonds and a thirst for champagne? Burton once said that he never visited England without "being surprised at the vile furs worn by the rich, and the folly of the poor in not adopting the sheepskin with the wool inside and the leather well tanned, which keeps the peasant warm and comfortable between Croatia and Afghanistan."

You have thought that the Amir of Afghanistan was a sleepy-eyed, pale ruler, who was never so happy as when watching dancing and singing-girls, as they were moons in their beauty, and fresh from the Hammam, which had been scented with rose-water and musk and fumed with eagle-wood and ambergris. He's no such man. From his autobiography, a portion of which is published in the Monthly

Review, we learn that he believes in the strenuous life. "This love for work," he says, "is inspired by God; it is the true ideal and desire of my life to look after the flock of human beings

whom God has intrusted to me. His humble slave Allah says through his Prophet: 'When the Almighty desires to do a thing, he makes all necessary preparations for it.'"

Here are the titles of two books advertised for sale by a dealer in Paris: "The Cutter, in five lectures upon the art and practice of cutting friends, acquaintances and relations (London 1808), with portrait and five colored plates. Extremely rare. 70 francs." "Perret, La Pogonotomie, ou l'art d'apprendre à se raser soi-même (Paris 1769) 6 fr. 50."

The news that Dr. A. Conan Doyle was defeated as a candidate for the House of Commons is not displeasing. An entertaining novelist might have been spoiled.

But why should a London audience shy at "A Parlor Match," which is one of America's chief contributions to dramatic literature as regards coherency and structure of plot, character-drawing, and dramatic intensity?

However dull Londoners may be in the appreciation of genteel comedy, they still cultivate passionately melodrama of the hot and strong variety. Witness the success of "The Black Vampire," which was produced at the Britannia last month. The vampire in question is a highly trained Bat with wings and tail resembling those of a black cock of the moors, and with a sort of danger-signal in its beak. The vampire is used by one Ritza, a priest of Kharma, in collusion with Armand Dubois and his mistress in order to commit murders which are attributed for the time being to "the Black Death." This Mr. Dubois is a terrible fellow. At the opening of the play he has already taken part in seven lucrative murders. He incites the vampire to suck the blood of his brother so that he may inherit 3,000,000 francs which have been brought from Brazil, with nuts and Charley's Aunt. A little niece is in the way. Dubois steals the child and her guardian angel, a lightning-change female detective, whose brother he had incidentally dagged or shot beyond recovery. He sets fire to the house that holds the two unfortunates, but the child escapes through the aid of the Priest of Kharma, who "could not resist her pleading, prayerful eyes"; while the female detective is saved in her night-shirt by a sweetheart who does a trapeze act on telegraph wires, and, head downward, catches her when she jumps from the flames. The industrious Dubois sends an infernal machine to the detective, and tries to roast the child as a sacrifice to the Gods of Night. He kills his mistress with a poisoned cigarette—no doubt of ordinary French tobacco—and finally dies a wretched death from the beak of the Vampire. And yet they talk of the decay of the drama!

"How can you form an opinion of my play when you are asleep?" said the indignant young dramatist, when reading his masterpiece to Got. "Sleep is an opinion," tranquilly replied the great actor.

The following paragraph was published in a London daily with the remark that it came from an American exchange. We have not seen it before, and possibly it will be new to some of our readers.

"An American firm of agricultural machine makers who issued show cards representing the Goddess of Liberty in sooty garments, driving a mowing machine drawn by Bengal tigers, received the following communication from its Berlin agent:

"The picture of your admirable machines, of which I the receipt of 10,000 acknowledge, is not useful in this country, and it is of much regret to me that I request to return them permission. The women of our country, when by circumstances to do agricultural work compelled, do not dress as your picture shows is the custom in your wonderful country, and would not deem such garments with modesty to consist. Also we do not tigers for draught purposes cultivate, they not being to the country native, nor in our experience for such work well suited. I have to my customers explained with earnestness that your picture is a sinnbild (allusion) and does not mean that your admirable machine should be operated by women too little clothed, nor is it necessary that the place of horses shall be taken by animals from the Zoologischer Garten be taken. I cannot use them as you instruct, and your further advices respectfully await."

Oct 7, 1900

THE season will open this week Saturday, when Mrs. Schumann-Heink will give a song-recital in Association Hall at 2.30 P. M. Mr. Melville Ellis will be the pianist. Mrs. Schumann—for thus, I understand, she prefers to be called—will be under the management of Mr. Mudgett. Seats are now on sale at Steinert's.

This will be her first appearance here in concert, and there is curiosity to hear her. She was in the Grau company last season when she took these parts: Ortrud, Mary (in "Die Fliegende Holländer"), Fricka (in "Die

Walküre"). Her personality and her operatic art are thus known to many music lovers; and the general public has been made acquainted with the fact that she has eight children—or are they nine?—and that she believes in maternity as an improver of the voice. Furthermore the happy public at Worcester was told that she "retires" at 9 o'clock when she is not on the stage and takes two cold baths a day. This practice at once distinguishes her from the rank and file of German singers.

Mrs. Schumann's maiden name was Ernestine Roessler. She was the daughter of an Austrian officer and was born at Lieben, near Prague. She was at first educated in an Ursuline convent at Prague, and in 1874 she studied singing under Marietta von Leclair at Graz. Her first appearance in opera was at Dresden at the Royal Theatre as Azucena, Oct. 13, 1878. She was a member of this company for three years, and she continued her studies under Aloysia Krebs-Michalest. She married Heink in 1882 and left the stage for a time; but in the fall of 1883 she appeared at the Hamburg Opera. In the early nineties she became dear to the Berlin public by an engagement at Kroll's, and in 1893, after she had obtained a divorce, she married her present husband, Paul Schumann, who was then stage manager of the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg. Since then she has sung as "guest" in many cities. Her repertory is a large one, from Ortrud to the witch in "Hänsel und Gretel," from Orpheus to Orlofsky in "Die Fledermaus." She has been a member of the Berlin Royal Opera Company since 1899.

The program of her recital next Saturday will include arias from Handel's "Hercules" and "Rinaldo"; an aria from "St. Paul"; Schubert's "Young Nun," "Wohin," "The Omnipotent," and "Restless Love"; Schumann's "In der Fremde," "Der Ring an meinen Finger," "An meinen Herzen," "Es zogen zwei" and three songs from "Dichterliebe"; three songs by Brahms, Liszt's "Drüß Zigeuner," and L. Hartmann's "Swan Song."

A long-awaited event will be the inaugural concert at the Symphony Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 15. The sale of seats will open Monday morning (tomorrow) at 8.30 at the hall. The program will include a chorale by Bach, for chorus, orchestra and organ; a poem by Mr. Owen Wistlar, and Beethoven's Mass in D. Mr. Gericke will conduct. The chorus will be the Cecilia. Mr. Goodrich will be the organist, and the solo quartet will be Mrs. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Stein, Mr. Evans Williams and Mr. Baernstein. Mrs. De Vere-Sapio is well known here as an admirable artist in opera and concert. Her last appearance was in the Ninth Symphony performed last spring under Mr. Gericke. Last month she won additional triumphs in England as a member of the Moody-Manners Opera Company. A critic wrote of her appearance as Leonore: "She is indeed an acquisition to this company, combining with a dramatic soprano of ample range, volume and quality, most agreeable in all its tone gradations, acting such as is too rarely seen in English opera. The charm and appropriateness of her interpretation at once brought her into general favor." Miss Stein and Mr. Williams are favorably known here, and it is a pleasure to state that Mr. Williams was in excellent voice at the Worcester Festival of last month. Mr. Baernstein sang in the last performance of "The Creation" by the Handel and Haydn. Beethoven's Mass itself is not too well known in this city. Indeed, this will be the second performance.

A welcome innovation will be made in the way of a fifteen minute intermission during the performance, and this custom will also be established at the Symphony concerts, when there will be an intermission of ten minutes before the performance of the symphony.

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich will give a recital on the new organ at Symphony Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 25. He will probably play pieces by Bach, Widor, Saint-Saëns and César Franck. Organ recitals have fallen into disrepute here of late years. It is to be hoped that the new organ, which seems admirably adapted for concert-purposes, and the art of such an organist as Mr. Goodrich will incite interest in the organ and the many noble works that have been written for it.

Mr. Mudgett announces an organ-concert by Mr. Clarence Eddy (Chicago) at Symphony Hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 30. Mr. Eddy is well known as a virtuoso, and on this occasion he will have the assistance of Miss Leonora Jackson, violinist, who played at a Symphony concert last season, and Katharine Fisk, contralto, who has not been heard here since her successes in London and at English Festivals.



...a Dohnányi, the Hungarian who appeared last season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and afterward in concerts, is coming again this season. He will play with the Symphony Orchestra, and afterward will give two recitals in Steinert Hall, probably in the last week of November.

Mr. Edwin Klahre, for several years of the Faculty of the New England Conservatory, will give a series of pianoforte recitals in Steinert Hall this season. Mr. Klahre was a pupil of Liszt.

Of the violinists who are to be heard in this country this season, none will be looked forward to with more interest than Fritz Kreisler, the young Austrian, who appeared here with Rosenthal in 1888. He is named in Europe as one of the greatest violinists of the present time. He will give several recitals in Steinert Hall early in the season.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, will sing at the next Faelten piano school recital in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, Oct. 11. Miss Nellie Dean will be the pianist.

Marie Decca, "pupil of Marebesi, and an exponent of the Garcia-Marchesi method of voice culture," will make this city her home and devote most of her time to teaching. She has a studio in the Steinert Building.

The program of the first Symphony Concert, Oct. 20, will be, I understand, of a severely classical nature. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will play with the orchestra an organ-concerto in D minor by Handel.

The 86th season of the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, will open with an extra performance of "Elijah" Sunday evening, Oct. 21, in Symphony Hall. "This concert will dedicate the hall to oratorio." The solo singers will be Lillian Blauvelt, who sang here at a Symphony concert March 17, 1894, and has since then sung successfully in England and Germany; Miss Gertrude Miller of Boston, whose voice is one of rare natural beauty; Mrs. Adelaide Jordan, a contralto, who pleased the Chicagoans in this same oratorio; Mr. Van York, a tenor from New York (he was born in Bridgeport, Conn.), who has given pleasure at sundry Festivals, and D. Mfrangcon-Davies, whose singing—I am tempted to say acting—of the part of Elijah is already known here and admired. The orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony men. Season ticket holders can procure seats in Symphony Hall, corresponding to those they had in the old Music Hall. For season ticket holders the tickets will be on sale Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 9 A. M., to Saturday, Oct. 13, 6 P. M. For the general public tickets will be on sale on and after Monday, Oct. 15, at 9 A. M. The sale will be at the box office, Symphony Hall.

The first rehearsal for Mr. Tucker's concerts took place last Wednesday evening at the People's Temple, when there was a full attendance. The first work taken up was the new composition by Horatio W. Parker, "A Wanderer's Psalm," which received marked attention in England, where it was performed for the first time at the Hereford Festival.

The eight concerts of the sixteenth season of the Kneisel Quartet will be given in Association Hall, Monday evenings, Oct. 29, Nov. 19, Dec. 3, 31, Jan. 28, Feb. 11, March 11, April 1. These will assist: Ernst von Dohnányi, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, L. Godcwski, Ernst Perabo, L. Breitner, H. Gebhard, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The following is a partial list of the works to be performed:

Haydn, quartets, op. 76, No. 2; op. 77, No. 9. Mozart, quartet in E-flat major. Beethoven, quartet in A major, op. 18, quartet in C major, op. 59, quartet in E-flat major, op. 127, quartet in F major, op. 135. Schubert, quartet in A minor, No. 7, quartet in C minor, No. 9.

Brahms, quartet in C minor. Dvorak, quartet in E-flat major, op. 51. Duvernoy, quartet in E-flat major, op. 46. D'Indy, quartet in E major. Dohnányi, quartet (M. S.). Bach, sonata in E-flat major, for piano and violin. Brahms, trio in C major, quintet in G major. Lo fier, sextet (M. S.). César Franck, quartet. Subscription tickets, with reserved seats for the series, eight dollars, will be on sale at the box office, Symphony Hall, Monday, Oct. 22, at 9 A. M.

The English sung by several of the members of Mr. Savage's company at the Metropolitan, N. Y., is said to be queer, nor are those of foreign birth necessarily the worse offenders. Some of the performances are described as cosmopolitan affairs; but, as the New York Evening Post remarks, is not cosmopolitanism the keynote of Ameri-

canism?—An Ohio Judge has decided that it is the duty of Lillian Blauvelt to pay more than \$5000 to the father of her divorced first husband, for the said papa advanced her in a moment of enthusiasm the money by which she was enabled to continue her studies and make a first appearance in Europe.

—Mr. Emil Mollenhauer has been appointed conductor of the Salem Oratorio Society. —The Richard Wagner Society of Berlin proposes to celebrate in 1901 the 25th anniversary of the first performance at Bayreuth of "The Ring," by a festival to be conducted by Richard Strauss and Dr. Muck of the Berlin opera. Two unpublished pieces by Strauss for solo voices, chorus and orchestra will be performed, and also an unpublished piece by the late Nietzsche, philosopher and madman, which is entitled "Hymn to Life." There will be curiosity to hear this hymn, not only on account of the violent affection and still more violent hatred shown by him toward Wagner, but also on account of the savage letter written by von Bülow to Nietzsche apropos of the latter's orchestral work, "Meditation on Manfred," which the pianist conductor declared without the spelling or grammar of musical composition.

A small Brahms museum has been dedicated at Gmunden. I hope there is room there for some of our most formidable local Brahmsites. —Paul de Wit has bought the organ of Saint John, Leipzig, on which Bach used to play, to add it to his collection of old instruments. —The report that Hedvige Materna, the niece of the stout Wagner singer, attempted to kill herself is denied. —A tenor named Xanthopoulos made a sensation at Athens during a season of Italian opera. —Many Italian composers tried to hoist themselves to glory by setting Queen Marguerite's prayer to music. Verdi refused to write music for a poetical version by Gerardo Laurini of this prayer. —Perosi's "Moses" is nearly finished. It was originally in three parts and a prologue, but the prologue, which represented the escape of Moses from the Red Sea, has been cut out, for the three acts alone will take—that is, waste—three hours in performance. The chief characters are Moses (baritone), Sefora (soprano), the father of Sefora (bass), Aaron (tenor). —They praised a requiem mass by Giuseppe Righetti, performed at the Cathedral of Verona in memory of Humbert. Righetti is the composer of an opera, "La Figlia di Jette," which will soon be performed. —There is a story that Bruneau's "Messidor" will not be produced at the Opéra, Paris, because there is fear of a row, since Zola is the librettist. The Ménestrel characterizes this pretext as "vile and miserable." Carré, however, manager of the Opéra-Comique, does not hesitate to announce a revival of Zola and Bruneau's "Réve." —"L'Arlesienne," with Bizet's music, has been revived at the Odéon, Paris. —Avon Saxon sang at Cape Town last July. —Clara Butt and her husband made their first public appearance together since

their marriage, Sept. 23.—Edward Lloyd is making farewell appearances. —David Bispham, after the Birmingham Festival, will return to this country for the winter. It is said that he will take "special parts" in the Grau repertory, both in New York and San Francisco. Does this mean that "special parts" will be inserted or invented for him?—A tenor, José Lara Ortiz, has been discovered in a monastery at Malaga. He will study at Madrid. —Among the orchestral scores added last month to the Allen A. Brown collection at the Boston Public Library are Chabrier's "Habaneira"; Glazounoff's "La Mer" sérénade, and 6th symphony; Weingartner's symphony in G. Mr. Brown has also added Glazounoff's 4th string quartet, Sokoloff's "Les Vendredis," polka for strings (Sokoloff wrote this in collaboration); S. Tanicoff's string quartet in B flat minor. —Percy Pitt has composed incidental music for Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Paola and Francesca." —The Gaiété, Paris, will bring out a new operetta by Planquette, "Le Paradis de Mahomet." —Grace Palotta of the Gaiety, London, has gone to Melbourne for a season. —Entr'acte music from Raul von Koczalski's opera "Rymond" was played under the direction of the young pianist-composer at Baden-Baden Sept. 18. —Mary Anderson, "our Mary," who once inspired Mr. Willie Winter to whoopings of enthusiasm, sang Sept. 15 at a concert given at Evesham for the benefit of a monastery. Her voice is a "rich contralto." She sang songs by Maude Valerie White, her near neighbor, and Francis Korbay, who accompanied her. Joseph O'Mara also sang. By the way, will not this excellent tenor be with the Grau company this season?—Here is sound sense from the New York Sun "Live Topics About Town": "Mr. Clarence Whitehill (young American bass

in Mr. Savage's company), is so promising an artist that it seems a shame that he does not go back to Europe, continue his studies there for a while longer, make a reputation and thus prepare a considerable career for himself in the future, rather than have the brief satisfaction that comes from early success. The usual difficulty in English opera companies has been to secure capable men singers, and it has been thought hitherto that they were practically unobtainable, however easy it might be to find capable women singers. But if the men in the new organization all come up to the standard set by Mr. Whitehill, they will do much to prove the fallacy of this old theory." —Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" was performed for the first time in England Sept. 19—London Ronald, who was here as conductor with Melba's concert company, is now at the Lyric Theatre, London.

The Referee (London, Sept. 16) spoke as follows of Professor H. W. Parker's

new work, produced at the Hereford Festival:

Mr. Parker calls his work "A Wanderer's Psalm." I think this is a mistake, as the Psalms of David do not require new titles. Although an American, Mr. Parker is distinctly conservative in his music. He makes no effort to strike out into unknown byways, but is content to tread the broad road which leads to popularity. Phrases from the curse theme of "The Flying Dutchman," the scherzo of Beethoven's ninth symphony, and the song, "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," pop up now and again in quite unexpected places, and with the exception of one number, the music lacks freshness; but it is so admirably balanced by the voices are so admirably balanced by the orchestra, and such a keen sense of effect and power to write up to climaxes is shown, that the work exactly atones for the musician, which is increased to something higher by the number for bass solo and chorus, "They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships," a fine breezy piece of writing, built up with wide sweeping melodies and remarkable skill.

The Standard said as follows:

Mr. Parker is essentially a conservative writer. He is not only well versed in the traditions of English oratorio, but he manifestly reverences them, and prefers to use long accepted means rather than to strike out new paths. If the result is that his music lacks freshness, it has the compensating advantage of being easily understood. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Parker's writing is reminiscent of melodic progressions familiar to most music lovers.

The Chronicle took a more cheerful view:

This opportunity for taking a higher flight was not lost upon Prof. Parker, who in several places strove at the picturesque and extremely vigorous. That he has been unvaryingly successful in the treatment of the descriptive portions of the psalm, extending from the verse beginning, "For he hath broken the gates of brass," to "For he maketh the stormy wind to cease," and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be," cannot be admitted, but the work certainly shows an accession of strength in handling the resources of the modern orchestra that encourages the belief that, with judicious husbanding of the vast means now at command, the Yale Professor will eventually write an oratorio or a cantata entitled to the heartiest approval. The choral writing is excellent from first to last. In summing up, there can be no hesitation in saying that the merits of Prof. Parker's latest work are far in excess of its defects. Occasional instrumental stringency is more than compensated for by the grace and feeling of the greater portion of the vocal section of the score.

Philip Hale.

Oct 8 1894

Out of the unreal shadows of the night comes back the real life that we had known. We have to resume it where we had left off, and there steals over us a terrible sense of the necessity for the continuance of energy in the same wearisome round of stereotyped habits, or a wild longing, it may be, that our eyelids might open some morning upon a world that had been refashioned anew for our pleasure in the darkness, a world in which things would have fresh shapes and colors, and be changed, or have other secrets, a world in which the past would have little or no place, or survive, at any rate, in no conscious form of obligation or regret, the remembrance, even, of joy having its bitterness, and the memories of pleasure their pain.

Old Chimes is particular in matters of dress. Not that he is foppish or extravagant; but his coats are of wall-paper fit, the collar of his waistcoat is equally distributed, his trousers fall gracefully, even though his figure shows the apathy of middle-age. Mr. Utterly asked him the name of his tailor—and the question was without malice. When Old Chimes named him, there were exclamations of surprise and awe: "But he is a robber!" Mr. Augersaid complacently: "Look at me! I paid only \$20 for this suit ready-made at Jaborski's." Old Chimes courteously checked the easy retort, and said: "But, Auger, we have not all

such a figure. (Now, Mr. Auger is 5 feet 10, weighs 120 pounds, and his belly goes in like a dish.) Perhaps I am foolish to pay \$35 or \$60 for an every-day suit, but let me give you my reasons. I am naturally shy, sensitive to public opinion. I go to Hobbins and say, 'Pick me out the correct cloth and make the suit in the approved fashion.' Armed with this suit, the correct hat, and faultless boots, I walk at ease. Does anyone look at me too closely, I almost unconsciously throw out my chest, and with the air of saying, 'I am all right; if you doubt this, you don't know you're a duffer.' But if I should wear a cheap suit, a passing glance would disquiet me for the day; a quizzical look would compel me to exercise after dark. Remember, too, that this suit which you call an extravagance will keep its shape and virtue for at least three years, provided it be treated properly; while your suit at the end of the season is a sight—just as it was when you first put it on. My boy, only the rich can be truly economical; and while, thank God, I am not rich in the modern and vulgar meaning of the word, my income, which was thoughtfully left me by Uncle Hil and Grandfather Nathan, is sufficient for my modest wants, and my dear niece Miss Eustacia is of independent fortune, a fact with which the Earnest Student of Sociology is no doubt acquainted."

For a long time you have admired a married woman, a friend of many years. Your admiration has never caused your wife uneasiness, for it has been respectful. You admired the quiet, graceful manners of Mrs. X.; her sensible view of the world and humanity; her mobile face, her brilliant eyes, her creamy skin, the perfection of her figure; and at times you have wondered, with the natural vanity of man, whether she would not have been happier if she had met you before X. wooed her; for her husband is a good enough fellow and he seems fond of her in his Newfoundland-dog fashion, but he is strictly commercial and knows little about art, literature, music or the finer emotions. You had not met Mrs. X. since June, until you came upon her suddenly last Friday. You greeted her warmly and you talked in a play-acting voice. The sun was merciless toward her; and to your horror you found that the chin of Mrs. X. is now sown sparsely with white and repulsive hairs. Pursuing your investigation, you discovered similar hairs sprouting from her upper lip, and her cheeks are fuzzy where they should be smooth. You remember the line of Pope: "And beauty draws us with a single hair"; but you do not wish this hair on the chin or on the upper lip. You ponder the fate of the Bearded Woman: is she ever loved for herself alone? And you no longer speculate concerning a possibly happy married life with Mrs. X.; indeed, you are unusually cordial now when you meet her husband in the street car.

J. P. asks: "When did the unicorn become extinct? Is the effigy on the Old State House, which Councilman Linehan wants torn down, a correct representation of the unicorn?"

Ah, the unicorn! He is one of our favorite animals. What memories rush over us!

Let us first be historical. The unicorn was adopted as a supporter of arms by James IV. of Scotland, and made its appearance as a supporter of the royal shield of England on the accession of James VI. to the English throne, as a token of the alliance between the two countries. (This information we lifted bodily out of a book. Gullim, who wrote a cyclopaedia of unnatural history about 1600, admitted the existence of the animal and said it was never taken alive because "the greatness of his mind is such that he chooseth rather to die.") Thomas Fuller found proof of the existence of the unicorn in the mention of him in Scripture, and he was sure that it was to be met with in 1668 "somewhere." Sir Thomas Browne, in 1646, was skeptical, but the Rev. Edward Topsell (1607) was cock-sure of the unicorn and wrote as follows of disbelievers: "It appeareth unto me that there is some secret enemy in the inward degenerate nature of man, which continually blindeth the eyes of God his people from beholding and believing the greatness of God his works." The horn of a unicorn was shown at Windsor Castle, and in 1598 was valued at over £10,000. Lewis Vertomannus, a gentleman of Rome, saw with his own eyes two unicorns presented to the Sultan of Mecca by a King of Ethiopia. They were in a park of the Temple of Mecca, and were not much unlike a colt of 30 months of age. This was 1

1503. The animal became extinct about the end of the 17th century.

There are so many and varying descriptions of the unicorn that we prefer to quote the account given by the



himself to Saint Anthony in the desert. (See Flaubert's "Tentation de saint Antoine").

have hoofs of ivory, teeth of steel, purple-colored head, a snow-white body; and the horn on my forehead has the hues of the rainbow. I journey from Chaldea to the Tartar coast, along the banks of the Ganges, in Mesopotamia. I outrun ostriches, so fast that I drag the wind behind me. I rub my back against palm trees. I roll among bamboos. I bound I leap the streams. I fly above me. Only a virgin can ride me."

The unicorn is represented in the art of Persopolis, and it was adopted by the Persians as the emblem of strength. In the Middle Ages it was the symbol of purity. The unicorn hated the elephant, and it was to whet its horn on a stone that it struck the foe in the abdomen. No family, by the way, should be without one of these horns, the average length of which is four feet. They are found from witchcraft; thus Torquemada had one always on his writing desk. Furthermore a drinking cup from one will be a safeguard against poison, as will the ground water put in drink, and indeed the water of the palace of Saint Mark was not poisoned in the good old days of adventure because these benevolent horns had been thrown into it. But do not pay too high a price. A unicorn's horn was formerly sold by apothecaries at \$120 an ounce. A pound above this would strike a fortune.

Oct. 1, 1900

A beggar on Fate's highway, humanity's stream flowed by, word I got the whole of the day, "It's weary work," said I, me to beg at the break of dawn, begged till the sun has set, what do I want, poor wretch forlorn? more than I'll ever get."

what do I want, is it that you ask? matter is small enough: no freedom from yoke or task, all where the waves are rough; place, kingdom, or magic ring, ending of all regret whole of my wants are the simplest thing, more than I'll ever get."

Fate came by, "It would seem," said he, "I have sat for a longish time, perhaps we might, or, at least, I'll see—bounty is most sublime. Come, what is it, before I go?" answered him "To forget." "Dear good soul," he replied, "you know it's more than you'll ever get!"

I have received a letter which was chiefly because we are short of money. The substance is unintelligible to us and we fear lest it contain a slur or attack on some of our people—to use a phrase of the redashers. We do not belong to Wood Pulp Club, nor do we know of such social or political organization. The only clubs to which we belong—and not irregularly, as our enemies jump to say—are the Porcupine, the Anti-Kipling League, and the Society for Providing Indigent Girls with Birds and Bottles.

Boston, Oct. 6, 1900.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

In an evening last week, at the Wood Pulp Club, I entered upon a conversation with a member of that club, of whom I have reason to think you yourself are also a member. The member whom I refer to is a tall, dark man, all as I could distinguish after accomplishing my part of the contest. I remember that the loser was to sing a song to the company, but I do remember that my defeated antagonist fulfilled his part of the agreement. Thinking you would be interested to remove any possible stigma from the Wood Pulp Club's fair name, I thought I would lend me the aid of your valuable column to discover the loser of the wager, and whether he did in fact sing his wager by singing. I recollect absolutely nothing that could be said after singing after winning my competition, and feel that payment is due to him and to the club.

BENE BUVO.

In spite of the fact that apples in New England States are so plentiful that farmers have neither the inclination nor the time to pick them off the ground where they lie rotting, there are many grocers in the Back Bay who charge for the impudence to charge for the apples. A peck, which is the usual quantity asked for a barrel in Peterboro, is sold for a dollar. We are glad to learn that the Boston charitable organization propose to distribute this apple fruit, and we have already written our address. It is true that the charitable authors of medical treatises generally speak unfavorably of

apples, but Galen recommends even the leaves, the juice and the rind of apple trees, as being possessed of acid and austere qualities, and thus agglutinating wounds, restraining the defluxions of incipient inflammations and strengthening the stomach and bowels when they have lost their tone. Avicenna himself allows that all fragrant kinds of apples are cordial and alexipharmic. An apple tree seen in a dream foretells long life; on the other hand, the blooming of the apple tree after the fruit is ripe is a sure omen of death.

Eat an apple going to bed.

Make the doctor beg his bread.

And apple juice is a powerful remedy against warts, just as a poultice of rotten apples is a cure for eyes suffering from rheumatism or any weakness. To speak of the mystic character of the apple, of its symbolism in love, of its use in charms and spells and divination would carry us too far; we have time only to note in addition that the familiar phrase from "The Song of Solomon"—"comfort me with apples"—should probably read, "Strew me a couch of citron leaves."

A popular error of long standing is the belief that musicians, when they are not actively engaged in playing their trade, sit in beer saloons talking of themselves and their own works. We learn that Mr. Josef Hofmann, the pianist, has been studying applied electricity and perfecting an electric automobile; and that Mr. Martinus Sieveking, also a pianist, has invented an electric flying machine which can be raised or lowered to any level. The latter will give concerts in the United States this season, but his press agent has not yet announced whether the Dutch pianist will cross the Atlantic on a steamship or riding proudly through the air. It would be a rare drawing card if he could descend by his machine through the roof of a concert hall to the stage. Mr. Paderewski, in this event, would turn green with envy.

Some one remarked the other day that literary men are not welcome in the House of Representatives; that lawyers have the first call; and that Congressional oratory suffers thereby. But are literary men distinguished for oratory? Were not Webster and Choate and the other famous men of speech lawyers by profession? And has that which is commonly understood as oratory any good excuse for being in these political years? The character of the speeches in the House of Commons has changed; there are not so many quotations from Horace, who, according to Mortimer Collins, sang with the express purpose of being quoted in that House.

Oct. 15, 1900

And so he would now study perfumes, and the secrets of their manufacture, distilling heavily-scented oils, and burning odorous gums from the East. He saw that there was no mood of the mind that had not its counterpart in the sensuous life, and set himself to discover their true relations, wondering what there was in frankincense that made one mystical, and in ambergris that stirred one's passions, and in violets that woke the memory of dead romances, and in musk that troubled the brain, and in champak that stained the imagination, and seeking often to elaborate a real psychology of perfumes, and to estimate the several influences of sweet-smelling roots, and scented pollen-laden flowers, of aromatic balms, and of dark and fragrant woods, of spikenard that sickens, of hovenia that makes men mad, and of aloes that are said to be able to expel melancholy from the soul.

We have received the following letter:

Waltham, Oct. 6, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you tell me how to rid goldfish of fleas, also if Old Chimes wrote "Eight Bells."

Respectfully,

BEGIN MOGGUS.

We shrewdly suspect that "respectfully" is here used in a spirit of disagreeable irony; that the name of the correspondent is assumed; that he would fain hold us up to derision and scorn. Nevertheless it shall not be said that any soul thirsting for information and invoking our aid ever goes away unsatisfied. We suppose our correspondent refers to the common tank or globe member of the carp family, the cyprinus auratus, to use the language of the ancient Romans; a native of China, which was first introduced into England about the year 1691. If the tank is over three feet in length put in a bonito, and the gold fish, agitated by its sworn foe, will shake off the fleas. If you have a globe of modest size, handle each gold fish tenderly and administer to each a pinch of the best Scotch snuff.

Old Chimes has never written book, play, song. His literary labors have been confined to letters on subjects of contemporaneous human interest addressed to the Transcript—see, for an example, his masterly discussion of street cars in Marlborough Street—and

copious annotations to a forth-coming work entitled, "Every one his own Barkeeper; or How to Make Home Happy," by Harbottle S. Munson.

We learn from a contemporary that among the guests at the "banquet tendered" by the Massachusetts Single Tax League were "Mr. — — — and lady," "Mr. — — — and lady," and in fact several gentlemen each provided with a "lady." We hope that the wives of the said guests were not distressed by this news, though they themselves, possibly on account of harassing domestic care, were unable to be present.

Miss Lucienne Bréal, the dramatic soprano, who will be a member of the Grau company this season, was born Dec. 5, 1870. It is said that she will appear here as Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre," and thus we may be permitted to see a stage maiden who is not at least 40 years old and of 200 or 225 pounds. As this will be a departure from Wagnerian tradition, the critics in New York will no doubt look at Miss Bréal skew-eyed. Miss Bréal first appeared at the Opéra, Paris, Jan. 20, 1892, as Sélka. Rumor says that she is never so happy as when Mr. Saléza is tenor to her soprano.

The editor of "Live Topics About Town" discourses agreeably, in the New York Sun, about padded shoulders and peg-top trousers. "An effort was made," he says, "several years ago by tailors who run to extremes to bring back the very baggy old peg-top trousers \* \* \* the extreme in this style has not found favor here." But the wildest generosity in cut is better than the stinginess of the candle-mould, and it is more becoming to fat and lean alike. Knees quickly go through tight trousers, and there is a feeling of undue tension in the seat that prevents a naturally deep-thinker from serene contemplation of things terrestrial and celestial. Furthermore, the fall of such trousers over the boots is too often mean and skimpy, and it accentuates the size of feet. Mark you well: Generous trousers must not be confounded with what are vaguely described as trousers that bag at the knee, such as were worn by Mr. W. J. Bryan when he was photographed in company with Mr. Stevenson shortly after their nomination. Mr. Bryan's trousers in this photograph—they are of the variety known as "lights"—are indeed a sight, and we do not see how any self-respecting man can vote for the wearer. They are not cut in the proportion of 16 of cloth to one of leg; they are close-fitting—except—and oh, vital point!—at the knee.

Since his return, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has acted as private secretary to Wilson Barrett. Yes, but it was Mr. Barrett who discovered Mr. Le Gallienne when his name was something that rhymed with "balloon." Mr. Le Gallienne has written a biography of Mr. Barrett, they say. The poet-essayist-novelist who rose to a supreme lyric height at the thought of a petticoat (see "The Quest of the Golden Girl") will undoubtedly be equally inspired by the contemplation of Mr. Barrett's low-cut shirts and histrionic and voluptuous address.

Oct. 11, 1900

What do I see in the Moon, my Love,  
What do I see in the Moon?  
A golden castle of stately air,  
A courtly maiden, its chateleine fair,  
Who stands at the door and seems to greet  
A man who has thrown his soul at her feet—  
That's what I see in the Moon.

What do you see in the Moon, my Love,  
What do you see in the Moon?  
Its heavenly mirror will show you there  
Two deep-blue eyes framed in tresses fair;  
The envy of women, the rapture of men,  
The face that you see every night at ten—  
That's what you see in the Moon.

What do men see in the Moon, my Love,  
What do men see in the Moon?  
Why, faces and flags,  
And a world in rags,  
Tatters of destiny, patches of fate  
And the way we feel when its just too late—  
That's what men see in the Moon.

Mr. W. D. Howells will sit in the "Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine. This, being interpreted, means that Mr. Howells will furnish monthly an autobiographical chapter from his magnum opus, "My Life."

There is a startling rumor that Mr. Henry James will leave dear old Lunnon to live in Massachusetts. What town will he honor? Surely not Northampton, for he roasted that city in one of his earlier novels, although some of his relatives found life tolerable on Round Hill. The only place that would be congenial to him is Cambridge, where he might lecture to students in English literature and the dead languages concerning the peculiarities of his painfully acquired style.

President Elliot denies the statement that the life of a Harvard student is that of a sybarite. His denial is well founded. For the wines of Sybaris ran in pipes, two miles or more, from the vineyards in the country to the city; just as, if travelers do not lie, beer is supplied to the happy dwellers in St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cincinnati, by pipes from brewery to house. Furthermore, the Sybarites wore clothes of the finest wool, dyed of a rich purple, and many wore saffron-colored waistcoats. Their curls were tied with threads of gold. And the Sybarites had such delicate ears that they allowed in the city no trade that made a rasping noise; so there were no blacksmiths, carpenters, symphony concerts, political conventions or electric cars. And they used to banquet perpetually, night and day, and their horses were taught to dance to the sound of the flute during the banquets to amuse them.

If the English cannot have Kruger's head, they have his hatbox.

This Minnie Tracey, who will be the leading dramatic soprano of Mr. Savage's company at the Metropolitan Opera House, is a niece of Mr. Charles Tracey of Albany, N. Y., who was somewhat conspicuous as a devoted follower of Mr. Cleveland. Her father, John Tracey, held a political office in New York for many years.

Mr. James Fitzharris, who has long led the strenuous life, can never, even in his darkest hours, regard his life as a failure, for he is known throughout the world by the title "Skin the Goat," a title truly Homeric, one that Achilles or any Trojan bully might have envied.

The Kaiser no longer wears a moustache with sky-assailing ends, but that which once was the symbol of his ambition now droops like a weeping-willow and is acquainted with soup. A Berlin correspondent claims that these pointed ends were plagiarized 10 years ago from Baron Hülsen, military attaché in Vienna. By the way, what is an "American political beard" to which Gertrude Atherton refers in "The Senator"? Is it a Brother Jonathan, or is it the arrangement dear to Populists?

During the examination of a woman said to be insane, a witness testified that the woman was out of her mind, because "she tried to set the mantelpiece on fire." Such an attempt may have been indisputable proof of a sane mind. Perhaps this mantel-piece was one that is described as "highly decorative." Perhaps it was cluttered with incongruous bric-a-brac, slithering Dresden China figures, Japanese fans and shrines, bulbous and shrieking vases, a funeral clock that refused to go, distressingly faithful photographs of relatives. Perhaps it was adorned with a sentimental motto. A mantel-piece may be a delight, as when in a cozy room it supports a couple of pewter mugs pipes, tobacco, matches, and an odd volume of scandalous memoirs.

They are bound to make church services attractive in Chicago. "Nowadays the music from 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Semiramide' and even more popular and less serious operas is heard in church buildings."

The Rev. Charles H. Eaton of New York preached in his pulpit a "eulogistic sermon," entitled "The making of a millionaire: A word of Appreciation of the Life and Career of Collis P. Huntington." In the course of his remarks he said, "They tell us that the methods of millionaires are not always honorable. I do not suppose they are. Who of us has not a dishonorable page in his career?" We hope that Mr. Eaton did not look steadily at any member of his flock.

Sarah Bernhardt does not appear in a special performance of "L'Aiglon" in Paris for the benefit of the Galveston sufferers simply for advertising purposes. She is a woman of generous deeds as well as impulses. Her generosity toward her scapegrace son has been extravagance, and so in spite of enormous gains she is often at a loss for ready money; but this son, as she told an inquisitive American, was one of her little fantasies, and indulgence in fantasies is generally expensive.

"This following makes a soft beard, and doeth beautifie the chin with a fine haire. Take Butter without Salt, the juice of a red Onyon, the greace of a Badger, the roote of Briony, of Beetes, of Radish, and of white Lillies, whereof make a Liniment, and anoint the chin often therewith, being shaven." Thus Antoine Mizauld.

They were examining cases of adulteration in drugs at Bangkok, where, as in certain Western cities, apothecaries produce strong drink in response to a wink or some secret signal of distress. The Chinese defendant admitted that he added something to his liquor, which was an improvement much rel-



by his customers. Pressed by the  
owner, he explained that the "some-  
thing" was medicine which he had for  
a bad leg.

Is not the disease known as "lift-  
ing the heart" merely a case of "Sursum  
Corda"?

To those out of work: By injecting  
under the skin at the joints some prepa-  
ration of petroleum, you can produce  
a natural-looking contraction of any  
joint and thus excite the pity of the  
charitable.

OCT 12, 1900

Society, civilized society, at last, is never  
very ready to believe anything to the detri-  
ment of those who are both rich and charis-  
matic. It feels instinctively that manners are  
of more importance than morals, and the  
highest respectability is of less value in its  
opinion than the possession of a good chef.  
And after all, it is a poor consolation to be  
told that the man who has given one a bad  
dinner, or poor wine, is irreproachable in  
his private life. Even the cardinal virtues  
cannot atone for cold entrées. For the canons  
of good society are, or should be, the  
same as the canons of art. Form is abso-  
lutely essential to it. It should have the  
dignity of a ceremony, as well as its unreal-  
ity, and should combine the insincere char-  
acter of a romantic play with the wit and  
beauty that make such plays charming.  
Is insincerity such a terrible thing? I think  
not. It is merely a method by which we can  
imitate our personalities.

We have received several letters of  
inquiry concerning the Society for Pro-  
viding Indigent Working Girls with  
Birds and Bottles. We are not at lib-  
erty to publish the constitution and by-  
laws of this society, but propriety  
does not forbid the publication of a  
few facts of general interest. The mem-  
bership is limited to 100, but the club-  
book contains the names of respected  
and influential citizens—as two or three  
judges, certain members of the Somer-  
set Club, an ex-Police Commissioner, a  
member of the Watch and Ward So-  
ciety, and several gentlemen prominent  
in State Street. The non-resident mem-  
bership, on the other hand, is practi-  
cally unlimited. There is at present no  
established clubhouse, but the Execu-  
tive Committee is now negotiating with  
a leading real estate dealer, who is an  
honored member. During this season,  
the meetings will be held at restaur-  
ants down town. At the annual meet-  
ing, held the last Saturday night of the  
year, reports concerning the good work  
accomplished are read, and letters of  
appreciation from the indigent are put  
on file, to be bound and placed in the  
archives of the club.

Any gifts of baskets of champagne or  
game (in season; cold storage birds are  
not welcomed) from the charitably dis-  
posed will be thankfully received and  
the Entertainment Committee will see  
to it that they are judiciously distrib-  
uted.

Clerks, attorneys, counsel, bank di-  
rectors, detectives and deputies went  
to the apartment of "Mrs. Hart," the  
light-of-love of young Mr. William  
Schreiber, who was strong enough to lift  
\$106,000 from the Ellizabethport Bank-  
ing Company. They went, incidentally,  
to see how fair she was, but they had  
the presence of mind to put attach-  
ments on furniture, carriages, dia-  
monds. They found her reading most  
appropriately "To Have and To Hold."

Mr. G. R. Sims discusses the question  
of public houses and makes this good  
point: "The public house is the poor  
man's club. He doesn't go there merely  
to drink. He goes there to meet his  
pals, to chat, to spend his evening in  
a brighter atmosphere than he would  
find at home. The public house is  
many a poor man's address. You hear  
men who part with a friend in the  
streets at night, and want to meet him  
again, say, 'Come and see us on Sat-  
urday night; you know the house we  
use.' Many a hard worker and decent  
chap goes night after night to one  
house—the house he uses—because that  
is where his mates, if they want to see  
him, will come to look for him."

Mr. F. E. Chase once defined a club  
as "the weapon with which men of  
bitter kill time," and the slaughter of  
the great enemy is undoubtedly the ex-  
cuse for the existence of many clubs.  
It is to be regretted that the club with  
its nervously genteel atmosphere has  
driven out the tavern where men met  
and exchanged honest thought, the tav-  
ern with sanded floor, plain, heavy  
furniture, and shining pewter. In the  
modern club it is not considered proper  
to talk shop. In the tavern writers  
met deliberately to talk about their  
trade. Would that there could be a re-  
vival of the practice! What a stimulus  
it would be for a young man to sit  
humbly at a long table and listen to-  
day, Judge Grant, Prof. Arlo Bates and  
Prof. Barrett Wendell discussing "Un-  
heavened Bread," the symbolism of  
Marcel Schwab, or the style of Mr. El-  
bert Hubbard. Or, Mr. T. B. Aldrich  
and Mr. N. H. Dole might be found  
here building a chant royal or ex-

changing triplets. Or an architect  
would grow enthusiastic over the Tower  
of Babel: the model for an apart-  
ment house. What to such glorious  
freedom of thought and bravery of ex-  
pression is any perfunctorily organized  
literary club? As George Moore said:  
"Some 70 years ago the Club super-  
seded the Tavern, and since then all  
literary intercourse has ceased in Lon-  
don. Literary clubs have been founded,  
and their leather arm-chairs have be-  
gotten Mr. Gosse; but the tavern gave  
the world Villon and Marlowe. Nor is  
this to be wondered at. What is  
wanted is enthusiasm and devil-may-  
careism; and the very aspect of a tav-  
ern is a snort of defiance at the hearth,  
the leather arm-chairs are so many  
salams to it."

Our friends—say rather acquaint-  
ances, the prohibitionists, are never  
weary of cataloguing the diseases su-  
perinduced, as they say, by the use or  
the abuse of wine and strong drinks.  
But the list of diseases and parasites  
that attack the vine itself in the Gironde  
is still more formidable: coulure atté-  
lée, écrivain, procris, pyrale, euclore,  
ver-blanc, apate, puce de la vigne,  
loches, snails, érimose, grillage, mildew,  
oidium, phylloxéra, anthracnose, pour-  
ridié, rot, brown, white and black,  
cochylis, and there are other com-  
plaints.

What is Bath-house John of Chicago

wearing this fall? Until his clothes are  
fully described there will be no confi-  
dence in dress. Even the Providence  
Journal keeps prudent silence.

The Pall Mall Gazette comments on  
the fact that the ballet dancers of the  
National Academy of Music are, as the  
result of the World's Fair, overworked  
and underpaid. "They have danced in  
the gardens of the Elysée, they have  
danced in the Salle des Fêtes, and they  
have been the crowning and suave at-  
traction at countless Ministerial soirées.  
\* \* \* It is certain that the gratitude  
of the authorities has shown itself in  
a manner esteemed insufficiently sub-  
stantial by the young persons most in-  
terested."

We are surprised to find the Paris  
correspondent of the Pall Mall speak-  
ing of these ballet-girls as "rats." For  
the "rat" is a distinct species. She  
is a pupil, not a full-fledged dancer. She  
is between seven and fourteen years of  
age. To quote Nestor Roqueplan: "She  
wears shoes that have been worn out  
by others, shawls that have lost their  
color, soot-colored hats that smell of  
lamp-smoke; she has bread in her pocket  
and begs for 10 sous to buy candy.  
\* \* \* She is a rat until she assumes  
another name, until she arrives at the  
age when she no longer asks for candy,  
but receives bouquets." The ballet  
knows these grades: the "choriste," the  
"danseuse," the "rat," and "la mar-  
cheuse," the girl that merely walks  
or stands. The rat is usually the child  
of a door-keeper, actress, dancer, or  
of the very poor. She is to the dancer  
what the errand-boy is to the attorney.  
Some say that this word was introduced  
into French literature by Roqueplan  
in 1841; but it is found in Balzac's  
"Esther heureuse" dated 1838, and the  
scene in which he introduces it is sup-  
posed to be of the year 1824. Balzac  
says that the word had already become  
antiquated. "The fashion in words  
passes so quickly that to-day (1838) few  
knew this intimate detail in modish  
life before the Restoration, until some  
writers took up the rat as a new  
theme." And Balzac describes the rat  
of 1824 as a sort of infernal page, a  
dangerous animal, who nevertheless  
brought into daily life an element of  
gaiety.

The teacher of a Paris school wrote  
as fellows to a French educational  
journal: "I have 42 pupils, aged from  
eight to eleven years. Twelve have  
never seen the Seine, five have never  
seen the St. Martin's Canal, twenty-  
five do not know what Notre-Dame is,  
twenty-eight have never seen the Pan-  
theon, nine have never been in the  
country, and a living ox is a thing un-  
known to eight one doesn't know what  
a boat is, and two have never seen  
locomotives or railway carriages. I  
teach these children the history of  
the Greek, Roman and French civiliza-  
tions." There are certain dwellers in  
the Back Bay who profess ignorance  
as to the precise location of the South  
End although their fathers and moth-  
ers were comfortable there for years.

OCT 13, 1900

BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

Fire and mist and air,  
Longing, laughter, and pain,  
Fed by the love men bear,  
Yet never to love again.

Fed by the love men bear,  
Weeping when no one sighs,  
Gay through their heart's despair  
Their passion within my eyes.

Fire and mist and air,  
Thin and fleeting and vain,  
Phantom of love men bear,  
Soulless to love again.

We received the following letter:  
Boston, Oct. 9, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Will you give me of your valuable  
space sufficient to answer me this? How  
should one tag a parcel properly? I  
have sent two or three away lately, and  
they have never reached their destina-  
tions.

HILDEGARDE K. SWEETAPPLE.

Now we are not practical with our  
hands. We cannot even nail a cam-  
paign tie. Therefore we referred the  
question to our esteemed friend, Mr.  
Michael Taberski, who is now work-  
ing in Beverly. He returned the let-  
ter of inquiry with the following note.  
His scheme seems feasible and not nec-  
essarily inhuman:

Beverly, Oct. 10, 1900.

Dear Sir—Our experience in tagging  
parcels has been limited, but we have  
found this method to be effective. First  
tie the parcel carefully with three or  
four-ply linen twine. Lay it in the mid-  
dle of a large room and go out and shut  
the door. Leave the parcel long enough  
for it to get thoroughly quiet. Then open  
the door softly, sneak up behind the  
parcel, slap it once, crying loudly,  
"You're It." Then run nimbly away.  
The parcel may now be said to be prop-  
erly tagged. M. T.

"There are two young women playing  
in the orchestra at the Bastable The-  
atre in Syracuse. One is the wife of  
the leader." Ten to one she doesn't  
play second fiddle.

They gave Mr. John White of King-  
ston, N. J., a calithumpian serenade;  
and why? Because he married, or said  
he had married, Mrs. Tice, a widow,  
who enjoys the reputation of being  
deaf, blind in one eye, and nearly  
three times his age. BUT HE LOVED  
HER. We are glad to learn that Mr.  
White resented the music bitterly, took  
the old family shotgun, and filled the  
faces of the musicians with tacks and  
nails. Music in restaurants is bad  
enough; on wedding nights it must be  
intolerable. The true cause of Elsa's  
nervousness in the third act of "Lo-  
hengrin" is the nuptial chorus that is  
sung out of tune.

Learned men tell us that "calithump-  
ian" comes from the verb to "call-  
thump," which is founded on "Calli-  
ope," and "to thump." We do not ac-  
cept this statement. "Calithumpian"  
comes from two Greek words: The  
first is "kalos," beautiful; the second is  
"thumophthoros," which means "har-  
assing the soul, heart-crushing, heart-  
breaking," and of persons, "trouble-  
some, annoying." This last word has  
been twisted in its descent through the  
ages, but the derivation is indisputable.  
Music that may be beautiful in itself  
becomes soul-harassing under certain  
conditions.

A calithumpian serenade is a char-  
vari in French, cencerada in Spanish,  
frastuono or scampanata in Italian,  
spottmusik in German. It is of most  
ancient origin, and an outcome of the-  
ological discussions in the first centu-  
ries of the Christian era concerning sec-  
ond marriages. One of the most fa-  
mous instances on record is that given  
at Toulouse April 16, 1335 (Easter Day),  
which led to sad bloodshed. "Ceperunt  
per urbem divagari, clamantes et vocif-  
ferantes, metallica vasa percutiendo et  
instrumenta ferrea culnaria feriendo,  
unde sonitus et strepitus gravis ede-  
batur."

And here is another letter:

Hyde Park, Oct. 11, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Will you tell me, through the me-  
dium of your valued column, who  
was the author of "Hamlet"? I have  
seen the play, but did not see the au-  
thor's name on the program. Your  
admirer,

ZACCH.

An eminent Baconian assures us that  
"Hamlet" was written by a Mr. Cabot  
of Boston, and not, as some claim, by  
Ignatius Donnelly. But the program  
gave way to popular prejudice and at-  
tributed it to William Shakspeare.

There is after all an advantage in  
having a rasping voice, or a voice that  
is a shrill-edged shriek which divides  
the shuddering night, such a one as  
Tennyson mentions in "Maud." Per-  
haps it is not so effective in the man-  
agement of a household as the sour-  
sweet quality of tones that neither rise  
nor fall, but maintain a dead level of  
calm, inexorable knugging; as a mem-  
ory in the phonograph it will be an  
eternal joy. Long after the loved one  
has left the scene of her harassing  
activity, when the curtains are drawn,  
and the steam-radiator is singing mor-  
rily, the raucous, discordant voice from  
the phonograph will go straight to the  
hearts of the bereaved ones. Little  
Susy will say, "There, that's Mother,  
sure enough," and the dozing Papa will  
move instinctively toward the hat-  
rack.

The elections for the "Hall of Fam-  
go gayly on, and college Presidents as  
Chief Justices and all manner of big  
and mighty muck-a-mucks attempt  
determine the fame of certain Amer-  
icans for all time. To these judges play-  
ing an improved game of authors, Po-  
and Bryant are not as big men as  
Washington Irving, and as for Wa-  
Whitman, why, he does not exist, al-  
though we record with a thrill 19 votes  
for Mr. Marcus Whitman—and pra-  
where do Mr. Marcellus Whitman or  
Mr. Aurelius Cassius Whitman con-  
in? And yet all this is worth while; for  
it inspires the Transcript to wave the  
handkerchief and cry in a most lad-  
like voice "Hurrah for Emerson, the  
greatest of Americans, thank good-  
ness."

OCT 14, 1900

THE Guide Musical (Brussels, Sept.  
30) gives the names of the jury to  
award the Paderewski prize, of-  
ferred to American composers. I  
quote it, and follow copy exactly: "Wil-  
helm Gencke, B. J. Lang; Carl Iger-  
rhan William Aphist, de Boston; Krich-  
biel, Henderson, Henry Finck, James  
Hemeker, de New-York; et le profes-  
seur Samuel Sandford, de New-Haven."

The same journal calls the United  
States happy, because the population is  
73,954,742, of which only 2 per cent. own  
a piano.

The Referee, apropos of a perform-  
ance of Brahms's Symphony No. 2 at  
Queen's Hall Promenade Concert, says  
"Brahms is not a composer who excite  
love at first sight. Like the gentlemen  
in the song, 'E's all right when you  
know 'im, but you've got to know 'im  
first.'"

The soloists who will appear this sea-  
son with the Philharmonic Society, New  
York, Mr. Paur conductor, will be Te-  
resa Carreno, Maud Powell, Fritz  
Kreisler, Hugo Becker and Henry Hol-  
den Huss, who will play a new concert  
of his own. The orchestral novelties  
will be a symphony by Josef Sul-  
Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben," Sym-  
phony No. 1 by Weingartner, and Tai-  
leff's overture to "L'Oréstié." Let us  
hope that Mr. Gerlicke will see fit  
to perform Strauss's "Heldenleben" her-  
To ignore its existence would be al-  
surd. And now that there is an ex-  
cellent organ in Symphony Hall, there  
is no good excuse for not producing  
Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" symphon-  
y which was played long ago in New  
York and is a favorite piece in Chicago.  
Are we not to hear Maud Powell and  
Fritz Kreisler with the Symphony  
Orchestra this season, or are solo vi-  
olinists to be found only in the orchest-  
ra itself? The Philharmonic concerts are  
only seven in number (14 with repe-  
tions), but the programs chosen by  
Mr. Paur are of unusual interest.

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, whose por-  
trait is in another column of this issue  
of the Journal, was born at Newton  
Mass., May 27, 1871. His musical  
instincts were remarked at an early age.  
He played the organ in church when  
he was 14 years old and he gave con-  
citals. His first teachers were Mr.  
M. Dunham, the organist, and Mr. G.

W. Chadwick, of whom he took les-  
son in theory. As organist of the Elm  
Church, Newton, he attracted atten-  
tion. In 1894 he went to Munich, where  
he studied for a year under Rhei-  
berger. In 1895 he took there a silver  
medal for organ playing and compo-  
sition. He then went to Paris to stu-  
dy with Widor, the organist of Saint-S-  
pice. He came home, but in 1896 went  
to Leipzig, where he was busied in the  
Stadt Theatre with the rehearsing  
operas, the coaching of singers and in  
conducting of ballets. He was as-  
sociated intimately with Mr. Nikisch.  
He gave organ recitals in Leipzig, Mun-  
ich and in London the organ of Albert H.  
was put at his disposal. He returned  
to this country in 1897. Now he is  
teacher of the organ and harmony in  
the New England Conservatory. In  
three years he was the conductor of  
the Orpheus Musical Society. He  
played Rheinberger's concerto for  
organ, strings and horns at the Wor-  
cester Festival of 1898 and was organ-  
ist of that Festival in 1900. He has played  
in ensemble with the Boston Symphon-  
y Orchestra here and in New York. Con-  
cerning his treatment of the organ as  
a solo instrument I shall have oc-  
sion to speak later, for he will give  
recital Oct. 25. Mr. Goodrich was ap-  
pointed organist and choirmaster of the  
Church of the Messiah in March, 1897.  
I believe this is now the only Protestant  
Church in town where the commun-  
service is always sung in plain so-  
Certain canticles and anthems are  
sung. Mr. Goodrich accompanies the  
plain song according to the rules of  
harmonization adopted by the New  
England Conservatory. His compositions include  
an "Ave Maria" for chorus, organ and  
orchestra, which has been performed at  
Springfield, Mass., and Troy, N. Y.



cert overture (MS.); a Latin hymn, ce jam noctis," for male chorus, alto and orchestra, performed at Ingfield in 1897, and by the Orpheus Boston; an operetta, "Narcissus" (1898)—an intermezzo from it was played at the Springfield Festival of 1894; and several anthems. Two essays on the organ were published in the Musical Standard, and afterward in pamphlet form by Novello, Ewer & Co. His translation of "L'Orgue de Jean Sébastien Bach," by A. Pirro, a most valuable book, is still in manuscript. He is the author of the article, "Organ Flying in America," which will appear in a supplementary volume of "Famous Composers," now in process of publication by the J. B. Millet Company of this city.

Louis Kelterborn writes to me as follows:

Boston, Oct. 8, 1900.  
Dear Sir—The mention of Nietzsche's name and of his "Meditation on Man," in the Journal of last Sunday induces me to give you the perhaps not interesting news that I have a copy of the only one, at least in this country, of this strange piano piece by my great teacher and friend of fifty years, with whom I had numerous conversations on matters musical and unmusical, and with whom I occasionally played pieces for four hands; for instance the prelude to "Stan," Nietzsche's "Monodie à l'été," which he dedicated to a daughter of the historian Monod in Paris on occasion of her wedding, and of the "Manfred" music, which he wrote out of contempt of "Schumann's so-called 'Manfred' music," which Nietzsche characterized as a "Missgeburt" (abortion), for it is entirely the true Byronic spirit to despair. When I recently received from his sister, Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche, in Weimar, the announcement of his death, I promised her to write down my rich recollections of the years, in which I was his pupil and friend, but in publishing the same I shall send manuscript to her that she may correct any possible mistakes. As for "Manfred" music, I have an opinion far different from that of von Low, and I think that in spite of his sins against rules of harmony and composition, and in spite of certain imitations of Wagner's "Tristan" style, as in it much truer musical germs than the whole impotent score of von Bülow's music to "Julius Caesar," which I once heard in Munich.

My correspondent writes concerning the success of Miss Ada Adams in certain European cities, and quotes the opinion of the Lucerne Tagblatt apropos of her singing at a charity concert in that city:

Miss Ada Adams of Chicago started with well known songs of Robert Schumann, which were followed by the old chanson by Campra and two French songs, and to still the applause for another encore, she sang "El Païen" by Massenet, which was heartily received. "This very lovely and talented young American possesses a beautiful and sweet mezzo-soprano voice, which she understands to manipulate most charmingly and thoroughly. Her German and French diction is excellent."

The sale of seats for the performance of "Elijah," by the Handel and Haydn Society, open tomorrow morning at 8.30 at the Symphony Hall.—Mr. Heinrich Gebel, pianist, will give a concert in the Albert Hall, the evening of Nov. 20. He expects to go to Europe at the end of this season to give concerts.—

Edwin Klahre will give the first piano concert in Steinert Hall, Nov. 1.—Delna does not seem to have met with unqualified success in Paris. Carmen. Henri de Curzon says of her performance at the Opéra Comique: "The true Carmen did not appear before us. There was Miss Delna, whose characteristic is to be individual, to be herself. She was too much at ease, too with herself. . . . She has neither physique, nor the mannerisms, nor the chic, let me say nor the style of a great singer. . . . Nor is her failure surprising. The part is one of the most difficult of the repertoire, though few singers suspect this. I have already said, but it is a good thing to repeat, that no one has put this part on relief, no one has been so completely Carmen, as Mrs. de Nuovina. . . . I find her style that is nervous and powerful, also a sub-audible flavor in her color, and a breadth in performance. . . . She does not lose itself in fineness but remains always true in its variety—and in her vibrant and biting voice!"

Remember that Calvé's Carmen was first accepted in Paris by the critics. They accepted her in the first place for her voice. . . . Ernst von Schuch will give piano recitals in Steinert Hall the afternoons of Nov. 27 and Dec. 1.—They say that Mr. James Huneke once listened attentively to the singing of a young woman, who begged him to tell her frankly—whether she should go into opera, oratorio, or confine herself to concert. When she had sung herself out he said, "You have a great career, my child." "Is it opera?" she asked. Mr. Huneke shook his head. "Oratorio? Concert?" "No, my child," said the brilliant writer; "it is matrimony." This story may or may not be true, but the advice was sound. And yet matrimony does not throttle ambition. Why are so many women ready to leave home and husband, to borrow money, to go through the drudgery of preparation in a foreign city? Some do not realize the fact that they are no longer young and desirable, that the voice is too weak or worn, that they have not the slightest histrionic talent. They long for "a career," and they will sacrifice everything in the chase after the will-o'-the-wisp.—Sims Reeves was 82 years old Sept. 26. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1839 at Newcastle as the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Rannering" but he was organist and choirmaster at the age of 14.—George Fragorelles has written an

operetta "La Czarda," to succeed "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Bouffes-Parisiens.—Sept. 30 was the day fixed for the performance of "Carmen" in the open-air circus at Bayonne, with a genuine bull-fight as the chief attraction, although Miss Charlotte Wyns of the Opéra-Comique was to be the heroine.—The new Irish comic opera by Capt. Basil Hood and Sir Arthur Sullivan is in rehearsal at the Savoy, London. The time of the action is the end of the eighteenth century. The last Irish work of the kind seen in London was Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" at the Opéra Comique in 1897.—The overture to Tinel's "Godoleva" was performed for the first time in England at a promenade concert Sept. 27.—Henry J. Wood of London has been invited to conduct the Lamoureux orchestra in Paris on Nov. 18.—Ternina was enthusiastically welcomed at the Royal Opera, Munich, where she filled an engagement of 11 nights.—The Dutch operatic tenor Pierre de Meyer made a good impression at Cologne.—Hans Richter will conduct for some months the opera at Budapest.—This "last" operetta of Johann Strauss, "Cabinet des Pèlerins" which will be produced in Berlin, was really his first work. The music to "Koenig Indigo" was during his lifetime, and with his permission set to a new text by Hugo Felix of Vienna, and will be brought out under the new title.—Julius Schaeffer, who has directed the Singakademie at Breslau since 1860, has retired.—The New York Sun spoke as follows of Mr. Henry K. Hadley's overture "In Bohemia," played at a Sousa concert at the Metropolitan Opera House Oct. 7: "Mr. Sousa gave it a place on his program in Paris, where the overture was first played last summer. It was composed in San Francisco for an especial occasion but was never played, and Mr. Hadley arranged the work for a military band, when Mr. Sousa accepted it for his American program abroad. The overture is most interesting melodically in the first theme, and after the composer has exhausted that there is a paucity of invention which even his skill in instrumentation does not atone for. The overture is gay and lively in character and closes with the opening theme in different rhythm."—Eduard Strauss and his orchestra will give concerts in Symphony Hall, the week beginning Nov. 12, every evening except Saturday, and there will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.—Della Rogers is engaged for the opera at Budapest.—Saint-Saëns has put the Marseillaise in counter point against the Spanish national anthem.—The Malden Oratorio Society has been formed. Mr. Marcus M. Holmes is President and Mrs. C. R. Brown is Secretary. Gounod's "Redemption" will be given at the first concert.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

Mrs. Schumann-Helk was hoarse yesterday, and, although she was in town, she was unable to give her concert at Association Hall. The date of the postponed concert will be duly announced.

The seats for Mr. Clarence Eddy's organ recital at Symphony Hall go on sale at the hall, Monday, the 22d.

Tomorrow evening at the new Symphony Hall, corner of Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues, there will be an audience as memorable as the event they have gathered to celebrate. After 19 years, in which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has made a greater part of the musical history of America, this organization, unique both in its founding, its maintenance and its personnel, will at last occupy a home worthy of its reputation. In addition to this Beethoven's solemn mass in D will be performed by an augmented chorus of the Cecilia, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Franz Kneisel, solo violin,

and Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist. Mr. Gerick will conduct. Not only every-day of note in the musical world of Boston will be present, but a large number of visitors from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and even more distant cities. Recalling the fact that since the dedication of the old Music Hall, 46 years ago, there has been no building erected in Boston of this magnitude and devoted almost entirely to music, it is easy to realize the importance of next Monday evening's concert. There has been a very spirited demand for tickets, and while there is every indication of a full house, a few seats are still for sale.

#### COMING CONCERTS.

Oct. 15—Symphony Hall. Inaugural concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Cecilia Society, Clementine de Vere-Sapio, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams, Jos. S. Baernstein and Mr. Goodrich, organist. Mr. Gerick, conductor. Choral from Bach's "Es ist dir gesagt, Mensch, was gut ist," and Beethoven's Mass in D.

Oct. 15—Lowell lecture, Huntington Hall. 7.45 P. M. Lecture by Carl Armbruster, assisted by Miss Pauline Cramer, on the life of Wagner, "Rienzi," and "The Flying Dutchman." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 16, at 2.45.

Oct. 15—Mechanics' Building. Pittsburgh Orchestra (50 men), Victor Herbert, conductor, will play the orchestra the week. The programs are interesting and varied. The first includes pieces by Wagner, Weber, Strauss, Herbert, Rubinstein, Sullivan, Bizet, Guiraud.

Oct. 15—Shawmut Congregational Church, 8 P. M. Organ recital by Mr. Henry M. Dunham, assisted by Mr. William H. Dunham, tenor.

Oct. 15—Huntington Hall. 7.45. Lecture by Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, on "Tannhauser." This lecture will be repeated Friday afternoon at 2.45.

Oct. 15—2.30, Oct. 20—3 P. M.—Symphony Hall. First concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Wilhelm Gerick, conductor; overture "Euryanthe," Weber; concerto in D minor for organ and orchestra, op. 7, No. 4, Handel (Mr. Goodrich, organist); Ballet-music from Schubert's "Rosamunde"; Symphony No. 5, Beethoven.

Oct. 21—Symphony Hall. "Elijah," performed by the Handel and Haydn, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, assisted by Lillian Blauvelt, Gertrude Miller, Adelaide Jordan, Theodore Van York, D. Ffrangcon-Davies.

Oct. 22—Huntington Hall—7.45. Lecture by Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, on "Lohengrin." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 23, at 2.45.

Oct. 25—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Organ recital by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. Program: Toccata and fugue in D minor, and Pastorale, Bach; chorale in B minor, César Franck; Symphonie Romane, on the plain song melody "Hæc dies exultemus" (new). Widow; two chorals, "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer," and "An Wasserflüssen Babylon," Bach; Fantasia in D flat, op. 10, Saint-Saëns; "In Paradisum" and "Fiat Lux," Dubois.

Oct. 25, 8.15 P. M.—Steinert Hall, song recital by Miss Ellsbree and Miss Ainsworth.

Oct. 25—Huntington Hall, 7.45, lecture by Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer on "Tristan and Isolde." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 26, at 2.45.

Oct. 29—People's Temple, 8 P. M. Mr. Tucker's first concert, Cesar Franck's "The Beatitudes" (first performance in Boston), sung by Worcester Festival Chorus, Mr. Chadwick, conductor.

Oct. 29—Association Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the sixteenth season of the Kneisel Quartet.

Oct. 29—Huntington Hall, 7.45. Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, will lecture on "The Master Singers of Nuremberg." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 30 at 2.45.

Oct. 30—Symphony Hall. Organ recital by Mr. Clarence Eddy, assisted by Miss Leonard Jackson, violinist, and Miss Katharine Fisk, contralto.

OCT 15 1900

#### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

They are all gone away.  
The house is shut and still.  
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray,  
The winds blow bleak and shrill,  
They are all gone away.

There is ruin and decay  
In the house on the hill.  
They are all gone away.  
There is nothing more to say.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Oct. 13, 1900.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Parody is the foster-cousin of genius and hath flourished since the beginning of things. Philostratus in his fourth book, De Vita Apolloni, hath a memorable instance of a certain young man hitherto esteemed a poet-aster, who by his clever parodying of the chief work of Medulla, the reigning poet, turned the city into an uproar and was himself publicly crowned with the bays. While no modern parodist hath achieved this renown, who hath read unmoved the travesties of Swinburne or the clever mockery of Whitman by the late Mr. Bunner? It hath lately been rumored (and by none more than himself) that a real poet is newly risen among us. Upon the which a young friend of mine finds himself stirred up to the following tenor.

JOHN FARLEY.

#### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

They are all gone away.  
The house is shut and still.  
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray  
The rats shriek loud and shrill,  
They're not all gone away.

Beware! lest at eve you stray  
By the old house on the hill;  
That clatter's snell will kill;  
There is nothing more to say.

The baking-cure for rheumatism is by no means "the latest thing in medi-

cal science." Tallerman introduced it in London at least three or four years ago. Furthermore, Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, tried it in the case of the contriver of his brazen bull.

You remember the intrepid conduct of the Shah at Paris. He is a chronically brave man. Here is another instance. At Budapest he saw an opera; and he asked for a ballet next night, as he did not understand operas. He crowned this heroic speech by actually staying to the end of the ballet when it was given.

"Excentricities of Genius," by Major Pond, contains anecdotes about Crockett, Anthony Hope, Ian Maclaren, Hall Caine and Ernest Seton-Thompson. Geniuses jostle each other in Major Pond's world; but perhaps genius is now merely a matter of management.

A simple woman, tired of a dried-up chop for luncheon, asked her cook to prepare a "sauce piquante," and, that she might not go astray, gave her a cook-book with the page turned to this recipe:

#### SAUCE PIQUANTE (No. 103).

Three or four slices of ham, three shallots, four wine glasses of sherry, peppercorns, salt and pepper, half pint of cullis (see No. 84).

No. 84, Cullis—Six pounds lean veal, two pounds raw ham, two ounces butter, one handful of chopped mushrooms, three onions, one bunch of sweet herbs, rind of one lemon, one teaspoonful mixed allspice, clove and mace, four quarts good brown gravy (see No. 83), brown roux (see No. 80).

No. 80, Brown Roux—Some butter, brown flour.

No. 83, Brown Gravy—Eight pounds of knuckle of veal, two pounds lean ham, an old fowl, one ounce butter, three onions, two carrots, eight mushrooms, one head of celery, one parsnip, one blade of mace, four quarts of stock (see diverse excellent French cookery books).

And all this for one chop! The cook, by the way, gave warning.

This was not the woman who began an article "What do women admire in men" as follows:

"Men's faults are much the same as women's, all told. Some men would make excellent wives; some women most indulgent husbands. For a long, long time I have felt as if I was sitting on the top of a wall watching the men pass by, without the smallest desire to arrest the notice of any one of them. This is not because I am a man-hater; but because they amuse me so, and I fear if I were to stop one I might find him dull."

Here is a delightfully acid sentence from a review in the New York Evening Post of Mr. Charles W. Heckethorn's "London Souvenirs": "He has a high standard in verse—refusing the Canterbury Tales altogether the rank of poetry—while on the other hand his prose canon seems to be liberal, at least to judge by his own practice."

Again we give a simple recipe to housekeepers: "To make a Glew to hold, or joyn things together, as hard or fast as a stone, and an excellent secret. Take unslekt Lime and quench the same with Wine, and beat the same into fine powder, mixing therewith both Figs and Swines grease, and after labour them well together; for this (as Plinie writeth) passeth the hardnesse of a stone, with which joyned broken pots or any thing together. Also take Greeke pitch, Rosen and the powder of little stones, these mixe together, and when you will occupy of the same, then heate it over the fire, and worke therewith (that is, joyned any thing therewith) and it holdeth them together as hard as any Nail. Also take of Spuma ferri, one pound, of Tyle shards in powder, two pound, of unslekt Lyme foure pound, of Oyle of Linseede, as much as shall suffice to prepare, mixe, and worke them together: this Glew is marvellous strong, which neither frath nor yeeldeth to water nor fire." This is of the natural and artificial Conclusions of the Scholars of Padua.

Mr. Robert K. Douglas thus translates from a Chinese sort of universal prayer-book: "The face of a man favored by fortune should be long and square, but for a man with a face pointed at each end like a date-stone poverty is in store. High cheek bones are a sign of a cruel disposition, and a matron so distinguished is likely to prove a husband-killing wife. The possessor of a high forehead will be held in esteem, and will live to old age; but he whose nose is long is a man devoid of a fixed purpose. If you cannot see the ears of a man when meeting him face to face, ask who he is, for he is somebody. If you cannot see the jawbones of a man under like circumstances, ask where he comes from, that you may avoid him."



16.40

Symphony Hall was dedicated last night. The occasion will be memorable in the history of music in Boston. At last the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a fitting home. The orchestra itself has been for some years a Boston institution, one that identified and distinguished the city. In certain ways this society may be justly said to be unique. In the 18th century princes of Europe maintained orchestras for their own pleasure, and in the last half of this century the late Charles Lamoureux supported largely at his own expense the superb orchestra that he conducted; but it was reserved for Mr. Henry L. Higginson, a citizen of Boston, to see to it that the people of his town might have an opportunity of hearing at a reasonable price the best music performed by the best orchestra that money and experience could bring together and establish. Mr. Higginson pursued his course in the face of discouragement and obstacles in the early years. This statement seems incredible in 1900, but go through the annotated programs of the Symphony concerts, which are in the Allen A. Brown collection in the Public Library, and read the excerpts from the newspapers of 1881, and the immediately following years. Time is the true and great avenger. Mr. Higginson can now afford to smile at the petty suspicions and slurs and insults of the chronically disgruntled and the cheap intriguers who saw in art nothing but a business. Mr. Higginson is not a vainglorious man; but last night he might well rest content; he might have said with Paul: "I have fought a good fight"; and although he fortunately is not of the age of Simeon, yet might he have hummed to himself, as his right, the Nunc Dimittis.

The Music Hall that for 19 seasons was the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was inaugurated on a Saturday evening, Nov. 20, 1882. These societies took part: The Handel and Haydn, the Musical Educational Society, the Musical Fund Orchestra, the Germania Sorenade Band and Kreissmann's Liedertafel. Mr. G. J. Webb was the chief conductor. Among the orchestral selections were the overtures to "The Magic Flute" and "Oberon," and the andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. There were choruses from "The Messiah," "The Mount of Olives" and "St. Paul." And there was a star, a star of the first magnitude, a blazing star, for Albani sang arias from "Norma," "La Fille du Regiment" and "Cenerentola," and she took part in a trio with Sangiovanni and Rovere from "The Barber of Seville."

Last night the program included a choral by Bach, an address by Mr. Higginson, a poem by Mr. Owen Wister, and the stupendous mass of Beethoven, the Missa Solemnis in D. Mr. Gerike conducted. The chorus was made up of the Cecilia and others. The solo singers were Clementine de Vere, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams, Joseph S. Baernstein. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich was the organist, and the violin solo in the "Benedictus" was played by Mr. Kneisel.

This mass has not been performed often in this country. It is said that the first performance in America was at Cincinnati, May 19, 1850, under Theodore Thomas, with two quartets: Amy Sherwin, Annie Louise Cary, Camphill, M. W. Whitney—Annie B. Norton, Emma Cranch, Harvey, Rudolphsen. But my friend, Mr. August Spanuth of New York, the accomplished critic of the Staats-Zeitung, tells me that a performance was given at Steinway Hall, New York, May 2, 1872, by the Church Music Association, led by Mr. James Pach. Then there was a performance in New York May 3, 1882, when there were two quartets: Materna, Emily Winant, Campdini, Galassi (relieved by M. W. Whitney)—Mrs. Allen of this city, Emily Winant, Candidus, and Henschel. The first and only performance in Boston was the Cecilia March 12, 1897, under Mr. Lang. The quartet was then made up of local singers who struggled bravely but ineffectually.

Some were disappointed, and, perhaps, not without reason, in the character of the musical part of the program. "Symphony Hall" and the dedicatory concert was without a symphony. A program made up of a symphony by Haydn, one by Mozart and one by Beethoven would have been more to the purpose; it would have been historical, educational, eminently respectable and everything else that is dear to the confirmed music-lover of Bostonian antecedents and traditions. Some, of more liberal views and catholic tastes, would have preferred a symphony by Beetho-

ven, an overture by some ancient worthy and a dazzling example of modern orchestration. Others regarded the mass as a wise choice—chiefly because Beethoven wrote it, and there would be an opportunity for chorus, quartet and organ.

The performance last evening was in many respects admirable—in fact, this phrase seems lukewarm, when the cruel and well-nigh insuperable difficulties for chorus and solo singers are considered. It is true that occasionally the sopranos were weak in attack; and that the altos were at times inaudible in polyphony; but as a whole the technical difficulties were mastered. Save in those instances when Beethoven deliberately defied singers, vocal chords and lungs. The chorus had been carefully trained; and there was an attention shown dynamic indications that has been rare, unfortunately, in this town. Mr. Gerike showed his power over a chorus as over an orchestra, for seldom is a work of such colossal proportions given with a like minute attention to detail. In this respect the performance was truly remarkable. The solo singers left little or nothing to be desired. Their task was a most arduous one, and they fulfilled it technically and aesthetically.

And now a word about the Mass itself. I say, "a word"; and yet an ingenious German by the name of Wilhelm Weber contrived to write a pamphlet of 133 pages about the work which is to him as an instance of plenary inspiration. There are overwhelming passages in this Mass, passages of transcendent beauty and grandeur, and there are also pages of tiresome fugue. The fugue was never the natural speech of Beethoven. Bach lived his monotonous, blameless life and loved his wives in turn and reared his children in counterpoint. Handel used the fugue as a giant rejoicing in his strength. César Franck thought in canon-form. But we know how Beethoven sweated over the fugues in this Mass; the singers also sweat; and, what is worse, do the hearers. But who can sit unmoved during the "Crucifixus" and the "Et Resurrexit"? What a master-stroke is the treatment of the phrase, "And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead." Or what shall be said of the marvelous beauty of the "Benedictus"?

It is to be hoped that other choral works may be performed from time to time under Mr. Gerike's direction. Oratorios or cantatas that have in time past been performed here perfunctorily and with little appreciation of their musical spirit might then be heard as the composer wrote them.

#### Philip Hale.

No men are greater sticklers for the arbitrary dominion of genius and talent than our artists. The great painter is not content with being sought after and admired because his hands can do more than ordinary hands, which they truly can, but he wants to be fed as if his stomach needed more food than ordinary stomachs, which it does not. A day's work is a day's work, neither more nor less, and the man who does it needs a day's sustenance, a night's repose, and due leisure, whether he be painter or plowman. But the rascal of a painter, poet, novelist, or other voluptuary of labor, is not content with his advantage in popular esteem over the plowman; he also wants an advantage in money, as if there were more hours in a day spent in a studio or library than in the field; or as if he needed more food to enable him to do his work than the plowman to enable him to do his. He talks of the higher quality of his work, as if the higher quality of it was his own making—as if it gave him a right to work less for his neighbor than his neighbor works for him—as if the plowman could not do better without him than he without the plowman—as if the value of the most celebrated pictures has not been questioned more than that of any straight furrow in the arable world—as if it did not take an apprenticeship of as many years to train the hand and eye of a mason or blacksmith as of an artist—as if, in short, the fellow were a god, as canting brain worshippers have for years past been assuring him he is. Artists are the high priests of the modern Moloch.

The New York Sun, moved by an article on Buddhism written by Prof. Davids of London, and published in the North American Review, asks whether Buddhism is about to revive; whether it has any force?

Has any force? Is the Sun asleep? Let it throw its rays on Boston. Here nearly all the men and women of any true social or artistic standing regard Buddha as a bigger man than old man Emerson, and the members of the great working class put him between Channing and R. W. E. There are hundreds of chelas here, who are going through the various degrees of chelaship, and we counted yesterday six Mahatmas in a state of exalted contemplation, near the Park Street entrance to the Subway. Furthermore, extracts from the three pitakas are published at least once a week in the leading daily newspapers. There are several amateur Buddhas, or Buddhs, in Beacon Street, Brimner Street, Marlborough Street and Mt. Vernon Street, who, by virtue of certain austerities, have even now become the object of supreme local adoration.

We regret to learn of the domestic troubles of Mr. Emory J. Whitehead. He has obtained a divorce. Not that he had no faith in his wife—he did have faith sufficient to move mountains, but not enough to remove her

bloomers, which she insisted on wearing. The late Mrs. Whitehead appears to be a woman of considerable reserve force, for she went into mourning when the Chicago Anarchists were hanged.

We talked last week with a Londoner who had seen all the great street and patriotic shows of that city for the last 35 years. He had also seen in Berlin the return of the troops after the Franco-Prussian war. "Never," he said, "never have I seen such vulgar, such hideous rejoicing as after the news of the relief of Ladysmith and the capture of Pretoria. Men and women screamed and shouted in the streets like beasts, members of all classes danced publicly, cabmen, bankers, idlers, trulls. Men, dead drunk, were in the gutters and on the sidewalks in the most respectable quarters of the town. I remember that a German merchant wished to settle an important business affair in Liverpool, and he telegraphed concerning it. The answer came: 'Don't telegraph about business today. Everybody is drunk.' Englishmen were actually singing in the streets, and when an Englishman sings, you had better go away quietly, for there will be trouble. There is only one word to characterize this hysterical, bestial exhibition; the word is 'Degeneration.'"

W. P. E. sends us the following study in physical sensation:

The air in the room was close and hot; the gas had sucked out the oxygen till Hill's head grew heavy and ached, and the smoke from his cigar had left behind a stale, oppressive, sickening odor. He threw open the window, blurred with the poisoned moisture of human breath, and thrust out his head and half his body. A cold heavy fog had rolled in from the harbor, hiding all but the nearest buildings, and the arc lamps down the street, which told as misty patches of light with a bright spot in the centre. An east wind struck on his face, laden with the pungent, salt odor of the sea. He squared his chest and drew in great breaths of it, shutting his eyes to get the full flavor, hearing in the rumble of the city below the solemn and ceaseless undertone that the ocean sounds upon the shore. He put down the window at last and wiped the fog from his eyebrows with his finger. His finger felt cold and clammy, like the flesh of a man who has swum too long in chill salt water.

When you drink, be not like vulgar tosspots. Drink discreetly, we may say reverently, and remember the fate of five drunken men quaffing together in October "at the coasts of Bohemia," Anno, 1551. "They with horrid blasphemies prophaned the name of God; and the picture of the duell being painted upon the wall, they caroused healths unto him; to which the duell answered immediately, for the next morning all five were found dead, their necks being broken, and quashed to pieces as though a wheel had gone over them, blood running out of their mouths, nostrils, and eares, to the great astonishment of the beholders."

Oct 17, 1900

Girl, when he gives you kisses twain,  
Use one and let the other stay;  
And hoard it, for moons die, red fades—  
And you may need a kiss—some day.

Our correspondents elbow each other in their zeal to be heard. We draw at random from their letters.

Ekeby, Oct. 10, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:  
Is there any objection to my handicapping certain people who will doubtless write letters to the Transcript presently?

I am given to understand that it is the annual custom for impressive citizens to hail the coming of winter by observing the first signs of the changing seasons.

Further, I am given to understand that these citizens consider it necessary to tell other citizens of their observations as to how leaves get sore and yellow, and how sundry twigs fall on gray walks in the Public Garden, much to the excitement of the sensitive souls who observe them and write the aforesaid letters.

Be I right?  
Therefore, it is my wish to handicap these citizens by getting in first:

Dizendo:  
The first signs of the coming winter are always observable in the Public Garden. Leaves fall. Fountains which in the glorious pink springtime squirt enthusiastically are turned off by the Water Department.

Numerous birds, catalogued by Messrs. Chamberlin and Audubon, cease carollings and go somewhere where there is something to eat, to wit: South.

Swan-boats no longer journey joyfully about the Lake, but lie tied to posts in the middle of the aforementioned pool.

At sight of these signs of coming winter many workmen in overalls dig up autumn plants with trowels and put them in boxes to be laid away

in cellars till the advent of another Easter.

Also Mr. Doogue, calling other workmen, bids them lay walks numbered B-21, B-22, B-23, et al., over against the Arlington Street entrance to the Public Garden.

All of which goes to show that winter is coming.

Hence, quoting from M. Guy de Maupassant, en passant, it is to say: "They are very sad, such things as that."  
CHRISTIAN BERLING.

See that your anise-seed bags are fit and that you cry "Yoicks" nimbly. For today fox-hunting begins, according to white-whiskered tradition. And it was on Oct. 17, 1811, that a vat in the brewery of Henry Moux burst. Houses were demolished by the flood of 3555 barrel of strong beer. In the first floor of a house a mother and daughter were a tea. The external and sudden application of beer washed the mother out of the window, and the daughter was swept away through a partition and dashed to pieces. Seven other souls thus met a beery death without gratification of the palate. And it was on Oct. 17 of the next year that T. Poole Esq., of Hodehrove, for a wager of 5 guineas rode down the steepest part of the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton, on horseback, a desecrated of 20 yards, and in many places almost vertical. This rash task he performed with the greatest ease in the presence of a field of nearly 100 sportsmen. He rode an age mare, "who rapidly executed her task with her fore feet, and sliding upon her heels to the astonishment of a present." Truly a world of wonders!

Poor Mr. Owen Wister! Why did he find it necessary to tell the audience in Symphony Hall what he had thought of doing, what he might have done and what he did not do? The audience was not interested in Mr. Wister's mental operations, doubts, hopes, perturbations; the peculiar introduction, which smacked of undue self-apreciation, prejudiced the audience against the poem; and the length of the poem and the halting delivery of the Bard from Philadelphia proved the sweet reasonableness of this prejudice. We heard one of the audience ask Mr. Wister alluded so feebly to Tomona, and we felt like answering, "Because it is a good apple year," but what Mr. Wister said was "Cremona."

G. F. M. writes: "Is it true that the Cecilia received over \$500 for its services Monday night at Symphony Hall?" We do not know. Why do you not write to the Secretary of the honorable body? He would be charmed, especially if you should inclose a two cent stamp.

X. X. X. writes as follows:  
Iroxbury, Oct. 15, 1900.  
Editor Talk of the Day:

At the present time there are many residents of Elm Hill, Roxbury, who would have gathered deeper pathos from your beautiful poem of this morning had it been parodied in the following vein:

#### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

They are all gone away.  
The house was shut and still,  
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken glass and door  
The burglar made his scowl,  
And he has gone away.

There's little left today  
In the house on the hill.  
For they all went away.  
There is nothing more to say.

Oct 18, 1900

He used to wonder at the shallow psychology of those who conceive the Ego in man as a thing simple, permanent, reliable, and one essence. To him man was a being with myriad lives and myriad sensations, a complex, multifarious creature that bore with itself strange legacies of thought and passion, and whose very flesh was tainted with the monstrous maladies of the dead.

We have received the following letter:  
Boston, Oct. 16, 1900

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I am not a Bostonian by birth or adoption, but occasion calls me frequently to this city and I have relatives who live in one of the most desirable quarters—"residential districts" is the newspaper phrase, I believe. It may seem presumptuous to some and to myself strange—the fact remains that I have a lively appreciation of the advantages enjoyed by Bostonians and I understand readily the chill pride of the inhabitants.

I was, sir, the more surprised to find that on an occasion of such significance as the dedication of Symphony Hall it was thought necessary to import a poet.

Now if Boston were merely a manufacturing town, or a railway station I could understand such sending of envoys to invokers of the Muse. But has Boston no poets?

There is Mr. T. B. Aldrich, whom I knew in Pfaff's cellar in New York in 1880—he probably does not remember—and he is a pretty poet, a very pretty poet. There is Professor Bates, who writes poems of strength and emotion and abhors a slovenly sentence. There is Mr. N. H. D. who deals in prose and verse and translates and Omar-khayyams it with an ease that takes away the breath of the beholder. There is Mrs. Louise



tion, the Sappho of the South End, is Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, who has no other thought but that of poetry. There are other poets, too numerous to mention, but by no means so appraised as a job-lot. Why, then, are names that Boston should regard as jewels on her breast displayed on great occasions to the obduracy of a bureau-drawer? Why did a poet be hunted up in the city-lepper-pot and scrapple?

Or did Mr. Wister look as though he relished the honor that had been bestowed upon him; indeed, to me, he appeared singularly depressed, a melancholy man with soulful eyes. And he himself intimated, he had to use force-pump at the spring of the pens. Did he not say that at first he tried to write a poem which should be a way-a catalogue of conductors, rated singers and players, male and female after their kind? This he did well-nigh impossible, probably because of the difficulty of rhyming in foreign names; but he might put each name at the beginning of the middle of a line; and no one I have hissed if he had made a mistake go with "America" (accent on the second syllable). I am, sir, in high esteem, yours truly,

ORION W. DOSSETT.

A sounding-board on the stage of the new Symphony Hall seems to be a exact copy in wood of Mrs. W. F. Corp's, which was patented over a year ago, and is probably to be used in the new Chickering Hall.

P. S. hears many things in the life of this too daily life and occasionally he writes them in his tablets. That I really look forward to do said the meek man, who had been giving up seats in street cars all day, holding doors open for snobs and de despised to pass through, and general enacting the part of the will-man door-mat—"what I shall enjoy in the life to come is not the position of first harp, nor the emade on the single standard; I am not even cherishing vain thoughts about aerial locomotion, for I believe that I shall look well in the street. But I hope to spend an afternoon sitting on a bench just beside Peter, and watching whole strings of successful earth-people get the al throw-down from the pearly That's what is going to make back my angel toes with joy."

following jest from the Extra-ordinary Vienna is of contemporaneous articular interest:

"Dear Sir," said one careful banker the other, "if I were you I should that Cashier of yours more closely. Why, he does not play the horses, he?" "No." "Nor go out in his automobile?" "No." "He is never at the back stage-door, is he?" "For goodness' sake, then, does he do?" "I hear he uses in his house."

C. writes: "I saw in an editorial graph this month the sentence, 'I do not make any bones about giving Tammany office-holders in New York. Perhaps I might guess the writer meant by the use of words 'any bones'; but I might not be right. How did that expression come?"

"I make no bones"—to make no bones, to show no hesitation, to begin a work without difficulty, is an old phrase. "Its earlier form," say Mr. and Henley, "was 'to find bones which clearly shows the phrase to have originated in a reference to bones of soup, or similar food, regarded as a delicacy to swallowing. In this sense it is found as early as the middle of the 14th century. It does not occur in its present shape 'to make bones' until the 16th century."

C. writes: "Which form of the past tense is correct, 'proved' or 'prov-

ed' is no such word as "proven," but in the mouths of certain English school rustics and would-be gentlemen and writers. It is best to quote directly from Richard Grant White: "Proven, which is frequently now by lawyers and journalists, and, perhaps, be ranked among those that are not words. Those who seem to think that it means 'proving more, or other, than the proof for which it is a mere Lowland word, and North of England province. "Proved" is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English. And again: "'Prove' is what grammars call a regular verb; that forms its tenses upon the preterite system of English verbal conjugation, which makes the perfect tense 'proved'. It is in this respect, 'proved', the example of regular verbs."

of conjugation given in most grammars; and we may as well say that Mary has 'loven' John as that John's love for Mary was not 'proven'."

Oct 19, 1900

To get back my youth I would do anything in the world, except take exercise, get up early, or be respectable. Youth! There is nothing like it. It's absurd to talk of the ignorance of youth. The only people whose opinions I listen to now with any respect are people much younger than myself. They seem in front of me. Life has revealed to them her last wonder. As for the aged, I always contradict the aged. I do it on principle. If you ask them their opinion on something that happened yesterday, they solemnly give you the opinions current in 1820, when people wore high stocks and knew absolutely nothing.

An entertaining book might be written with this title: "Secrets of Sacks." There is a horrid fascination in the mystery of a full sack in river or harbor. Think of the tragedies of the Eosphorus, and Victor Hugo's poem "Clair de lune," which suggested to Edward MacDowell one of the most beautiful of his piano-pieces. The moon shines, and the sultana looks out of the window; she plays the guitar; but what is that dull sound? It comes not from Turkish ship or cormorant or Jinn; sobs arise from sacks heavy with strange and moving burdens. Was it not Marguerite de Bourgogne who led wild orgies in the Tour de Nesle?

And where, I pray you, is the Queen Who willed that Buridan should strangle Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? But Buridan, they say, escaped this romantic death and became one of the most celebrated professors at the University of Paris, a highly moral man. Then there is Rigoletto in agony as he bends over the sack that holds Gilda, while he hears the Duke singing carelessly, far off, in safety.

We knew that Mr. Michael Taberski is a profound philologist and a handicraftsman of distinction, but we did not know before yesterday that he is also a sweet singer.

Beverly, Oct. 16, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I send you herewith a poem written by me in the early morning before the whistle blew. It was suggested by "The House on the Hill" which you published on Monday, and it is the expression of a yearning soul disturbed in contemplation of the infinite by a feeble body.

The pain's all gone away  
From the place where I was ill;  
There is nothing more to say.

For I ate so much last night  
That I wasn't feeling right,  
But that feeling's gone away.

There is little left today  
In the place where I was ill;  
For I took a nimble pill—  
There is nothing more to say.

M. T.

There is consternation in Paris, nor is the exciting cause of merely local interest. "The triumphant reign of black stockings is at an end, and white stockings, so long despised and rejected, are about to come into favor." We are sorry to hear this, but let not the depressing thought take away our desire for exact information.

The correspondent who announces this abhorrent revolution says that the black stocking was first introduced in Paris about a decade ago. "An actress, the sprightly Jeanne Granier, was responsible for the innovation, which at the time was accounted daring. On a first night at the Variétés Granier appeared dressed in black from head to foot. Her dress was long and her rôle included a piousette which invited, or it may be necessitated, a saucy movement of the skirt. An observant spectator in the stalls took keen note of what he saw. It was soon whispered throughout the house that Granier had ventured on black stockings, which at the period in question were an almost unthinkable heresy. All Paris was informed of the incident on the morrow, and before the season was out black stockings had come into fashion. Ever since, the white stocking has been strictly taboo."

But noble dames of the 18th century raise in the pictures of Lancret dainty skirts and reveal stockings of black silk with a silver clock on the sides.

Unfortunately, the books that should be authoritative say curiously little about the colors of stockings through the ages. We know that the women of the Religious Order of Thelme wore "stockings of scarlet crimson, or ingrained purple dye, which reached just three inches above the knee, having a list beautified with exquisite embroideries, and rare incisions of the cutter's art," and their garters were of the color of their bracelets. Prying Mr. Pepys tells us about Lady Castlemaine's linen petticoats, but he is silent concerning her stockings. A certain gentleman in the Memoirs of Gram-

mont swore fidelity to green stockings, and certain women who maintained high state at Rome in the 16th century affected this color. Brantome, who is seldom shy, says little or nothing about this absorbing subject in the very chapter that you might reasonably expect to be a mine of riches; although he tells a singular story of a gallant man who wasted away and died of love because he chanced to see at a coronation service at Rheims the white silk stocking of a tall and handsome widow; and although he speaks of noble women preferring sheets of black taffeta, which might set off their beauty, he does not gratify our thirst for more important information. Buckle, the great Buckle, who as the author of a "History of Civilization," should be a tank of learning, notes the fact that Philip II. was the first to wear silk stockings, but what is this but a sop thrown by a niggardly hand? A Mr. Holford of London in 1557 appeared with a yellow stocking on one of his legs and white boot hose on the other, and undoubtedly he came to a bad end. Shakespeare's Prince Henry thought it a disgrace for him to take note of how many pair of silk stockings Pointz owned, and he mentioned peach-colored ones. In France, under Henry III., the favorite color was green; under Henry IV. red was preferred; when Richelieu was master, red, green, black, blue were all in fashion. At the beginning of the 18th century they were embroidered with gold, as were the stockings "of colored silk" which the executioner drew off from Mary Stuart. Did any woman shiver in the large rooms so poorly heated, or did she follow the example of Malherbe, who wore 14 silk shirts and 12 pairs of silk stockings, one over the other? In 1730 French women wore cotton stockings, and the Mercure de France of that year says, "White stockings have brought white shoes into fashion." Perhaps, after all, it is better to stop research. Let us ponder the words of the wise Balthazar Castilio: "When they pull up their petticoats, as usually they do to show their fine stockings, and those of purest silken dye, god fringes, laces, embroiderings (it shall go hard, but when they go to church, or to any other place, all shall be seen), 'tis but a springle to catch woodcocks." Yet we cannot imagine Miss Eustacia in white stockings.

Oct 20, 1900

The shop at the midday hour appears to me like a bloody battlefield where all are at rest; about me I see lying the dead, and the blood that has been spilled cries from the earth. \* \* \* A minute later—the tocsin is sounded, the dead arise, the battle is renewed. The corpses fight for strangers, for strangers! and they battle, and fall, and disappear into night.

#### THE CHIMNEY.

The tall chimney stands black against the sunset, the sunset that is a dim, crimson distance. At its base, to which a spreading ivy clings, there is a splash of green. Its top, from which there escapes a thin, brown smoke, is snatched with scot. Swallows trace swift, graceful curves of flight in the golden air that bathes it, air that is warm with sun.

There is the thought of peace. But why do I think of a graveyard, and of a tall memorial column unto the honored dead? And the sooty top of the chimney—it seems as a frown upon the pale brow of the dying day.

There is peace in a graveyard, it is true—but how weary the road that leads to it.

The tall chimney stands black against the sunset. The frown it wears is enigmatic.

On a day when they were building this chimney a man was killed. He fell from the high scaffolding—was it seventy feet or sixty? He did not look like a man when they picked him up—he was a rag-picker's distorted bag. And the bag was stained.

(Ah! do not tremble so, dear friend, they are red bricks you see.)

Around and about the chimney cluster the factory buildings—like unto the crowd at the feet of a great orator. The windows glisten in red and gold; the driving machinery shakes the air; curious odors float toward you; there is a smell of chemicals. This factory belongs to one of the "dangerous industries"; there are placards, posted by the thoughtful Board of Health; and accompanying the machinery, and the strange, deadly smells, and the corrosive chemicals, are two hundred men, women and children, two hundred who are dying.

As you say, we are all dying daily—but some of us die faster than others.

The tall chimney stands black against the sunset. It is very black—or has the last daylight faded? How strange the shadow that it casts. Do you see a scythe?—and, look, look, it creeps toward us.

(Ah! do not tremble so, dear friend, it is but the night that comes!)

THE QUIETIST.

We read lately of Mr. Charles Savary who killed himself in a lodging house of New York. He was not 20 years old, but he craved companionship, love; his ideal were unrealized; and he was unable to enter "the social sphere" to which, as he claimed, he rightly belonged. He was thrifty, honest, discouraged. Perhaps he expected too much; he advertised, as follows, for a wife:

A YOUNG MAN, divinely inspired, wonderfully gifted, highly sentimental, admirable orator, poet and writer, destined to become famous, desires acquaintance with rarely gifted and beautiful young woman who would become his benefactress. Matrimony.

#### DIVINE INSPIRATION.

Alas, he found no sympathetic soul; on the contrary he fell among mockers; for in a pocket, which will never again know his hand, was a postal-card with the advertisement-clipping pasted on it, and a woman had written this answer: "You are but a stranger here; Heaven is your home." And Mr. Savary, brooding over this advice, changed his lodging-house. Is he now more comfortable in mind, body and estate?

Tomorrow is a sad anniversary in a little, peaceful English village: Withycomb in Devonshire. For on October 21 A. D. 1638, being Sabbath day, whilst the people were attending the public worship of God, a black cloud coming over the church, there was suddenly an amazing clap of thunder, and with it a ball of fire came in at the window, whereby the house was very much damaged, and the people many of them struck down. Some of the seats in the body of the church were turned upside down, yet they that sat in them received no hurt. A gentleman of note

there (one Mr. Hill), sitting in his seat by the chancel, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall, by which blow he died that night. Another had his head cloven, his skull rent in three pieces, and his brains thrown upon the ground whole. The hair of his head, through the violence of the blow, stuck fast to the pillar that was near him. A woman, attempting to run out of the church, had her clothes set on fire, and her flesh on her back torn almost to the very bone." Thus Mr. Clark.

There is a rumor of the invention of the deadliest weapon yet known to man; a musical bicycle—a kind of automatic piano affixed to the machine.

Many prisoners chatter before the Judge. Pythagoras himself would approve the deportment of a young Norwegian sailor charged at a London police-court with disorderly conduct.

The Chief Clerk—"What have you to say to getting drunk?"

The Prisoner—"Beer."

"And disorderly?"—"Beer."

"You should have gone away when you were told." "Beer."

The prisoner was fined five shillings.

Mr. G. R. Sims finds that he can remove—at least in his own case—the desire to smoke tobacco by sucking, when the fit is on him, what is politely known as a "baby's comforter." He admits that at first he found a difference. "I felt I was not smoking." This knowledge gradually ceased to annoy him. Now the pleasantest feature of this remedy is that it can be applied in a parlor, at a Symphony concert, or in church during the long prayer.

Oct 21, 1900

#### FIRST SYMPHONY.

Also the First Orchestral Concert in the New Symphony Hall—A Program of Most Respectable Conservatism—A Word About the Concerto by Handel.

The first concert of the 20th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted, and Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich was the organist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber  
Concerto for organ, No. 4 in D minor, Op. 7.....Handel  
(First time in Boston.)  
I. Adagio (D minor).  
II. Allegro (D major).  
III. Larghetto e Piano (F major).  
IV. Allegro (D minor).  
Ballet-Movement and Entr'acte from "Rosamunde".....Schubert  
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven

This concert was one of indisputable respectability. The rank of each composer represented has been determined, so far as this generation is concerned, and even the most timid hearers did not hesitate to applaud. There were no little known or disreputable composers; no immoral Frenchman with too lively rhythm or too sensuous phrase; no reckless Russian with thick boots and vodka-beated breath to shock sensitive grammarians and lovers of the conventional.

The symphony itself well deserved the honor of a performance at this first



...the performance of the first two movements was without special depth or brilliance and without illuminating imagination. Why, oh why, the overture to "Luranythe" on such an occasion and in the year 1900? Are we to hear this season "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz"?

It is a pleasure to add, however, that as to the acoustic properties of the hall was dispelled. Solo instruments were heard with delightful distinctness; the bite of the strings was more decided than in the old hall, and the ensemble was effective without loudness or echo.

It is to be regretted that an organ concerto by Handel was chosen for the display of the organ. The purpose was defeated by the very choice. Either Guilmant's symphony for organ and orchestra which Mr. Theodore Thomas did not disdain to conduct at a concert of the Chicago Orchestra in 1898, or Rheinberger's concerto for organ, strings and horns, which Mr. Goodrich played at the Worcester Festival of 1898, would have given more pleasure to organist, audience and organ-builder. The conductor might answer: "I wished a consistently classical program; therefore I chose a concerto by Handel, for I knew of no others." And here is the reply: "But why not postpone the display of the organ until you see fit to put a modern organ work by the side of other modern compositions?"

There have been brave attempts to galvanize the organ concertos of Handel into the semblance of life, but no matter how cunning the skill of the doctors, and how strengthening the nourishment, the corpses remain corpses. As August Ritter well said: "The organist that Handel really was, is

known through the great choruses of his oratorios, not through his so-called organ-concertos." The pieces that have come down to us are mere sketches, and did we not know this, as well as the character of the English organs of his period, we might well wonder at the praise awarded him by skilled contemporaries, as Mattheson, who boldly said: "No one equals Handel as an organist, except, perhaps, Bach of Leipzig." We are also told that when Handel played "concertos" at his oratorio concerts, he used written compositions only because he was not in the vein; otherwise he improvised, and he frequently took a phrase of a choral movement for the theme.

In the present instance Mr. Goodrich chose the adaptation of Guilmant for the basis of his operations. "Filled out gaps in the orchestra with parts written for orchestral instruments," and transcribed for organ the third movement of Handel's concerto grosso No. 12 to take the place of the missing third movement of the organ concerto. I wonder what Handel, if he were on the earth, would say to all this. Would he shake his wig and stamp and snort and swear? Would he recognize the work as his own? Might he not rage at the thought of his assumed loss of power, brio, masculinity? Is it too much to say: "No, no; this is pretty enough, but it is not Handel."

Mr. Goodrich played with neatness and repose, and he was liberally applauded.

Mr. Gericke was warmly greeted when he walked toward the conductor's stand.

Philip Hale.

THE following orchestral pieces are announced as "novelties," and will be given this season by the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke, although possibly one or two may disappear in rehearsal to make room for something that may be deemed more desirable.

Suite from Massenet's "Esclarmonde." This suite was played in Boston for the first time March 2, 1892, at a concert given for the benefit of the members of the orchestra. The opera itself was produced at the Opéra-Comique, May 14, 1889. The suite was played at a Colonne concert Oct. 18, 1891.

Goldmark's scherzo, op. 45, was played at Chicago in 1894.

Röntgen's Ballad on a Norwegian folk-song. Röntgen is a pianist who was born at Leipzig in 1855. In 1873 he settled at Amsterdam as teacher in the music school. Chicago heard this piece in 1896.

Cowen's "Idyllic" symphony. This is the sixth in E, which was produced at a Richter concert in London, May 31, 1897. At the same concert Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, made his first appearance in England.

Nicodé's Symphonic Variations is by no means a new piece. It was played at Chicago in 1892.

Converse, F. S., Ballade (Ms.). I understand that this is one of three pieces suggested by John Keats's "Eudymion."

Rabl, symphony in D minor. Walther Rabl is a young composer, whose quartet (op. 1) for piano, clarinet, violin and cello won a prize in 1893.

Tschaikowsky, "Manfred" symphony in four scenes: "Manfred wandering amid the Alpine Heights;" scherzo—"The spirit of the Alps;" "A picture of the simple but prosperous life of the mountaineers;" "The subterranean Palace of Arimane; with death of Manfred." This symphony was begun in 1884. Tschaikowsky said to Kashkin: "Manfred" cost me a whole year of my life." It was performed at New York Dec. 4, 1886, and in Chicago in 1893.

Tschaikowsky, suite No. 2, op. 53, dates back to '82 or '83.

Dohnányi, piano concerto (Ms.). This is the concerto that won the prize at Vienna, March 28, 1899, in a competition where Mr. Gericke was one of the judges.

Brull: Overture to "Macheth." Saint-Saëns, symphony No. 3, with organ and piano, was first performed at a Philharmonic concert at London in June, 1885. It was played in New York, Feb. 19, 1887, and in Chicago in 1891.

Van der Stucken: "William Ratcliffe," symphonic prologue. I note a performance at Cincinnati early in 1893, but my impression is that it was not the first.

Glazounoff, suite "Raymonde." These are excerpts from a ballet, one of the

latest works of this brilliant composer.

Bruckner, symphony in D minor, No. 2. This is the symphony dedicated to Wagner. It was performed at Vienna Dec. 16, 1877, and again in 1891 and 1892. It was also played at a Lamoureux concert in Paris.

Smetana: Symphonic poems "Sarka" and "Aus böhmischen Fluren und Hainen." They were written in 1875 and are Nos. 2 and 3 of the cycle "Mein Vaterland."

Liszt: Symphonic poem "Hunnenschlacht," suggested by Kaulbach's painting.

Brookway, Howard A. Suite. Mr. Brookway was born in Brooklyn in 1870. He studied in Berlin (1890-1895) with Barth and O. B. Boise.

Weingartner, Felix: Symphony in G major. This work of the celebrated conductor was first performed at Cologne, Nov. 22, 1898. It was played in this country for the first time Nov. 18, 1899, at Cincinnati, under Mr. Van der Stucken.

They sang the "German Requiem" of Brahms at the Birmingham Festival early this month, and Mr. Vernon Blackburn said in the Pall Mall Gazette: "There is no necessity for me to repeat the opinion which I have over and over again expressed, that this 'Requiem' is perhaps the most cowardly word in music ever uttered by the tongue of man; while at the same time, the fact of one's knowing and appreciating how cowardly it is only adds to the interest of the art which gave it birth. When I say that it is cowardly, I do not mean to blame Brahms for the technical accomplishment which distinguishes it; for, indeed, the technic is remarkable enough. I speak entirely from the emotional point of view. If the 'Requiem' were as noble a composition, from the purely mathematical standpoint, as 'Don Giovanni' or the 'Matthew Passion,' I should still call the sentiment which inspired it cowardly." After all it is not Brahms who alternately irritates and depresses, so much as it is the Brahmsite, who believes in plenary inspiration.

Mr. Blackburn, by the way, did brave work at this Festival, as when he characterized Berlioz's "King Lear" as a work "in which that amazing Frenchman once more showed that all the rhetoric, the wildness, and the madness of the Elizabethan period had touched him, where most of its poetry and sentiment and romance had passed him by." And listen to these closing words: "For the essential art of one day is always the essential art of another, as Whistler has already so potently demonstrated. Hokusai and Velasquez, Canova and the sculptors of the Elgin Marbles, William Byrd and Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss and the Man of the Future, have all touched, or

shall touch, hands; and whether it be the art of speaking, or singing, or grav- ing, each artist, in the motley of his own particular expressive method, continues to utter the eternal tale of art."

The program of the first Kneisel Quartet concert, Monday evening, Oct. 23, will include Beethoven's quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5; a cello sonata by Richard Strauss, and a string quartet by Dvorák in E flat, op. 51. The sonata for cello and piano will be played by Messrs. Schroeder and Brietner. Mr. Schroeder played it with the composer some years ago at a concert of the Lisztverein in Leipzig. Mr. Brietner, who appeared at a Symphony concert last season, now makes New York his home.

The program of the second concert, Nov. 19, will include Arensky's trio and Brahms's F minor piano quintet. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the celebrated pianist, will make his first appearance here. A new string quartet by Duvernoy will be produced. It was played for the first time last spring in Paris. Duvernoy, who was born at Paris Aug. 31, 1842, is pianist, composer, teacher, at the Conservatory, critic. He founded a chamber-music club with the late Léonard as first

violin in 1869. His chief works are a symphonic poem, "La Tempête," which won the prize of the City of Paris; "Sardanapale," "Cléopâtre" and the opera "Hellé" which was produced at the Opéra in 1896.

The sale of subscription tickets for these concerts will begin Monday at Symphony Hall at 9 A. M.

Lillian Blauvelt, who was announced as first solo soprano in "Elijah" tonight, sprained her ankle last Thursday and will not be able to sing. Her place will be taken by Emma Juch. The box office will be open today at 12 M.

Mr. Goodrich's organ concert next Thursday night should attract many music lovers. It will be the first opportunity to judge reasonably the new organ, for the solo of last night was of old-fashioned manufacture and gave little occasion for even a moderate display of contrasting qualities of tone. And then his program is of an unusually high order. It includes the Tocatta and Fugue in D minor by Bach—the one known to pianists through Tausig's arrangement; Bach's beautiful Pastorale in F, and two noble choral preludes, one of which, "Komm, Go t, S hee t, r," should test thoroughly the foundation stops of manuals and pedal; a chorale in B minor by César Franck, a rue masterpiece, one of the three composed in 1889, the year before his death; a new, and perhaps the greatest work for organ by Widor, the teacher of Mr. Goodrich, the Symphonie Romane,

which is founded on the plainsong melody, "Haec Dies Exultemus" (Paris Graduale); Saint-Saëns's brilliant Fantaisie in D flat, op. 101, and two pieces of a lighter nature by Théodore Dubois.

A Baltimorean visited recently the new Symphony Hall, and he was particularly struck by the opportunity given students and others to hear the Symphony Concerts for 25 cents. After he had returned to his city, he wrote Mr. Comee and asked whether similar arrangements might be made in Baltimore when the orchestra gave concerts there.

The result was that this gentleman, Mr. J. B. Noel Wyatt, subscribed \$200 to a certain number of seats, which he will distribute to members of a school for the blind and others. He allows his name to be mentioned simply that others may be incited to follow his example.

I have received from Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger of Paris a group of songs. The verses are by later French poets, as Verlaine and Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Mr. Schlesinger has attempted, and occasionally with success, to be harmonically modern, to be suggestive rather than frank in the conventional manner; but his melody is for the most part without marked distinction, and the songs are pleasing chiefly for the purposes of the salon, where sympathetic voice, handsome face and figure, and a sumptuous gown may give distinction to a song that inherently lacks this quality.

Mr. W. J. Paul Sweeney, manager of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts, writes me that Messrs. Baermann and Kneisel will begin the second season of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts Friday evening, Dec. 7, in Association Hall. The other concerts of the series will be given on Tuesday evenings. Mr. Von Dohnányi will give the second concert. Mr. Max Heinrich and the Kneisel Quartet have also been engaged. Complete announcements will be made in about two weeks. These concerts were not given last season on account of the sickness of the manager.—The Longy Club will give three concerts of chamber music for wind instruments in Copley Hall this season.

Among the solo singers engaged for César Franck's "Beatitudes," to be given at People's Temple, Oct. 29, are Mrs. Waterhouse, J. C. Bartlett, U. S. Kerr, Herbert Witherspoon—Miss Alice Cummings, pianist, assisted by Miss Olive Mead, violinist, will give a concert in Union Hall, Brookline, Oct. 29, at 3 P. M.—Mr. T. P. Currier has returned from Europe after an absence of a year and a half.—The Adamowski Quartet will give three concerts here this season. They will play new quartets

by Saint-Saëns, Emanuel Chivala, Ernest Chausson and G. W. Chadwick.—Mr. Carl Armbruster, whose lectures in the Lowell course are attracting such favorable attention, will give four afternoon lectures at Association Hall during the coming month, in which he will discuss the song writers of the world. The dates for these lectures are Saturday afternoon, Nov. 3, and Wednesday afternoons, Nov. 7, 14 and 21. The topics announced are, for the first

lecture, Schubert; for the second lecture, Schumann and Franz; for the third lecture, Liszt and Brahms, and for the fourth, Rubinstein, Grieg, Jensen, Somer, Berlioz and Wagner. Additional interest attaches to these lectures from the fact that Miss Pauline Cramer, soprano, who assists Mr. Armbruster in his lectures on Wagner, will sing at the coming series. Seats will be on sale at the Symphony Hall box office on and after next Friday morning.—Mr. Clarence Eddy will play pieces by Bach, Bossi, Faulkes and Hollins, at his concert at Symphony Hall, Oct. 30. Mrs. Katharine Fisk will sing songs by Brahms, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Foote, Chadwick, Parker, and Miss Leonora Jackson, the violinist, will play pieces by Gade, Borowski, Arensky, Brahms-Joachim, and Ernst.

Philip Hale.

## COMING CONCERTS.

Oct. 21—Symphony Hall, "Elijah," performed by the Handel and Haydn. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, assisted by Emma Juch, Gertrude Miller, Adelaide Jordan, Theodore Van York, D. Frangcon-Davies.

Oct. 22—Huntington Hall—7.45. Lecture by Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, on "Lohengrin." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 23, at 2.45.

Oct. 25—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Organ recital by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich. Program: Tocatta and fugue in D minor, and Pastorale, Bach; chorale in B minor, César Franck; Symphonie Romane, on the 14th song melody "Haec dies exultemus" (new); Widor: two chorals, "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer," and "An Wasserflüssen Babylon"; Bach: Fantasia in D flat, op. 101, Saint-Saëns: "In Paradisum" and "Fiat Lux," Dubois.

Oct. 25—Huntington Hall, 7.45. Lecture by Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer on "Tristan and Isolde." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 26, at 2.45.

Oct. 26—Symphony Hall, 2.30, and Oct. 27, at 8 P. M., second Symphony Concert. Overture to "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; aria, from Mozart's "Titus," suite "Esclarmonde" (first time at these concerts); song, "Die Allmacht," Schubert; Dvorák's Symphony No. 5. Mrs. Schumann-Heink will be the singer.

Oct. 29—People's Temple, 8 P. M. Mr. Tuckers' first concert. César Franck's "The Beatitudes" (first performance in Boston), song by Worcester Festival Chorus, Mr. Chadwick, conductor.

Oct. 29—Association Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the sixteenth season of the Kneisel Quartet.

Oct. 29—Huntington Hall, 7.45. Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, will lecture on "The Master Singers of Nuremberg." This lecture will be repeated Oct. 30, at 2.45.

Oct. 30—Symphony Hall. Organ recital by Mr. Clarence Eddy, assisted by Miss Leonora Jackson, violinist, and Miss Katharine Fisk, contralto.

Be still, my flutterin' heart, be still, I say,  
And, like a dawg wot's settled to 'is bone,  
Lie down and relish in a mod'rate way  
The little bit of good that is your own.

Last night the family was me and Sal,  
But I was wonderin', 'twixt fear and joy,  
If it, as was to be, would be a gal,  
Or if (as it 'ath been) 'twould be a boy.

'E came at midnight, and you might 'ave said  
The 'ome 'e saw was 'ardly to 'is mind;  
A coronet all waiting for 'is 'ed,  
And marbie 'alls is wot 'e looked to find.

They didn't light no bonfires on the 'ills,  
Nor 'olst no flag, nor fire no cannons off;  
No morning paper 'ath 'in on its bills,  
And yet 'e makes you feel that 'e's a toff.

'E do not greatly trouble to express—  
Not plainly—wot it is 'e'd 'ave you get;  
But 'e must 'ave it, that and nothing less,  
Or there's language you will not forget.

They tell me 'e's the very spit of me,  
And few 'ave ever owned a finer kid;  
I've found a master, I that once was free,  
And after this I does as I am bid.

No more for me the evenings running wild,  
The splittin', ed w'en morning skies are grey,  
I am the parent of an 'uman child,  
And walks precarious, brother, from today.

A few weeks ago a London tradesman brought complaint before a Magistrate against a rival shopkeeper, because the latter made it his practice to stand outside of his shop and grin at him and his wife. Of course the Magistrate could do nothing; he could not even instruct the grinner to abstain from thus annoying the grinner. And yet a London commentator remarks that a policeman once ran man in for "a humbugging sort o' smile."

A grin may be constitutional and purposeless, simply a matter of nervousness or physical conformation (We say nothing of the grin that was in reality a mask worn by Gwyneth and other unfortunates who had undergone operations.) It may be complimentary, sycophantic. It may be hostile, malignant, as in the case of Mr. Quill. But how is a Magistrate to determine the precise character of a grin?

Truly civilized persons seldom laugh. They show their merriment so rarely that their laughter held worthy of record by biographers and other novelists. It is doubt



Whether any courteous man or woman much addicted to laughter, which is Satan; for the act of laughing is in the cases out of ten merely an outward exhibition of real or fancied superiority. Idiots and certain classes of the insane laugh with hair-trigger idly, and often from sheer barrenness of thought. Hence the existence of the form of entertainment known as the comedy. Polonius excites mirth by the play-actor, obeying tradition, represents him as a senile, doddering ass. The spectator of younger years at once asserts his own superiority, and furthermore, is pleased to see the silly old man in one of authority, a master of ceremonies. (Mind you, we do not enter into a discussion concerning the true interpretation of the much-discussed part.) The malicious make a weapon of laughter, which may also be a tool of vengeance for the oppressed. You, Mr. gentleman, seldom stray in the distance of the way—Back Bay. You take your seat in the melancholy horse-car, relic of former aristocratic reserve, and you are suddenly aware that a man of an uncertain age, with stiffly-shed whiskers and an Athenaeum look, regards you arrogantly. If you are a philosopher, you will not lose your equilibrium; if you are a noble, sensitive plant, let him glare, at the same time look steadily at his feet and the bottoms of his trousers and grin. You should take care that the grin be not too sudden. Let break gradually your face, as though after careful study you had arrived at a ludicrous conclusion. Eye him after a few minutes. He changes color, he is now concerned about his appearance, he furtively examines his trousers and legs. He is no longer of himself. His vanity has found its outlet.

A natural and confirmed grin is a sad blemish. The male sufferer is conscious of insincerity, of a wish to be at any cost, of a desire to be considered a genial, kindly soul. As the woman—Nordica for several years was the ballet-girl grin even in the prison, passion, or death. She herself of it about two years ago. As for women in general, we quote Count Baldassare Castiglione's book of the Courtier: "Whyte teeth good sign in a woman, for sence are not in so open sight as is the face but most commonly are hid, a woman may think she bestoweth not so much labour about them, to make them white, as she doeth in the face, yet who so shoulde laughe with cause purposely to show them, he discover the art, and for all faire whitenesse should appeare all men to have a very yll grace, gnatus in Catullus."

They say that at certain stations in the corridors of Symphony Hall red shoes will be displayed, with the legend in plain sight: "This way out in of Brahms."

Red shoes may be worn until the snow storm. They should be accompanied with cotton spittings or spat.

**"ELIJAH."**  
First Oratorio Sung in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society—A Spirited Vocal Performance.

(By Philip Hale.)  
"Elijah" was sung last night in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Emil Molenhauer, conductor, this was the first performance of the oratorio in the new hall. The soloists were Mrs. Emma Juch, Miss Adele Miller, Mrs. Adelaide Jordan, Mabel Le Favor Pearson, Mr. Theodor Van York, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, Tucker was organist, and the orchestra was made up of Symphony men. Mr. Roth as concert master. It seemed at first as though the Handel and Haydn had gone back to its old ways, for the chorus, "Help, Lord," sung with little attention to dynamics, and in this respect the performance fell far below the memoranda of last season. This remark also applied to the choral recitatives which followed this chorus. The negligence was possibly due to the nervousness of singers for the first time in a new place and to other circumstances, such as comparative ignorance of the degrees of dynamics demanded in the new hall, the omission of a far more formidable organ, etc. The performance of "Elijah" was too robust; the choruses that came after it were with taste, spirit and at times overwhelming effect, as the chorus "Thanks be to God," which was the most inspiring and irresistible of the performances in steadily increasing interest, in superbly worked-out, and in suggestion of true power that I have ever had the fortune to hear.

Chorus, "For He, the Lord, our

God," would have gained if it had been taken at a slower tempo. The double quartet in the first part of the work was omitted—and no doubt wisely omitted.

A big organ is a dangerous thing. It tempts the organist to extravagance in accompaniment; it incites chorus and orchestra to abuse of strength. More than once last evening in ensemble the orchestra seemed weak; it was ground between two huge millstones. The strings were at times almost inaudible when they should have been brilliantly conspicuous. The Society must make up its mind to engage a larger body of strings. The organist should learn to moderate his zeal, for unless 16 foot stops are judiciously employed, the effect in fortissimo is muddiness instead of solid strength.

The solo singers gave, on the whole, much satisfaction. Time cannot rob Mrs. Juch of her musical temperament, her musicianlike phrasing, in a word her admirable artistry; and time has dealt kindly with her voice. Miss Miller had little to do, but she is a singer whose natural beauty and warmth of voice should be heard in severer tasks. The only way of encouraging, of testing a singer of natural gifts and intelligence is to allow her opportunity to display them. If it is then clear that she has not the nerve for such work, she will have no just cause of complaint. Mrs. Jordan has a good voice, of pure and sympathetic quality; but she may still study with profit the elements of vocal art. Mr. Van York made an agreeable impression in that most trying aria, "If with all your hearts." The voice itself is an admirable organ. Perhaps in his desire to sing with expression, Mr. Van York came once or twice dangerously near sentimentalism, and I question his delivery of the final phrase of the preceding recitative with the exaggerated diminuendo; simplicity would have been more to the purpose. Other recitatives he declaimed manfully.

The impersonation—I use this theatrical term deliberately—the impersonation of Elijah by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies is well known here. It suffered last night from over-elaboration, dramatic and effective as it often was. In several instances Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies preferred his own musical version to that of Mendelssohn, and I suppose he has so grown into the part that as Elijah he would claim to know how Elijah himself would sing. But Elijah was a fierce fanatic, a man of the desert as well as a man from the hills, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies should remember that the original Elijah never suggested the poseur.

There was a large and applause audience. Surely the managers of the ventilation should by this time have their machine or system or what-you-will under control. The draughts last night would have caused comment even in old Music Hall; they were uncomfortable, they were dangerous. And it may here be said that the greater part of the audience on the floor was disturbed by the tramp, tramp during the performance from 7.30 till 8 o'clock by ushers and belated individuals.

04-23. 1900  
His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;  
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,  
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

"23d of October, 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel perished at the age of forty-seven with all his crew, on the rocks of Selly \* \* \* The loss has been attributed to excess of liquor in drinking their 'safe arrival' after a perilous cruise in the Mediterranean."

Cloudesley Shovel! As Robert Louis Stevenson says, the name is "a mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables." Stevenson, as you remember, believed that "most men of high destinies have high-sounding names"; he ran over the list of English Admirals; he found Drake and Rooke and Hawke "picked names for men of execution"—Frobisher, Rodney, Boscawen, Jack Byron, "good to catch the eye in a page of a naval history."

There are mouth-filling names in our own naval history: John Paul Jones, Hull, Bannbridge, Farragut, Dupont, and Porter is a sturdy name, as well as a sturdy drink. But suppose that the daring and rake-helly Jones had been named Henry or Uriah or Eugene! George Dewey—no, the name itself is not as a bugle call, nor does it suggest the roar of guns and victory except through association of ideas. George Washington is saved only by the euphony of the three syllables. Cloudesley Shovel, by the way, was the son of a poor man at Norwich, and Dewey was at school at Norwich.

Yes, there are names born to greatness. Charlemagne Tower—you cannot imagine the bearer of such a name selling fish; it suggests purple, courts, a sword, noble dames, Beverly Tucker! But suppose the name were Teverly Bucker.

Dioegenes, Thersites—their snarl is in the name. Hamlet, the Dane! But John Davidson did not hesitate to entitle a tragedy "Smith," and there are tragedies in the families of Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Suppose that Tschalkowsky were Ferguson (even with an accent on the "u") or Rimsky-Korsakoff, Peters, plain Andrew Peters; would their names on a Symphony program book exert a spell, or would their music preserve the exotic flavor? Or suppose that Beethoven had been named George? Do you not prefer Giuseppe

Verdi to Joseph Green?

Think of the euphonious names of certain poets—Christopher Marlowe, Middleton—Jonson is saved by the Ben—Cyril Tourneur, Shirley, Chatterton, Byron, Coleridge, Tennyson. Collins fits well with the Ode to Evening and Gray with the Elegy.

No wonder that restless souls who think they have achieved beyond their names try to enlarge the every day name, to suit it to the corresponding glory. Take the case of Mr. Barnabee, the Coquelin of New England, as his countless admirers shout. Once he was Barnabee; then in turn, and in proportion with his fame, H. C. Barnabee, Mr. Henry C. Barnabee; and now Henry Clay Barnabee, although in Chicago—a godless town—he is known as "Uncle H!," just as Mrs. Jessie B. Davis was called "Aunt Jess."

Take your own case. Your name is Perkins, an honest name, a good every day name. Do you remember the scene in the last chapter of Thackeray's Christmas tale?

"Mr. Perkins—My name, sir, is Perkins."

"The Mulligan—Well, that rhymes with Perkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lirkings, Mr. Perkins."

You do not blame your namesake for threatening to send for a policeman. You were named Zenas after your God-fearing grandfather, whom you vaguely remember with his aged feet in warm water or helping himself to butter with a tea-spoon, much to the disgust of your gentle mother. As the old man had accumulated various kinds of money, you were named after him, although your mother did protest. Your other name is Mortimer. You signed yourself for many years Z. M. Perkins; but now, a man of some note in the community, a bank director, a director of a mining company, secretary of the Society for the Relief of Indigent Cats, you feel your dignity demands a spread name, and your card runs "Mr. Zenas Mortimer Perkins." Your wife, of course, calls you Mortimer.

The strength of Cloudesley Shovel's name is in Cloudesley, Miss Eustacia—the peerless maiden—she has been sad of late—would not be possible as Miss Cornelia; but the priggish mother of the Gracchi could have had no other name. It was Alice, who was remembered by the poet and Ben Bolt, it was not Mary or Susan or Helen. Ah, Helen of Troy and Sister Helen of Rossetti! (There are names for you, again; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Algernon Charles Swinburne.) Would Homer have bothered with a Susan of Troy? Mary and Susan of Troy work in a collar factory.

04-24. 1900  
Life is not governed by will or intention. Life is a question of nerves, and fibres, and slowly-built-up cells in which thought hides itself and passion has its dreams. But a chance tone of color in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once loved and that brings strange memories with it, a line from a forgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a piece of music that you had ceased to play—I tell you, that it is on things like these that our lives depend.

The late John Sherman broke down, they say, an account of "the extraordinary tax laid upon his energies, after he had passed the age of easy recuperation, in the writing of his recollections." The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post adds: "The publishers were persistent with their importunities, and he had so great a horror of breaking, or even straining, an engagement once entered into, that he went ahead with his task in spite of all friendly protests." Sherman was a man of careful and regular life: three cigars a day, although he was fond of tobacco; extremely abstemious in the use of stimulants; "and he never let anything interfere with his afternoon nap."

"The publishers were persistent with their importunities." Whoever has been obliged to write against time knows the full meaning of this sentence. Let us share the bitter-sweet fruit of experience with the ambitious young. Never write in leg-boots, but insist on easy shoes, and if possible wear slippers; the circulation of thought is then freer. Wear old trousers that bag at the knees—you probably have no others. Loosen your collar, so that the eczematous patch on your neck be not chafed. If you must smoke—smoke a pipe; we do not agree with Maginn in his statement that the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth is hideously absurd. Do not work for over an hour at a time. Refresh yourself and spur your imagination by reading the Thousand Nights and a Night—Burton's version preferred. Always sleep an hour after the noonday meal. There should be cots for this purpose in every newspaper office.

We followed our prescription yesterday and opened the 9th volume of Burton at random. The story was of Abu Al Hasan of Khorasan. How many

Iranians, who are reproached for their coldness and ignorance in matters of hospitality, might learn from the tale of the reception of the disguised Caliph Al-Mu'tazid Bil'lah by his accidental host, who came out to the Caliph and his attendants in person. "He was fair of favor and fine of form, and he appeared clad in a tunic of Nishapur silk and a gold laced mantle; and he dripped with scented waters and wore on his hand a signet ring of rubies. When he saw them, he said to them, 'Well come and welcome to the lords who favor us with the utmost of favor by their coming.' So they entered the house and found it such as would make a man forget family and fatherland, for it was like a piece of Paradise."

Sherman was caricatured in an early number of Vanity Fair (Feb. 4, 1850). Dressed as a woman with a swelling skirt labeled "Helper's 'Impending Crisis,'" he tries to sit in the Speaker's chair. The perplexed Seward says to him: "Look here, Miss Sherman, you've rather too much crinoline." Sherman had recommended through sheer good-nature Helper's book, and when he ran for Speaker, the cry of "Abolitionist" was raised against him. But who today remembers this book of statistics that was thus suddenly boomed into notice? Indeed, many of the jests in Vanity Fair, which was by all odds the ablest comic paper that has been published in this country, are as incomprehensible to the younger generation of this day as though they were found on Assyrian tablets.

In a list of advertised books we read "Waddell's 'Among the Himalayas.'" Do you see him? A stout, puff, red-necked officer—probably a Major; an authority on curries. And mark the title of the book—"Among the Himalayas," not on them.

Has any compiler of vital statistics made a list of men shot for deer or by other accident in Maine?

We are glad to learn from a trustworthy man that the sales of New England rum are steadily increasing. "Even a depression in other lines of the liquor business does not materially affect New England rum." (Chorus from "Olivette" with a slight geographical change: "Rum, rum, New England rum!") 'Twas the drink of our ancestors on solemn occasions—funerals, church-raising, ordinations. Yes, rum was the steady drink of many painful preacher of the word of God. And now for patriotic, parochial reasons we delight in the thought that rum holds its own and fears not foreign invasion. (Patriotism is extended, enlarged parochialism)—The joyous days will soon be here when rum may be taken hot, with butter. Meanwhile cold rum is seasonable—nay, it is always seasonable. Let us quote again—for we have quoted them before—the golden words of Maginn: "As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements."

This reminds us that an exceptional vintage in France has been largely spoiled by the weather. Nevertheless, there will be the same liberal exportation of champagne to this country, for shipments of this wine do not depend on vintages. Some say that there are Champagne Chemical Works maintained by the French Government. We prefer to believe the story that there are inexhaustible champagne wells, which are never shown to strangers. The genials, chorus-girls, and the noble army of openers need not be depressed; they may still be stayed with flagons.

Vegetarianism prepares you for the great realities of life.

04-25. 1900  
His sunshine gilds my earthly path,  
Folds me in glory every place.  
Who talked of trouble and of death  
In the sweet world that holds his face?  
His shadow lies upon my way,  
And where I go runs on before,  
Prevents me all the happy day,  
Crosses my threshold, bars my floor,  
Child, how shall your mother bear  
The bliss of love and its annoy?  
Ever the shadow-shape of fear  
Outruns the hurrying feet of joy.

The establishment of a Home for Aged Literary Men will be hailed with joy by newspaper men, who have thus far looked forward only to an ending in the hospital or poor-house. It is true that this home will be in Poughkeepsie, but the ale is not bad in that city—and, think, the founders might have gone further up the river, even to Athens. (Pronounced with the "a" as in "baker.") The plan is an alluring one: "a home where aged men of education and refinement and with literary tastes, who, perhaps, have seen



in a prosperous day, can spend their olden years in peace and comfort, surrounded by books and in congenial company." An entrance fee of \$300 is required; therefore we should all be economical and save from this very day. This is all the money that will be asked. "We shall then keep them the remainder of their days, clothe them, feed them," and they kindly add, "bury them." The hope for such a peaceful end, passed in the moderate enjoyment of old ale, books, jackstraws, backgammon, and, in pleasant weather, golf, will persuade to temperance during the years of activity, for no person will be admitted who has any "trouble resulting from alcoholic stimulants." The founders say: "It is not to be a home for dissipated people"; and therefore there will be a probability of placid sleep at night.

"We shall open the Home with from 10 to 15 men, which number will be gradually increased."

But how old must the applicant be? In some newspaper offices 40 is considered to be the last year of usefulness, and when a man is 45, there is surprise if he is not a victim of paresis or paralysis; nevertheless, a benevolent publisher may allow him to contribute to the editorial columns.

And now, dearly beloved colleagues, let us all look after our livers and kidneys. No sufferer from any organic disease can enter into the Poughkeepsie paradise. Surgery is still in its infancy, and medicine is, like tailoring, largely experimental. No doubt in another century a man whose organs do not work promptly and effectively, will be able to go into a hardware hospital—for by that time the interior machinery of man will be metallic, copper-bottomed, nickel-plated, the most superior clockwork—and say, "Put in a new liver; No. 16 or 16½, if you please." We, also, may not see the day; but with Poughkeepsie in view, we should be careful in food and drink lest our respective livers look like sticks of French bread or be mere "fleeting remnants."

Here is a strange story told by "J. O. V." in the Pall Mall Gazette. We prefer to tell it in our own way: A young American girl, "of a pure and ardent nature," became fascinated by the writings of a leading French novelist. "A man of strong religious principles." The girl, a student in Paris, was poor and hungry. She was finally reduced to a scanty diet of potatoes. "Her brain grew weak." She went one night to the house of the novelist, insisted on seeing him, told him how she loved him, and implored his sympathy. "He was naturally alarmed," and, as they say in melodrama, he drove her from his door. She called again; and when she appeared for the third time he put her into a cab and drove her off to a madhouse. Her friends finally found her, and she was sent home to America. Now listen to the conclusion of "J. O. V." "Life will never be the same to her again, whereas a little sympathy from the man might have saved her. As a woman whose own life has, perhaps, made her able to understand lonely and struggling women, I feel indignant with a man whose novels would lead one to expect deep psychological insight and capacity for sympathy."

"J. O. V." does not say whether the woman was physically and mentally attractive or whether the novelist missed her and took her from the madhouse. Why did she not go to them in the first place? How would J. O. V. have had the novelist treat this young woman of "a pure and ardent nature?" A little sympathy is a dangerous thing. Maupassant wrote a story about a woman in the country who was fascinated by a prominent novelist or critic. She went to Paris, forced herself upon him in spite of his advice and interest—the story is a melancholy one.

Suppose that Judge Grant or Professor Arlo Bates, at home in evening dress or in more intimate dressing-gown and slippers, should receive unexpectedly a call from a young French woman "of a pure and ardent nature." She pours out her admiration and love, and craves sympathy. Either one of these eminent novelists would be courteous, might use the expression, "Poor thing!" but would surely and gently assist her to the door and breathe freer when she was in the street. If he came the third time, would she not be justly considered insane? And then, the novelist might be pardoned for saying to himself, "What will the maid-servant think? This must not go on."

Thank heaven, such sad experiences will soon be impossible in this city. The Society for Providing Indigent Working Girls with Birds and Bottles—which is doing noble missionary work—will soon be able to extend its charity and include deserving female students of every kind in its beneficent scheme. Birds and bottles are more nourishing than potatoes, even though they be fried by a Frenchman. And our literary men will not be exposed then to fearful risks.

## WALLACE GOODRICH.

### First Organ Recital in Symphony Hall—Novelties by Cesar Franck and Charles Marie Widor—Is the Organ a Concert-Instrument?

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich gave last evening the first organ recital in Symphony Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach—the one known to pianists through Tausig's transcription; Bach's Pastorale (first movement, in F) and two choral preludes, "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer," and "An Wasserflüssen Babylon;" Chorale in B minor, César Franck; Widor's Symphonie Romane on the plain-song melody "Hæc Dies, exultemus;" Saint-Saëns's Fantasia in D flat, op. 101, and Dubois's "In Paradisum," and "Flat Lux."

This program was of greater interest to musicians than to the general public, which has been accustomed to Handel's "Largo," the "Angel's Serenade" and the overture to "William Tell." Mr. Goodrich had the courage of his convictions. He does not believe that the organ should be a foolish imitation of an orchestra, for he knows that the genius of the instrument is wholly opposed to such imitation. Nor does he believe in attempts at thunder-storms or in the pathos of a bleating Vox Humana. I honor him for this respect shown an abused instrument; but he might have maintained this attitude and nevertheless arranged a more entertaining program of legitimate organ music. If he had put the pieces by Dubois between those by Franck and Widor, the tone of the whole concert would not have been so drab. As the program was selected and arranged, a feeling of boredom, reprehensible no doubt, but nevertheless real, straightened the breasts of many.

And the more I hear of the organ in concert-rooms, the more do I find it out of place in such halls. The organ is an instrument for the church and for church service. In its true home it is an aid to ritualistic worship and to individual contemplation of the great mysteries of life, sin, redemption and death. It needs the assistance of vault and aisle, stained glass, the sight of the altar or pulpit, and all the hallowed associations of the consecrated building.

Two pieces played last evening were new even to many organ students; the pieces by Franck and Widor. The chorale by the former is an eminently thoughtful composition, in which, as in certain choral works by Franck, mysticism, enwraps contrapuntal art. The "Symphonie Romane" by Widor is a more ambitious work, but, to me at least, it is for the most part labored and dry.

Mr. Goodrich played with ample display of technique, musical intelligence, and pleasing physical repose. I regret to say that I was disappointed in his reading of the Toccata and Fugue. This work, which shows the influence of Buxtehude—a composer too much neglected by organists of today—is intensely dramatic. Surely the Toccata admits of much more tonal variety than was given last night. Nor were all the legitimate points made effectively by the organist. There was a lack of spirit; nor was there sufficient courtesy shown the element of surprise. The Fugue was played clearly enough, but here again there was not the thought of a steadily rolling, ever increasing mass of tone, and the stormy close was played with incongruous deliberation.

Oct 26, 1900

#### THE OBSESSED.

When I first met him he looked like the young man with the spectacles who stole the gold Tiberius. Upon his face was the look furtive, and his fingers spread, spatulate, toward their ends, like wedges—the head outward. He was the owner of nails bitten to the extremity of physical possibility.

Again I met him, and when he this time gave me his hand, I felt a something missing beneath his glove, and afterward when we ate together I saw that he had no right fore-finger—that there was a living, livid scar across the back of his hand.

A year more and I was in his room. When he lighted the gas, I saw first upon the table a plaster hand clutched as if it were a model of one of those whose closing Clara would have loved in that carressing torture in Octave Mirbeau's garden.

Then the whole idea of the frieze about the chamber came to me. It was a line of interlaced hands which in the space of perhaps three feet on one wall was broken.

On the right of the space the line began with hands in which I could see the musical spread—but their knowledge seemed to be the knowledge of no composer or modern instrument, but rather of some old Italian master and the secret to interpret him on lute or clavichord or viol.

There were hands of poisoners—white hands telling more than faces, hands of those who did not poison through the body but in some subtler way—and yet I could see it in them.

In all was the ability to create the feeling of deformity, the deformity of the minds that would move them. They bore that relation to real deformity that the rubber, air-stuffed knouts of Leo Taxil bear to the leathern knotted whips of Russia—producing all the experience—but not the after necessity of recovery. In slow steps of harsher meaning they advanced. I saw the hands of stranglers with the sinewy, big-knuckled fingers, the heavy bunch of muscle under the thumb; the hands of stone-cutters, blunt and broken; the hands of iron-workers, dry and crooked.

I came upon him again last Sunday. It was at an early mass, and the man with me said: "That's his wife," and he nodded toward the woman who stood beside him.

"His wife?"

As he said "Yes," she raised her book and I saw her right hand.

I looked at my friend.

"Yes," he said, "elephantiasis."

SERGEANT BERTRAND.

Here is a puzzle for boys that are described by doting parents as "bright." Mr. Cornelius L. Alvord, Jr., who robbed the First National Bank of New York of \$630,000, is 50 years old, weighs 300 pounds, and had been in the employ of the bank for 20 years. How much money would he have stolen if he were 55 years old, weighed 250 pounds and had served for 25 years? Answers will be received until November 1st. There is no prize, save that of published glory.

We consulted a calendar for a golden thought this day Oct. 26, and this is what we found: "Clock-makers are generally healthy and long-lived."

The editor of "Live Topics About Town" (N. Y. Sun) has been assured that buttoned shoes are "not to come within the contemplation of well-dressed men this winter." He also tells us that the long, narrow "necktie" which is characteristic of the Spanish bullfighters is "the last word of men's style in neckwear." And yet the Providence Journal is dumb. By the way, does the Cravat Editor of the Journal own the invaluable treatise of the Baron de Lempesé, published in French at Paris, in 1832? The title (translated) is: "The Art of tying a cravat in 1001 ways, taught by Rule, preceded by a History of the Cravat and with Reflections on the use of Collars, black and colored Cravats, etc., etc."

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette sounds a clarion blast against the highly reprehensible habit of "licking the thumbs when dealing out cards." "That this is done sometimes in mixed society, such as a seaside boarding house, I have it on the authority of a lady sufferer." "Lady sufferer" is like "mobbled queen;" it is good.

We have received the announcement of a "banquet" to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria early next month. We quote a sentence: "In addition to those who subscribe to the dinner there will be present a large number of ladies in the boxes around the banquet hall, who will appear in full dress, and to whom every attention will be shown by the committees."

Here is a glimpse at the happy home life of England. A woman of education and refinement suddenly found herself obliged to earn her living. She answered an advertisement of a dress-maker, who said that she might live and work with her six months for nothing, after which she might receive some pocket-money. Five of the assistants slept in an attic, and since neither door nor window was opened the air became "fixed." Breakfast was at 8.15; work began at 8.30; one hour for dinner; tea at 4; work went on till 7.30; supper at 8. Breakfast and tea consisted of bread and butter and tea. "If you had a second cup of tea, you were not allowed sugar in it. We will draw a veil over the butter. Supper consisted of bread-and-butter. Dinner was a feast to remind one of better times—not equal, I should say, to the Camberwell work house. \* \* \* These feasts took place in an underground room, which was also their sitting room."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw was decidedly in the vein when he addressed a Teachers' Guild meeting on "The Connection between the Drama and Education." He began by saying that he had not had time to prepare his lecture, "but it didn't matter, because there was no such connection." Mr. Shaw said: "All persons derive the most important part of their education from children. Shortcomings in the education of adults who are not parents are obvious"; again, "any grown-up person guilty of the crime of trying to form the character of children ought to be drowned." Mr. Shaw admitted

that a knowledge of the alphabet was necessary—"to enable one to recognize one's railway station without bothering fellow-passengers."

Oct 27, 1900

"How funny!" commented Caroline. "Why the Vicar has been giving us chats on the Wallace collection, every Monday evening for weeks." I said something quite vague and inadequate about country clergymen who kept up with the times, which Caroline promptly contradicted. "Our vicar is an exception," she hastened to explain, as I led her across the road to an omnibus. "His breadth of view is enormous. Only think he doesn't believe in eternal punishment." "Old tight, ladies," said the conductor breaking in rudely upon this exposure of Caroline's vicar. "Do you believe in eternal punishment?" she pursued breathlessly, as we climbed up to the top. "I don't know," shouted, over my shoulder, "but you must know whether you believe in eternal punishment or not," panted Caroline, as he head came up after mine; and every one of the top of the omnibus turned round and stared at us.

The late Sims Reeves was indeed remarkable tenor. Not because he went into bankruptcy and declared his assets at £3. This is not unusual, but at the age of 77 he married for the second time and a son was born unto him.

Reeves, according to many obituary notices, was 78 or 79 years old. As a matter of fact he was 82, for he was born Sept. 26, 1818.

John Hare, the play-actor, is now on the Atlantic, and headed this way. Hare—and many friends.

This Mr. Dowie, who describes himself as the general overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, does not put his trust merely in faith, nor does he look, like Mohammed, to the sword. "Give me a pocketful of diamonds, and I will extend the Kingdom of Heaven. Don't none of y'cu peop despise diamonds and rubles!" Perhaps Mr. Cecil Rhodes might be persuaded to play High Priest in this society.

Mr. C. E. Avery writes to us: "As Sir Cloudesley Shovel"—we used his name as text for a sermon last Tuesday—"I quote from page 19 of the 'Guide to the Isles of Scilly,' by J. C. Rodda, Penzance, 1893.

"Sir Admiral, the rocks of Scilly shun; Your course is wrong! The haughty Admiral bent

Stern eyes on him, who thus presumptuous lent

'Unthought advice. 'You swing ere set of sea At the yard arm' Night came and it was done,

Though not before the solemn funeral psalm Was read by his request, whose grave altar Given in good faith, such grievous guard won.

That night the fleet was lost; that warni grave

Was no mere cry of wail. Two thousand souls.

Wrecked on the rugged reefs and treacherous shoals.

Went to their long home beneath the wave And the proud Admiral, found by the humble folk,

Lay on Porthellick sands when mortal broke."

"This poem was by one W. G. Harris quote again from the same book: 'There is a tradition associated with this wreck which runs this: A seaman on the Admiral's ship warned the officer of the watch that unless the ship's course was altered they would soon be on the rocks of Scilly. This being reported to the Admiral, the man was brought to him when he still held to his opinion. The roused the Admiral, as he thought of his officers ought to be able to navigate the ship without the interference of a sailor, and he ordered the man to be hanged at the yard-arm. One request was granted to the man, namely, that he should be allowed to read aloud psalm to the assembled crew. The crew read was the 109th, after which the man was hanged. That night the vessel was lost."

W. E. writes to us as follows: "At the Washington meeting of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, last week, a paper was presented on 'The Development of Textile Patterns in Former Centuries,' by F. Paul Schulze, Director of the Royal Textile Museum at Crefeld, Germany, in which the learned author stated: 'About the year 4000 B. C. King Menes is said to have reigned over Egypt. He was accused by his successor of having enervated his people by excessive luxury.' He was cursed by the priests (what a may be taken as a token of civilization) and this curse was engraved upon square stone. George Elbers, the German author, informs us how King Menes's mother occupied herself with the study of physics and concocted a lot of to make the hair grow. Now I think I may fairly conclude that a race of people who were in need of some means to make the hair grow more freely than in the natural condition would not have



lected the protection and adornment the other parts of the body; hence the existence of textile industry may be inferred.

From that time to this humanity has been dissatisfied with its hair; when it grows, scissors or razor are used; when it falls out, another crop is vainly tried for. The remarks of the barber flit over the scope of human ken, he cannot talk five minutes upon a crop of hair without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

A deep thinker named Klaatsch—of whom I am a professor, a German professor at Heidelberg—has achieved a theory about the descent of man. It finds that a rudimentary biceps in a thigh is shared only in its presence by anthropoid apes and American monkeys with prehensile tails. An ordinary monkey that lives on its hands and organs has no such physical charm; he is a degenerate, and a haughty man is not descended from him. "After all, as the Standard observes, that is nothing new to Darwinian theorist. He never thought that the barrel-organ monkey was our great-great-grandfather, but our second or third cousin. It is a pity, however, to learn that our great-great-grandfather was so low down as his degenerate barbarian great-great-grandson. We and American colleagues with prehensile tails may proudly remember that."

Reverend Alexis Jeffries, father of a distinguished pugilist, "has seen an act, and is much impressed by his histrionic ability." "It is the lion of his life to visit Jerusalem, Holy City." We doubt, however, whether the fame of his son has yet reached Palestine. "They didn't know him down in Judee."

Oct-28-1900  
"ESCLARMONDE."

Quite From Massenet's Pornographic Opera Performed for the First Time at a Regular Symphony Concert—Schumann-Sink.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Gerike, conductor, was as follows:

I. "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz  
II. "Jezet, Vitellia" and "Roméo, Nle soll mit Rosen." from "Titus".....Mozart  
III. "Esclarmonde".....Massenet  
(First time at these concerts.)  
IV. Invocation.  
V. The Magic Isle.  
VI. Hymn.  
VII. In the Forest.  
VIII. (a) Pastoral.  
IX. (b) Hunt.  
X. "Die Allmacht".....Schubert  
XI. Accompaniment scored for Orchestra (Louis V. Saar).  
XII. Symphony No. 5, in E minor.....Dvorák  
XIII. "Esclarmonde" suite was played for the first time at a concert for the benefit of the Symphony Orchestra, given by Mr. Nikisch, and I believe Mr. Dvorski played on that occasion. The opera from which this music is taken—in part, for Massenet copied certain scenes for concert use of an erotic-mystical nature, in which Miss Sibyl Sanderson made her debut in Paris as the heroine, a female ingrain, who loves a knight, but in the most rapturous moment she shall not see her face nor know his name; and it was said at the time of production that the composer had two instruments to the orchestra, one at one end of the scale and the sarassophone at the other.  
XIV. Sensuousness of certain pages of music provoked comment even in the most sensuousness of Massenet when he is at his best. Sensuousness is his gift, but his weakness, as you may be led to regard it. His adoring of Solonière, not only admits he boasts that the "parfum" of the composer, and he then dilates on agreeable subject and uses extraordinary language, which I dare not quote from fear of the Watch and Society.  
XV. In the concert hall, with the music as a guide to the feeling and the year, erotic and it is the strongest movement of the suite, but where this same movement came in the 7th Immensely after the fall of the curtain upon the lover embracing and approving contenting.  
XVI. Compare with this a superb act in Zola's "Fault of the Abbé" (Mr. Aphorism says modestly) and it is a benediction on the human race that he has expressed the same

iments that thrill them." In the theatre this music is unmistakable, and it is another note to Matthew Arnold's statement that France is given up to worship of the goddess Lubricity.

The suite is interesting without the aid of any too curious gloss. The "Evocation" is a pompous thing with volcanses of brass and storms of pulsatile instruments, but the purely musical ideas are of little importance, and the movement might be justly called musical campaign oratory—a mighty front, sonorous speech, eagle and bugle in the same sentence. But the second movement is exquisite in harmonic, melodic orchestral thought, and most successful in the establishment of a decided mood. The last movement is made up of a "Pastorale" and "The Hunt." Of these, the former is the more distinguished, and the rustic melody was played delightfully by Mr. Longy. If the "Evocation" suggested at times Meyerbeer and Wagner, rewritten for French use, and if "The Magic Isle" awakened the thought of Berlioz, there was plenty of Massenet in the suite, and the individuality of Massenet is as marked as that of Gounod.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang an aria from Mozart's "Titus" and Schubert's "Die Allmacht," with the accompaniment scored for orchestra by Mr. Saar of New York. She was heard to greater advantage in the aria than in the song. The aria itself is still fresh and calls for a display of varied emotions. The singer had an intelligent conception of the character of the music and she was often successful in exposition. At times she sang well so far as technique was concerned, and then she would relapse into vocal Germanisms so dear to singers of her race, forcing guttural tones, sliding up in attack, etc. She spoiled Schubert's song by an extravagant use of the downward and upward portamento, so that a phrase became a slobber and a smear. For this she was rewarded with most hearty applause. Mr. Selmer played effectively the clarinet obbligato to Mozart's aria.

The concert opened with a remarkably good performance of Berlioz's brilliant overture and closed with Dvorák's Congo-Indian-New York-American symphony, in which are some pretty tunes, gorgeous instrumentation, as well as much that is distinctly meritricious.

THERE are musical clubs in Boston, made up of female lovers of music and amateurs, who are never weary of inviting professional singers and players of instruments to entertain them at set and appointed meetings. Although some of the members are wealthy, and although these clubs have certain amounts of money, they often say to these professionals: "We regret that we are unable to pay you anything, but we hope that the honor of the invitation will count as something." I do not say that this is the precise wording; but it is the substance of what they write. If a club cannot find sufficient entertainment in the ranks of membership, it should pay for the services of outsiders. Suppose a tenor is asked to sing a group of songs. The engagement may seriously incommode him. He must rehearse with the accompanist; he very likely must change the hour of a pupil; he must sing to an audience all the more ready to pick him to pieces because they know he is not to be paid. And what does he get in return for his trouble? Thanks—sometimes. The singers and players who are thus invited are the very ones, as a rule, who need money the most. I advise any self-respecting singer or player to say, "I shall be happy to give you my services for pay. If my services are not worth any payment, you surely do not care to hear me." Here is another instance out of many where the well-to-do expect something for nothing.

So Eduard Strauss will visit us again, the week of Nov. 12. He will be a welcome guest—if he has a good orchestra and if he will confine the music of the Strauss family to that of his brothers Johann and Joseph—Johann preferred. He was here in the spring of 1890, nimble, full of mannerisms, traditional, inherited or acquired. It is pleasant to learn from my colleagues in New York that Eduard is still spry. Thus Mr. Lawrence Reamer writes: "He sways to and fro rhythmically with the movement of the waltz, rises on his toes, moves his baton caressingly in the piano passages, and when he plays the violin, clutches the bow, after he has conducted the opening phrases with it, as if he intended to mount the instrument and fly through the air on it. He does all these interesting things with an enthusiasm, spirit and grace quite remarkable in an old gentleman of 65."

Some of us remember the visit of Johann Strauss in Boston when the Peace Jubilee of '72 was raging. I was looking over lives of Johann by Eisenberg and Procházka the other day, and I was amused at the descriptions of the Festival which were given therein. Johann growled in an indecent manner when he was again in his beloved Vienna; indecently, when you remember that he was paid an absurd sum. Mr. Eisenberg gravely states that Verdi and von Bülow were also at the Festival to conduct their own compositions; "but they were not such favorites with the public as was the Vlen-

nese master." This is absolutely true. One reason for this was that Verdi never crossed the Atlantic—a minor reason, perhaps, nevertheless one that should be considered. And listen to the biographer a moment, please: "Wherever Johann showed himself with his wife, either in a theatre or a concert-hall, the audience arose and broke out in 'Three cheers!' The most beautiful women assaulted him in swarms for autographs, so that he was obliged to be under the protection of the police in house and street. This was especially so at the beginning; for when the enthusiastic ladies found out that the idol of their affections was married, their dangerous interest was cooled in a measure." But Eduard need not be seriously disturbed by the recollection of all this.

I have received the following letter:  
Randolph, Mass.

Mr. Hale:  
Through you may I say—"No tickets for standees" may give satisfaction to some of the seat-holders at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons, but there are others. The absence of faces which have been familiar at the concerts for a decade at least made many homesick to see them again. The writer holds a very fine seat in the parquet, but because he is able to do so is not disturbed when the lobby is filled with young, happy girls and young men who love the music and can only hear it that way. The Hall is a delight to eye and ear. After the draughts are adjusted, no one can find a flaw, but if one has to feel sorry at the time for the hundreds who are hungry for the exquisite music—"tis pity 'tis, 'tis true." Let them in—on the first floor at least. The doors at the entrance give ample chance for people to pass into their seats without using the side doors, if they happen to be crowded. Don't initiate the Hall with a policy of selfishness. "Narrow minds are very exclusive—but it requires broad minds and sympathies to be inclusive."

TICKET HOLDER.

Some one, who neglected to sign her name, asked me last week, "Why did you not speak more at length about the pieces played at the Symphony concert Saturday?"

Because, fair madam, there was only one new piece played. The Journal is a newspaper, not a musical magazine. Do you wish at this late day a column of pretty or historical or educational talk about Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, with a discussion as to whether Fate knocks at the door in the first measures, or an inquiry as to the way the symphony might sound if it were to be re-orchestrated by, say—Richard Strauss or Mr. DeKoven? Or do you wish entertaining statements of

fact concerning the appearance of subsidiary themes, codas and the characteristics of the oboe and bassoon?

No, there are some things taken for granted, accepted, ticketed for many generations, and one of them is the 5th Symphony. And neither the "Eury-anthe" overture nor the ballet-music from "Rosamunde" requires over a sentence in the year 1900, unless there be some singularity in the performance.

Madam, the program to which you refer was a stupid one, and eminently unfit, with the exception of the symphony, for the first orchestral concert in the new hall. Now on Oct. 20, Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra gave a concert in Chicago. Oblige me by looking at his program: "Jubilee Overture," Weber; Symphonic variations for orchestra and organ by Georg Schumann (first time); Hungarian Dances (first set), Brahms; "Death and Transfiguration," R. Strauss; overture, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; Suite du ballet, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," Tschaikowsky (first time); Symphonic poem, "Mazeppa," Liszt. Last night Mr. Thomas brought out as novelties a Romantic Overture by Thuille and D'Indy's "Wallenstein's Camp." But Thomas is a skillful and catholic maker of programs.

"Tschaikowsky," by Rosa Newmarch, published by John Lane, New York, is a book of value to the student and of entertainment to the general reader. The author modestly says that she offers her work in the absence of "anything more complete and authoritative." She bases the biographical portion on a volume of personal reminiscences by Kashkin, and she has made selections from Tschaikowsky's collected writings and diary of a tour abroad in 1888. The life is a study of an extremely gifted, sensitive, morbid, lovable man. There was a mystery in his life, and perhaps it is better for us not to know the precise nature of it. Was it connected with his hasty and tragic marriage? He wrote in 1877 to a friend: "Like the old woman in Gubernov's tale, I am sound in one spot while I ache in another. On the whole I am robust; but as regards my soul, there is a wound there that will never heal. I think I am 'homme fini.' \* \* \* What has been can never be again. Something is broken in me; my wings are

cut and I shall never fly very high again." Yet think of the work accomplished between that date and that of his death in 1893.

Besides many interesting details concerning the origin and performance of his compositions, there are pages that gratify curiosity concerning his daily life, as the account of his days and nights in a little village to which he retired, and where he would spend months without going to town. How

he breakfasted at eight, dined at one simply, the dinner was of two courses; how he walked, no matter how foul the weather. "After tea, he went back to his work until supper was served at 8 o'clock. After supper the servant put a bottle of wine on the table, and was told that he was free until the next morning." Then there was four-hand piano playing, or Kashkin read aloud from Russian authors; or "the composer would write up his diary, of which he possessed many bound volumes, the contents of which were never revealed even to his closest friends. \* \* \* Once he told Kashkin he was spending the evening quite alone at his country house. As his eye fell upon the volumes of his diary he was assailed by a sudden terror lest he might die with no friends at hand, and that some one should pry into these life-secrets. Under the influence of this feeling he immediately ordered his fire to be lit, and burnt every volume before he went to bed." He had little idea of the value of money, and he spoilt all the peasant children by giving them coppers. At 50, his sight began to be affected, and he could no longer read with comfort, but he clung to the solitude of his life near Klin, sat by the fire, and consoled himself with a game of patience. Did he kill himself? I cannot help thinking that he did. He had often meditated suicide in earlier years.

When asked "What are your musical ideals?" he replied, "My ideal is to become a good composer," a sensible answer.

Tschaikowsky spoke of Bach's great choral works as "real classical works," and Handel he found intolerable. He venerated Beethoven and loved Mozart. He had little sympathy for Chopin, but was influenced by Schumann. He had a warm regard for Rossini and Bellini. He could not endure the music of Brahms, and Mrs. Newmarch well says: "The Brahms cult has immolated too many rising talents as it is; for even those who have the most genuine admiration for the splendid qualities of the master cannot deny that his disciples form the dullest school in contemporary music." He admired greatly the orchestration of Berlioz, but put him in the second category of composers, with "a preponderance of fiery poetical imagination over absolute musical creative power." For Saint-Saëns he had a high respect. Wagner did not sway him, and he disliked his "personal vanity and chauvinistic tactics." He thought that Wagner was a symphonist "manqué."

The diary shows Tschaikowsky in most amiable light, although he was never restrained from expressing frankly his opinions wherever he went or whatever the company. His own account of meeting Brahms and Grieg is

delightful for honesty and skill in character-drawing.

Strange to say, there is no mention of the fact that Tschaikowsky visited the United States in 1891. There is a list of his compositions; there is a portrait as well as a musical autograph; but, alas, there is no index. The spelling "Tschaikowsky" is adopted; but why not "Chaikowsky"?

John Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, who died Oct. 25 at Worthing, Sussex, had a remarkable career. In his worthless and padded autobiography he says he was born in 1821 at Shooters Hill, in Kent; but as a matter of fact, he was born at the Artillery Barracks, Woolwich, Sept. 26, 1818. He was an organist at 14, and he then learned the violin, oboe, bassoon and cello. He made his operatic debut as a baritone at Newcastle in 1839. Afterward he studied in Paris and Milan, and he appeared as Edgardo in "Lucia" at the Scala in 1846, with Catherine Hayes as the soprano. He visited South Africa as a singer in 1896, but he never came to this country. In his latter years he was unfortunate. In 1885, at the age of 77, he was heard at the Empire, London, where he sang "Come Into the Garden, Maud" and "Tom Bowling." (At the beginning of his career he sang at the Grecian, a variety saloon, under the name of Johnson.) In 1897 he went into bankruptcy, with liabilities of £1049 and assets £3. He had become security for a son-in-law who ran away. A subscription fund was raised for him a few years ago.

The Handel and Haydn Society will begin rehearsals of "The Messiah" to-night at Parker Memorial Hall.—Mr.



... will give a piano recital in ... Saturday evening, Nov. ... Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will give a piano recital in the same hall ... Mr. Carl Ambruster will lecture Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2.30 P. M., on Schumann and Franz. Miss Cramer will sing Schumann's "Ballade des Harfners," "Der Schatzgräber," "Eisener Freund," "S' hie Fremde," "Die Soldatenbraut," and the songs by Franz: "Wenn der Frühling," "Lieber Schatz," "Die Verlobte," "Frühlingsfeier," "Vögelchen, wohin," "Marie," "Das macht das dunkle Grün."—The sale of seats for the Strauss concerts will open at Symphony Hall Monday morning, Nov. 5. —Mr. Ambruster's lectures on Nov. 14 and 21 will be respectively on Liszt and Brahms; and Rubinstein, Grieg, Jean S. Sommer, Schilling, Berlioz, Wagner. Seats are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

Mr. Runiman thinks that too much attention is paid to the Russians in England.

"I wish half as much trouble were taken over the English school. Salvation will come not by the nigger or the Tartar: Western man—by no means leaving out Western woman—is far too elaborate and involved a bundle of mental and emotional complexities ever to find any deep and full satisfaction in the art that springs from the naive, primitive instincts and passions of the savage. It is agreeable and healthy to hear a little Russian music once a week or even more frequently; but as for three out of every six Promenade concerts being given up to Slav outline and color, however fantastic and gorgeous, and to Slav brainlessness, I can only pray that I may preserve enough sanity, judgment and unimpaired taste never to wish for so monstrous a consummation. One of the many curiosities and riddles which music in England has long staggered is this everlasting craze for the exotic. In the old days nothing but Italian music could get a hearing, and hardly a musician could get a hearing unless he called himself Signor. Then the country went mad over Mendelssohn, and, after Mendelssohn, over Wagner, and, in certain coteries, Brahms. Incidentally it has been bitten by Griegism and Dvorakism. It likes its pianists to be—or to call themselves—Polish; it takes its violinists from Spain or Hungary. In fact, England will take its music and music interpreters from anywhere save England; and it will never forgive an English musician for being an Englishman. As long as this is our attitude we shall never have a musical school, a mode of expression in music, entirely and exclusively our own. There is no encouragement for a man who tries to peak his own tongue; the elders are given to oratorios or cantatas written in a modification of the Handel or Mendelssohn idiom; and the youngsters, while still in the imitative stage and susceptible to exterior influences, see no chance of getting so much as a hearing unless they try to catch the public ear by surrendering themselves to the music and musicians that happen to be in the public favor at the moment. We have produced men of extraordinary musical ability, men apparently equal in sheer musical endowment to any produced abroad, but one after another has taken to writing more exercises or colorless copies of foreign music; and not one has really achieved anything original. That the older men should have tried to write in the German manner is nothing, or very little; and anyhow it was inevitable; for England, before doing anything of her own, certainly must absorb German music, even as the earlier Germans absorbed Italian music. But that the rising generation should absorb foreign art is very bad indeed, and especially if the foreign art is Russian. There is nothing to be learned from Russia that Russia has not learned from Germany; and it is better to import German technique direct."

Mr. Runiman speaks rashly in so far as his last sentence is concerned. Modern Russian music is chiefly founded on Berlioz and Liszt, and no German today or in past years ever achieved the orchestral brilliancy of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

- Oct. 1.—Mr. Tucker's first concert at People's Temple; first performance in Boston of Cesar Franck's "The Beatitudes," sung by the Worcester Festival Chorus. Mr. Chadwick, conductor, and Viola Waterhouse, Gertrude May Stein, Louise Bruce Brooke, J. C. Bartlett, L. C. Black, U. S. Kerr, and Herbert Witherspoon. 8 P. M.
- Oct. 23.—Kneisel Quartet at Association Hall, 10 P. M. Beethoven's quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5; "cello sonata" by Richard Strauss; Mr. Schroeder, "celist"; Mr. Breitner, pianist; string quartet by Dvorak in E flat op. 51.
- Oct. 29.—Tremont Temple, Emma Juch and the Katenont Quartet.
- Oct. 30.—Symphony Hall, concert at 8.15 P. M. by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, contralto; Miss Leona Jackson, violinist; Clarence Eddy, organist. Mrs. Fisk will sing songs by Brahms, Schubert, Foote, Chadwick, Parker, Saint-Saens. Miss Jackson will play pieces by Gade, Borowski, Arensky, Brahms-Jochim, Ernst. Mr. Eddy will play pieces by Bach; Beethoven's "Ave Maria"; Paulcke's "Theme and Variations"; Holst's overture in C minor.
- Nov. 1.—Symphony Hall, piano recital at 8 P. M. by Edwin Kladre, who will play pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Rubinstein and Liszt.
- Nov. 2.—Symphony Hall at 2.30 and Nov. 8 at 8, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; Dohnanyi's piano concerto in E minor played by the composer; Goldmark's Scherzo in A major (first time); Schumann's Symphony No. 2 (first time); Association Hall, lecture by Mr. Carl Ambruster at 2.30 on "Schubert."

Miss Pauline Cramer will sing Schubert's "Im Dorfe," "Der Erlösung," "Litaney," "Waldenacht," "Gretchen's Lute," "Wer nie sein Brod," "Wanderer's Nachtlied," "Willkommen und Abschied," "Der Zwerg."

Oct 29, 1900

### THE CHURCH CAR.

It is Sunday morning, the sun shines, and it is ten o'clock. You step into the middle of boulevard Beaconsfield Street to stop a car. As the car slows up to let you on, you see on the front a large label which says "Church Car." You are not going to church—but you take the car, wondering vaguely if it is a proper thing for you to do. You go inside. A strange smell greets you, an odor suggestive of sachet and closets—the kind of closets where the moth doth not corrupt. There are a few seats and you walk toward one, conscious that you are not wearing a silk hat; but you take your seat as nonchalantly as possible and wipe your eyes—if you were of a lower class you would spit—to cover your nervousness under the gaze of the superiorly dressed; for by this time you have discovered that the unwelcome smell and appearance of the car are due to the "best clothes" ranged along the seats in obtrusive satisfaction. You wiggle a bit and pick a thread off one of your golf stockings.

The car stops, the door opens; there is the rustle of silk under skirts and the frou-frou of frock coats on creased trousers; and there is a new breath of perfume. There is a general move-up. Now all the seats are taken. You have regained your equanimity and you look about you.

What sanctity, what obstreperous clothing, what smugness! You recognize the man opposite as one whom you had seen only before in bar rooms. He is an exceedingly dressy person, and you observe that he has on the same kind of boots he always wears, only a fresher pair—the flat, thin, tipless, made-to-order kind that a certain sort of middle-age affects; they never seemed suited to a bar room, and now you understand. He has a pretty daughter with him.

There is a preponderance of the rather-first-and-second-young woman, with colorless ears, white fronts, apple-green revers and collars, and gray lips. The car is more and more crowded. It is now at Boylston Street; but it does not turn; it goes straight on toward the purlieu, and then turns down the doubtful avenue. There is a gradual emptying. You are at last alone, breathing relief and stale smells, rejoicing that you do not wear "best clothes." HAROLD DRINKWATER.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled;  
Then one the tiller took,  
And chewed and spat upon his hand, and bawled:  
And one the canvas shook  
Forth like a mouldy bat; and one, with nod,  
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called  
And cursed the Harbor Master by his gods.  
And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,  
Rat-riddled, bilge-be-stank,  
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,  
And drag her oozy flank,  
And sprawl among the debt young waves,  
That laughed,  
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel.  
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

G. W. P. writes: "It is curious how the negative is produced by the addition or omission of a single letter: injured and inured, uninformed and uninform (gules), etc."

Mr. Nowers wrote an article on the American "Presidential paroxysm" for the Revue des Deux Mondes, and he was thereby obliged to translate certain political phrases in slang. "Dark horse" was turned into "unconcurrent obscur," and "spellbinders" into "agens speciaux de propagande."

This reminds us that Morand and Schwob's French version of "Hamlet"—the one written for Sarah Bernhardt—has been sent to American newspapers, so that the critics may be ready against the appointed time of performance. The translators contribute an entertaining preface, in which they make this point against English detractors: "We have translated 'old mole' by 'vielle taupe' and 'wormwood' by 'absinthe.' These words awaken in the English imagination the boulevard

with its cafes and frequenters. But in French literature, thank God, a mole is still a mole, and absinthe a bitter plant."

Here is a pleasant jest from Figaro (Paris): Z., the celebrated critic, was asked: "How did you contrive to find the number of complimentary phrases you wasted on X's last play?" "I never could have done it alone. I got them from him."

Who wrote the article entitled "Golf-

ing Gorgons," which appears in the current issue of Golf Illustrated? It speaks of this class of females, a class by themselves, "lacking all or a large part of those qualities, graces and attributes which so endear the softer to the sterner sex." He thus describes the dress of the G. G.: "In its broad lines it approximates as nearly to that of the man golfer as they can get their 'tailor' to produce; a stand-up collar, a man's tie, a loose golfing jacket, a 'figure' absolutely free and unencumbered by any encasement which might tend to make the best of the situation, whether such figure were spare (as is not infrequently the case) or redundant. The result of this 'rational' omission being that the female 'figure' disappears as if by magic, and in its place is seen an animated skeleton or a palpable—yes, very palpable—and very inartistic body. Then their skirts are so short, and display feet—such feet—or rather boots (for I cannot bring myself to believe that such an inordinate size is anything but an assumed one) that would do yeoman service in the absence of the steam roller. Possibly they may get a better stance by employing such large pedestals, but the picture is not beautiful. Then to see 'the stride'—swinging along like a man of six-foot-four!—such a stride, and so ungainly! Catching such a Gorgon sideways in a wind it is hard to distinguish her at a distance from a man. The edifice is usually surmounted by a man's cap, or if very advanced and very scratch, no cap at all is worn; hair more or less sun-bleached and straw-like, and a complexion utterly ruined and weather beaten, being the inevitable results."

Oct 30 1900

### "THE MONKS OF MALABAR."

"The Monks of Malabar," a comic opera in three acts, book by J. Cheever Goodwin, music by Ludwig Engländer, was performed last night by Mr. Francis Wilson and his company for the first time in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre. Mr. Emerico Morealle conducted. The cast was as follows:

Boobloo.....Francis Wilson  
Daru.....Van Rensselaer Wheeler  
The Maharajah of Malabar.....Hallen Mostyn  
Anita Tivoli.....Madge Lessing  
Cecodilla.....Clara Palmer  
Zizibar.....Edith Bradford

There is a coherent story, there is action; if it were not for these qualities, the libretto, so far as dialogue is concerned, might be the work of the feigned Mr. Harry B. Smith, in his most prosperous days of manufacture. When Mr. Wilson is not on the stage armed with his polyglot dictionary of all words but familiar, the dialogue hems and haws, and goes on crutches. Nor are the lyrics what we have a right to expect from Mr. Goodwin. The music may be dismissed with the kindly compliment that it is familiar. Neither the solos nor the concerted pieces are of any originality or distinction.

The operetta deals with one of the burning questions in India—the suttee; and as the horror of this practice is brought home by the sight of the charming and seductive Miss Lessing as an intended victim, the operetta should be a powerful tract in favor of the Ramabai Society.

I have said that when Mr. Wilson is not on the stage, the dialogue is rapid and boring. This is true—but you forget the emptiness of lines when they are spoken by Miss Lessing. (It is also true that she has not the peculiar pronunciation of Miss Glaser, who arrogantly took liberties with English as well as audience and had the finesse of a pile-driver.) Miss Lessing is as delightful in action and suggestion as in speech, and in song she is discreet and simple—therefore effective. Nor does she triumph merely through indisputable physical charm. She has rare advantages of face and figure—she is of mobile, piquant features; she is lithe and graceful in walk and dance and posture—but she has more than this; she has intelligence in suggestion; she whets curiosity instead of gratifying it to satiety. She makes no deliberate appeal to the men in the audience, yet the breast of every man is enlarged as he beholds her—to use the fine phrase of the story teller of the Thousand Nights and a Night—and, greatest of triumphs, the women in the audience are also fascinated and for once do not attempt to chill the enthusiasm of their male attendants by shrugs of shoulder, or meaning smile, or the remarks, "Why, what do you see in her?"

Mr. Wilson has abandoned any idea of raising the tone of comic opera—even by the aid of jack-screws. He frankly played the clown in his own familiar fashion. He introduced one startling novelty, however; he did not tumble or sprawl on the stage until about 10 P. M., whereas, on former occasions, as you remember, his entrance was a jar to his anatomy, a fall greater than that which called forth the exclamation from Mark Antony. To play the fool well is no easy task; it is so easy to be silly, vulgar, tiresome. Even the accomplished fools in the palaces of Kings failed at times to amuse their masters, and there is no greater tyrant than an audience. Mr. Wilson, in earlier centuries, would have sported his cap-and-bells to the delight of monarchs, and his vocabulary would have interested the learned of the time. This is a safe statement, for look you at his hold upon the audience of today,

and looks two centuries ago were of a more rudimentary nature. To give innocent amusement to men and women, to cause them to forget the dull routine and petty details of business and house-keeping, to evoke laughter in which there is no lubricious snigger and no red-necked, cocktail-inspired guffaw—if a man can do this, he may well be willing to play the fool. Remember, too, that Chieft and Touchstone were shrewd and wise and gentle.

They that took the other parts gave satisfaction within the limitations imposed by librettist and composer. The piece was well mounted and the costumes of the women were beautiful in color. There was a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Wilson made a short speech after the first act, in which he said that it was a pleasure to breathe the fresh air of Boston after being in nervous New York where they are trying to elect McKinley and Bryan; and he plumed himself on thus remaining politically non-committal.

Philip Hale.

"Eat, drink, and sport; the rest of life's not worth a flip," quoth the King;  
Methinks the saying saith too much: the swine would say the self-same thing.

Two-footed beasts that browse through life,  
By death to serve as soil design'd,  
Bow prone to earth whereof they be, and there the proper pleasures find:

But you of finer, nobler stuff, ye, whom to higher leads the High.

What binds your hearts in common bond with creatures of the stall and sty?

The capture of Mr. Cornelius L. Alvord, Jr., defaulter, reminds us of the disappearance of a once popular hiding place. The cave was formerly a deservedly favorite place of refuge when the time came for sudden disappearance; it was drier than the ordinary cistern, and it was more comfortable at night than the top of a high and umbrageous tree. But Mr. Alvord possibly had not time enough to reach any limestone formation with caverns and natural fissures. It would be well for bank officers and clerks to be prudent in the period of exciting prosperity, and for each to have a cave in reserve, well stocked with food and drink and warm underclothing, as a calm retreat until a compromise be made.

Drawers were used by the Anglo-Saxons about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The name of the inventor of drawers was lost before that date—probably in the wash.

Commend us to the Mayor of Paterson, N. J. The term Mayor is too often a laughing stock, a reproach just as "You are a Senator" was a bitter taunt in the mouth of Iago. But occasionally a man dignifies the office as when Mr. Josiah Quincy labored to make Boston a truly musical city. And now it is the turn of Mr. John Hinchcliffe, Mayor of Paterson. When a citizen said—or was alleged to say—that a political pull would save the four foul prisoners, this Mayor shook his fist under the nose of the alleged prophet, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and cried, "You have no right to say these things about me. If that lady was not here I would punch your head for you." Our friend the Historical Painter is now in Paterson, N. J.

You have heard of men with strange fancies. One thought his nose was the trunk of an elephant; another that his posteriors were made of glass, "so that all he did he performed standing, feeling that if he should sit down he would break himself;" another that he was teapot; another kept his bed, for he knew that the superficies of the world was made of thin and transparent glass and underneath this glass there lay multitude of serpents! Pisander, Rhodian historian, labored under such a melancholy fancy that he was in continual fears lest he should meet his own ghost, for he verily believed, even when he was alive, that his soul had deserted his body; and in many villages, as we know that they are Julius Caesar or the Kaiser or Abraham. Any one of these persons would be interesting for five or ten minutes; but we long with infinite longing to meet Mr. Joseph Nicholas Otto Schug, who disports himself without clothes in Neptun Creek, near the New York Athletic Club. It appears that Mr. Schug was under the impression that he was Neptune, that his natural home was the water; and in order to collect stones for his home, he went in the road in his Neptunian costume. Policemen without mythological prejudice arrested him and put him in padded cell. Can not Mr. Doogie secure Mr. Schug for the Public Garden? Of course, we assume that his aspect is majestic and serene. He should tread on the head of a swan-boat and hold in his right hand a trident, which might furnish a pleasant electrical illumination. And two citizens of South Boston might be easily persuaded, in consideration of a weekly salary to play Triton and Proteus. Then might



Bostonian, a-weary of the gross  
realism that chokes all fine feel-  
ings and aspirations, realize the desire  
of Wordsworth:  
"At God! I'd rather be  
A man suckled in a creed outworn;  
Than I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
To glimpse that would make me less  
forlorn."  
The sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
To hear old Triton blow his wreathed  
horn."  
Then there is a man in Kingston, On-  
nago, who thinks he is a poached egg.  
For 20 years he has been looking for  
the place of toast big enough to sit down  
on. He says he is tired. But Kings-  
may keep him; for, even should  
the toast be made in a sufficiently  
thick slice, he would not be as striking  
a figure in the Public Garden as Mr.  
G.  
Think of the formidable hurricane at  
New York Oct. 30, 1869, betwixt five and  
six of the clock. "Its first discerned  
effect was upon a milk-maid, taking  
pail and nat from off her head, and  
blowing it many scores of yards from  
where it lay undiscovered some  
distance. Next it stormed the yard of one  
Bogge, dwelling in Westthorp (a name  
near the part of the town), where it blew  
the body off of the axel-trees,  
knocking the wheels and axel-trees in  
pieces, and blowing three of the  
boards so shattered over a wall. \* \* \*  
The wagon of Mr. Salisburys  
knocked with great speed upon its  
wheels against the side of his house,  
the astonishment of the inhabit-  
ants. We are obliged to omit the  
treatment of the house of Samuel  
Pier, Esq., but at Mr. Maidwells,  
for "it forced open a door, break-  
ing the latch, and thence marching  
through the entry, and forcing open  
dairy door, it overturned the milk  
pails, and blew out three panes of  
glass in the window; next it mounted  
the chambers, and blew out nine lights  
there; from thence it proceeded to the  
garage, whose roof it more than  
penetrated; thence crosseth the narrow  
street, and forcibly drives a man head-  
long into the doors of Tho. Briggs.  
Here it blew a gate-post, fixed  
in the foot and a half in the ground, out  
of the earth, and carried it into the  
road many yards from its first abode."  
The much concerning remarkable tem-  
peratures.

*The Beauties*  
published in 1880; first performance  
in Paris 1893. First in English,  
Worcester, Sept. 27, 1900. Last night  
theatorio was sung by the Worces-  
ter Festival Chorus, Mr. George W.  
Wick, Conductor. Artists: Viola  
House, soprano; Gertrude May  
Mezzo-contralto; Louise Bruce  
soprano; J. C. Bartlett, tenor;  
C. Black, tenor; U. S. Kerr, bass;  
W. Witherspoon, bass; J. Wallace  
organist; 60 orchestral play-  
ers. Otto Roth principal. The con-  
cert was the first of a series of five,  
discriminating enterprise the  
performance in Boston of this re-  
markable work is due; it is not more  
justice to Mr. Tucker to thank  
for the opportunity of hearing the  
concert on the Mount so artistically  
musically done—take it all in all—  
was last night, to the apparent  
probable real satisfaction of a  
large audience of dilettante, who on  
the whole, wandered helplessly round on  
other's toes in the aisles of the  
Temple, to the disgust of the  
organist, and much to their own dis-  
taste. The short introductory sketch  
was enough about a work so  
highly mentioned in these columns  
to satisfy the casual reader, but a word  
be said about the translation  
of the French: Mme. Colomb's ver-  
sion into English by Catherine  
Wick, 'Tis strange and weird Eng-

is not an unknown tongue,  
The words interminable strung  
In the choral bodkin, there to watch  
The rhythmic pulse."  
Colomb-Bradley literary tandem  
had a hard task, it must be ad-  
mitted, to set the pace for Frank's  
and, fortunately, they were over-  
done and distanced in the first lap.  
The music soared on the wings of the  
enthusiastic inspiration, and left  
the words but a tiny speck on the hori-

zont, and the players were not shy in  
granting encores, so that the concert  
was dragged out beyond endurance.  
The feature of the entertainment was  
the playing of Miss Jackson, who chose  
pieces chiefly of salon-charm: Gade's  
caprice, Ernst's Hungarian air (at  
least this was announced—I did not  
hear it) and pieces by Borowski,  
Arensky and Brahms-Joachim. She gave  
much pleasure by the display of pure  
and beautiful tone and amiable ex-  
pression in sustained melody.  
Mrs. Fisk sang Beethoven's "Crea-  
tion Hymn," Brahms's "Mein Liebes-  
lied," and "Feldensamkeit," Schu-  
bert's "Death and the Maiden," Foote's  
"Irish Folk-Song," two folk songs by  
Chadwick, Parker's "Love is a Sick-  
ness" and three arias from Saint-  
Saens's "Samson et Dalila." She sang  
at times with marked distinction, es-  
pecially in the songs by Beethoven,  
Brahms and Schubert, where she dif-  
ferentiated the moods with much in-  
telligence. In Schubert's song she took  
Death's answer to the maiden at too  
slow a pace, so that the phrasing was  
marred, and the voice of the great  
Consoler lost its characteristic, thrill-  
ing appeal. Mr. Foote's song suffered  
from a like mistake in choice of move-  
ment. The arias by Saint-Saens should  
have come earlier in the evening. At  
half-past nine Miss Jackson still had  
three pieces to play; there was Mr.  
Eddy with a concert overture; and  
then there was the thought of encores,  
so that before it was again Mrs. Fisk's  
turn, many went out to commune with  
"the huge and thoughtful night."  
Mr. Eddy opened the concert with  
Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D major,  
one of the few pieces on the program  
that was not dedicated to him. This  
composition belongs to Bach's earlier  
period, and it is chiefly valuable as a  
virtuoso piece, to display nimbleness  
of fingers and feet. Mr. Eddy was un-  
fortunate in the prelude, no doubt in  
consequence of short acquaintance with  
the organ; in the fugue he showed  
speed enough and to spare; but the  
fugue would have been clearer and  
more impressive if he had taken it at  
a more moderate tempo. And to my  
mind his registration was not always  
happy, and there was too much of it.  
He also played an Ave Maria by Bossi,  
a Theme and Variations by Faulkes,  
and an overture by Alfred Hollins,  
the blind pianist who appeared here at a  
Symphony Concert in 1888. William  
Faulkes, who was born at Liverpool  
in 1863, is an organist at Anfield, and  
the composer of a violin concerto, a  
piano concerto, chamber music, etc.  
The Theme and Variations is a preten-  
tious work, poor in invention, and dis-  
mal in the working-out. Mr. Eddy's  
encore pieces were of a sweet and pre-  
tense nature; the swell-pedal was busy,  
and there were the audience-delighting  
effects that characterize such organ  
pieces as "Evening Hymn," "Twilight,"  
and "Prayer of Nuns." Now I do not  
dispute Mr. Eddy's ample technical re-  
sources or his intimate knowledge of  
combinations of stops, but I wish that  
he would treat the organ with more  
respect.  
For the organ is a dignified, noble  
instrument, to be used in church; it  
is not an orchestra, it is not an o che-  
strion; nor is its mission to imitate  
human voices at a distance, whether  
these voices belong to shepherds,  
monks, nuns, or countrymen emerging  
from barns and cellars to give thanks  
after a thunder storm. If the organ  
must be played in a concert hall, there  
is dignified, brilliant, soul-lifting  
music written for it. But the organ  
is not sentimental, neither is it made  
for fiddle passages. Mr. Eddy is sure-  
ly too good a musician to enjoy such  
cheap stuff as formed the greater part  
of his program last night. Of course,  
his answer would be, "The audience  
liked it." Yes, no doubt, eight-tenths  
of the audience did like it; and the ap-  
plause would have been still louder,  
Mr. Eddy, if you had played, say, the  
overture to "Poet and Peasant."

**THE BLUE BUG.**  
And this, then, is the story of the  
blue bug—which has not been told ex-  
cept to the albatross—she of the white  
wings—which followed the ship all that  
ghastly week.  
You need not know how near the  
ship came to wreck. You need not  
know how the main boom had been  
carried away in the storm of Wednes-  
day, and how the great white mainsail  
had dragged in the sea till, after hours  
and hours of work, we had got it in-  
board and into the cabin, which at  
best was none too roomy. You need  
not know of the horrid smells which  
came from it—the smell of sea water  
confined away from the air of God.  
You need not know how for twenty-  
six hours we had fought the sea, and  
how at the end, vanquished, through  
sheer exhaustion we had gone to our  
berths knowing that tomorrow would  
find us all dead—and that we should  
never see dry land any more.  
But you must know that when the  
second mate had broken his leg when  
the storm beat him against the capstan  
bar, and that when I had gone to the  
steward's medicine chest for bandages  
I had found there a bottle upon which  
was written:

**OPIUM.**

All this you must know.  
So on that night when the albatross  
came close to me I told her of a  
woman whose heart was steel and  
whose eyes were the black of night,  
and whose lips were sweeter than any  
lips anywhere—only they spoke lies.  
This I told the white albatross, and  
then the albatross understood why I  
was on the ship.  
All this I told the white bird, and  
bade her go to the far land where the

woman dwelt, and tell her how  
the ship was wrecked and how a life was  
wrecked because of the lips which  
spoke lies.  
After that I fed the albatross from  
the ship's stores, for tomorrow the ship  
would be gone and there would be no  
more food for the white bird but only  
dead men's bodies.  
Then I went away to my cabin.  
But first I had found the bottle in the  
medicine chest and had taken much  
of the opium, that death in the sea  
might come with dreams of the woman  
whose heart was steel and whose eyes  
were the black of night.  
So when I lay dreaming looking with  
wide eyes at the timbers over my head  
a great blue bug crawled over them.  
Then the bug became a blue rose, and  
I knew I had found my heart's desire,  
for the woman whose lips spoke lies  
said I must bring her a blue rose be-  
fore I might have her for my own.  
But the ship was wrecked, and how  
could a dead man carry blue roses to a  
woman whose eyes were the black of  
night, and whose lips were sweeter than  
any lips any where?  
Then the rose spoke to me, saying:  
"Thou art dead, and thy soul is in  
hell. So comes to Saint Peter the soul  
of the little girl who loved you these  
many years, and so comes the soul of  
the woman whose heart was steel, and  
whose eyes were the black of night.  
And the woman whose heart was steel  
entered the gate of Heaven and sat  
with the blessed, but the soul of the  
little woman who loved you asked if  
you were there, and Saint Peter said  
that you had lied and had told him so  
and that he had sent the soul of you  
to hell.  
Then the soul of the woman who had  
loved you all these years had said that  
you had never lied to her, and turned  
away and sought you in hell."  
Now this is the strange part: There  
be no blue roses.

**MICHAEL TABERSKI.**

In the Tarrant building was \$10,000's  
worth of Hunsadi Janos stock. Why  
didn't the firemen turn this on the  
flames? It surely would have made its  
way.

Mr. Alvord "seemed brighter and  
brighter" as he neared New York. This  
reminds us of an incident in the career  
of the late Mr. Kelly, the Rolling Mill  
man. He was in Chicago, and after  
one of his monologues he received what  
is known in newspaperdom as "an  
ovation." Deeply touched, he bowed  
his thanks and said, "Ah, ladies and  
gentlemen, after all, there's only one  
city." Tremendous enthusiasm, and  
loud cries of "Hi! Hi!" also "Wou!"  
Mr. Kelly waved his hand. "And that  
city, ladies and gentlemen, is — New  
York."

Sir Henry Irving opened lately a  
theatre at Woolwich, and in view of  
the fact that the owner had already  
raised three theatres elsewhere, spoke  
of this fact as "an increased con-  
sciousness of the meaning of civic  
life." By which he probably meant  
"local enterprise."

To Sergeant Bertrand: We regret  
that we cannot publish your striking  
sketch "The Slipper." It would serve  
better as a note to Alfred Elmet's "Le  
feticisme dans l'amour" than as a  
story in a family newspaper. If you  
will send us your address we will re-  
turn the manuscript to you.

*Nov. 1900*  
'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and  
slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.  
The interest shown here in Messrs.  
Jordan and Barker, the checker-play-  
ers, is a healthy sign, especially in  
these days of robbery, horrible acci-  
dents, murder, and political campaign.  
The game is one for a little colder  
weather, and it is seen in full glory  
only in a village store or tavern, with  
the grateful presence, or at least the  
joyful anticipation of hot-pokered cider  
or hot buttered rum.  
You observe that we say "checkers."  
Now there are persons who shudder at  
the word and say "draughts"—for  
"checkers is merely an Americanism."  
Their finicalness reminds us of the re-  
ply of the N. Y. Evening Post last  
Tuesday to a Mr. Law who questioned  
the use of "had rather" in an editorial  
article of that journal. "It is true,"  
said the Post, "that 'had better' and  
'had rather' are among the phrases  
condemned by certain makers of dic-  
tionaries, grammars, and rhetorics,  
and also by most teachers in those  
girls' boarding-schools where 'elegance'  
is insisted upon. These self-constituted  
authorities, however, are seemingly  
ignorant of the fact that good usage  
depends not upon a-priori theory, but  
upon the sanction of the best speakers  
and writers." "Checkers merely an

succeeding alternating quintet and  
chorus, a sublime number, greater con-  
trast between the two would have pro-  
duced a corresponding effect.  
Rich blending of tones and high  
coloring were the most striking  
features of the third blessing where  
first "Grief O'er All Creation Reigns  
Supreme." In this the composer has  
used all his rare resources to the  
utmost advantage in painting "Grief's  
terrible features" till we almost shudder  
and say in a whisper: "He surely has  
been through the deep waters and  
through the Valley of the Shadow of  
Death." Exquisite part writing and  
expressive orchestration characterized  
the following solo quartet, and in the  
"Loved Companion of the Happy  
Morning," Mr. Bartlett did most ex-  
cellent work. His artistic expression  
and the lyric sweetness of his voice  
found vent in his great solo, and we  
should not complain that his is the not  
clarion voice of an archangel to pro-  
claim to the whole world the final  
triumph of justice and truth. Strong  
and brave did the choir declaim in the  
fifth beatitude, and were followed by  
Mr. Witherspoon who interpreted the  
voice of Christ with calm dignity in  
pronouncing the blessing which closed  
each number. Miss Waterhouse was  
surely inspired by angels whom she  
clearly, sweetly and with bell-like tone  
told us to show pardon, mercy and  
holy love, even if she was at times  
prone to use her own conception of  
time.  
Mr. Kerr "gathered in each soul  
immortal" with the grim realism of  
the Angel of Death, and used his ex-  
cellent voice with an earnestness that  
could not be surpassed. That in the  
beatitude of the peacemakers his Satan  
assumed an explosive attitude, may  
have been due to a misconception of  
the following chorus of Tyrants, which  
he evidently interpreted as tending to  
anarchy. This is not so; the Tyrants  
rejoice in the final destruction of law,  
not from the socialistic but from the  
tyrannical standpoint and in Frank's  
chorus we hear the trusts tramping  
through the country, and with mighty  
ponderous heels of iron, crushing the  
sad souls out of suffering humanity.  
Had the quartet shed its rare musical  
perfume on a less assertive orchestra  
it would have produced a better bal-  
anced result. Miss Stein's climax in  
the eighth beatitude was the telling  
moment of excellent solo work during  
the evening, and caught the audience  
by the throat. Miss Brooks and Mr.  
Black did adequate work in minor  
parts, and Mr. Goodrich displayed ad-  
mirable taste in his discreet treatment  
of the organ.

**Richard Heard.**

**THE KNEISEL CONCERT.**  
The first concert of the 16th season of  
the Kneisel Quartet was given in As-  
sociation Hall last evening. Mr. L.  
Breitner assisted in the following pro-  
gram:  
Quartet in A major.....Beethoven  
Sonata for Piano and Cello, in F  
major, op. 6.....Richard Strauss  
(First time.)  
Quartet in E-flat major, op. 51.....Dvorak  
It would be superfluous to enter into  
details concerning the performance of  
these two quartets. The playing of the  
organization was generally fine through-  
out, especially in point of delicacy and  
finish. It seemed to me that something  
at times was wanting in respect of  
breadth and virility, that the three sub-  
ordinate parts too frequently imposed  
upon themselves an over-restraint. But  
this effect may have been brought  
about by the character of the quartets  
themselves.  
The Dvorak offered many opportu-  
nities for the display of much beautiful  
playing; and both quartets were cor-  
dially received.  
The sonata was well worth the doing.  
In style it reminds one strongly of  
Rubinstein, though generally less free  
and more carefully worked out. The  
first movement is the most conven-  
tional of the three, and is to me the  
least interesting, in spite of its bold,  
vigorous beginning. The andante is in  
effect one long song for the cello, a  
song both expressive and strong in its  
melodic trend. The finale, with its  
piquant rhythm, unusual and brilliant  
piquant rhythm, unusual harmonic ef-  
fects and brilliant treatment is  
full of life and spontaneity, and  
work was finely performed. Mr. Breit-  
ner displayed the intelligence and tech-  
nic of a sound musician and Mr. Schro-  
eder's playing left nothing to be desired.  
Both artists were several times recalled.

**T. P. Currier.**

*Oct 31, 1900*  
**OLD-TIME CONCERT.**  
Mrs. Katharine Fisk, Miss Leonora  
Jackson and Mr. Clarence Eddy,  
All Armed With Encores, Ap-  
pear Together in Symphony  
Hall.  
(By Philip Hale.)  
Mrs. Katharine Fisk, contralto, Miss  
Leonora Jackson, violinist, and Mr.  
Clarence Eddy, organist, gave a con-  
cert last evening in Symphony Hall.  
There was a fair-sized and very ap-  
plauding audience.  
The program was of a miscellaneous  
nature, one of the old-fashioned kind. It  
was of reasonable length on paper, but  
the audience was greedy and the sing-



ism." Go to! Why the word "chequer" meaning chess-board is as old as the hills. Herbert Martineau described Mr. Webster as "playing draughts with his boy." The word "draughts" for "draughts" is a good old English word, which is now used in Scotland chiefly in dialect, as is the word "chess" with that handy and picturesque "chess" "chess." And if you insist on the spelling "chequer" listen to Dr. J. H. Murray: "Although the spelling 'checker' is historically better supported, and more in accordance with English usage, 'chequer' predominates in current use."

The common and century-old sign of a public-house, "The Chequers," was, as Brand tells us, originally intended for a kind of draught-board, called "tables," and showed that there the game might be played. It was at "the chequers" that the hat and breeches of the Noddy Knife-grinder were torn in a scuffle.

The game itself is a distinguished one. The Japanese play with 400 men. Moors and negroes in Ashantee nearly 100 years ago took and moved backwards and forwards, and the King had the bishop's move in chess. When Dr. Johnson visited his old college at Oxford he went into the common room—but let Boswell tell the story: "Johnson (after a reverie of meditation)—'Ay! Here I used to play at draughts with Phil Jones and Fludyer. Jones loved beer, and did not get very forward in the church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel, a Whig.' \* \* \* Boswell—'Was he a scoundrel, sir, in any other way than that of being a political scoundrel? Did he cheat at draughts?' Johnson—'Sir, we never played for money.'" The learned doctor, the famous Ursa Major, did not play this game after leaving college. Boswell says that he thereby suffered: "For it would have afforded him an innocent, soothing relief from the melancholy which distressed him so often."

\* \* \* The game of draughts we know is peculiarly calculated to fix the attention without straining it. There is a composure and gravity in draughts which insensibly tranquilizes the mind; and, accordingly the Dutch are fond of it, as they are of smoking, of the sedative influence of which, though he himself never smoked, he had a high opinion." Johnson did not disdain the task of writing a dedication and a preface to a treatise on draughts, and he thus in plantigrade fashion extolled the game: "Triflers may find or make anything a trifle; but since it is the great characteristic of a wise man to see events in their courses, to obviate consequences and ascertain contingencies, your Lordship (the Earl of Rochford) will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection."

Why should not wars be settled by the two contending rulers over a checker-board? Think what an amount of money, time, music, oil, temper, human blood would be saved if after nomination Messrs. McKinley and Bryan should sit down with soft drinks (soft for political purposes) and domestic tobacco (domestic for the like purpose) over a board and struggle for the best two out of three! The game is one to be played in silence; so neither opponent would be tempted to excite prejudice against himself. Truly our mode of election is a cumbersome one.

Mrs. Auger, the wife of the eminent statistician, has been trying to get a cook. (Bridget, who had been with her for eight years, left because Mr. Auger insisted on conducting personal experiments with an Atkinson Aladdin oven in the kitchen.) Mrs. Auger, a meek, cowed woman with a wash-leather face, still haunts what are ironically known as intelligence offices. Yesterday she was examined at length by an applicant of good recommendations and easy manners.

"Do you keep a cat, Mum?" Mrs. Auger confessed timidly to two. "O that's all right. The reason I ask is that the last family I was with had nine cats and I had to cook for them. They were elegant people, they lived on Beacon Street, and I liked them well enough, but they had nine cats and twice a week I had to cook quail for the beasts. What do you think of that—me cooking quail for cats?"

## MR. EDWIN KLAHRE.

A Piano Recital, With Pieces That Were Familiar, Perhaps Too Familiar—A Monochromatic and Uninspired Performance.

(By Philip Halc.)

Mr. Edwin Klahre gave a piano re-

cital in Siebert Hall. There was a fair-sized and exceedingly friendly audience. Mr. Klahre played Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 2; Chopin's nocturne in B flat minor, Impromptu in F sharp, and Scherzo in B flat minor; Schumann's "Carnaval," and pieces by Rubinstein and Liszt. These pieces were familiar, perhaps too familiar. Are there no men living today anywhere in the world whose compositions for the piano are worth playing and hearing? Why this constant adoration of the dead?

Mr. Klahre played in an honest, muscular and massive fashion. There was little variety in tonal expression; there was no breath of poetry. The sonata was without intimate feeling, the arabesques of Chopin were precise and metallic, the Carnaval was absolutely without differentiation of moods. I do not understand how a man who has evidently practised for hours and had any advantage of hearing good orchestras, violinists, singers, or pianists can play to an audience in such cut-and-dried fashion. Does he not hear his own playing? Does he not realize that music is emotional? Seldom if ever last night was there a touch of color; seldom if ever was there any expression of emotion. I do not propose to speak in detail of Mr. Klahre's technique or lack of technique, of his use or abuse of the damper-pedal. When a man of reasonable technical proficiency plays steadily for an hour and a quarter without appealing in any way to the emotions, what does it profit him if he display the speed of lightning or the strength of a Sambo? The Carnaval was rushed along at an express-train pace, but Eusebius was killed in the rush; the plaintive voice of Chopin, as Schumann heard it, became a coarse cry above rough accompanying voices; all the characters were thick boots. Now if a pianist is without imagination, he should not attempt to interpret one of the supreme works of the romantic school.

Despite our complicated civilization, so called, or perhaps on account of it, we are all of us a mere set of barbarians, who find it less trouble to provide a new, cheap, and shoddy thing than to get the full use and full pleasure of a finely-made and carefully-chosen old one. Those ghastly paper toilettes of the ladies in "Looking Backward" are emblematic of our modes of proceeding. We are forever dressing and undressing our souls, if not our bodies, in rags made out of rags.

We have received a copy of a circular entitled "A Word to the People of the Earth." As we are of the people, we felt encouraged to read on, and we read with fear and trembling the amazing pronouncements from which we now quote a few sentences:

"I take possession of this world in the name of THE GREAT JEHOVAH. Henceforth those powers that assume to rule it will have to reckon with me."

"The dial of the ages marks the hour for which the world has waited since prophecy had a name. \* \* \* I have spoken, and it only remains to say who it is that speaks. My mother called me

HENRY.

when she drew me from my play and taught me to love God, and my neighbor as myself. My father bore the name of

HUBBARD.

and has bequeathed it to me untarnished.

"There are those who know a little of what my body and soul passed through in 1881.

"Let them testify whether this Word of mine merits the attention of a thinking world."

Mr. Hubbard says in "Addenda": "This word was uttered by the author on the date named, in the presence of an audience, at a public meeting, of which he was chairman by official right." The word was printed and "found its way to points as widely separated as Australia and France."

It appears that Mr. Hubbard has enemies, who, not content with "discrediting and disparaging the author," tried "to break him down financially." But what was the use of such attempts against one who, as he says, represents "the personal element of the INFINITE One." Mr. Hubbard is, indeed, a dangerous man and we tremble as we write lest he take offence and shatter our dusty frame by pressing a button or by simply willing it. He gives fair warning, however: "Who strikes at me, aims a blow at the throne of Omnipotence, as some have already learned to their cost."

Mr. Hubbard closes as follows: "I am whom all the world awaits, the promised one to come," and he adds, so that there may be no confusion in the name: "Henry Seward Hubbard, Author of 'Beyond.'"

But what does Mr. Hubbard mean by this: "On a broader field, a blow as of lightning, falling thrice from Heaven has taught a once powerful nation that black-hearted treachery and wholesale assassination can prosper nevermore; and it would be well if the rulers of the nation through whom this judgment fell, would learn a lesson from the experience of the condemned. My personal connection with

this event may seem problematical, but I am prepared to trace it, to the satisfaction of any who understand even the simpler laws of occultism, and who recognize the part played by California in that momentous three months."

Could he not be persuaded to deliver a course of lectures here? He says that the story of his life—"save that portion passed in realms beyond the mortal"—can be obtained "upon appropriate application." His address, by the way, is Santa Monica, California.

There is still talk about the letting of Tremont Temple to the Republican State Committee. The authorities of the Temple were justified in demanding that there should be no smoking at the rally, but when they also insisted that there should be no chewing of tobacco they probably referred to brava-do in expectation. There are good men who indulge in quiet, unostentatious, ruminative chewing of plug or fine-cut even during church service; and we remember distinctly a clergyman in Northampton, in the early sixties, who had the habit of removing a plug from his mouth just before the long prayer and putting it in a position of safety—near the pulpit bible—for future use.

The Maine undertakers who in solemn convention finally agreed to be known as "The Maine Undertakers' Association" and not "The Maine Funeral Directors' and Embalmers' Association," are to be congratulated. We saw lately the card of an undertaker who

described himself as a "mortician"—a beautiful word. Where do you suppose he found it? And so there are makers of "feet-wear."

They say that formal dinners are to be of a simpler nature this season. This is good news. Let there be only three or, at the utmost, four courses—we should prefer only two—and one wine, but that one wine should be in plenty, Burgundy preferred. The great trouble with formal dinners, either for a distinguished visitor or as a means of paying social obligations by bringing together the hopelessly incongruous, is, at least in this city, an absolute want of distinction or originality. Mr. des Esseintes in Huysman's "A Rebours" set an excellent example. He gave a "mourning dinner." This dinner was served on a black cloth, adorned with baskets of violets and mourning-bridal, and lighted by lamps, which gave out green flames, and by wax tapers. "While a hidden orchestra played funeral marches, the guests were served by nude negresses, with stockings and slippers of silver cloth, sown with emblematic tears." The guests ate out of black-edged plates, turtle soup, bread of Russian rye, ripe olives of Turkey, caviare, mullets, smoked black-puddings of Frankfurt, game with sauces the color of liquorice or boot blacking, truffles, cream flavored with chocolate, plum-pudding, preserves, mulberries, black cherries; they drank from sombre-hued glasses, wines of Limagne, Roussillon, Tenedos, Val de Penas and Oporto; and they enjoyed porter and stout and Kvass after the coffee. A less expensive dinner in Boston would be black-bean soup, liver, muskrat, mushrooms, coffee and sarsaparilla. The sassy editors would then word the beginning of the notice about the "smart" dinner: "Prominent among the mourners were Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Brutus-Hinkins, etc." (There would not necessarily be any material change in the tone of conversation at table.) Or the host might give a blue dinner with blue-points, blue-fish, etc., etc.; or a yellow dinner beginning with pumpkin-soup and ending with custard pie. By the way, there is a species of man whose face is like a squash.

Nov 3, 1900

We are indebted to Mr. Theodore Drexel for the following beautiful poem, which is now printed for the first time.

### THE POET AND THE BROOK.

I sat near the brook and listened to his mutterings  
Conscious of my presence, he spoke: "Wanderer, friend,  
Born in a distant land, mark my words.  
Shapely as they are, to me your attention lend.  
The language of the brooks is uniform on earth.  
All over like the bleating of the sheep it is the same.  
Like the neigh of the horse, the bark of the dog.  
But man speaks language, each one with a proper name.  
That accounts for it that the Chinaman in Europe is a stranger,  
That in Alaska the Frenchman is not understood.  
But we brooks are endowed with one language.  
I leap to you as lapped the German brook in your boyhood."

Say I to the brook: "Remind me not of better by-gones,  
When my heart was soft, when in mankind I had faith,  
When money freely slipped between my fingers.  
Prospering I looked not out for future days.  
When here in Boston I explain my destitution,  
Hide not my wants, declare my health is giving way,  
Surely, they say, you deserve, that somebody will help you,  
Set you to work and make you earn your bills to pay.  
This somebody dear brook I have not met yet.  
Who will not waste his time to promise sympathise  
Who will not turn me over to some other person  
But treat me, as I, when in plenty, let others have a slice.  
They have forgotten brook my kindness, liberal manners  
From the seed they reap which they received from me."  
Here the brook fell in: "Don't complain, I give to the ocean  
Without return. He who fills me, provideth thee.  
Comforted, the philosopher's ripples I am leaving  
From the star of hope I never divert my look."  
His words of cheer will never be forgotten.  
I wrote them down as I had them from the brook.

Today is the festival of Saint Hubert, the patron of hunters. He protects the slayers of deer and other animals from the accidents incident to their sport, but he has apparently not visited for some time Maine or the Adirondacks—or Adirondacks as we have heard the mountains called by certain dwellers in that region. Saint Hubert also may be invoked in case of a bite from a hound, but we have no reason to believe that he is interested in the aniseed bag. He himself was a mighty hunter, and he would not abstain even on Good Friday, but when he saw an immense stag with a crucifix between his antlers and heard a voice crying, "Hubert, repent and escape damnation," he had an attack of buck-ague and missed his mark. And some say that the Grand Veneur, a tall, grisly figure that appeared to Henry IV. in the forest of Fontainebleau shortly before the assassination of the King was really Saint Hubert, which is important if true.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play at the Yale bicentennial celebration, which will begin Oct. 29, 1901. There will be another opportunity for Brahms's dreary "Academic" overture.

There is a man in Middlesex, England who gives his children a penny each at night to go to bed without any supper and charges them a penny apiece for their breakfast next morning, in order as he says, to teach them the value of money.

We once knew a man in Albany, N. Y., who had many arrows in his quiver. It was his custom to open a separate expense account for each child on the day of birth. Each sum of money expended on a child, for food, sickness, amusements, education, was duly entered, however small that sum might be, and the different sums were added up each week. When the child came of age, the father handed over the book and said, "See what you have cost me. Now I expect you to pay it all back to me even though you can give me only a few cents a week."

One of the Chicago Chronicle's editorial staff asserts that there "is no such thing as a cork leg and that never was; cork would not do for leg—it would crumble away." It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Hem Clay Barnabee. For years he has been widely known as an authority on the subject. Is it possible that the song which his reputation was founded on which established him firmly and forever in the mind of the people as an irresistible comedian is based on a false premise and glorifies a lie?

This is the anniversary of the day which the sea broke over the banks many rivers and destroyed towns a villages with men and women and innumerable cattle in Scotland and England. In Kent lands that then belonged to Earl Goodwin were covered with sand and drowned; hence the dreaded Goodwin Sands.

They say that Mr. Krueger will travel incognito over all Europe. But how can he travel incognito, unless he lives a moves in a hogshed and is fed through the bung-hole? His make-up is a merely a matter of whiskers.



Nov 4 1900  
DOHNANYI.

## Hungarian Pianist Plays His Prize Concerto for the First Time in Boston—Mr. Armbruster's Lecture on Schubert.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the third Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last night, Gerick conductor, was as follows:  
Overture to "The Magic Flute,".....Mozart  
Concerto for piano, in E minor, Op. 5.....Dohnányi  
(First time in Boston.)  
Symphony No. 2, in C major.....Goldmark  
(First time in Boston.)  
Symphony No. 2, in C major.....Schumann

I am sorry to say that Mr. Apthorp's statement in the program-book gives me to make a digression concerning Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute." Mr. Apthorp says that first performance of the opera in the United States was "in Italian, in New York on November 21, 1859." This statement is incorrect. The first performance in the United States was in English, at the Park Theatre, New York on April 17, 1853, with Mrs. Augustas Pamina, Mrs. Wallack as the Queen of Night, Jones as Tamino, and as Sarastro, and Placide as Papageno. A critic of the time characterized the opera as "noble," and Mr. Apthorp as "a chaste and correct musician," although "unhappily his voice got a crack from which it will never recover." The critic added that music of Sarastro was written "for middle bass or for a firm baritone and to sing it with even a good voice is to rob it of that rich mellowness of effect so captivating to the senses, and so impressive." (Horn's voice, according to tradition, was always a poor one, but the compass was generous, so that he sang baritone as well as tenor parts.) He also mentioned the fact that the said Horn introduced a song, and he shrewdly suspected the singer as the composer of it. The overture pleased: "a universal delight and most splendid composition."

Mr. Dohnányi's concerto took the prize offered by Bösendorfer (a piano) in 1898, when 72 concertos were submitted to the jury—Messrs. Epstein, Lick, Grünfeld, Leschetitzki and Rosenthal. Mr. Dohnányi's concerto received 705 votes, Mr. Brandts-Buys's, Mr. Eduard Behm's, 598. The work was first played March 28, 1899, by the composer at Vienna. He played it at Richter concert in London, Oct. 23, and at a Philharmonic concert in Berlin, under Nikisch, Feb. 12, 1900. Prize compositions are generally wed with suspicion, and there is a reason for this view. The composer, young or old, girds up his loins and proposes deliberately to astonish, to tell everything he knows without regard to space or time; he keeps the public constantly in view; and in the finale he sees his apotheosis, he is himself ascending to the sky, laurel-crowned, while applauding thousands gaze at the ascension. This concerto of Mr. Dohnányi, for instance, is manufactured, swollen, bombastic. The introduction is merely a misadventure of a mood of Brahms and awakens anticipation of more. Occasionally in the work there are flashes of well-cultivated talent; as a whole, how preposterous, how absurd, how ineffectual, is this concerto that takes 43 minutes in equal performance, without the count breathing spells! The themes are the most part of short breath, the eloquence is chippy; the orchestration is muddy, or inconsequential, or laughably ineffective; and the concerto as a whole is a frank appeal to crowd. Mr. Dohnányi played with ed, force and general abandon. I understand how by popular vote he out of 191 votes—he obtained the prize; for the crowd is always easily won by speed, noise, the use of satirical instruments when the attention might otherwise flag, and assurance. So last night there was frenetic applause, in which the orchestra led to such a degree that I feared their work in the succeeding piece. Goldmark's scherzo need not detain me; it is intensely cheap, and the ideas are borrowed from Mendelssohn, who did it all much better in his genteel way. Still it might serve as a popular concert.

Mr. Gerick should look to the attack of the woodwind. Last night, as the attack before in the "Esclarmonde" suite, attack of this portion of the orchestra was ragged.

Mr. Carl Armbruster, assisted by Miss Marie Cramer, gave the first of

his lecture-recitals yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. His subject was "Franz Schubert, the Song-Writer." Miss Cramer sang "Im Dorfe," "Die Taubenpost," "Litaney," "Waldes-ruhe," "Gretchen's Blüte," "Wer nie in Eros," "Wanderers' Nachtlied," "Der Einsame," "Der Zwerg."

Mr. Armbruster spoke in an entertaining and sensible manner. He was too educational or didactic, and on the other hand he stirred pretty clear platitudes. The life of Schubert is uneventful and as some might say, vulgar, but the lecturer's sympathy for the simplicity and amiability of the man was contagious. Mr. Armbruster's critical comments on the ge-

nius of Schubert, the composer, and especially the song-writer, were free from cant and hifalutin. He spoke of the marvelous melodic invention, the equally marvelous spontaneity of harmonic thought, the long gamut of expression. He suggested various possible divisions of the mass of songs, to aid in classification. His comparisons between Schubert and Schumann and Franz were interesting, but in speaking of Schubert's contemporaries he might have gone further than he did; he might have said justly that Beethoven was one of the duldest song-writers that ever lived. Nor do I understand why Mr. Armbruster takes it for granted that Löwe the ballad-setter is comparatively unknown today. Surely he has heard Mr. Henschel, the indefatigable, uxorious Mr. Henschel, who is never so happy as when singing a ballad by Löwe; and has not Albert B. Bach's book on Löwe and his ballads reached at least a third edition in London itself, London, the stony stepmother to true art? Not the least entertaining feature of the lecture was the digression concerning the unwillingness of singers with great names—and here the lecturer made a fine distinction—to sing songs of the highest rank.

Miss Cramer gave much pleasure. She sang honestly, without affectation, without sentimentalism, with breadth, emotion and discriminative intelligence. Especially worthy of praise was her performance of "Litaney," "Der Einsame," and that remarkable ballad, "Der Zwerg," which she interpreted with striking dramatic force.

The program of Mr. Armbruster's lecture-recital next Wednesday will be found in another column of this issue. These lectures should appeal to singers and teachers as well as to the general public.

### NOTES.

The Apollo male quartet, assisted by Mr. Kendall, in dialect character sketches, and by Mr. Paine as the "Male Patti," will give a concert Nov. 15, at Lorimer Hall. The occasion will be the 15th anniversary of the Boston Janitors' Mutual Benefit Association.

The New York Times said apropos of the Kneisel concert in New York, Oct. 30: "As the years go by the Kneisel players weave more and more firmly around the popular and more charming of their lovely art. Perhaps the very fact that it wins less by tumultuous passion than by the sweet equipoise of its sincerity and the confident elegance of its utterance is not to be deplored, for thereby it commands the attention of that larger public to which the notes of overmastering emotion bring confusion rather than sympathy. At any rate it would be impossible to conceive anything in the shape of chamber music performance more notable for its technical finish, more chaste in its style, or more exquisitely adjusted in its combination of intelligence with delicate fancy than these concerts of the Kneisel Quartet. Long may these four gentlemen of Boston live to glad us with their artistic message."

THE new organ in Symphony Hall has been dedicated, "inaugurated," "opened," although there were no formal ceremonies, as poem, address, or line of organists, each engaged for the same night to display different characteristics of the instrument. Mr. Goodrich was the first to give a recital; and he made up an eminently dignified program, which was perhaps caviare to the general. Mr. Clarence Eddy followed and paid, with one exception, not the slightest respect to the nobler nature of the organ; at the same time he undoubtedly pleased many who wish to hear on the organ anything or everything except music that truly becomes it.

Now some who attended one or both of these recitals may have remembered the "inauguration" of the Great Organ in Music Hall the evening of Nov. 2, 1863, "in the presence"—I quote from a pamphlet published in 1865 by Ticknor & Fields—"of an audience which, for distinction, beauty and fashion, has seldom if ever been matched in our country, so remarkable for its popular gatherings." The exercises began with an original ode written by Mrs. Fields and recited by Charlotte Cushman. The organ was opened by Friedrich Walcker, son of the builder, E. Fr. Walcker; John K. Paine, organist of the West Church, played Bach's toccata in F and trio sonata in E flat; Eugene Thayer, organist of the Arlington Street Church, played Bach's fugue in G minor; George W. Morgan of Grace Church, New York, played choruses by Handel; B. J. Lang, organist of the Old South, played Mendelssohn's sonata in A; Dr. Tuckerman, organist of St. Paul's, chose transcriptions from Palestrina and Purcell; and John H. Willcox, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, played Lefebure-Wely's offertory in G. The audience flocked toward the stage after the concert: "They seemed a crowd of worshippers going up to a cathedral; and the bronze Beethoven, looking down benignly in the very focus of all that architectural beauty, seemed like the idol of their homage."

A writer in the Boston Journal spoke of the occasion as "a successful consummation of long-continued, patient, persevering effort to give an Imperial instrument to Republican America"—and yet there were no cries from anti-imperialists. The same writer spoke of the excellence of the instrument: "In all that is most desirable to give language to musical sounds—to express

the passions of men, joy, hope, anger, despair—to exhibit the war of the elements, lightnings, thunders, the driving of the storm, the moan of the sea, the voices of the forest and the field, the songs of birds, the chirping of crickets, the humming of insects—to lead humble worshippers nearer to the Great Father of us all—in all these it stands alone, unsurpassed, unequalled, pre-eminent."

Yes, that organ in Music Hall was indeed a big thing.

Critics from New York were present and the representative of the Tribune said: "There it will stand perfect and complete—a memorial of triumphant success—so long as time shall spare the walls within which it has been consecrated." You know the fate of that organ. It was spurned at last by the owners of the hall; it was sold in 1884 to a music-school; it was forgotten in a grave-yard until 1897 when it was sold for \$1500 to Mr. E. F. Seales.

How proud Boston was of that organ in the sixties! It believed the words of a writer in Harper's: "The organ stands in Boston, but it belongs to the country." Did not Dr. Holmes himself deign to describe it? It was one of the wonders of the world. When Artemus Ward called on the editors of the Atlantic Monthly to assure them "theirs was a high and holy mission, they seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Great Organ"; and he added: "Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it (the organ) can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his native town in New Hampshire any clear day."

Surely there is no comparison architecturally between the sombre grandeur of the old and the fresh smugness of the new; and were not the colossal caryatids to be preferred to the exposed cable, which my friend Mr. Apthorp described in conversation as "the umbilical cord between the console and the organ"?

If the new organ would only awaken an interest in legitimate organ music! Alas, there are organists, and Mr. Eddy is among them, who are anxious to exhibit a solo stop, a flute, an oboe, a clarinet, to imitate human voices in song, to show how many pieces written for orchestra, or violin, or piano, or voices can be transcribed for the organ. They would have the organ merely a mimetic instrument. Only the other day an excellent organist in this city rejoiced because he had found a combination of stops that resembled in effect a harp.

Now Plutarch tells this story of Agesilaus: "An other time being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingales voice; he would not hear him, saying, I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself."

There is legitimate music for the organ that is not necessarily dull or depressing. There is music for it that is among the noblest musical creations of man. And the great and fundamental characteristics of the instrument do not include the mimetic faculty. The organ stands alone in impressive grandeur. Why degrade and debase it through a desire for applause from those who might easily be comforted, sustained, uplifted by noble music nobly played?

Mr. Dohnányi will play at his recitals in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 27, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1, pieces by Haydn, Beethoven, Bach, Liszt, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt and himself. Mr. Harold Bauer of Paris will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8.—Patti, the "amazing lady," as Mr. Blackburn calls her, gave a concert in London Oct. 18: "She sang as she always sings; she received the applause she always receives; she gave the encores she always gives; and the Albert Hall audience behaved as it always behaves—somewhat exuberantly, but with every intent to be kind. Mr. Santley was one of the vocalists of the evening, and sang with most of his old vigor and spirit. But to hear Santley now is to whisper apart, 'Sunt lacrymae rerum.' Time is very ruthless."—And it is Mr. Blackburn who invented the verb "to Tschakowskyize." He used it with reference to Mr. Henry J. Wood, who conducted Beethoven's fifth symphony, Oct. 20. "He seemed to render its sobriety, to add new rollick to its gaiety, to tinge with a later-world pessimism its sadness. The result was most engrossing; but we are not sure if it would not somewhat have surprised Beethoven had he had the chance of experiencing this new view of his labors. Still, it was an experience for us to enjoy; and the result seems to prove that there may not be so much in mere musical novelty as most of us have suspected; but that a certain particular lack in music of the past is emphasized rather by a want of modernity in the interpretation than by a

want in the contemporary feeling of its composition."—Who is the "American girl," Mary Garden, who took last month suddenly Fanchon Thompson's place at the Opéra Comique?—"Patience" will be revived at the Savoy, London, Nov. 7. Will it again meet with success, or is the subject of the satire dead beyond recall? It was first performed April 23, 1881, at the Opéra Comique Theatre, London, and transferred to the Savoy Oct. 10 of the same year.—"Madame Bonaparte" is the title of a new Folles-Bergère ballet.—Mrs. Alva, a singer, volunteered in 1893, in Australia, to sing some songs at Bendigo, Victoria, to some nuns before they left the world to go into "retreat." She has lately learned that a rich Australian left her by will £35,000, "in recognition of her goodness of heart, as well as of her magnificent endowments as a singer." She sang seven songs; therefore she received for each about \$25,000 a song. I do not swear to the truth of this story.—A monument to Chopin was unveiled Oct. 17 in a corner of the Luxembourg Garden, Paris. It consists of a bronze bust supported by a pedestal in white stone, against which leans

a half-nude female figure. G. Dubois is the sculptor.—They say that the German courts have awarded the family of Plank, the German opera baritone, who was some time ago killed by falling down a trap carelessly left open on the stage of the Carl-reue Opera, a sum equivalent to about \$70,000, as compensation, on the ground that his autopsy showed that his professional career might have lasted 15 years longer.—Mr. Algernon Ashton of London calls his new Turkish march for orchestra, "Bag and Baggage."—The program of the Symphony concert Nov. 17 will include Haydn's Symphony No. 5 in D major (first time at these concerts), Dvorák's violin concerto (first time here), Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist; Roentgen's "Ballad on a Norwegian folk-song" (first time here), and the overture to "Tannhauser."—Mr. Alwin Schroeder announces a recital, to mark the 25th anniversary of his first public appearance. It will be in Association Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 26. Mr. Gerick will be the pianist and the cellists Messrs. Koller, Adamowski, and Barth will assist.

It appears that Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who will give concerts in this country, are already following in the footsteps of the mutually doting Henschels, who also threaten to visit us again. Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who, by the way, has taken unto himself a wife, wrote as follows (Oct. 16) concerning the delightful affair in London: "Everything was on the proper domestic level. The program contained the photographs in medallion of the joyful pair. Miss Butt's married name of Mrs. Kennerley Rumford was properly bracketed after what is now only her professional name; and they sang duets together, and sang songs separately; and the hall was crowded; and the applause was enormous; and the musical public felt that they had never before witnessed so happy a domestic scene. There was an afternoon-tea sort of feeling about the concert; it was all so English and so—but we haven't the heart to say the word that is on the tip of the pen. Two most charming songs by Sir Arthur Sullivan were sung for the first time by Mr. Rumford; the words of both were from Tennyson and both from 'The Princess'—'Tears, Idle Tears' and 'O Swallow.' The latter of the two is a brilliant bit of inspiration. The music dips and swings with a perfect little bird-like motion, and Mr. Rumford sang it most beautifully. Miss Butt was in glorious voice, and sang two of Mr. Elgar's 'Sea Pictures' extremely well. Other songs also she sang well, but not quite so well as those. It was, indeed, a joy to hear that great voice again, still so fresh, and ever so much more intelligent than on that great day at the Lyceum when, as a student, she first entranced a public which realized that a really great singer had appeared. She has as nearly reached all that realization as we dare venture to expect. With all the drawbacks of her enormous early success she has really striven not to be spoiled by it, and the result is patently successful."

And it was thus that Mr. Blackburn disposed of Alfred Reisenauer, a formidable pianist, who played in London Oct. 18: "We have heard a good deal of Mr. Reisenauer's accomplishments, and it must be allowed that technically he is as nearly flawless as a man may be. There, however, our praise comes quite to an end. We found him neither emotional nor classical. He simply played right on, and left the rest to the luck of the music which he happened to be interpreting. We observe from the program that Mr. Reisenauer is 'first pianist' of music at the Leipzig Conservatoire. That is as it should



He is a professor, every inch of the. But he is not an artist. From a somewhat long program we select his pieces of the two Schubert Impromptus for special praise. The reason is easy. In these compositions Schubert cast the shadow before the modern schools and academies of music and it was clearly for this reason that this player found himself at home in this particular sort of music. We will venture to sum up Mr. Reisenauer in two words: he is finely mediocre.

Mr. Rundman, in a remarkable article, "Verdi Reconsidered," published in the Saturday Review of Oct. 20, says: "I know nothing more trivial, contemptible than the opening of Radame's first song, 'Celeste Aida,' excepting perhaps its continuation. It is untouched by passion; not a bar of it shows the faintest sign of any gift of melodic invention. When I look at the score I have an immediate vision of a minute tenor standing over the prompter's box, making swimming motions with his arms, bleating like a goat with its mouth full of salt water, and throwing appealing glances at the ladies in the boxes for a round of applause after the final high B flat." H-m-m!

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Nov. 7. Association Hall, 2.30 P. M. Mr. Carl Armbruster will lecture on Schumann and Franz. Miss Pauline Cramer will sing Schumann's "Ballade des Harfners," "Der Schatzgräber," "Süsser Freund," "Schöne Freude," "Die Soldatenbraut," and these songs by Franz: "Wenn der Frühling," "Lieber Schatz," "Die Verlassene," "Frühlingsfeier," "Vöglein, wokin," "Marie," "Das macht das duenkelgrüne Laub."

Nov. 10. Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M., piano recital by Mr. Felix Fox. Program: Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, four études by Chopin, nocturne by Faure, toccata by Widor, second impromptu by Bernard, "Phalènes" by Philipp, "Toujours" by Stecherbach.

#### THE STAGE.

His face resembles a piece of old cheese, reddish, greasy, nibbled here and there by gluttonous, insatiable Time. He carries a paunch, the remnant of heroic nights when a batch of his stories and a flock of his winged laughs paid for his steak and ale at the popular chop-house. Those were days when men rudely brushed one another and spilled drinks in their eagerness to catch his eye to draw his nod, to say, "Hullo, Joe." Ah, he was deft at the cards once. Now he moves alone listlessly, spectrally. And, indeed, he might well be a shade due down below at cockcrow; for to the lambs of these days he is almost invisible—a man doomed to walk the earth at night and be greeted by sometime friends timidly, like one from the grave.

Behind him crowd two little girls, lately innocent. Like young trout in the pond they dart hither and thither, winking playfully at the brilliant fly that screens the hook. They have felt the barb partly; they have seen older fish hooked and lifted wiggling to the world of suffocation. Still, this pond, this corner of the stage, is their chosen element. They know—for are not the examples innumerable?—that one day they, too, will be caught; that their pills will flutter; that their thin-blooded hearts will jump, jump to death; that anglers will toss them into the bottomless basket where lie others dead or choking. See how nervously—half daintily, half fearfully—they glide by! And only a year ago they left the grammar school in white ribbons and flounces! "Mary, pity women!"

Pauses for a moment in the centre of the stage a man whose name is familiar to the region through which the Charles daily sends its stinking breath. Years ago he married a rich young woman, whom he escorts occasionally to recitals and afternoon teas. You may have seen him at one of those sepulchral festivities, tall, dignified, wrinkled and fatigued with the care of a soaring family and sanctified by the spirit which he dons every Sunday morning with his swelling frock coat and his glossy high hat. But look at him tonight—look at him before he leaves the stage. See the merry little twinkle in his eye—the eye that misses no swishing skirt, no boot with a Cuban heel, no responsive glance. How jauntily he wheels and wheels; aye, friskily, like a colt in a green pasture. See how like an eagle he looks about him. For a friend? To be sure! There—there she goes; and there goes he. "Er—er, haven't I met you before?" he says to her as they disappear through the trap-door.

And here come some from the Play. They pick their way nicely thro' the crowd, as if they were in a engine room or as if the sign "paint" continually preceded them. Echoes radiate from amongst them—"chawning drama"—"Capital, aw, capital"—"Deucedly clever"—"Aw, quite clever."

ing." As they pass you notice that one of the men has on pink silk stockings. Which are certainly richer than the stockings this—this—lady behind the playgoers has on.

Shakspeare knew her kind intimately. You remember Doll? Gladstone used to stop this lady's predecessors on the street and serve gospels to them through his resonant Ciceroan nose. Her face might once have been a piece of a satchel that had teased the rats in the cabin of many a liner—faded and scratched, sun-dyed, weather-beaten, cracked with bad paint. The purchased glitter is in her eyes, the borrowed red on her lips. Careless is she of the rustle of her skirts. Some say she will have one of those short golf skirts; yes, and, if a little luck peeps at her from an inside vest pocket, some day she will have one of those fashionable Rough Rider hats. Ah, to be a girl again—by day. From the vicinity of her float the mingled odors of musk and of a cask going back empty to the Blue Grass country. From Dolls like her Balzac got many of the secrets of life—and what are State secrets to the secrets of life? Bah! This—this—lady knows more than your solemn judge or your sharp lawyer or your sleepless reporter—far, far more than your handsome policeman. Would that her thirst might sit still while she told a story. But she has the thirst of Dives—and ahead she spies one who for pity's sake may give the welcome order.

And now come two young men whose ideals are yet on pedestals. Disdainfully they speak of commerce and the government of nations. One quotes Dante, the other Tennyson. Already, as they move into the space beyond, their ideals are tottering. They are half conscious of the—no, not the terrible fall. A year ago, a month ago, a minute ago, it would have been a terrible fall, for then they were unprepared. But even as they talked their eyes opened. Only the blind can see heaven.

The world's the stage; and there were continuous performances before 1885.

RAMBLER.

For some time in 1861 the house of Mr. Mompesson of Tedworth had been disturbed with knockings and with drummings—all of which was by wise men judged to proceed from conjuration; for an hour together a daemon would beat Round-heads and Cuckolds, the tattoo, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer. On Nov. 5 the daemon made a great noise in the house, and caused some boards therein to move to and fro in the day time, when there was an whole room full of people present. At his departure, he left behind him a sulphurous smell, which was very offensive.

Nov 6. 1900

#### IN THESE DAYS OF ELECTIONS.

There is no time for love, my dear,  
There is no time for love,  
For now the patriot's duty's clear,  
As is the blue above.  
Yea, though his lady bid him stay,  
He can but say his lady nay—  
The poll, the poll calls him away,  
There is no time for love.

I cannot be with you, sweetheart,  
I cannot be with you,  
For who can play a patriot's part  
And play a lover's too?  
And were our nuptial knot just tied,  
Straightway to vote I'd quit your side,  
And cry, with patriotic pride,  
"I cannot be with you!"

This is indeed a momentous day. We spoke yesterday of the demoniac drumming in the house of Mr. Mompesson, a most respectable citizen of Tedworth. On the night of Nov. 6, 1861, there were as strange disturbances as on the day before; for chairs walked up and down the room; the children's shoes were hurled over their heads; the minister of the town being there, a bedstead was thrown at him, and hit him on the leg, but without the least hurt.

Let us now praise famous men. This is the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Robert Oglebie of Rippon, Yorkshire, a traveling tinker, and therefore a man of liberal observation and large acquaintance. Born in 1647 he died at the age of 115. He was married 73 years and had 12 sons and 13 daughters. (There were giants in the earth in those days.) He had all his senses perfect, and could see to work a short time before his death.

Judge Dunne of Chicago has declared from the bench that rushing the growler or drinking beer from a pail or other article, is not a crime, nor can it be held a violation of a city ordinance. And a good judge, too. He must be a kinsman of Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Bruce W. Grierson, who describes himself in the Transcript as a "world-worn rover," is evidently much impressed by Mr. J. J. Corbett. "The charm of Mr. Corbett," Mr. Grierson says in an agreeable article, "is to put the nether-world

philosophy into clear English, telling you precisely what he thinks of himself and of friend and foe." But has Mr. Grierson, the "world-worn rover," never sat at the feet of the Honorable John Lawrence Sullivan? If he has not, his roving has been merely as the holiday trip of a smug Bostonian to Manchester-by-the-Sea. John Lawrence Sullivan, whose name is still a trumpet call! There is, indeed, a master of clear English. His sentences are as armed men; his every word, a blow. "Clear English?" There is nothing involved, cryptic, Lycephronic about the style of Mr. Sullivan. He has not copied Pater, although "Marius" is one of his favorite books; nor has he been influenced by Meredith in the expression of thought. His sentences are as clear as those of Defoe, Swift, Corbett, Gen. Grant, but they are more picturesque; his irony is more dazzling than that of Fielding; and, like Apuleius and Rabelais, he does not disdain slang words and expressions, for he knows that slang is language in the making. The only wonder is that Mr. Sullivan has not long before this been called to a chair of English literature or made a professor of rhetoric in an agricultural college.

The editorial columns of the said Transcript are an inexhaustible mine of information. Thus last Saturday the reader was informed that in November "afternoons remain at the same length for several days, but the mornings grow shorter until several days into January." The gifted writer adds: "This lessened amount of daylight depresses animal spirits," which, if true, is an important psychological discovery.

You may remember that we published Saturday a philosophical poem by Mr. Theodore Drexel. We take pleasure today in publishing an experiment of the same gifted writer in free form, which places him by the side of Jules Laforgue, Gustave Kahn and other believers in the emancipation of poetic thought from the shackles of arbitrary, Procrustean rhyme.

#### A SPLINTER.

"I leave my works behind me," said the hen,

When they chopped her head off in The yard.

Twelve months later, a grocer sold Her eggs

As fresh laid.

But it was so easy from fresh ones To tell them apart.

It was Professor Huxley, who heard a paper read in which there were allusions to the frequent habit of female spiders of killing and eating their males, and then remarked that this was a curious case of "post-nuptial settlement."

The last appearance of the sea-serpent quoted in the market reports was near Aberdeen. The monster, dark-brown and roughly-haired, attacked gallant Captain J. Ballard and his crew, who defended themselves and the ship with a furnace rake. The serpent finally stood up in the air "until his head was higher than the gaff-peak" and then plunged out of sight, carrying the rake with him.

We read with keen interest extracts from a paper on "sisters" read by Mrs. R. Devonshire at a meeting of the Parents' National Education Union in London. She observed that "instead of the sisterly love they all so much desired, they usually found in the average family, that girls considered it was a privilege of sisterhood to be annoying, and even abusive, and to call each other 'idiots' and 'fools.' They often found that, instead of mutual interest, there existed mutual distrust and even hate. When girls went away from home, or to business, it too frequently meant that not only they could not afford to stay at home, but that they could not get on with their sisters." We surmised that this was true of the sisters in the class described by Mr. Gissing in his best and most depressing novels, in which there is a smell of fried fish; but is it really so in the "upper circles"?

There is, first, this universal love of personalities, which, active in the aboriginal man, dominates still—a love seen in the urchin, who asks you to tell him a story, meaning, thereby, somebody's adventures; a love gratified in adults by police-reports, court-news, divorce-cases, accounts of accidents, and lists of births, marriages and deaths; a love displayed even by conversations in the streets, where fragments of dialogue, heard in passing, show that usually between men, and always between women, the personal pronouns recur every instant.

Happy English men and women! With the Boer war still raging, with elections just behind them, and with the daily fear of a new poem by the Laureate or Mr. Kipling, they nevertheless write long letters to the news-

papers concerning English as she should be spoke. Here are some of the questions: Should one say "The demonstration was one of the most successful that has been held" or "have been held?" Do you walk "in" or "on" Piccadilly? Does a train arrive "at time" or "in time," or "on time?"

Here is a description of the coiffure which will be recommended to "society ladies" later in the season. (We obtained the information by bribing a hair-dresser, so consider it as strictly confidential). The main characteristic is a pompadour fringe, heavily broken to form a curl low on the forehead, sometimes with a lighter curl on either side. The hair behind is dressed below the crown, and, to be the perfect Stilton, requires a switch 28 inches long, which is intricately coiled, and descends in diminishing breadth to the neck.

O how well doth a faire colour and a shining face agree with glittering hair! Behold, it encountereth with the beams of the Sunne, and pleaseth the eye marvellously. Sometimes the beauty of the halre resembleth the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the blew plumes and azure feathers about the neckes of Doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gumme of Arabia, or trimly tuft out with the teeth of a fine comb, which if it be tied up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that he holdeth the sunne, as a glass that yieldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comeliness than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang downe scattering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the halre, that whatsoever shee be, though shee be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her halre be not curiously set forth shee cannot seeme faire.

The Listener makes a strong plea in the Transcript for friendly treatment of the rat. "I am more than half convinced," he says, "that the resources of the rat as a household pet would, if fairly tested, prove very great. Let the rat be welcomed and made a friend of the family, as has been done in a few cases, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food, he becomes a playmate and a companion. Do not flippantly answer, 'Rats!'"

Consider the proposition a moment. There are pet skunks, pet ferrets, pet snakes, and surely there are men and women who look like rats and yet are petted and loved by beings of their own kind. A tame rat would be more satisfactory than a pet physician in this: a rat gnawing the clothes of a man foretells extremely bad luck, and gnawing the hangings of a room announces a death in the family. If your rat should suddenly desert you, look at once to your walls and flooring. If you become tired of your pet you need not shudder at the thought of a painful execution; recite rhymes to it and it will die, especially if you borrow from a professional rhymist of Ireland, whose verses can turn a man's face to the back of his head, or if you declaim "The Man With the Hoe." And there is so much to be said in praise of the rat. Did the people of the Nile sacrifice it to the glory of the cat? The next day they sacrificed a cat to the great glory of the rat. An impartial folk! Get a white rat if you can; they are naturally more affectionate, and they bring luck. Be not too ambitious. It is not necessary that your pet should be as large as the one caught in London sewer in 1817, which was three feet three inches in length, 24 inches around the body, with a tail 16 inches long and three inches round, and weighed 10 pounds and three quarters. It is true that the word rat does not occur in the Bible, and yet Herodotus tells us that rats devoured the quiver and bows and shield-handles of Sennacherib's men, who thus were an easy prey to the righteous. Put from you the old belief that rats are born of putrefaction, but examine without prejudice the story that they are mere mice grown to the full stature of wisdom. Pliny, the elder, was an authority on rats, and we refer any one who contemplating the domestication of them to his invaluable Natural History. It is Pliny who says that if a wife wishes to have a child with black eyes she should eat gray rats in due season. Of course, no one wishes to eat a rat, and the story of the lover who roasted his falcon to serve his sweetheart, a memorable instance of devotion; a yet a properly nourished rat, they say, is not bad eating. Some years ago gilded youth of Albany, N. Y., gave rat-supper. The rats were caught in a flour-mill, cooked with care, and delicious. Remember, too, that banians are fussy about their food.

We read the other day of two brothers who married twin sisters. They are all to live together, and Galton's researches were conducted with true scientific accuracy the fan life will be united and happy.



ton claims there is often similar-  
in the association of the ideas of  
this. Thus, "they make the same re-  
marks on the same occasion, begin-  
ning the same song at the same mo-  
ment, and so on; or one would com-  
mence a sentence and the other would  
finish it." Delightful domestic concord—  
would it not be a little tiresome for  
the visitor?

has long been the custom of the  
people of Colchester to celebrate the  
opening of the oyster season with feast-  
ing and pomp. This year over 12,000  
oysters were opened for the 400 guests  
at the feast, an allowance of about  
dozen and a half apiece. One guest  
the way with seven dozen; another  
with a dozen and a half; and many tim-  
bered souls were satisfied with a  
dozen, while a few thought of typhoid  
fever and did not eat. A certain Coun-  
cilman Benham provoked indignation by  
serving in a fine burst to the as-  
sembled company that it had "eaten  
identical oysters eaten by various  
generations and potentates in past cen-  
turies, when Colchester was already  
famous for their supply."

lovers of oysters should make a  
pilgrimage to Colchester.  
Others from that town were sent as an  
appropriate present to favorites of Queen  
Elizabeth, and the charter of the Col-  
chester Native Oyster Fishery Com-  
pany, limited, goes back to Richard I.

Nov 8. 1900

suppose that beauty doth remain, what  
glittering beauty? It is only the up-  
per part of the mere body, a simple and  
overcast of the skin. A veil for  
eyes, a snare for the feet, a depression  
of the mind, its hindrance from achieving  
exploits, and turning it to the con-  
sumption of the body most  
and wonderful! Thou dost say well;  
it is astonishing! What trav-  
els it sustain, what comforts forego,  
punishments suffer, what health, what  
is lost, what worthy and profitable la-  
bor is neglected for this vain beauty; to  
forth what pinching of the feet,  
gorging of the curis, gorging at one sea-  
son having been obliged to fast, in order  
to time for trimming and decking at  
theater, and tricking out the body with the  
care; an enemy at home, ever corroding  
the mind, provoking it to unmanly trifles or  
passions, and consequently to sus-  
tained hatred and jealousy.

There lives in Paris a young lawyer's  
son whose name is Jacques Collin.  
In many ways, he is never-  
theless an amateur photographer. He  
is a frequent visitor to the Exhibi-  
tion, and he soon remarked that "the  
concourse of people of all  
ages and races includes unsurpass-  
able specimens of every imaginable  
variety of human ugliness. No dime  
museum ever possessed such an assort-  
ment of freaks as may be met with in  
the course of observant perambula-  
tion in the World's Fair. Mr. Collin  
believed the notion of forming a col-  
lection of photographs of these  
grotesque countenances and misshapen  
features, and before Nemesis overtook  
his chamber of horrors counted  
more than 600 notable examples of  
human monstrosities."

Now the greater number of these liv-  
ing caricatures were women, and one  
of their sex avenged them. Mr. Collin  
on Saturday in October saw a middle-  
aged woman of amazing breadth of  
chest and prodigious side-whiskers. She  
caught him in the very act of leveling  
his camera. She caught him "redhand-  
ed" to use a newspaper term. And  
she fell upon him, and she grabbed him  
by the throat, and she bashed and  
battered him with her umbrella, un-  
til half-strangled and shrieking, he  
was rescued by male lookers-on.

He disapprove heartily of the con-  
duct of such rubber-neckers. The face  
of a woman may not be her fortune,  
but it is her property, and a stolen  
snapshot is as much an act of theft  
as the picking of a pocket or the flich-  
ing of a watch ostentatiously dis-  
played on the left breast. No pot-bel-  
lied man really likes to be photographed  
and he is coming out of the ocean, or  
standing in careless dress with his feet  
on a veranda rail or in the act of pun-  
ishing his child or quarrelling with his  
wife.

Beauty is largely, yes, wholly, a mat-  
ter of geography and chronology. It  
is not necessary to enlarge on this  
subject. Few Americans would accept  
the description of the physical  
ideal woman which constantly occurs  
in the Thousand Nights and a Night.  
In less civilized countries than  
Persia, Arabia, Egypt beauty is more  
a matter of a fad. One year the thin  
woman will reign supreme and be wor-  
shipped by poets, painters, sculptors  
and lovers—but you can hardly say that  
she is worshipped in the flesh. A Burn-  
sides or an Aubrey Beardsley creates  
a fad. A slight deformity may excite  
an abnormal passion, which, it is true,  
is the only literary, artistic, cerebral.  
Barbey d'Aurevilly, in his "His-  
toire sans Nom," says, "I have known  
my whole life only one woman of

this languorous charm, and I shall never  
forget her. She was divinely lame.  
Lasthenie did not limp, but she had  
the appearance of limping. She had  
the charming gait of women who limp  
slightly and who stamp their gown, oh  
magic! with such adorable undula-  
tions." (Perhaps he had in mind a  
famous saying of Montaigne.) A beau-  
tiful spot is kissed by a rapturous lover;  
and did not Iachimo insist on Imogen's  
mole? Women that squalid, that are  
hirsute, that have a corpse-like com-  
plexion, that are without curves, that  
have irregular and repellent teeth—  
waste not pity on them; they have  
known woosers to whom these blemishes  
were irresistible lode-stones. Even poor  
pitiful hunchbacks have been sought  
after eagerly—see the strange tale told  
by Casanova. And we come back to  
the saying of Bacon: "There is no Ex-  
cellent Beauty, that hath not some  
Strangeness in the Proportion."

This Mr. Collin, then, may have been  
a worshipper of beauty; for beauty, like  
Baudelaire's landscape, is in the eye  
of the beholder. Who would not have  
preferred Sarah Bernhardt—who would  
not prefer her now to the faultless and  
simpering Venus of Medici? An ex-  
travagantly tall woman exerts a mad  
fascination. Did not love passages be-  
tween DeWolf Hopper and Della Fox  
rivet the attention and please the im-  
agination? Do you seek the qualifica-  
tions in a beloved one that you de-  
mand from a baby's nurse? And yet  
in another decade the thin woman  
sighed uncomforted, as in the decade  
of gigantic bustles.

Women suffer cruelly in this: their  
costume—except on the stage—seldom  
allows the revelation of indisputable  
natural advantages. The male amateur,  
photographer or simple observer, can  
scrutinize closely only the face, that is  
if he be a respectful and decent person.  
We know your reply: "How about full-  
dress dinners, balls, golf, the show in  
the first gallery of the Metropolitan  
Opera House?" But at a fancy dress  
ball or even at the yearly entertainment  
of the Boston Art Students' Associa-  
tion no woman has appeared in the  
character of the Lady Godiva. We  
know a woman, in the first flush of  
maturity, pure-minded, intellectual, de-  
sirable, and yet unmarried, who once  
said in exulting consciousness of cer-  
tain bodily charms, "I sometimes at  
night look at my arms before I go to  
bed and kiss them; they are so beauti-  
ful." As Sir Toby Belch remarked:  
"Wherefore are these things hid?" For  
the same woman would shrink from  
exhibiting herself in what is ironically  
known as full evening dress.

Let us return to Mr. Collin. It seems  
to us that he was cruelly misunder-  
stood and cruelly treated by a woman  
who should have been eminently grate-  
ful. Mind you, it is the reporter, not  
Mr. Collin himself, who claims that the  
collection was designed deliberately  
for a chamber of horrors. The photog-  
rapher has his own views of beauty;  
no doubt at home he burns incense  
before the enshrined pictures. But he  
should not have shown his enthusiasm  
for the bulbous and be-whiskered  
woman before the crowd. Her sense  
of delicacy was outraged; hence the  
summary and severe punishment.

There is one question that may well  
be asked, which the reporter does not  
answer: Did he secure a good likeness  
of her?

## MR. CARL ARMBRUSTER.

A Lecture on Schumann and Franz  
as Song Writers With Vocal Il-  
lustrations by Miss Pauline  
Cramer.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Armbruster delivered the second  
of his lectures on song-writers yester-  
day afternoon in Association Hall.  
His subject was "Songs by Schumann  
and Franz." Miss Cramer sang Schu-  
mann's "Ballade, des Harfners,"  
"Der Schatzgräber," "Süsser Freund,"  
"Söhne Fremde" and "Die Soldaten-  
braut" and Franz's "Wenn der Früh-  
ling," "Lieber Schatz," "Die Ver-  
süßung," "Frühlingsfeier," "Vögelchen, wohin  
so schnell," "Marie," and "Das Macht  
das dunkelgrüne Laub."

The lecture was not, on the whole,  
so interesting as the preceding one on  
Schubert, nor did the songs give as  
much pleasure. Mr. Armbruster began  
by saying that inasmuch as Schumann  
was the more widely known of the two  
composers chosen for consideration, he  
should devote the larger part of his  
time to Franz; nevertheless he gave a  
sound and discriminating analysis of  
Schumann's characteristics as a com-  
poser of songs. In the desire to avoid  
the more familiar songs of Schumann,  
he chose five that with the exception  
of "Süsser Freund" show the compo-  
ser in his less inspired mood. The "Ball-  
ade des Harfners" is a forced and  
dreary thing, and "Der Schatzgräber"

is not much better, while the other  
two have little of the peculiar genius  
that makes Schumann a man apart.

Mr. Armbruster spoke at some length  
concerning the life of Franz and with  
high appreciation of his art. He re-  
gretted that this appreciation was not  
more generally shared, and he rejoiced  
in the belief that the songs of Franz  
are better known in the United States  
than in England. There was once a  
Franz fad in Boston, incited in a  
great measure through the efforts of  
the late Otto Drexel, and there was a  
time when two or three of the inner  
faith were in weekly—or was it daily?  
—communication with the composer  
of Halle. Of late years the name of  
Franz has been seen less and less fre-  
quently on local programs, and it is  
not unlikely that soon, so far as Bos-  
ton audiences are concerned, Franz  
will be known chiefly as the linker ex-  
traordinary to Bach and Handel. Some  
critics, however, and Mr. Armbruster  
is one of them, deplore almost bitterly  
the neglect into which this writer of  
intimate music, this maker of personal  
appeal, has fallen.

Either Miss Cramer was not wholly  
in the vein, or the chosen songs were  
not favorable to her; for she did not  
sing as freely or with as marked com-  
mand of emotional means as at the  
lecture recital of last Saturday. The  
hall was cold, drafty, and thoroughly  
uncomfortable.

The next lecture, on "Songs by Liszt  
and Brahms," will be given next Wed-  
nesday.

Nov 9. 1900

Let us whisper this to the millionaire—the  
thing you dread most is to be forgotten,  
your secret hope is to found a house, to  
leave a name. There are other ways. You  
may go on living after death associated  
hospitably with some terrible disease which  
men shudder to say—cancer, epilepsy, par-  
alysis of the spine; you may give to your  
native city a park, where greasy loafers will  
spit all day upon your name; you may ete-  
rnalize your frock coat in disagreeable stone;  
or you may sink unthanked for fortunes in  
raising those towers of desolation called  
workmen's dwellings, in which the work-  
men refuse to dwell; these and other ways  
there are to be memorably forgotten; but  
would you wear a laurel that never fades,  
would you have your name smell sweet with  
the myrrh of remembrance, and chime me-  
lodiously in the ear of future days, make  
haste, O millionaire, make haste and pray  
some poet put your name into his song!

The name of Mr. Theodore Drexel is now  
treasured in thousands of happy New  
England homes. We do not pretend to  
have discovered him. The wayfaring  
man, though a fool, would have recog-  
nized the grandeur of this poetic ap-  
parition above the horizon of Boston.  
It was not necessary to be a Howells  
or even a Mr. Hamilton W. Might-  
Could-Would, or Shouldable to appre-  
ciate this darling of Apollo.

It is with great pleasure and pro-  
found rejoicing that we publish today a  
new poem by this singer, philosopher,  
and seer. We say "new;" the poem is  
brand-new fire-new. Last Sunday when  
other men took off their coats and boots  
to read at ease the mastodonie news-  
papers, or slept a sodden sleep after  
the weekly gorge of turkey and ice-  
cream, Theodore Drexel with unclouded  
brain and rolling eyes communed  
with the Muse, and not in vain.

But we should no longer keep our  
readers in suspense. Here is the poem,  
a noble tribute to womanhood:

I say to my sweetheart, thou art my love,  
my only love.

Thy affection invigorates me, like a holy  
fire thrills my veins,  
Carrying me through past strife, through  
traps and ambushes.

Of bad habits, bad surroundings, it makes  
me break the chains.

When I part from thee, active must I be to  
kill the languor,  
Which thy absence, the separation from  
thee, makes me feel.

Only the hope to meet thee again, to look  
into thy soul,  
Keeps me up, waiting, waiting at the  
shrine of thy goodness to kneel.

Thus is true womanhood rewarded, in whom  
education or no lack of it  
Brought out her womanly character, to  
humanity a grace.

Woe to me or thee, my love, hadst thou in  
the hunting after a livelihood  
To strip off thy embellishments; may that  
loss, my love, never, never take place.

Thou art to me, my love, like the beautiful  
flowers in creation,

At times a luxury like a rose, at times a  
camomile, a medicine.

Oh change not thy nature, my love, be my  
inspiring companion.

Share with me riches that come; nurse me  
when weary, my love, my valentine.

We do not hesitate to put these lines  
by the side of Coventry Patmore's "An-  
gel in the House," or Wordsworth's de-  
scription of the ideal woman. There is  
no taint of the sensuousness that  
characterizes Donne's address to his  
wife or Carew's incredibly luscious  
"Rapture." On the other hand, Mr.  
Drexel steers clear of the hysteria shown  
in the "Sonnets From the Portuguese,"  
and of the chill mysticism of Dante ex-  
alting Beatrice. As for Sappho's case  
—lie upon her!

Mr. Drexel should be acclaimed in  
the market-place as the poet of Boston.

"Who is there to dispute his claim? Mr.  
Aldrich is rich, and the Muse loves  
best the poor. Professor Bates now  
gives his days to teaching and his  
nights to the writing of novels. Mr. Ar-  
thur Macy's graceful verses lurk in  
manuscript, such is his modesty, and  
are known only to the members of the  
Papyrus. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison  
strikes the lyre only in a political  
cause; he is essentially local, not kos-  
mic. And what is poetry? Let us ac-  
cept Mr. Le Gallienne's definition: "Po-  
etry is that impassioned arrangement of  
words (whether in verse or prose)  
which embodies the exaltation, the  
beauty, the rhythm, and the pathetic  
truth of life."

No doubt Mr. Drexel is distracted,  
as so many of us are, by the petty  
cares of too daily life. A literary man  
advertised the other day in a London  
journal for £100, "to give him a year's  
rest from Grub Street, that he might  
devote himself to a piece of real work."  
The demand was modest; the wish was  
pathetic. Is there no rich man in Bos-  
ton, who now buys pictures or yachts  
or horses or books or brie-a-brac  
through a confidential adviser to see  
to it that Pegasus has oats and is  
properly shod?

For the poet should live in an ivory  
tower, and there, far from the mad-  
ding crowd, build slowly an immortal  
song. Edgar Allan Poe was one of the  
few in this country who was willing,  
not ashamed, eager thus to live. He  
was one of the few, very few, truly  
literary Americans. And he has had  
his reward—even in the fact that his  
name is not inscribed in the grotesque  
Hall of Fame with those of certain  
men who did not invent and who did  
not discover.

Miss Madge Lessing and Mr. Fran-  
cis Wilson will surely be interested  
in the following true story. The case  
lately came before the High Court of  
the Northwest Provinces. One Hazari  
Kurim died in the village of Jajrani,  
in Banda, and his widow, Mussamat  
Bhagonia, made up her mind to burn  
herself on his funeral pyre. Different  
people were called in to prepare her for  
the ceremony. Birds were painted on her  
feet, and bangles placed upon her, in  
order that she might become a suttee.  
The whole village assembled to see  
her burn herself on the funeral pyre,  
which none of the people present ven-  
tured to fire, and the widow had to do  
it herself. When the flames began to  
shoot up her courage failed her, she  
jumped down, and was taken away by  
her relatives.

We respectfully invite the attention  
of brewers to this treatise, which  
should be their constant companion:  
"A New Art of Brewing Beer, Ale and  
Other Sorts of Liquors, so as to ren-  
der them more healthful to the body,  
and agreeable to nature, and to keep  
the longer from souring with less  
trouble and charge than generally  
practised, which will be a means to  
prevent those torturing distempers of  
the Stone, Gravel, Gout, and Dropsy."  
It is by Thomas Tryon, and it was pub-  
lished in 1691.

Nov 10. 1900

## NOVEMBER.

Few love me and but few I love,  
Yet I am fair;  
Turquoise my broad skies bend above.  
In rose and opal fair to see  
My sunsets die in freezing air.

I hush the birds, and last year's nest  
I fill a-brim with frosty rain.  
I make upon the window-pane  
A wonder of white tracery.  
The stream is dumb at my behest.

I am the bringer of the snow,  
I lay the old year's splendour low.  
Yet none of them

Whose feet I clog forget that I  
Bring Advent nigh,  
And the dear Babe of Bethlehem.

Let not Uncle Amos be vexed by  
lightning and thunder, even though his  
barns go up in smoke. Let him syn-  
chronously pat his head and rub his  
belly, for thunder in November is a  
sign of a fertile year to come.

We were much interested in Mr. J.  
H. Emerton's lantern-slides "of the  
footprints of sundry wild animals on  
the sands of the Ipswich sea beach,"  
and we share his curiosity concerning  
"the identification of the prints, the in-  
dications afforded of their life-habits,  
and incidentally a revelation of the un-  
suspected wealth of animal life along  
our seashores." The Earnest Student  
of Sociology shed valuable information  
last night. "These wild animals," he  
remarked, "leave their marks all along  
the coast. Nantasket was formerly  
the richest beach in specimens, but  
now I prefer Point of Pines. These an-  
imals often go in couples, for close to  
a No. 9 or 10 footprint I find a more  
delicate print, ranging from 4 to 6A.  
I judge from close observation that  
these animals subsist chiefly on canned  
and paper-bag foods, and I have found  
empty bottles which still retained a  
strong, pungent, not wholly disagreea-



well. I have also noticed short stumps of what is known to the superficial observer as tobacco, but an analysis convinced me that they were specimens of the stultus cabbagiensis. From these and other symptoms of animal life detected near band-stands, I infer that these animals are fond of music. I hope that Mr. Emerson will persevere in his explorations. There should be no narrow rivalry, no jealousy in such researches."

Tomorrow will be Sunday. This reminds us of the letter of somebody who signed himself "Clodhopper" to the Pall Mall Gazette. The letter was headed: "Sundays Among the Savages."

"The above title might imply that I live in the South Sea Islands, but I do not. Unfortunately I live near London—in fact, within the twelve-mile radius. Most of the savages that live here never go outside their own houses on Sundays. At least, I suppose so, as I never meet more than one or two people in my usual Sunday walk. They probably sleep till 12 o'clock, then have breakfast; at 1.30 they have a really heavy suburban dinner, followed by an enormous dessert lasting till 4.30 or thereabouts. The next thing is tea; then they finish the day as it has been begun, in eating and sleeping. What a miserable life! How much better to spend a really country Sunday. One goes to church in the morning, where when the squire arrives the organ plays; then in the afternoon a good walk, wet or fine. Always something to see in the country—birds, beasts, or flowers. People in the suburbs, with very few exceptions, are afraid to go out in the rain. A wet Sunday is a glorious day for me, as I go to church in the morning and for a walk in the afternoon, when there is not the slightest chance of meeting anybody.—Yours truly.

"P. S.—They (the savages) think I am mad! Hurrah! Hurrah! I despise them; don't know then, and don't want to."

Let us now praise famous man. 10th November, 1769, died Captain Holymore, at Nine Elms, near Vauxhall. "His mother had prepossessed him when a child that he should die on the 10th of November, 1769, and in consequence of that prepossession, he made his will and gave orders about his funeral; and, though seemingly in perfect health when he went to bed, was found dead next morning, without the least sign of violence of any kind."

There have been men who have foretold the hour of their death, as Jerome Cardan, who, they say, abstained from food in order that his death might ratify his predictions, and that continuing to live he might not discredit his art. Cardan, however, was a singular man. His head, at his birth, was covered with black, curly hair; his eyes were white and he saw in the night time; and "nothing was more delightful to him than to speak on such subjects as might vex the company he was in."

Rhetoric often rises superior to misfortunes and facts. Thus Dr. Kann states that Lieutenant Peary had lost several toes and walked with difficulty, and then he adds, "Peary was determined to make a bold dash for the pole."

"Kipling is popular because Kipling is like beer; while the Poet Laureate is like small beer and water."

Washington correspondents should study the style of their predecessors in 1860. We quote from Vanity Fair of Feb. 11 of that year: "As soon as order replaces chaos, Sydenham Moore of Alabama addresses the House. Sydenham is a man of marked dignity as to bearing, though singularly irregular in features. He has no teeth, with a single exception, and that is not of the usual size. His beard is yellow, except in spots, which are always blackened by his custom of wiping his pen upon it. He usually wears shirts which button at the side, lest, in the excitement of oratory, he should burst them open and expose his bosom. His gestures are free and significant, and whenever he is seen to affix the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and to writhing the fingers thereunto appertaining, no person entertains the slightest doubt of his moaning."

Mr. Francis H. Stoddard's "Evolution of the English Novel" amused a critic, who reviewed the book for the Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Stoddard's style contributed largely to this amusement. The critic quoted Butler: "A particular dress Of patched and piebald languages."

"For instance, 'The novel is the story of human lives under stress of emotional arousalment'; that is the 'basal form' of the no el. But the word which Professor Stoddard loves best is 'ante-date.' Few novels ante-date this

century' (it is not true, but no matter); this locution in different sentences occurs repeatedly. Now you can ante-date a cheque easily enough, but to ante-date a century is a large order. A common person would say 'were written before'; but Mr. Stoddard is not a common person—he is an American professor. The offence is not penal; you may always say 'euphuism' when you mean 'euphemism,' and vice versa. Only, if you do so, or if you use 'ante-date' like Professor Stoddard, you convict yourself."

## MR. FELIX FOX.

His Piano Recital Last Night in Steinert Hall With a Program of Pieces Both Old and New.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Felix Fox gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall last evening. He played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; Chopin's Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 7, 3, and op. 25, No. 12; a nocturne in A flat by Gabriel Fauré; Bernard's Second Impromptu; Widor's Toccata; Lacombe's "Vieux Air"; Philipp's "Phalènes"; F. Blumenfeld's Prelude, op. 17, No. 21, and Stecherbach's "Tourmente."

Mr. Fox is to be praised for having the courage to play in public seven pieces that are comparatively unfamiliar and to the great majority are unknown. Would that he had gone a step farther and played some of these novelties earlier in the evening! Must we always be stuffed with Bach, Schumann and Chopin until the digestion can accommodate only with difficulty pieces by men now living? Would not a piece by Bach be as impressive toward the middle or even at the end of a program? Why should we always be brought face to face at the very start with the early Egyptians? As I say in another column of this issue, the program of the pianist, whether he be a fugitive meteor or a local light of a few candle-power, is nine cases out of ten, a cut-and-dried affair. But must we always hear Schumann's Etudes, Symphoniques, or Carnaval, or Fantaisie?

And yet it seems ungracious to complain about a detail when Mr. Fox gave an opportunity of hearing unfamiliar pieces. May other pianists follow his example in this respect!

Mr. Fox has made marked progress in certain ways since he last played in Steinert Hall. He is not as anxious about matters of technique; he plays with greater breadth and authority, although occasionally his rhythm is unsteady. He is not yet a full master of legato melody, witness the opening measures of the second etude of Chopin that was on the program, and also certain measures in the piece by Schumann. His improvement is so marked that he can afford to devote especial attention to the acquisition of a true singing-tone. His touch is not as metallic as it was a year or so ago; but it is not yet sensuously rich, and I doubt whether at present he would make a deep impression by his interpretation of pieces surcharged with emotion.

There was a good-sized and applauding audience.

I spoke a fortnight ago of certain music clubs, which are often composed largely of well-to-do amateurs, who do not hesitate to ask singers or players 'to contribute their services' for their own appointed and formal entertainment.

A member of one of these clubs wrote to me last week, and I have been granted the liberty to quote from her letter.

"What you said is true, and I cannot deny the statement; but there is another side to the question. You would be surprised to know how many singers and players write to officers of these clubs and ask, I may say beg, for a chance to be heard in public without any remuneration. They are so anxious for an opportunity. Many of them are by no means beginners or unknown; many of them are comfortably situated, some are prosperous, a few are rich; but they all implore permission to sing or play. I myself, who am a professional, have been amazed at some of the letters I have seen, and in some instances, I fear, the applicants hoped that such an appearance would help them 'socially.' Now, since these things are so, is it surprising that officers of the clubs ask singers and players who have not as yet a widespread reputation to perform without any pecuniary return?"

Mr. Armbruster in his lecture recitals at Association Hall pays attention to few composers of songs outside of Germany. He has already discussed Schubert, Schumann, Franz; this week he will talk about Liszt and Brahms; and for his last lecture he has grouped together Rubinstein, Grieg, Jensen, Sommer, Schindling, Berlioz, Wagner. A good German, he is faithful to the belief that poetry and song sprang chiefly from heads made in Germany. And yet what dull or mawkish or silly verses have been set to music by Schumann and Franz, as well as by Schubert, who

was especially careless about the quality of the poem that awakened in him the desire to compose. It is needless to say that I grant readily the strength and the beauty of poems by Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Chamisso, and a few others; but why praise loudly the commonplace lines of poets whose names are recited rapidly last Wednesday sounded like a list of Rhine wines?

Mr. Armbruster is an excellent musician; his exquisite accompaniments alone show this; and he is an

agreeable lecturer; but why does he not enlarge his horizon? There is one Frenchman on his list—and of all men, Berlioz! But what charming songs there are by Gounod, Godard, Lalo, Massenet, César Franck, Duparc, Chausson, de Bréville, Debussy—and perhaps, greatest of all, Gabriel Fauré, whose "Clair de Lune," or "Roses of Ispahan" is worth a wilderness of songs by modern German composers, and is equaled only by Schumann and Schubert at their best. And what charming poetry is at the command of the younger Frenchmen: poems by Verlaine, Coppée, Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, Hugo, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Charles Cros—I name at random. Then go to Russia. Rubinstein is by no means to be despised—but why should not Balakireff, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Stcherbacheff be mentioned? And there is Tschaiakowsky, who alone caught the secret of Goethe's famous song. Or, if we are to be fed only on a German diet, is the meat prepared by Richard Strauss too heavy or too highly spiced? Mr. Armbruster, I fear, is not acquainted with these songs—or he would surely appreciate at once the technical merit, the subtle perfume, the rare distinction of songs, say by Gabriel Fauré.

Mr. John F. Runciman has gone so far as to declare that the two supreme song writers are Handel and Mozart, for he regards the arias in the operas of these composers as songs pure and simple. In a way he is right, absolutely and indisputably right, but until we all agree upon a new order of classification, no one should complain because such opera-songs are not included in a series of lectures like that given by Mr. Armbruster.

The programs of concerts announced by visiting or local pianists are not of true interest. In nine cases out of ten there is the same old procession: Bach-Liszt, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt; occasionally there is a seasoning of Scariatti, Henselt, Rubinstein. Why are pianists so afraid of wandering from the path that has been beaten until it is heavy? Is it because that they still cling to the pieces which were taught and most assiduously practised in student days? Or are pianists too lazy or too ignorant to learn pieces by composers now living?

When I see the program of the average pianist or singer I am reminded of Professor John Wilson's remarks about

Hazlitt: "One would suppose that he had a personal quarrel with all living writers, good, bad or indifferent. In fact, he seems to know little about them and to care less. With him, to be alive is not only a fault in itself, but it includes all other possible faults. He seems to consider life as a disease, and death as your only doctor. He reverses the proverb, and thinks a dead ass is better than a living lion."

The Concert Goer makes a strong appeal to lovers of music in New York city to establish an orchestra worthy the name, so that Mr. Emil Paur may have an instrument suitable to his talent as conductor. This music journal does not hesitate to say that Mr. Paur is, "to speak conservatively, one of the greatest directors ever heard" in New York. "We have had directors who could give brilliant interpretations of the masters of some one school, but who save Paur has been able to give us Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Schumann, Dvorak, Brahms, the terrific Strauss creations, the descriptive, ornate, Russian narratives, or the modern French etchings with such uniformly sympathetic comprehension? Poor fellow! He has talent for everything save intrigue, advertising and insincerity."

It is a pleasure to read such words about Mr. Paur, who is today remembered gratefully by many in this city. For it was Mr. Paur who first made us acquainted with the grandeur, pathos and despair of Tschaiakowsky's last symphony; with the elemental sublimity and also the super-refined expression of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; with the fantastic fascination exerted by the exotic and gorgeous "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff; and since the departure of Mr. Paur this same music has seemed as cool, drab problems worked out by a conscientious professor.

Mr. H. T. Finck wrote as follows in

the New York Evening Post of Nov. 9 about Dohnányi's piano concerto which was performed in that city the night before at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

The soloist, Mr. Dohnányi, played his own concerto in E minor, opus 5, concerning which so much has been heard because at a competition in Vienna it won the prize of \$300 over more than 70 rivals. While listening, one could not but recall Voltaire's sneer at the optimism of Leibnitz: "If this is

the best of all possible worlds, what must the others be?" If the Viennese judges (Mr. Gericke was one of them) found this the best concerto submitted to them from all the countries of Europe, then the creative musical impulse must be at a low ebb in those countries. For an opus 5 it is indeed very well written, revealing in every movement the fact that the composer has mastered the rules of harmony and counterpoint, and the art of orchestration, as taught at the conservatories. But of creativeness there is not a trace. There are themes, to be sure, for without themes one cannot write any music; but themes are not necessarily ideas. "How do you do?" and "There is a cold wave coming from the West" are themes, but not ideas. Mr. Dohnányi's concerto—like 95 per cent. of all music written—consists of strings of such platitudes, and, as it lasts 45 minutes, it becomes most wearisome long before the end. Mr. Dohnányi has now learned how to write music. The next thing for him to learn is a number of "Don'ts," and among these the most important is, "Don't compose unless you have something new to say. It is needless to add that the young composer played his concerto with dash and enthusiasm; yet, for a Hungarian, he seemed remarkably Teutonic."

Mr. Finck found Goldmark's Scherzo "singularly dry and uninteresting—void of ideas, and quite unworthy of the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba.'" And he described the phrasing in the performance of Dvorak's Congo-American symphony as "often slovenly and unintelligent. The orchestra was less to blame for this than the conductor, who showed a strange lack of sympathy with and understanding of this work. \* \* \* Last evening this same symphony scored barely a succès d'estime. It was played coarsely in the allegro movements and the scherzo, while the execution of the slow movement can only be called murder in the first degree. Mr. Gericke took it at least 40 per cent. too fast, though it is marked largo, which is defined as 'the slowest of all tempo indications'; while in the C sharp minor section, which is marked un poco più mosso, the conductor retarded the pace! Dvorak's largo is one of the saddest pieces ever written. \* \* \* Mr. Gericke's tempo and abrupt staccato phrasing (in place of the legatissimo called for) deprived it of all poetry, all expressiveness, all its dolorous sweetness and tender longing. How truly Richard Wagner observed that the art of conducting consists chiefly in the instinct for the right tempo, because, as he explained, he proves by his choice of the tempo whether he does or does not understand

the piece, and is thus otherwise able to interpret it."

Sembrich, with her company, has been singing in Berlin. Mr. Otto Lessmann was charmed by her performance in "I Puritani," but he regarded the opera itself as an object-lesson to prove the enormous benefit conferred upon the world by Wagner—which shows conclusively that Mr. Lessmann has neither a sense of humor nor historical perspective. And, by the way, Mr. Lessmann has made a marvelous discovery. According to him, Beethoven, our old friend, Enrico Devignani conducted with "astounding accuracy foresight and discrimination, so that the ensemble was wonderful." The air of Berlin must have aroused our kindly, easy-going friend; for when he was last here he was as one sleeping peacefully with dreams of orders and a manner of decorations.

These orchestral scores were added to the Allen A. Brown collection in the Boston Public Library during October. Albeniz, "Catalonia," suite in three parts, No. 1; C. P. E. Bach, first orchestral symphony; Beethoven, "In der Einsamkeit," for strings; Cherubini Variations and Bolero from "Les Abécédaires" (MS.); Davidoff, "Die Gabe des Terck," "Sinfonisches Bild"; César Franck, "Psyché," symphonic poem for orchestra and chorus; Kleina music to Grillparzer's "Der Traum eines Lebens," manuscript scores of Paisiello operas "La Frascattana" and "La Ser Padrona"; Rheinberger's concerto No. 1 in G minor for organ, strings, two horn trumpets and drums; Urspruch, two violin pieces with accompaniment for small orchestra, No. 1, Notturmo; Wagner's opera, "Antonius und Cleopatra."—Enrico Pizzi, who is pleasantly remembered here, where his "G. briella," written expressly for Patti, was first performed, will live in England, he has resigned his position as director



his bust, only three short sittings. The proceeds of the sales go to the fund for the Brahms monument at Vienna. Charles Stanford has written an opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," which, they say, will be produced at the Garden this coming season.—Giovanni Bellini spent his vacation on a new opera, "Francesca da Rimini," a subject that has been treated operatically a hundred times and without success.—Gustave Laroux, the baritone, sang, after a long absence, at the Trocadero, Paris, last night, for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists. Faure is now seventy years old, but his voice was big enough to fill the immense hall, and he has not robbed him of his timbre. He sang his "Crucifix," and with Miss Acker, a duet from Mireille. Hubert Parry has written music for the performance of Aeschylus's "Agamemnon," which will be played by the original Greek at Cambridge next spring, and, Nov. 16. Offenbach gave Agathon a good tune.—Chevalier returned to London Oct. 20 with an entertainment in which he impersonated for the first time an old man who sells boots to poets and a Yankee.—Miss Alice Schmidt, an Australian soprano, sang for the first time in London last night. "She has a voice of beautiful timbre, a finished style and a musical temperament."

11, when the heroine asks: 'Do  
 ve me as of yore?' they get the  
 See? Azof Yore. Clever, isn't  
 -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Philip Hale.

Cecilia Society. Mr. B. J. Langston, announce for its twenty-ninth season three concerts to be given at Symphony Hall Wednesday evenings, Feb. 13 and April 16. The chorus of the Cecilia Society will be assisted by players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and able soloists. The following are now in rehearsal:

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Norwegian folk-song" (first time) picture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mr. Dohnányi, who played his concerto at the last Symphony concert, and was one of the soloists during the trip of the orchestra, last week, will give recitals in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 27, and Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1.

Mr. Harold Bauer, the French pianist, will play at Symphony Hall at the Symphony concerts of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. He will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 2.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, a most distinguished violinist, who as a boy visited Boston with Rosenthal when that pianist made his first appearance here, will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 4. Since his appearance here, after faithful study, he gave concerts throughout Europe with truly remarkable success. He is now about 25 years old.

The Leipziger Vocal Quartet, an organization of pronounced fame throughout Europe, will give a concert in Symphony Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 27. The quartet will give services in aid of the fund of the Martin Luther Home, in West Roxbury. For fifteen years these singers have delighted concert patrons in Germany, Italy, England, Sweden, Denmark and Russia, and they have made several very public appearances under the present director, Herr von Rohlig. Their Boston program will be devoted to the songs of the German Evangelical Church from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century.

2702/2. 1900

For I was born darkling—a child of wrath.  
The Muse took me by the hand when I was  
yet a child and led me into her fair and  
pleasant demesne. "Here, blighted one,  
durst thou find peace—in season. Here  
bourneth for thee even the Rose of Hope.  
Alas! even here is decay." Then she  
billed sadly, and left me alone.

The proprietors of the Denver Post assure Mr. Bryan that he is the greatest American now living, and yet they offer him only \$10,000 a year for editorial work. Mr. Bryan may well say with Dr. Schwazey, who disturbed the renegade given to Artemus Ward: "I'millin', for one, to go on in a glorious career! What wages does a man get for a glorious career, when he finds himself?" Only \$10,000 for the editorial services of the greatest American now living on any stage or in any show!

Of course there was a big demonstration in honor of returning General Buller. General or high-private, conqueror or vanquished—it's all the same; there is neither case the pretext for a street-bauch. "Hurrah," and "Hear, hear" "God save the Queen"—then "hasten be drunk, the business of the day."

Huxley's letters to Darwin, Spencer, and Hooker and others are by no means indifferent reading. In a letter to Herbert Spencer he wrote: "What a shame no rain is sent you. You will be speaking about Providence as I shall of a Yankee doing the other day, 'Al, sir, I guess he's good, but he's careless.' I think there is a good deal to be said for that view of the government of the world."

It was a pleasure to learn of the scorching conduct shown at the fire of the millionaire quarter of Newport Rhode Island. "Society gathered in place," not merely to look on, nor for any other diversion. A list of those who helped was telegraphed to the newspapers in real "Among-the-prominent-guests-present" fashion. We like to think of the gilded youth climbing ladders, knocking holes through the roof, passing huckets, throwing costly furniture from the upper stories to the lawn, and carrying down with extreme force tongs, coal-hods, shovels, bath sponges and other fragile articles of the household. All this makes us think higher of human nature.

The sole surviving member of those who formed the Skull and Bones Society at Yale University is dead." No society at Yale has exerted such an influence over the three lower classes as this same Skull and Bones. This influence was and is for evil as well as good. If it encouraged scholarship and courteous behavior, it, on the other hand, often stifled independence of thought, individuality, and fostered a spirit of sycophancy and snobbery. Many of the elections given out were awarded, no doubt justly, and concerning them there was no complaint; but, and especially of late years, the personal grudge of a Senior or even a graduate worked its revenge; and the corrupting influence of wealth has little or little been felt ever since the day of palatial dormitories" with hot and cold water and sanitary, open plumbing. In the seventies, when Yale graduates wished to take a hot bath

The experience of Mr. Howard Gould teaches several lessons. One is not to have your breakfast served in bed by a valet—especially when you have company.

The cup of joy quaffed by the inhabitants of Los Angeles was full to the brim. Melba sang not only in "La Bohème," but she added a sparkling novelty, "the mad scene from 'Lucia.'" Just when and where did she introduce it? In the last act, before Mimi dies?

We heard of a wife and mother in Boston who thought it would be convenient and helpful to have in the hall

a card with "Out" and "In." She was not always careful in adjusting this card, and at times the maid searched the house in vain while a caller waited and examined books, photographs, rugs and furniture. The husband determined to put a stop to this carelessness; so the other morning he took a look at the card, for he believes in the motto of David Crockett, and then hastily trained his children. Scene, breakfast room. Enter mother, fresh and radiant. Husband and children; "One, two, three: Good morning, mamma; where did you spend the night?"

G. W. P. has sent us a circular from which we quote the following sentences: "It is also remarkable that Stewart's operation produces unnecessarily in Air, not in a spring (which Air is, eppure!) another form of force. If heat can be thus produced, dismissed, with the frequency of vibration, above an Air metre, without able residuum, why not one's gran father?"

"Nature, possessed with a purpose, is economical of power. The overflow of Pompeii by a grand eruption was without a purpose, but the eruption blew off through the weak part of the crater. In speeding sound why should she set a totality mass of her atmosphere, a hundred times superior, alternately (cic) vibrating against, with insufficient push (Science's, I call Newton's a Jerk theory, and Laplace's another. Similia similibus!), when a mass equal to (My theory), with just sufficient, vibrating successively (ccc), could everywhere relay the Flying condensation? In metal and liquid, in which Newton's calculation is right, the particles are so connected that one can enter without (sooner, later engaging all."

Good news! There is talk of a translation into French of Mr. George Meredith's novels; so that many Americans will soon be able to read them. But will not some humanitarian translate them into English? The task would be a gigantic one; but will no one essay it?

2213  
**EDUARD STRAUSS.**

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The Court Ball Musical Director to  
the Emperor of Austria Appears  
in Symphony Hall With His Or-  
chestra and an Endless Stock of  
Waltzes and Polkas.

Eduard Strauss with his orchestra gave the first of a series of concerts last night in Symphony Hall. There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. The program included the overture to Johann Strauss's "Waldmeister" and the waltz, "Wiener Blut," and the "Caucasian" march by the same composer; Edward Strauss's polka "Hearty and Sensible;" an excerpt from Moszkowsky's fantasia "The Nations;" an entracte by Gillet; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12; the waltz from Debibes's "Nana," and a Song without words by Mendelssohn, orchestrated by Edward Strauss.

It was in May, 1890, that Eduard Strauss first appeared in Boston, and I believe that appearance was his first in America. I remember that he then made us acquainted with a new waltz of his own handiwork "Life in America." He has brought with him this time a little tribute—the waltz "Greetings to America," which will be played Wednesday evening.

This was 10 years ago. Johann is dead and Edward is the sole surviving son of the world-renowned family. There is a Johann of the next generation, but we hear conflicting reports about his success as a conductor. Edward is now 65 years old, but Time has not robbed him of his marvelous prightliness. He is still lively on his feet; he still makes his hurried exit and his hurried return to acknowledge his applause. His beat is still vigorous, persuasive, and often apparently impossible to follow. He still wears all manner of decorations; his shirt-cuffs are amazing; and today he looks like a composite photograph of the late Hermann, the magician and Richard Lanscheid as the Baron in "A Parisian Romance." It is hard to recognize the

The name of Strauss is still a magic spell, and this conductor and his orchestra are at their best in music by Strauss, especially Johann. The orchestra itself is not one of any marked distinction. In certain respects it is a poor one, and it is led by a man without personal force. In a miscellaneous program, it would not demand or receive serious attention. They say that this orchestra was brought together for the trip; that the men had not played in a body under Strauss in Vienna. This may or may not be true; the fact remains that the conductor now has them under fair control, and by their spirit and dash and observance of traditional "Straussisms" they give much pleasure to the lovers of waltzes and agreeable pieces of a light nature.

And who does not like a good waltz when it is well played? William Penn never danced one, never saw one; but the words that Landor put into his mouth in answer to Lord Peterborough hint at the subtle fascination of a waltz, whether it be by Strauss or Waldteufel or another: "I was never given to capering; but there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool, and cold weather warm and temperate; not, however, when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and unless one taketh due caution, wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath, too, between one's lips, if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight." And it is also true that the Viennese play waltzes with an imitable charm, especially in the matter of rhythm. Johana Strauss was a good Viennese. Why should not Mr. Gerick play once a year one of his best waltzes? The audience would undoubtedly prefer it to academic work by Robert Fuchs of the Vienna Conservatory; and, in a liberal interpretation of the phrase, it is better music.

A concert like this does not call for detailed criticism. It is enough to say that it gave pleasure to the admirers of the Strauss family and the lovers of the dance. The conductor was liberal in granting encores, and the audience was never weary of demanding them. The orchestra will give concerts each night this week, except Saturday, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. The program for this evening will include pieces by Brahms and Eduard Strauss, Greg. Delibes, Bizet, Meyer-Holmund, Reinecke, Chopin's Funeral March orchestrated by Eduard Strauss. And, of course, there will be other pieces.

Philip Hale

Where shall you find or good or bad,  
Rich man or poor, but he betrays  
At times some stultifying fad,  
Some dominant peculiar craze?  
The world has grown these latter days,  
So full of idiosyncrasy  
That reason it completely sways:  
In every bonnet lurks a bee.

This one on temperance is mad,  
And this one for salvation prays  
With drums and trumpets, tunicclad;  
This one against the stage inveighs;  
With pillules A all pain allays,  
Whilst B on Jenner's mystery  
The plagues of Egypt fain would raise:  
In every bonnet lurks a bee.

C would our limbs with Jaeger pad,  
For nothing else can he find praise;  
D tries to start a fierce jihad  
Against the wickedness of stays;  
E, really, or because it pays,  
On "opium" quite distraught we see;  
All suffer somehow from this phase,  
In every bonnet lurks a bee.

Envoy.  
Prince, you may state in many ways  
The doctrine that all thought is free;  
Would you express it by the phrase,  
In every bonnet lurks a bee?

The citizens and citizenesses of Boston do well in watching zealously the operation of the present school system. As a thinker and a true patriot Mr. Bone once remarked, "The hope of America lies in its well-conducted school houses." And surely there is a crying need of immediate reform.

Only yesterday we asked a girl who now studying Latin and algebra that name of the capital of Vermont. After she guessed "Rutland," she exclaimed "Montpepler." Here is an instance of superficial training; for the correct answer is "Montpellier on the Onion." We asked her to give the chief events in the life of Capt. William Caldwell. She confessed that she had never heard of him. Never heard of his hero and martyr of the strenuous life!

We now propose for thoughtful criticism an examination paper on Kldd, and shall be glad to receive suggestions for enlargement or correction.

(1) Is it true that Kidd was a name assumed, either because he wore kid gloves in battle or cried while he was picking an enemy, "I who am as gentle as a new-born kid," or because he put his booty of gold and precious jewels in sacks of kid skin? Account for the fact that the old ballad speaks of "Robert Kidd."

(2) Who was William Moore, and why did Kidd kill him? What weapon did Kidd use in this instance?

(4) Define the phrases, "Walking the plank," "plank down!" and "planked-had."



What were Kidd's last words on the scaffold?  
(c) Trace the origin of the phrase, "You're kidding me!"  
(d) How was piracy regarded in the days of Homer?  
(e) Give the plot of Mr. Hoyt's "A Prior Match." Is the description of Kidd's vessel introduced therein historically accurate?  
(f) How many have dug for Kidd's treasures, and is it true that a black kid will groan if led to the spot where such treasure is buried?

A husband, defendant in a divorce case, who conducts a pool-room in Paterson, N. J., set up counter claims, and said, in his answer: "The defendant further charges that the plaintiff abandoned her, and came to Brooklyn, saying that Paterson was too slow for her." From stories published lately in the newspapers we were under the impression that Paterson is what is vulgarly known as a hot town. Pray, what did the lady want?

That the Prince of Wales has taken to eyeglasses is a sad blow to Anglo-maniacs with monocles. But why does not the Prince, like a sensible man, don spectacles? Large round lenses, with horn frames, loose over the nose and ears, would be far more comfortable, and since he is a Prince, no one would dare to guy him.

The New York Times puts forward Miss Mattie J. Peterson of near Wilmington, N. C., as a poet of sentiment and emotion. We say nothing; we remain quiet, sustained by an unfaltering trust in Mr. Theodore Drexel, the sweet singer of Boston. And yet such is the catholicity of our nature that we gladly quote from Miss Peterson's touching poem entitled, "I kissed Pa twice after his death":

When he was having convulsions  
He feared he would hurt me;  
Therefore told me to go away.  
He had dug artichokes for me.

Pa dug the artichokes on that day,  
He never will dig any more;  
He has only paid the debt we owe.  
We should try to reach the shining shore.

And as a companion piece, the third verse of "My Parents' Graves are at the Old Home" may be read with profit:

At Pa's death Ma was corpulent,  
But was emaciated and weakly bent;  
And very loosely hung her garments,  
When she without help again went;  
She lived a little over years three.  
After Pa was in the ground laid;  
At their graves birds sing out in their glee,  
And their hearts are not by care weighed.

The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue; and they flow not onward to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river, a oozy bed of a pure desert of gigantic water-lilies. They set one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch toward the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct murmur which cometh out from among them like the rushing of subterranean water. And they sigh one unto the other.

#### THE CLAIRAUDIANT.

It came upon me that great white moonless night when I opened wide the window and heard the first shrill cry of the frost. Was it long ago? I cannot tell. Since then I remember nothing save only the things I have heard the things to which I am ever listening. I opened wide the window and heard the first shrill cry of the frost. The smitten trees stirred slightly; then there arose a great moan as of all the forests in all the world moaning together. My heart ached with the farewells of the flowers, the sobs of lonely bird's nests, and the soft voiced pity of the stars. No leaf throughout these days or nights has torn itself loose, but I have heard its sudden start of pain. Ah, if they would but drift silently with the wind, and not lie murmuring ceaselessly. There is nothing so terrible in the world as the ceaseless murmuring of dead leaves, and always there is the speech of human hearts; always there is the speech of my own heart, demanding the forbidden of Fate. But that has come to be so old a thing I scarcely hear it, so deafened am I, maddened, by the screams of all things voiceless.

There is one thing which I have not yet heard—the voice of my own soul speaking. I live in an anguish of expectation, a passion of dread.

Tonight the last stillness has been shattered. I cannot live to hear again that cry. There is but one whose speech is silence, and whose step is soundless. I go to seek the refuge of her vast solitude.

ERMENGARDE.

And then did we, the seven, start from

our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering and aghast; for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends.

T. F. writes: "Do you prefer 'The demonstration was one of the most successful that has been held' or 'that have been held'?"

Our preference depends largely on the condition of our health, although the day of the week has something to do with it. Wednesday—with the first "d" enunciated forcibly—we always say and write "have been held."

Spain is indeed Ichabod. The glory is departed. We do not now refer to the late war and the consequent heavy debt and loss of possessions, but to the degradation of a once glorious calling. Señor Miquel Callado, an eminent banderillo, landed at New York on his way to Vera Cruz. You would naturally think that he would have occupied the stateroom of the captain of the Ems; that he would have been clothed in gorgeous raiment; that he would have fared sumptuously every day; that women, old and young, would have swooned with love-longing when he condescended to smile upon them as he swaggered on the deck. But, lo, this same Señor Miquel Callado was discovered in a coal-bin, rude hands pulled him out and a harsh voice commanded him to work as a coal-passer. He did not have his darts with him, and what in an infuriated bull in comparison with the captain of a steamboat? And now the banderillo and his companions, penitents, are in Duranceville, which is a part of Greater New York.

Is Dr. Parkhurst a mad wag? He wishes his "ideal newspaper" to be something like the London Times.

The Providence Journal says: "Photo" is very bad and "auto" worse; but neither abuse of the language equals "aumob"—an ill phrase, a vile phrase, as Polonius would say, that is coming into use. Just why any abbreviation is necessary it is difficult to discover. It is pure mental laziness which balks at "automobile." Those who talk about "aumobs" have probably ridden "bikes" and still wear "pants."

Yes, dear brother, you are right; but let us add these still viler phrases to the chamber of verbal horrors: "You're wanted at the 'phone';" "I got a wire from him;" "Mr. Jeffries's def."

The Omar Khayyam party at the Tulleries last Monday night is a proof that many estimable Bostonians, males as well as females, are suffering from the stubborn disease known as Omarian tumor.

Good wine needs no bush. We therefore publish without comment this notice sent out by a collector of taxes,

who pursues his duty not over 100 miles from this city:

"The Collector has received since the 1st of October 396 single poll taxes, and he is confident that many have paid that were unable to do so, but have made an effort to do it, some times only in part. There may be some who are unable to pay but the Assessors are reasonable men, and if such will apply to them they have the power and ability to abate the tax."

There are others who are better able to pay, than some who have paid, and I understand wish to make a trip to Cambridge, to such I will say, that I will accommodate them as soon as I can get the writs ready. If any one should receive a writ or a warrant from an officer, and his neighbor not, he need not think that his neighbor will be exempt, as he will only be waiting his time."

Great is language in the hand of a master. It can make even Death ridiculous.

We know a literary man in this town who has more than a parochial reputation. His fame is not confined within the limits of the South End or Back Bay; it has even pierced club walls and has reached Haverhill, if not Dover. His talent is often recognized; thus he was invited to a dinner of the Papyrus Club on the night of Nov. 3, to meet Capt. Dreyfus. Nevertheless, he is not vain of his brain-spinnings, his reputation, his wife; but he has one boast and in one respect he is infinitely conceited; he is an expert fly-catcher. He does not use poison, a net, or any mechanical appliance. Singularly clumsy at driving a nail, strapping a trunk, hanging pictures or putting up curtains, his hand and arm are of Simian flexibility when he is warmed to the chase of the fly, his aim is unerring; his knowledge of the possibilities of flight and his divination of the strategy of the insect are amazing. As you all know, the November fly is suspicious, agile, annoying. And yet this literary man will sit at dinner with his household and

catch fly after fly without injury to glass, child, or crockery. His wife is also proud of his accomplishment, and she calls the attention of guests to the display of prodigious skill. "There's a fly, dear, can't you kill it?" There is a lightning-like calculation; a poise of the fist; then comes the lethal swing of the arm, the well-timed shutting of the hand. The well-bred guest expresses admiration. "Yes, George," says the wife—his name is not George, but George is a good enough name—"George seldom misses; I don't see how he does it." But others have been renowned for like dexterity. There was our old friend Flavius Domitian, whose manner was "to retire himself daily into a secret place for one hour, and there to do nothing else but to catch flies, and with the sharp point of a bodkin or writing steele prick them through." We hasten to add that our literary friend is not so cruel. Merciless to his readers, he is merciful to the insect whom he destroys through sense of duty. The moment he catches a fly, he "scrunches" it, and then goes to the bathroom to perform a lesser ablution. Furthermore, there was Joseph Capper, Esq., who died at Kennington Sept. 6, 1904, at the age of 77, and was known to his associates at the Horns as "Domitian." We fear that Mr. Capper was somewhat clumsy in his methods. Judge for yourself from the following anecdote:

"A mischance which befel him in the indulgence of this fly-killing propensity, which he pursued with all the eagerness of a youthful sportsman is thus related: After dinner he regularly took a pint of wine, and always had a glass, a tumbler, and a bowl placed on the table before him, and was accustomed to cover his wine with a piece of paper, to prevent his enemies, the flies, from quaffing the precious beverage. One day he happened to leave the room, and during his absence a gentleman laid on the paper a small piece of snuff of candle. Capper, on his return, mistaking it for a fly, said to himself, 'Aha! now I shall have you;' and cautiously creeping toward the table, with his stick discharged such a blow as shiv-

ered his glasses into a thousand pieces, to the no small diversion of the company." Although Mr. Capper was not a man of finesse in his revenge, he left a fortune of £23,921-9s-2d.

No wonder that the Tavern Club is interested in the character of the pavement to be put in Boylston Place. Every well managed club should be concerned about the safety of approach and exit—especially exit. Asphalt is notoriously slippery and treacherous at a late hour of the night. Why could not some preparation of rubber be laid the length of the club lot? The surface should not be so smooth that boots could not find a purchase, nor so hard that a fall would daze. A species of padded coal-shute from the hall door to the street would be a decided advantage to any one of our leading clubs, and it might be adjusted so that any nervous member could be easily shot without personal inconvenience into a hack or ambulance.

The daughters, as well as the son, of the late Edgar E. Dureya, got it in the neck.

A society of Municipal Officers solemnly drinking tea is, indeed, a sublime sight.

Mr. Theodore Drexel of Boston is a steady poet, not a rhymier by fits, starts, jerks and spurts. If Mr. Drexel promises to give you a poem next Friday at 2.29 P. M., near the lair of the Expert Guide, you may go there with a light heart and a beaming smile, for you are absolutely sure that the manuscript will be delivered. The fountain of his Muse is like unto a domesticated, well-behaved oilwell.

Here is a new poem by Mr. Drexel, which might bear this suggestive line of Arthur Rimbaud for a motto: "At some festival by night in a city of the North I met all the women of ancient painters." The manuscript betrays in a measure the methods of workmanship practised by this health-giving as well as highly imaginative poet. He knows, we see, the labor of the file. Never is he satisfied with the first gush of inspiration. Clarified thought is his aim, and for this he struggles. The poem has no title.

We learned of the women of Saragossa Charlotte Corday made history Pouchontas is saved from oblivion Boer women hold the British at bay, Of Louise also we see pictures Prussia's queen in Germany But never a Rosa Bonheur Saw there the light of day. However the women of Weinberg Became famous for their deed Yet there is no Jahel and no Barmy Only Gretchen we meet Who are taken up with duties Of a purely material taste To become spiritually independent

They better make some haste On a higher plane be living When the household's work is done On spirit's wings be moving With your husband daughter son.

## ARMBRUSTER'S LECTURE.

"Songs by Liszt and Brahms" Was the Subject of His Discourse, and Miss Pauline Cramer Sang in Illustration.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Carl Armbruster gave the third of his lecture-recitals in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. His subject was "Liszt and Brahms as Song Writers." Miss Pauline Cramer sang Liszt's "In Liebeslust," "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein," "Der König von Thule," "Mignon," "Lorelei," and these songs by Brahms: "Von Ewigem Liebe," "Vergebliches Ständchen," "Feldensamkeit," "Liebesreu," "Sapphische Ode," "Des Liebsten Schwur," "Dort in den Weiden."

Mr. Armbruster said little about the life of Liszt, inasmuch as that life, with its years of artistic and amatory success, and with its frequent episodes of unparalleled generosity toward needy and unappreciated musicians, is no doubt known to all of Mr. Armbruster's hearers. He spoke a few words about the dramatic character of Liszt's songs and the illustrative nature of the accompaniments which assisted in the making of a "tone-painting" out of the verses.

The lecturer began his remarks on Brahms by reading the famous, too famous article by Schumann concerning the young Johannes, and he wisely added that there were traces in this letter of the mental disturbance that darkened Schumann's last years. Mr. Armbruster then pronounced a eulogy on Brahms that might be construed as an apology for that composer. "His music is for the soul rather than for the ear," which reminds us of Bill Nye's sage remark about Wagner: "I am told that Wagner's music is much better than it sounds." (Mr. Arthur Whiting goes a step further, and paradoxically says that the best music should be read, not heard.) Nor did Mr. Armbruster refrain from saying that Brahms's music appeals only to the conscientious grubber, driver, miner in his works. He did not use exactly this language, but I do not misrepresent the purport. It's the old story: the Brahmsite says in a tone of infinite patronage to the unbeliever in Brahms as a musical Messiah, "Ah, my poor fellow, you should study Brahms constantly. In a few years you may know enough to like him. I liked him at the start." As a matter of fact, Brahms was a musician of great facility of expression and, unfortunately for him, of few and, for the most part, unimportant ideas. Mr. Armbruster intimated that the man to whom Mozart with his gay spirit is the great musician, will probably put Brahms at the other extreme. But Mozart was also of a melancholy nature in music, as well as in life, and some of his most beautiful tunes, as well as the great Requiem, drip melancholy. Mozart, however, exercised the true classic spirit in his treatment of this emotion, whereas Brahms was never so happy as when, like John Ford he sat in doleful dumps. Mozart never whined—not even in fear of the Last Great Day.

Miss Cramer sang with intelligence and with fine appreciation of the composers' and poets' intentions. From the purely vocal standpoint, she was not always successful.

The last lecture will be given next Wednesday, when several song writers among them Grieg, Rubinstein, Sommer and Berlioz, will be considered.

#### MISSING.

It was late May, and the earth was god with the smell of green things growing. The Man sat at the top of the rocky cliff and looked out over the waste of swamp trees to the lake.

The sun was hot on the water. The shining surface seemed to steam. What was the matter? Surely the sun was not so hot as that, though his head ached fearfully. He rubbed his eyes, but still the gleaming surface steamed, and the steam rose up and blurred his vision. Was it poisoned vapor, that it shad his head throbb so and swim so dizzily? He rose to his feet to escape it, staggered, fell.

There was a single crash in the bushes below, and a brief crackling to quietness. A shred of hair remained on the sharp edge of the cliff, pasted to the rock. It seemed struggling to erect itself, to wave farewell to the lake.

June came and went, and hot July and sultry August. The Man lay sleeping, and kind Nature—ironically kind—spread green leaf sprays over him which she fed the while from his body. Through a rent in his coat a white hair showed an outline, the yellow whiteness of a bone. By night came little animals, long animals stripped white and black, and poked with nipping jaws about his unprotected head.



Once, in a silver bath of moonlight, they came and fought about the head, until it worked free from the body and rolled with startling suddenness down the slope, a lime-white globe across the moon-blanching open. There was a flurry of tails in the underbrush; then silence again, and moon light. Autumn came and bade the trees shed their covering over the sleeper, chilling verber dark with rain. Only the ad was bare, its cheek against a dry crack in the grass. The black eye-holes looked up unwinking to the rain drops, watched, inscrutable, the westward limp of old Orion.

But hickory nuts grew on the cliff, and presently a boy came out of the woods with the face of an old man; in the world knew.

W. P. E.

We have received the following note:

Boston, Nov. 14, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:  
Will you kindly explain the barometrical symptoms of corns? And will you also kindly explain why a man is obliged to smoke a cigar after putting on a hat or a pair of shoes?

W. J. ADAMS.

These are searching questions. The answer to the second is twined about roots of human conduct. Who are we that we should account for the corns, vagaries, diseases of the mind? As you observed, Mr. Adams, that men always drink a cocktail after they have had their hair cut? Is it the cigar or cocktail is related by them as a reward of merit. Undergo the scorn of the hatter or bootmaker and better scorn than flattery—takes the starch out of you. Jones is suddenly conscious his head is shaped like an egg; he tries to pinch his stocking to the big toe. The moment the vicissitudes in the street he must recover self-respect, assert his manhood; to thousands the distinguishing mark of manhood is the capability to get into the system large quantities of rum and tobacco.

A word about corns. Some flippant person dismissed the subject by saying "Corns are a matter of digestion." It may be true of hives, and in some cases of eczema and pimply rash, we cannot accept this theory concerning corns. Not that we can propose more reasonable theory. We stand still before the mystery of corns. Duke of Wellington conquered at Waterloo, but what a wise ass he was if he gave it out as his opinion that there were no boots there would be corns! And do you remember Captain his welcome to the maskers?

Is that have their toes guarded with corns, will have a bout with you, my mistresses! Which of you all now deny to dance? She that makes alms, she, dear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?

Body but a rich man, sure of social on, could be such a brute. But read the word "barometrical," Mr. Long ago Bacon, tired with the works of Shakespeare, Marston, Richard Burton, Ignatius Donnelly and Samuel Cabot, remarked in a burst: "Aches and Corns do endure either towards rain or frost; the naked humours to abound and the other makes them sharp." Broome wrote: "A coming storm shooting corns presage"; some ascribe his line to Swift; but it was Gay said:

That useful secret did explain,  
Cracking corns foretold the gathering in.

His first pastoral for the reference

One more quotation from Dr. "Signs of Foul Weather":

Fly's joints are on the rack;  
He with shooting pains torment her, her ad untimely sent her.

Do you ask "Why?" Asking is a good mental exercise, but, in his instance, it is often attended by unsatisfactory results. "Why does it rain?" In of certain men and women before a thunderstorm?

They were known to the ancients. I commend to you two treatments proposed by Albucaasis. (1) An Iron pointed to the size of the corn to be heated red hot and applied to it, and the burning carried on an extent as to occasion suppuration.

(2) A funnel of copper or iron, the quill of a vulture, is to be applied to the corn, and then filled with water. "By these means the corn may be eradicated." (Chirurg I.

lucky dwellers in Kentucky, for they can start a "fine red fox." In Lincoln, Mass., the intrepid lion yodel after an anise-seed and where is the brush from that the girl next the hounds?

There dwelt a King in the land,  
And his eyes were heavy and deep  
With sorrow that knew not sleep—  
And freed from his powerless hand  
His sceptre slipped, and behold  
His crown, with its gems and gold,  
Lay buried in dust and sand,  
And his heart was a fire unfanned,  
And his soul was a thing grown old.

He gazed on the land and sighed  
For wrath of a people who said,  
"Even as a corpse long dead  
Is our King," and on every side  
Disease and Madness and Death  
Had trampled the fields beneath,  
And hunger with fear allied  
Drew near if any man cried  
And fed his lips with their breath.

"There are tears below," said the King,  
"Crime reigns with his parent Fear;  
Would God—would God I were there—  
My sword from its sheath should spring,  
I would clothe myself with the morn,  
And blight and famine and scorn  
On a failing, a plague-struck, wing  
Should pass, and the world should sing  
And rejoice in my strength new-born."

But a woman sat at his feet,  
And wound about him a chain—  
And the strength of his will was vain  
And barren. "Oh! fingers sweet,"  
Said the King, "which bind me and wreathe  
If I broke from these, love, all my breath  
Would flow—without life, without heat—  
I should grow—overwhelmed—Incomplete"—  
For he knew not the woman was Death.

Paul Heyse wrote an article for the Rundschau in which he described Franz von Dingelstedt as frivolous and cynical and so eager for the distinction of a dandy that he made his barber address him as "Herr Baron." Heyse went further, he accused von Dingelstedt's wife of "Bohemian tendencies" and said that one day "after she had delighted a number of guests by her singing, she faced about and put out her tongue at them." Mr. Heyse and his publisher were charged with libel but were acquitted by a Berlin court.

Now the putting out a tongue at guests after singing is not encouraged by any good and conscientious teacher; it is not a symptom of admirable tone-production; but is it necessarily "a Bohemian tendency?" The tongue, the apostle tells us, is an unruly evil; the tongue can no man tame; so that the display of this member did not reflect inevitably on the singing teacher.

Possibly the guests did not appreciate her vocal efforts; perhaps they wriggled uneasily, or jumped at a shrill note, or groaned, or looked derisive; and by a significant gesture Mrs. von Dingelstedt showed her contempt for their ignorance.

Or there might have been some peculiarity about her tongue, for there are gifts of tongues. There was John Pucellas, a merchant of Mantua, who had so long and flexible a tongue that as oft he pleased, and with great facility, he would lick his nostrils with it as an ox doth (see Donatus—Hist. Med. Mirab. l. 6, e. 3, p. 304). There was the man mentioned by Arnatus Lusitanus

who had long hairs growing upon his tongue which he sometimes pulled up by the roots with his own hands. Schenklius tells of several persons out of whose tongues were taken stones, some of the bigness of a pea, others of a bean. There was the English woman mentioned by Tulpus, who was born with her arms and legs distorted in such an unusual manner that she seemed incapable of performing any action whatever. "Nature, however, had conferred on her so wonderful a dexterity, that with her tongue she could spin, and thread a needle of the smallest size with great expedition. With the flexure of her tongue only she could readily tie what is called the weaver's knot; and with the same tongue she would write, and that in a fair character. Tulpus had the name of his son Peter written by her, which he preserved as a curiosity." There was an epicure centuries ago who made a little box for his tongue that it might not be too wet, and, free from contact with teeth or anything else, it might have a more delicate sense for food and drink. Aristotle tells us that the most epicurean tongue is one of moderate size. The extreme sensitiveness is in the point, hence it is doubtful whether serpents with forked tongues have really an appreciative taste.

But we firmly believe that Mrs. von Dingelstedt put out her tongue from coquetry. We do not mean by this that she pushed the member out as far as it would go in a coarse and vulgar manner. The old Hebrew poet said that honey and milk were under the tongue of the Sulamite; and we like to think of Mrs. von Dingelstedt as displaying a ravishing tip that was like unto a tiny scarlet flame. It shot between faultless teeth; it quivered; and, lo, it disappeared. The guests were dissolved in ecstasy; for that moment, to use the speech of the Orientals, was such as maketh a man to forget his father and his mother.

The Referee comments on Lord Durham's action and singles out the American jockey Maher for praise. "He came; he rode well; his appearance was a passport to general appreciation; his form in the saddle recommended him; his performances brought admiration. . . . Has international jealousy, has Chauvinism, has insular prejudice, been traceable in Maher's reception and appreciation?" The answer is, "How many races has Maher won in proportion to those won by the much-abused Reiffs and Sloan?" The English are quick to praise those whom they defeat. When they themselves are conquered they quickly shout "Foul play!"

Is it not possible that Lester Reiff, who is accused of "pulling," rode an immoral horse: for there are immoral horses. Do you remember the dreadful fate of the Sawtelle family as told by Artemus Ward? Miss Isabel Sawtelle was a proud and haughty belle of New York, who used to sit in a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth Avenue. "Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden ploughed many a sea." She rejected a young man, "with a clear, beautiful eye and a massive brow," because he was a cooper and had to do with barrels and hogheads. But righteous retribution fell upon her family. Isabelle married a miserable aristocrat, who died of delirium tremens. Her father failed and became a raving maniac, who wanted to bite little children. Her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddled clams that were stolen for her by little George, the only son that had his freedom. And her sister Blanche—oh, her sister Blanche, rode "an immoral spotted horse in the circus, her husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic."

Fortunes left by "distant relatives in Spain" are generally found to be invested safely in castles.

We quote gladly this paragraph from the Providence Journal, and hope that the warning will not be in vain:

"A most insidious and pernicious assault upon the morals of the community has been made by the unscrupulous hatters who have put forth what is apparently a hat of the 'Alpine' type, but which turns out upon investigation to be a stiff hat, moulded into this particular shape. It is not, of course, that shape itself that is objectionable so much as the obvious intent to deceive. Not even the made tie is a more shameless pretence. To wear the thing that is not, to offer to the world an appearance at variance with the facts, is to put a premium on hypocrisy. It is a great pity that men of great integrity in other matters should so often fall into sartorial snares that beset the unwary."

## NOV. 16, 1900 SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Two Novelties—A Violin Concerto  
Composed by Dvorak and Played  
by Mr. Adamowski and a Bal-  
lade by Roentgen.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the fourth Symphony concert, which was given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, in D major, . . . Josef Haydn  
Concerto for Violin, in A minor, op. 53, . . . Dvorak  
I. Allegro ma non troppo (A minor) . . . 4-4  
II. Adagio ma non troppo (F major) . . . 3-8  
III. Finale: Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo (A major) . . . 3-8  
Ballad on a Norwegian Folk-Melody, op. 36 . . . Roentgen  
Overture to "Tannhauser" . . . Wagner  
Our novelties come late—so late, Dvorak's violin concerto is at least fifteen years old. I believe it was first played by Ondricek, and it was he who introduced it in London in 1886. Halir played it in Berlin in 1891 and Max Bendix in Chicago that same year. Maud Powell played it in New York in 1893—by the way, is not this admirable violinist to appear at a Symphony concert this season?

The program stated that the concerto was played last night for the first time in Boston. It was played by Bernhard Listemann with piano accompaniment Jan. 9, 1893.

And now that we have heard it with orchestral accompaniment, what is to be said except that it is not worth a performance? There are a few pleasant passages in the adagio that lull and soothe, and occasionally there are charming effects of orchestration, but

the work as a whole is rambling and uninspired, and the finale is frankly vulgar. We might not be surprised at Dvorak's failure if this concerto were one of the very latest works, but it followed some characteristic pieces and it preceded the "Stabat Mater," "The Spectre's Bride" and some delightful chamber music. In this concerto the composer is garrulous; he chatters and he dozes, and then he wakes with a start

and begins to chatter again without the remembrance of where he left off. Mr. Adamowski was becomingly sweet and sympathetic in the adagio. His performance, as an exhibition of technique and authority, did not reach the high standard he set for himself last season. And why in the world did he choose Dvorak's concerto?

Roentgen's Ballad on a Norwegian Folk-Melody was played for the first time in Boston. It is about four years old and Theodore Thomas brought it out in Chicago in 1896. Roentgen is of a Dutch family and he lives now at Amsterdam. The Ballad is a curious composition, pretentious at times in the choice of harmonies, now strongly reminiscent of the Grieg of the piano concerto, and now almost repulsive in ugliness of orchestration. At the same time it shone by contrast with Dvorak's concerto. There were at least hints at a definite mood, and if the mood was that of Grieg it was not therefore displeasing. But, considered by itself, the Ballad seemed rambling and ineffective.

The choice of the Haydn symphony was not a happy one. The second movement is of worth, but the others are perfunctory music such as Haydn with his facility could spin out day after day. The "cheerfulness" of which conservative critics are in this instance weary of speaking is in this instance the cheerfulness of formalism. Haydn's little points in this symphony are carefully prepared, even when he is apparently most childlike; and he is deliberately naive.

And so it must be said that the concert as a whole was neither impressive nor exhilarating. There was one, just one composition of flesh and blood—the "Tannhauser" overture.

Eduard Strauss, when he was a young man, studied with a view to the diplomatic service, and after he had left the gymnasium, he entered the Oriental Academy. I like to think him now living as Ambassador at Constantinople, Peking, or Washington. For surely he would have gone far in the diplomatic career. Any man that has had the tact, pliancy, authority, and endurance to lead an orchestra for 33 years would have been close to the ear of the Emperor.

But Eduard could not resist the appeal of music and so he took to study of the harp under Zamara and composition under Gottfried von Poryer, and in April, 1862, he conducted in the Diana Hall, Vienna, for the first time. At first he conducted only when his brother was unable to lead; but his appearances became more and more frequent.

You saw him last week fiddle spasmodically in the waltz. He had few if any lessons on the violin; he was practically self-taught.

Eduard is not the last of the family, if you speak by the card, for he has two sons, Johann and Josef; but Eduard is the last of the great family of dance writers. And Eduard himself as a composer is the least of this family. Never has he written any waltz that is to be compared for a moment with the Sophie of Johann, the elder, with the "Roses from the South" of Johann the younger, or the "Village Swallows" of Josef. Nor as a conductor has he the subtle and persuasive charm that characterized his brother Johann. He leads in military fashion. He makes all manner of ingenious and complicated gestures with his stick. There is action, there is rhythm; but there is little or no appeal to the senses, there is no palpable sense of voluptuousness.

But when you consider his age, he is, indeed, an interesting apparition. Any one of us may well envy him his nimbleness of gait, his elasticity of body and its members, his enthusiasm. Last Monday night his entrance should have been preceded by a fanfare; or he should have been shot upon the stage by the aid of a vampire trap; or he should have entered after the manner of the tallest of the Majilons—O joyous memories of the past. For Eduard Strauss is distinctly spectacular.

I wonder how many of his band ever saw Vienna. I wonder how many of the players ever followed his beat in that gay and light-hearted city. I do not say that any of them were snatched suddenly by the managers from the garden-life of Hoboken or Weehawken; but surely the orchestra was of the species known as "scratch."

Such concerts are sadly in need of accompanying beer and tobacco, and consequent good-humored conversation.

Possibly his early studies at the Oriental Academy in Vienna fostered in Eduard a mad love for pulsatile instruments. Truly might he say without coterie significance, "I have eaten of the drum and drunk of the cymbal." The tambourine of Spain and the Midi



is in his eyes a warlike instrument, ere to strike terror to the soul.

Every now and then you hear some one protesting against the pre-eminence Strauss waltz and saying, "There are others." Yes, there are other waltzes; but how many are to be ranked seriously with the best of those by Johann Strauss? There are charming waltzes by Waldteufel; there is an irresistible waltz by Bucalossi; but there is a voluptuous melancholy in the best Strauss waltzes that you do not find elsewhere.

Mr. Lawrence Reamer drew the most faithful likeness of Eduard Strauss. I called your attention to it a few weeks ago. Now that Strauss has been here, you will realize the faithfulness of the portrait. And with this let us leave Eduard to trip lightly on the stage, to mop his forehead and swab his face near his faithful drummer, to throw about his fiddle-bow as a trout-fisher casts his fly:

"He sways to and fro rhythmically with the movement of the waltz, rises on his toes, moves his baton caressingly in the piano passages, and when he plays the violin, clutches the bow after he has conducted the opening phrases with it, as if he intended to mount the instrument and fly through the air on it. He does all these interesting things with an enthusiasm, spirit and grace quite remarkable in an old gentleman of 65."

Mr. Henry T. Finck's new book, "Songs and Song Writers," is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a volume of a series entitled "The Music Lover's Library," and it is one of the most interesting, perhaps the most interesting volume of this set that has yet appeared. He treats in a few pages of folk-song and of the songs of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Marschner and Weber; then he devotes 64 pages to Schubert, and considers at lesser length Loewe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Wagner, Strauss, Liszt, Rubinstein, Chopin, and Paderewski. He speaks little about Italian and French composers of songs, but Grieg has his separate chapter. He mentions pleasantly some American song writers, and he closes with 12 pages in glowing eulogy of MacDowell.

"Were I asked to name the two greatest living song-writers I should say Edvard Grieg and Edward MacDowell"—and I hear Mr. Finck saying this even if Johannes Brahms were now alive.

To quote again from Mr. Finck: "One thing that MacDowell has in common with Grieg and Wagner is what one of his pupils has aptly called an impression of 'outdooriness' \* \* \* The sultry atmosphere of the hot-house never breathes from his music, but always the bracing air of the shady forest with its fairy life, or the sunlit field with the birds above. It is music that is full of ozone and originality. \* \* \* MacDowell is a thinker \* \* \* and with the faculty of meditation he

unites the still rarer gift of originating ideas \* \* \* If I were asked what are the three first requisites of a great composer, I should answer, 'First, ideas; secondly, ideas; thirdly, ideas.' Form and polish, to be sure, are important, too; but those can be taught to any conservatory pupil, whereas ideas come from heaven and cannot be created except by a brain horn to create them. MacDowell has such a brain, and that is why he is a genius; not a mere imitator and echo like most of his colleagues. At the same time, his music is always moulded and polished with infinite care, and he has the same horror of the commonplace that Chopin, Wagner, and Grieg have manifested." Of MacDowell's "Ménie," Mr. Finck says: "I know of nothing in the whole treasury of songs from Schubert to Grieg, more exquisitely melancholy, more ravishingly tender, than the chords which translate into music the words 'when nature all is sad like me.'"

You see Mr. Finck is not afraid to praise the living; to him "a dead ass is not greater than a living lion."

The volume is as valuable to singers, accompanists, hearers, as it is interesting to the general reader. For here are shrewd reflections, hearty appreciations, brave declarations of dislike, scorn, even hatred; and the love of a man who cannot hate is a lukewarm thing. Songs that are neglected by singers are italicized by praise; songs that have no excuse for being are mentioned as warnings. The enthusiasm of the author, his utter simplicity and his fearlessness of public opinion sometimes lead him to statements that may raise a smile; as when he speaks of Chopin's "My Delights," and adds: "It is one of my favorite songs; and I once saw a young lady faint, overcome by the intense emotion embodied in it. In all music, lyric or dramatic, the thrill of a kiss has never been expressed so ecstatically as in the 'Sors' includ-

ed in the cresc. sempre piu accel'rando."

Baudelaire once said that the ideal critic must be a partisan. In times past Mr. Finck was a raging partisan; and even today in the Evening Post he shows his pet prejudices in favor of Wagner and Seidl, oftentimes dragging these men into his notice by the hair of their heads. He is calmer in this book; he seldom screams; he is more judicious; even Brahms is not a "desperate villain," although "Brahms's songs will perish, when the finish of their dress no longer attracts attention." Alas, we all—even Mr. Krehbiel—have our prejudices. Do I say "alas"? I should say "Thank God for these same prejudices." But a man should be honest in the entertainment and expression of them; and if a prejudice begins to slip away from him, he should calmly let it go. Another will take its place. The partisanship of Mr. Finck, remember, is exercised in that which makes for musical righteousness. You never find him working

for that which is trivial, merely popular, a fad, or a mediocre thing that is cherished for selfish purposes by musicians and patronized by idle and ignorant woman of wealth and "social position."

The New York Sun says:

St. Louis has frequently refused in the past to indicate any profitable degree of interest in the visits of the musical artists who have been highly appreciated in New York, but this spirit has never before been so evident as it was during the past week, when a musical organization on a large scale suddenly collapsed there and left a number of conspicuous singers wondering what had happened. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the most disappointed of all the singers, as she had actually made her appearance, and her lamentations after it became known that she was not to be paid were so serious that five physicians had to be called in to attend her. Lillian Blauvelt, who arrived on the scene after the failure of the enterprise, was at least saved from the necessity of singing for nothing, which is such a trial to the average professional. Mme. Nordica, who sang at the first performance, insisted on receiving her salary before she appeared, as the possession of a long operative experience and the advantage of having been born in Maine enabled her to detect that something about the entertainment was not as satisfactory as it might be. So she declined to appear at the first concert and waited in her dressing room until the greater part of the sum promised to her had been raised. Most of it was in small bills just as it had been handed in at the box office, but this circumstance did not disturb the soprano so much as an entire loss of the fee would have been able to do. The opera company made little or no success in St. Louis last year and Walter Dainrosch refused to return for a second engagement with his organization four years ago, unless a certain sum was guaranteed in advance. This has been the experience of all the large musical enterprises undertaken there, and the greatest mystery about the recent festival fiasco is, that artists who were demanding such large figures as those who have recently been compelled to satisfy themselves with half their promised pay or nothing, should not have made more careful inquiry as to the responsibility of those persons behind the enterprise.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, the pianist, who will make his first appearance in Boston, Monday night, with the Kneisel Quartet, was born at St. Petersburg Jan. 26, 1878. He was the son of a lawyer, but at an early age his musical instinct was marked. He studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatory under Tostoff, won the Rubinstein prize, and then in Vienna he studied under Leschetitzki and composition under Nawratil. His virtuoso career began in 1898. His first appearance in America was at New York last Monday night.

A correspondent of the Era writes about the late Sims Reeves: "I was naturally very nervous when singing with him; but he always gave me a cheering word, and told me to try and not show my anxiety. Strange that he himself was even more so, and he would say: 'It is when you have a reputation that you have cause for nervousness.' His advice was always 'Work, work, work, and never allow yourself to think you have done enough if you have had some success.' He

constantly studied and would go quietly away to what he designated his den, and work for hours as if he were a beginner. He impressed upon your mind one thing most particularly, namely, to study your words, and understand what they meant before singing them. He was most methodical in everything, and most abstemious. Even on one of his birthdays, I remember, the late Signor Foli and Sydney Naylor having difficulty in persuading him to take a glass of champagne. I have known his voice to be quite upset through his having smoked a cigar—so sensitive was his throat; and often half I heard him say, 'If the public only knew what I have to forego for this organ of mine!' He lived for his voice, and his greatest pleasure was derived from singing. On the days he sang he kept very quiet, and only ran over a few scales so as to hoard all his strength for the performance. \* \* \* Many are under the impression he disappointed the public through not caring to sing, but few can know how it worried and annoyed him when he was unable to appear. But he would not sing unless he was

In perfect voice; he would rather lose money. He used to take up before going on the platform any sheet of music that was lying about, but scarcely ever the song he was singing."

The new volumes of "Famous Composers," now publishing by J. B. Millet Company, Boston, include special articles relating to music itself, as well as biographical essays. Thus Mr. Louis C. Elson has contributed "Musical Forms" and "The Evolution of Musical Form"; Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, "Critics and Criticism"; Mr. Rupert Hughes, "The Great Conductors"; Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, "Organ Playing in America"; and there are articles on "Orchestral Masterpieces," "Famous Operas," "Orchestral Instruments," etc. There is also a carefully prepared pronouncing dictionary of musical terms. The biographical articles treat of César Franck, d'Indy, Fauré, Charpentier, Lalo, Meyer, Chabrier, Offenbach, Augusta Holmès, Chaminade, Debussy, Chausson, Duparc, Coquard, de Bréville, Benoit, Tinel, Bloch, Gilson, Lekeu, Pierné, the ultra-modern Russian composers (and the Russian school), Smetana, etc. Mr. James Huneker has written a remarkable article on Richard Strauss, and Mr. Luigi Torchi of Bologna a striking study of the Verismo school of Italian opera. The volumes are copiously illustrated. The volume of illustrative music includes much music that is little known in this country. The first series of "Famous Composers" had a list of over 40,000 subscribers.

Can it be that Dr. Richter has been studying Browning, or that, like many foreigners, he scorns to adapt his speech to the recognized English form? Here is the reason for this query: "Let drop the chorus; let drop everybody. But let not drop the wings of your original genius—Hans Richter"; words that the great conductor wrote on the full score of Mr. Elgar's "Gerontius" at the Birmingham Festival.—London Musical Courier.

#### Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday—Kneisel Quartet, Association Hall, 8 P. M.; Quartet in C minor op. 46, by A. Duvornoy (first time in Boston); piano trio, Brahms's piano quintet in F minor. Pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitch, his first appearance in Boston.

Tuesday, 8.15 P. M.—Piano recital by Heinrich Gebhard in Steinert Hall. Pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Faure, Tschalkowsky, MacDowell, de Schlozer, Johns.

Wednesday—Carl Armbruster will lecture in Association Hall, 2.30 P. M., on songs by Rubinstein, Grieg, Jensen, Sommer, Schillings, Berlioz, Wagner. Miss Cramer will sing.

Wednesday—Recital by Miss Florence Wood, soprano, and John S. Codman, Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Songs by Brahms, Schubert, Foote, Herman, Giordani, Rosa, Vannucini, Jomez, Johns, Nevil, Hatton and Von Fieitz's cycle "Schoen Gortlein."

Thursday—Song recital by M. L. Whitney, Jr., Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Songs by Verdi, Giordani, Faure, Lefevre, Caldara, Vannucini, Jensen, Bruckler, Schumann, Brahms, M. V. White, Henry Goodrich, Moir, H. Parker.

Friday, Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 8 P. M.—Concerts by Boston Symphony Orchestra. Cowen's "Idyll" in E major No. 6 (first time here); Bizet's suite, "Jeux d'Enfants"; Brahms's symphony No. 1.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. Baermann and Kneisel will be the players Friday evening, Dec. 7, in Association Hall, at the first Music Students' Chamber Concert. The program will include pieces by Bach, Rheinberger, Mozart, Schubert-Liszt, Chopin, and Beethoven. Mr. Dehnanyi will give the second concert, Jan. 8, Mr. Heinrich's sole appearance in Boston will be made at one of these concerts.

Sombrich, with her company, will give a concert in Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, Dec. 14.

Fritz Kreisler, the young Austrian violinist who started for this country, has had to re-arrange all of his dates on account of the steamer being disabled. His recital dates were all changed, and he will give his violin recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18.

The Handel and Haydn Society has engaged Jessica De Wolf of New York to sing the soprano part of "The Messiah" Dec. 25.

The Longy Club, made up of Messrs. Longy, oboe, Maquarre, flute, Selmer, clarinet, Hackebarth, horn, Hugo Litke, bassoon, will give three concerts of chamber music in Association Hall the evenings of Dec. 18, Jan. 8, March 13. The programs will include quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, op. 16, Beethoven; divertimento for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, op. 26, Bernard; quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon, op. 65, Rubinstein; three romances for piano and oboe, Schumann; Chansons et Danses, for horn and two bassoons, op. 59, d'Indy; Concertstück for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano, op. 41, Rietz; serenade in C minor (No. 12), for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, Mozart. The sale of subscription tickets will open at Symphony Hall, Dec. 1.

The program of Mr. Schroeder's "cello concert" Nov. 25, at 8 P. M., in Association Hall will include Bach's suite No. 3 in C major, solo pieces by Romberg, Dvorak, Popper, Klengel, Servais, and two "cello quartets by Fitzenhagen and Klengel.

Mario Decca, soprano, and John C. Manning, pianist, will give three joint recitals in Steinert Hall. The first will be Tuesday afternoon at 2.30, Dec. 11.

Trío concerts by Mrs. Jessie D. Eaton, Louis Eaton and Arthur D. Hadley, assisted by Miss Ruby Cutter, Miss Laura F. Eaton and Harry Parmace, will be given in Chickering Hall the evenings of Nov. 21, Dec. 12, Dec. 19. Trios by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bazzel, Arensky and Dvorak will be played.

The Leipzig Vocal Quartet will make its first appearance in Boston at Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., when

it will be heard in a program illustrating the church songs of the German Evangelic Church during the period between the 16 and 19th centuries. The appearance in the city will be in aid of the Martin Luther Orphan's Home, at West Roxbury. The sale of seats is now progressing at Symphony Hall.

With the coming season the Cecilia Society, under Mr. B. J. Lang's continuing direction, will have rounded out a quart of a century of musical usefulness in the cause of the highest and best forms of vocal music. The committee in charge of the concert this season has made a program that should attract liberal patronage. The four concerts will be given on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, Feb. 13 and April 19. The larger works will be performed with the assistance of the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Subscriptions may be made at the box office of Symphony Hall.

Nov 19, 1900

And the ocean on its way creates somber isles where live divers men and marvelous animals. There a serpent with a golden beard governs wisely his kingdom; and women of that region have an eye at the tip of each one of their fingers; others have beaks and crests as birds; but as regards rest they are like unto our women.

#### THE FAUN.

It is all in a picture. A vine-crowned faun is reading to a little maid from a open book which he holds in his hand. There is no lettering on the cover, so have not certain knowledge of what he reads; I can only surmise. On the grass beside them lies another book, titles too, and of binding similar to that which the small Pan holds in his hand. I cannot be sure of this—but I suspect they are well into a second volume.

Overhead is the bough of a tree like unto the trees which the artist make to grow again by the river at Joyou Garde, whither Sir Launcelot brought Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the two had fled from Cornwall. Of the kind there is no one who knows for sure, save only the one who made them, and he is dead. This tree of the dead artist hangs over a lily-pond whose surface is margined with rushes and a few heart-shaped lily-pads. There are no lilies.

The little maid leans toward the faun with a show of unflinching attention, ever increasing interest.

In the quaint curves of her puffed petticoat, the demure poise of her pretty shoulder, and the butterfly boy in her hair is limned all innocence. But she listens to the vine-crowned faun reading, and I have no certain knowledge of what he reads.

ERMENGARDE.

A Worcester (England) newspaper dated Nov. 19, 1761, published this paragraph: "As His Majesty was going out for an Airing Yesterday morning, two ancient Men from Cheshire, one 82, the other 78 years of age, delivered a Petition, offering to make a full discovery of a Silver Mine, which they, after 2 Years search, have found out in Cheshire."

This looks suspiciously like a game of bunko. Which is, indeed, a venerable game, well known to the ancients. Did the elderly men—no doubt they wore trick Uncle Amos whiskers—show His Majesty a specimen brick?

We read in one newspaper that the Emperor of Germany was "very pale after the woman had thrown an ax at him. We read in another newspaper that "his countenance darkened." This shows how little dependence can be placed on human testimony. But at any rate the Emperor changed his face.

Mrs. Anna Dunnire, formerly the wife of Charles J. Guiteau, is addicted to marriage. She said to the clerk when she applied for a license in Chicago: "Oh, I have always been good to my husbands." But she did not give her definition of goodness, which is a elastic term. Take the case of Mr. Gertrude Field, who was accused of horsewhipping her husband and dragged before the Cadi. It appears that Mr. Field, clumsy in touch-and-go re-partee, called his wife a liar "and several other things," whereupon she took hold of the family horsewhip and laid it on him. "I only did what an woman would do." And yet Mrs. Field said that she had been good to her husband. "I have taken care of the man, as I would a child. I undress him from his shoes to his collar and put him in bed; he never leaves the house with dusty shoes; I always clean them. He richly deserved the thrashing he got for his ingratitude alone." The wife of Sergeant Merrewether was good to him before she became his wife. Some one relates in the London News this story as told by the Sergeant himself: "Being asked one day to stay to lunch at a house where he was calling, there happened to be cold meat. He was conversing with the hostess, when gentle voice said, 'Don't you think mamma, that Mr. Merrewether would like some pickles?' He had not noticed the young lady before, but her kind consideration touched him; he turned to see who the thoughtful being could be, and discovered that she was not only thoughtful, but charming—and wooed and won her." Then there is



Mrs. Paderewski, who is good to her husband, the eminent Polish hypnotist, she will act as her husband's secretary and business agent. According to Mr. Lawrence Reamer of the New York Sun, she is admirably qualified for her new position. "Mme. Paderewski last winter exhibited her interest by keeping a very close watch on the number of tickets which were sent out for her husband's recitals and she liked to know exactly the proportions between complimentary and other tickets that came into the halls where he played." In his last tour Mr. Paderewski lived in a private car. "Every town in which the pianist played his wife visited the markets, learning exactly the current prices of commodities sold there and helping the colored porter and cook so well informed on the subject that it is impossible for local tradesmen to overcharge them."

This reminds us that Mr. Reamer insists that the members of his band shall not "approach his august personality or fall under his mighty power" except when at rehearsals. Considering the quality of the band's playing, adds Mr. Reamer, "it is a little difficult to understand this distinction. Most persons would rather encounter the members of the band at a time than when they have their instruments in hand and are about to play."

Miss Eustacia visited sundry intelligence offices last week. She examined a certificate of a strapping, capable young girl. All the questions were answered by the late mistress greatly to the credit of the servant. And this is the answer written against the question "Why does she leave you?" because it is impossible to please her husbands."

1890  
**GABRILOWITSCH.**  
The Russian Pianist Makes His First Appearance in Boston at a Kneisel Quartet Concert—New Quartet by Alphonse Duvernoy.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given last night in Association Hall. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows:

Quartet in C minor, op. 46.....Duvernoy (First time here.)  
Quartet in D minor.....Arensky  
Quartet for piano and strings in F minor, op. 31.....Brahms  
Conductor Alphonse Duvernoy is by no means a young man, for he was born in 1842 and he won the first piano prize at the Paris Conservatory as far back as 1862. He is of a musical family. His grandfather and grand uncle were among the founders of the Paris Conservatory where he now teaches. His father was a musician, and his brother-in-law is a teacher of singing. He himself married a daughter of Pauline Viardot. He has written suites, chamber music, and piano pieces; one of his best works the prize offered by the Paris Conservatory and his opera "Helle" produced at the Paris Opera in 1896. The quartet played last night was first performed in February, 1900, at a concert in Paris. It is by no means a great work, neither is it a sentimental one; but it is well written, tuneful, with some pretty effects of sonority. In the first movement there is a fleeting suggestion in theme of the mood of the opening of the allegro "Egmont" overture, and nowhere in the work is there any expression of marked individuality; indeed, at times, you are reminded of an eminently respectable professor saying himself, "I must be harmoniously serene and real devilish." The second movement is to me the most original of the most spontaneously musical, though the following andante afforded ample opportunity to Mr. Schroeder to display of fine tone and beauty of expression. If Duvernoy is not a revolutionary, if he is not of the distasteful Neo-French school, he is at least a thorough Neo-French school, he is at least not a hide-bound academic, and he knows the value of harmonic thought. The quartet was received with marks of unmistakable approbation, which was a tribute to the worth of the performance as well as to the composition itself. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kneisel will encourage to produce other French quartets, even when they are written by such terrible fellows as Chausson, Debussy, d'Indy, Fauré et al.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who enjoys in Europe an enviable reputation, made his first appearance here modestly, not as a flamboyant virtuoso in a thunderous concerto and with a raging orchestra, but as an ensemble player; and this is a severe test for a young man of force and temperament. His trios were therefore the greater. The first by Arensky, which was written in honor of Davidoff, the 'cello player, was played here at least two or three times. I remember especially a performance in which Silloti was the first. As it was played last night, the music made a deeper impression, more favorable to the composer. The first of the trio of the scherzo is that unfortunate reminiscence,

and it is not a fleeting one, of the trio in the G minor concerto of Saint-Saëns; but let us be charitable; perhaps the tune, with the introduction by the piano, was dear to Davidoff, and so Arensky introduced it.

I do not propose to speak at length of Mr. Gabrilowitsch until I hear him play a concerto with orchestra, or in a recital. And surely this young man of indisputable talent will appear in Boston at a Symphony concert this season? He has a righteous claim to be heard in Symphony Hall. Let us hear young virtuosos while they are young, full of life and enthusiasm, not bloodied, rejoicing in their might. We should not be obliged to wait for them until they wear the smug whiskers of maturity, the whiskers in which, alas, so many of the orchestral "novelties" are encased.

But it should be said at once that even in chamber music Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed many admirable qualities and proved to us that his reputation was not merely in the mouth of the passionate press agent. This pianist is, first of all, distinctly sensitive, musical. His touch is sympathetic, he sings a melody with unexaggerated, true emotion, and when the occasion calls, neither power nor brilliance is lacking. He made immediately a most favorable impression, which was confirmed later by the merit of his performance and the modesty of his bearing. Furthermore he has without doubt the personal quality of magnetism.

And this same young man who played the scherzo of the Arensky trio with appropriate crispness, beauty of tone and infinite dash, was becomingly serious in the Brahms quintet. I speak only of the first movement. Chamber music after an hour and a half, even when the players are the Kneisels and Gabrilowitsch, cannot be heard with discriminative attention; and when at 20 minutes of 10 there are still three movements by Johannes Brahms to be heard, the prudent man leaves the hall, even though storms rage without.

The concert gave much pleasure. The next one will be on Monday evening, Dec. 3.

Philip Hale.  
**CHARLES CARVILLE'S EYES.**  
A melancholy face Charles Carville had,  
But not so melancholy as it seemed,  
When once you knew him, for his mouth redeemed  
His insufficient eyes—forever sad.  
In them there was no life-glimpse, good or bad,  
Nor joy nor passion in them ever gleamed.  
His mouth was all of him that ever beamed.  
His eyes were sorry; but his mouth was glad.

He never was a fellow that said much,  
And half of what he did say was not heard  
By many of us; we were out of touch  
With all his whims and all his theories  
Till he was dead. So those blank eyes of his  
Might speak then. Then we heard them,  
Every word.

We have received from Mr. John Farley the following parody:  
**CHARLES CARVILLE'S EYES.**  
A melancholy face Charles Carville had,  
But not so melancholy as he seemed,  
When once he grabbed you, for his mouth redeemed  
His insufficient tail—forever sad.  
In that there was no life-glimpse good or bad,  
Nor joy nor passion in it ever gleamed.  
His mouth was all of him that ever beamed.  
His tail was sorry, but his mouth was glad.

He never was a dog that whimpered much,  
But when he took a hold you felt and heard.  
You bet you did! We were quite out of touch  
With all his whims, and all his theories  
Till he took hold. Even that sad tail of his  
Seemed to speak then. We heard them every word.

\*Fyce, a dog of low degree, a cur-dog. See Eugene Field's "Bench-legged Fyce."

Mr. Depew says that he once saved his life by telling a story to an anarchist inclined toward murder. This seems highly probable. Did the anarchist finally recover?

"Wonders found in Crete." But see Titus I, 12: "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretians are always liars."

No truly experienced typewriting girl will apply for a good position when she has a cold-sore on her lip.

The London Telegraph asserts that "When an American has made a fortune he finds it almost impossible to live quietly in his own country. The chief attraction is England, where Americans can escape the newspapers." This is the reason why Americans are particular before they sail to subscribe to newspapers. What is the advantage of having money Mr. Midas if the newspapers do not keep reminding the gaping public that you are a "multi-millionaire?"

When will this slobbering gush over Mark Twain at dinners, suppers, "banquets" and receptions cease? Is it so unusual for a literary man to pay his just debts? We know that humorists, as a rule, regard a creditor as a walking joke, but Mr. Clemens is a stamped-on-the-blade, guaranteed literary man.

The Rev. Mr. Parkhurst in his hunt of the ideal newspaper snark, which

if seen is likely to prove a boojum to the hunter, comments of course on the attention paid in these evil days to realistic accounts of murders and other frightful crimes.

Sunday, as is our custom, we put aside worldly things, historical novels, and other fleshly lures and gins and pits of the Evil One that goeth up and down our streets like an automobile, and sought safety in the ponderous works of grave divines. And turning over the pages of "The Theatre of Gods Judgements" by Thos. Beard, we came upon a story appropriate to this very day:

"In the year of our Lord 1551 in a town of Hassia called Weidenhasten, the 20th day of November, a cruel mother inspired with Satan, shut up all her doores, and began to murder her four children on this manner: Shee snatched up a sharpe axe, and first set upon her eldest son, being but eight yeares old, searching him out with a candle behinde a hoghead, where hee hid himselfe, and presently (notwithstanding his pittifull prayers and complaints) clave his head in two pieces, and chopped off both his armes: Next shee killed her daughter of five yeares old, after the same manner: Another little boy of three yeares of age (seeing his mothers madnes) hid himselfe (poore infant) behind the gate, whom as soon as the Tygre espied, shee drew out by the haire of the head into the floore, and there cut off his head; the youngest lay crying in the cradle but halfe a yeare old, him shee (without all compassion) plucked out and murdered in like sort. These murders being finished the Devill incarnate (for certaine no womanly nature was left in her) to take punishment of her selfe for the same, cut her own throat; and albeit she survived nine dayes, and confessing her fault, dyed with teares and repentance, yet we see how it pleased God to arme her owne hands against her selfe, as the fittest executioners of his vengeance."

Now this is not the story of a godless reporter—published in a sensation-mongering "yellow journal." It is an account given by a celebrated clergyman, the teacher of Oliver Cromwell, a pastor who in his dedication to the Mayor, the Aldermen and Burgesses of Huptington, said: "Whom to should I rather dedicate this booke than to you the principall Members of this Corporation, wherein I have lived 30 yeares compleat, and have painefully preached the Word of God unto you, and led my life without scandall."

Mr. Stephen Hallett declares that, next to John Bull, John Chinaman is the greatest colonist on earth. "The cause of his success is also the cause of the prejudice; he is a hard worker, he is a cheap worker, and he is a sober worker." And now here are a few figures for the delight of Mr. Auger: Out of a population of 180,000 in Singapore there are 110,000 Chinese, and in and around the Straits Settlements there are a million, not including those in Borneo, the Dutch colonies, or the Philippines; 29,000 are in Malacca, 90,000 in Penang, close upon 300,000 in the Dutch East Indies, 100,000 in the Philippines, 7000 in Japan, 40,000 in Burmah, 30,000 in Australia, 7000 in Chili, 90,000 in Cuba and Puerto Rico, 22,000 in Hawaii, 37,000 in Peru, 5000 in New Zealand. There are at least 4,000,000 Chinese colonists in various corners of the globe. Sing Lee believes England to be the ideal country for emigrants. "In London if the Scotch can displace the English, and the Germans displace the Scotch, and the Jews from Russia and Poland underbid the Germans, people of our race can underbid the cheapest Russian Jews in any kind of labor. So, depend upon it, some day soon we will come to England, where they will be glad to employ a man who will do twice an ordinary man's work at half one man's pay."

1890  
**HEINRICH GEBHARD.**  
A Pleasant Piano Recital by Him in Steinert Hall—A Program Distinguished by Good Sense and Catholicity.

(By Philip Hale.)  
Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, played last night in Steinert Hall these pieces: Bach's prelude and fugue in B flat major, from Part I. of the Well-Tempered Clavichord, and prelude and fugue in A minor, from Part II. of the same work; Beethoven's variations, op. 34; Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song" and "Venetian Boat Song"; Schumann's "Fabel" and "Traumeswirren"; Chopin's scherzo in B minor; Brahms's Rhapsodie, op. 119, No. 4; Gabriel

Fauré's Improromptu in F minor; a nocturne by Tschalkowsky; a waltz by Johns; the polonaise from MacDowell's op. 46, and de Schloerzer's Etude de Concert. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience.

Mr. Gebhard's program was a delightful contrast to the rut-and-dried program presented by nine out of ten of the pianists, male and female, visiting and local, who come before a long-suffering, much-enduring public. What a pleasure it was to hear true piano pieces by Bach instead of any one of the disarrangements of organ pieces, which are supposed to give an air of dignity to a concert. And what a storehouse of beautiful musical things is this same Well-Tempered Clavichord! There are fugues therein which breathe as devotional a spirit as any chorus in the cantatas, and are more devout than many of the lumbering arias in Bach's professedly religious compositions. There are twilight preludes; there are pompous and rebellious preludes; there are fugues for all moods. Would that pianists would recognize this!

The playing of the prelude and fugue in B flat major was admirable in spirit and performance. The performance of the prelude and fugue in A minor pleased me less; the prelude demands a slower pace than that taken by the pianist, and I missed the characteristic and inherent melancholy; there was too much restlessness, too sharply defined contrasts; it is a night-piece, to be played simply; for the wailing progressions tell their own story. And the fugue that follows was too brittle; but this quality of touch is, alas, a distinguishing symptom of the Leschetitzki disease.

Beethoven's Variations were on the whole, played exceedingly well, although at times there might have been more flowing cantabile, and a more liquid touch. Mendelssohn's Hunting Song and the scherzo by Chopin were given with fiery spirit, and the pieces by Schumann showed the pianist's indisputable temperament, which, however, is still hampered in display by a certain harshness of tone in forte passages; but Mr. Gebhard has improved in this respect, as in other respects, since I last heard him.

Neither Gabriel Fauré nor Tschalkowsky shines in piano pieces. The former's exquisite talent is best seen in his songs and chamber music; the latter is pre-eminently a man of the orchestra.

As I have said, Mr. Gebhard has improved. He plays with more authority; his technique is surer and more controlled; and he has gained somewhat in beauty of tone, although this is the one thing to which he should still pay earnest attention; for the first qualification of a pianist in these modern days is beauty of tone. It is easy to amaze, to stun; but of what avail are incredible gymnastic feats or even "intellectual conceptions," if a melody is not sung so that it goes straight to the heart?

And now one word more, and I add it in kindness of spirit. They say that certain golfers, renowned for their perfect form, gained this form by assiduous practice before a looking-glass. Might it not be well for some of our younger pianists to do likewise? A player, even in the most impassioned moments, should not use his hands and head as though he were trying to pick up coppers off a red-hot stove.

My soul voyages on perfume as the souls of other men on music.

**THE PENCIL SELLER.**

All day he stands between two huge shop-windows, in the crowded thoroughfare, his back rigid against the wall. In his hand he holds a bunch of pencils, as they that see hold flowers. Seldom he sells; if one buys, she puts the money in his hand and leaves the pencil. Few desire the pencils of the blind. All day he stands, rigid, unseeing, almost unhearing; he has been blind for many years; he is fast growing deaf. And yet he lives a richly sensuous life.

All day he stands and he perceives and differentiates the passing crowd by means of his rare sense of smell—so keen, so wondrously intense. All day he stands and smells, his back rigid against the wall between the two bright windows of the shop wherein women buy the thousand female things. He knows the world only by musk, patchouli, ylang-ylang, tobacco, rum and opium; by soap, foulness, and the pitiable, awful odor of the poor; by fur, velvet, blood; by catarrh, consumption, camphor, eubebs, drugs, sickening or aromatic; by the smell of silk and wool; by leather, hair, new gloves, violets, tuberose, dyed hat flowers; by the perfume of youth and by the smell of age and teeth; by silver, bath, shoes, and by the open vest.

One day a beautiful young girl put money in his hand and took a pencil. He fell in a faint on the sidewalk.

**THE STRANGER.**

Every now and then some man or woman emerges from obscurity and prattles of personal experiences at Brook Farm, of endless discussion of isms, of soggy bread prepared by wild-eyed transcendentalists, of violent cow-milking. And these men and women are now so many that you are compelled to believe in a Brook Farm stretching to Worcester and State lines north and south. They are as the sands of the sea, as the last survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade.



in Stosch, who fiddled here in 182, and whose sumptuous feasted her amateurish person married a few years ago, Louis Howland, and was heard no in public. Within a few months, however, she has played in Paris and London, and now there is a story that she proposes henceforth to lead an extremely strenuous life. Mr. Gordon McKay gave her at the beginning of her career the use of his Stradivarius. Did she return it to him? Did the gift of the rich man have four or five strings to it?

We regret to say that we know little or nothing about Mr. Frederic L. Knowles, the author of a volume of verses "On Life's Stairway," but surely this line, "Hath moccasin-footed Twilight lost her stealth?" suggests the possibility of a boss-poet.

You remember the accounts given by Englishmen themselves of the bestial drunkenness and wanton scenes that followed in London the news of British successes in South Africa. At last the Church of England has spoken. Would you know how Archdeacon Sinclair treated the matter in a sermon at St. Paul's? "London," said the Archdeacon, "is a good-natured monster, and when it frisks and gambols its movements must necessarily be uncouth, uncomfortable and embarrassing; but they are not ill-meant." Gilbert, the satirical librettist, must envy the Archdeacon these lines.

And how hot these Englishmen grow in discussion! Here, for instance, is the Pall Mall Gazette referring editorially to Henri Rochefort as "that senile epileptic."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, however, keeps a cool head. Read his "Fabianism and the Empire," for it is full of honest scorn against shams. Mr. Shaw is a good Englishman, but he preserves his sanity. Here is an example of his horse-sense. "The Colonial Secretary has publicly threatened France with war because the tone of some of the French comic papers is disrespectful to the British Empire. This was shortly after Punch had caricatured the French nation and Major Marchand as an organ-grinder with a monkey. All this may be natural enough; but it is not Imperial statesmanship."

A great problem is solved. We now know where flies come from and go to, and every housekeeper will rejoice with us. We quote from the well-known author, Job Fincellus, who in his third Booke of Miracles, "writeth a strange storie of a godly young maide, infested long and possessed at length by the Divell, who in her acted strange things to the admiration of all men; but at length shee was freed from his malicious molestation, by the earnest prayers of godly Ministers in the Church, the Divell flying out of her in the forme of a swarme of flies out at a window."

## CARL ARMBRUSTER.

The Fourth and Last of His Lecture Recitals on "Song Writers," in Association Hall—A Miscellaneous Program With Vocal Illustrations by Miss Cramer.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Armbruster gave the last of his series of lectures on "Song Writers" yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. Miss Pauline Cramer sang. The program was as follows:

"Es war ein alter Koenig.....Rubinstein  
"Die Waldhexe".....Rubinstein  
"Liebe".....Greig  
"Margarethen Wiegenlied".....Greig  
"Murmels Luetchen".....Jensen  
"Am I'er des Manzanares".....Jensen  
"Odysseus".....Sommer  
"Fähr mich hinüber".....Sommer  
"Aus den Nibelungen".....Schillings  
"Absence".....Berlioz  
"Schmerzen".....Wagner

Mr. Armbruster discoursed at some length concerning Rubinstein. Few thoughtful judges would agree to his statement that von Bülow was the greater pianist, and fewer still to the proposition that Rubinstein would probably not have composed had he not been a pianist. Furthermore, what did the lecturer mean by saying that many of Rubinstein's songs are comparatively poor and should not have been published while the same statement is not true of Schubert? Schubert and Rubinstein alike had the fatal gift of fluency, and many of Schubert's songs are hopelessly commonplace and dull. Mr. Armbruster said that national influence and spirit distinguished the best of Rubinstein's songs, while Brahms was a cosmopolite in his music. But he must surely know that the true

Russian school, Balakireff, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui, rejected Rubinstein on the very ground that he was a cosmopolite, and his music was not allowed to be sung or played in national Russian concerts given in Paris and the Netherlands. Mr. Armbruster spoke appreciative words about Rubinstein and Grieg as song writers, but none too appreciative. Nor do I see how a man of Mr. Armbruster's liberal education and musical sensibility can put Johannes Brahms, who so often works like a mole in the ground, above Grieg or Rubinstein as a song writer. The two songs selected from the works of the latter are hardly among the best. Although Rubinstein was not Russian in the true sense of the word, he was often oriental in his musical mood and expression, and it is in songs of oriental coloring that his talent, which was akin to genius, shines with full brilliance. The lecturer spoke warmly of Grieg, and I regret only that Miss Cramer did not sing more than two songs by the Norwegian.

Jensen certainly deserved a place on the program, but why Sommer, whose true name is Zinke, and why Schillings? Why not Cornelius, Hugo Brückner, or Hugo Wolf of Vienna? And above all, why not Richard Strauss, who has written remarkable songs?

And France was represented by Hector Berlioz! This wonderful man was a giant among giants as an orchestral writer, but as a composer of songs—Go to! His "Captive," the best of the lot, is distinguished chiefly by the charming orchestral accompaniment. As a song writer, he is distinctly inferior to Gounod, Lalo, Massenet, Godard, and not to be named in the same breath with Gabriel Fauré. And then Wagner—who was anything but a song-writer.

But Mr. Armbruster is a professional Wagnerite. Hence the apparition of Wagner as a song-writer, and the many allusions to the "colossal Master," which were dragged in by the heels.

Miss Cramer sang for the most part with fine discrimination and differentiation.

We have received the following letter:

Saco, Me., Nov. 19, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:  
Dear Sir—I thought you would be pleased to know that the Drexel cult is flourishing like the bay-rum tree, even down here in Maine. This State, popularly supposed to be given over to the cultivation of statesmen and summer boarders, is in reality always among the first to recognize literature when it sees it, even though it come from Boston.

The writer is one of the many who are saturated with the Drexel solution, and he asks your unprejudiced criticism on the following poem which many of his friends say has the genuine Drexel ring.

PRO PLUS ULTRA.  
LINES ON SEEING THE WATER LILIES  
AT JAMAICA POND.

I can understand the poets who fell into rapture not into water  
About the beauty of the lilies which hold their head above water  
The water lilies (the Latin name an encyclopedia will tell)  
Ranking high for their beauty if not for their smell.  
They grow luxuriously on the borders of Jamaica Pond  
I cannot tell you how much to admire them  
I am fond,  
That at a time when other flowers season is past almost  
Up to Jamaica Pond my friends see the water lilies host.  
How in the water these flowers attain their perfection God only knows,  
That nothing is impossible to our Heavenly Father the water lily shows.

We are fond of poetry, but we have been told by men and women of indisputable authority that our taste is Corinthian, Byzantine, hopelessly wrong, vicious, if not criminal. Thus we prefer Bryant to Longfellow, Emerson to Lowell; far above them all the domestic poets of New England and other States, is Edgar Allan Poe. Again we prefer William Barnes to Browning, Swinburne of the early poems and "Atalanta" to Tennyson of the Church of England "Idylls," and Tennyson's "Marlana at the Mouted Grange" or "Rizpah" outweighs "In Memoriam." This for a starter, just to hurt some one's feelings. But since a citizen of Saco, Me., yearns for a critical opinion, we should be recreant to our sacred trust if we kept silence and did not say a word.

This poem on water lilies may be commended for sincerity and devotional spirit. We note also the happy effect of rhyme in the opening lines, "into water" and "above water"—a daring stroke, not mentioned, we believe, by George Puttenham in his "Art of English Poesie." But the poem lacks the definite touch. The lilies grow near, on, in or about Jamaica Pond. Therefore we find the key of the poem pitched too high. The tone should be distinctly unhealthy, malarial. Mr. Drexel is more careful in these matters.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins does not propose to be a New England nun.

We gave yesterday a gloomy view of English social life; let us now take a peep at merry England. The keeper

of a pub in Camberwell was sued the other day by a jobmaster—this is English, you know—for hire of two brakes which were used for a "ladies' beanfeast," with the defendant's wife, Mrs. Muddle—oh, auspicious name!—as chaperon. There was trouble before they drove off, for the ladies spent an hour refreshing themselves at the Sultan. The plaintiff's son was a driver, and they compelled him, after they had started, to pull up at Balham for whisky. There a half hour was gaily spent. The journey was thus broken several times, and at the Angel, they started dancing.

The Defendant: "Did you kiss Mrs. Muddle?"

Witness, the plaintiff's son: "Not that I am aware of. They all kissed me, and said, 'What is one among so many?' As I had the toothache I got on the box-seat, but they came after me, crying, 'Don't be cross, coachman.' They caught hold of me again, and broke my new hat. I have been driving beanfeasters for years, but never met with such a dreadful lot as those ladies were. The last public refused to serve them."

The driver of the second brake said the "ladies were dancing like cannibals."

And then the Judge said the whole

affair was a muddle—at which, of course there was sycophantic laughter, for even in Boston courts the lawyers laugh when the Judge cracks a joke, however wormeaten the jest may be—and he gave judgment for the plaintiff, £5 15s. with costs.

Now a bean-feast, young ladies and gentlemen, is an annual dinner given by the employer to his help.

You read the other day that an amateur play actress sued a dermatologist on the ground that he had not cured her creases and wrinkles, that he had not made over her face. In London a species of dermatologist is called a "face-faker." Face-fakers are of a long line; they were known to the ancients. Once machinery was used, especially for the nose, and there is a story that the recalcitrant nose of a Bourbon Princess, of the Naundorff dynasty, was trained in the way it should go by a mechanical device. In this happy country Bourbon colors the nose of the free and independent citizen without the aid of any mechanical appliance. A writer hints in the Pall Mall Gazette that young Londoners have their faces faked; that the upper shaven lip is made to curve like cupid's bow and the occasionally irregular nose is turned from error. Now "manipulation" is used instead of machinery. "Time was when for her complexion's sake, the society beauty went to bed in veal outlets."

The favorite drink of the late Sims Reeves was a mixture of claret and soda water—and egg and honey or glycerine—and there were other things in it. He thought this compound beneficial to his voice.

## MR. M. W. WHITNEY, JR.

A Song Recital With an Agreeably Varied Program Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Henry M. Goodrich was the pianist. There was a good-sized and warmly applauding audience. The program was as follows:

Aria, "Don Carlos".....Verdi  
Les Amis d'amore.....Giordigliani  
Les Berceux.....Gabriel Fauré  
Musette.....Lefèvre  
Come raggio di sole.....Caldara  
Nissun lo sa.....Vannucini  
O lass dich halten.....Jensen  
Auf dem See.....Brückner  
Dein Angesicht.....Schumann  
Todessehnen.....Brahms  
Frühlingssnacht.....Schumann  
Finland Love Song.....Maude Valerie White  
Clover Blossoms.....H. M. Goodrich  
Bonny Macree.....Moir  
Love Is a Sickness.....H. W. Parker  
The Complacent Lover.....H. W. Parker

Mr. Whitney has during the last year enjoyed popularity as a salon singer. A young singer is hardly to be blamed for accepting parlor engagements; there are many applicants for performances in oratorio and cantata; only a few recitals are possible, and they are not always attended with pecuniary success. A young man with an agreeable voice, pleasant address and social instinct is almost forced into private performances, unless he wishes to support himself patiently by the drudgery of teaching. Excellent singers have added to their income by helping hostesses in entertainment. But the hot air of the parlor often withers art. It is easy to believe all the flattering speeches of women, to find the incense grateful and then necessary. The singer becomes, before he knows it, a confirmed parlorite with his sweet romanza to the perfume-faded ladies. And unless he is unusu-

ally coolheaded, he loses sight of the vital elements of art, simplicity and sincerity.

Now I do not say that Mr. Whitney has been spoiled by his success as a singing lion. I know him to be straightforward, unaffected young man but his art has suffered. One great charm of his singing, when he last gave a recital in Steinert Hall, was his vocal honesty. His faults as well as his merits were frank, apparent to all, undisguised. Yesterday his art showed the taint of mannerisms. At times he was almost arch and coquettish. These are adjectives that should not be applied to a baritone-bass or a basso cantante. He was less frank in his expression, and in his desire to make his points he let go occasionally of fundamental principles of song, such as purlegato, the proper balancing of the phrase, the easy release of the final note of the phrase, punctuation, etc. On the other hand he often gave well grounded pleasure by the display of intelligence in comprehending the purposes of the composer. Verdi's aria might well have been omitted, for it is inherently scenic and is out of place in a concert-hall. The song by Caldara, alone as a pure gem in the ordinary setting of the first group, although the ditty of Giordigliani was pleasant to the ear. The song by Fauré is not one of his most characteristic. Would not "In the Cemetery," by the same composer, appeal to Mr. Whitney and suit his voice? The program as a whole was well varied and entertaining.

NOVEMBER.

I am the widow of the year.

The staff I lean on is a spear  
Dropped from my dead lord's loosening hand  
When winter slew him, took his land,  
And claimed his children all as slaves.  
My sons he made his kitchen-knives,  
My daughters made his dancing-girls:  
They leap and twist in mazy whirls,  
And you who see them, say, perchance,  
"How merrily the dead leaves dance!"  
I am a mourner that was queen,  
No page in cloth of gold is seen  
To bear my train or clear away  
The boughs across my path that sway.  
The North Wind blows upon his horn,  
My foeman's hunting-call; forlorn  
Of all my splendor I lie down  
Nightly upon the bracken brown.  
I have no illy and no rose  
Save that which with of sunset grows;  
My sceptre's lost, my garland's sear,  
I am the widow of the year.

We have received the following letter:

New York, Nov. 20, 1900.

Editor of the Talk of the Day:  
Where did the idea come from about the hoodooism of the yellow clarinet? And hasn't it been busted by the fact that the Strauss Orchestra, which has one, is still out of jail and making money?

A SEEKER OF KNOWLEDGE.

The yellow clarinet is a hoodoo on in the theatre. It is there an object of superstitious dread, and is classed with a costume of green silk; a peacock peacock's feathers; the names Jona and Job in a cast; whistling; an unbrella or a pair of boots on a table; rehearsal or performance; humming the dead march in "Saul"; quoting from "Macbeth"; the word "magic" in play or opera title. If a black cat attends a rehearsal of a forthcoming production and leaves the theatre before the rehearsal is over good-bye to luck the play is doomed. But why is the yellow clarinet a bodement of misfortune? We do not know. Why should not a theatre be called "The Eagle"? Why should not the "tag" be spoken at rehearsal?

It is a pleasant sight to see old gentlemen and young maidens picking mushrooms early of a morning in the Fenway. Boston is indeed a marvelous city; here we catch a glimpse of rural life while the busy hum of men is in our ears. Why does not some one of our local poets write verses in Wordsworthian mood—"The Mushroom Gatherer," "The Fenway at 7 A. M."? Wonder, too, why no local wooer of the Muse has built to his glory an "Excursion," there are so many excursion boats and trains.

Angle worms are neglected, even near the Fenway; and yet they may be cultured easily after a rain; for they seem to come through the pavement at the upper end of Boylston Street. Fools! prejudice confines their usefulness to bait; but this worm is a potent medicinal. Here is an old prescription: "Take earth worms half a pound, O of Roses, Omphacine, two pound, the best white wine two ounces, let the boy in balneo" (even the most modest flat has a bath tub, which may be used for this purpose) "till the wine be consumed. This cures the nerves relaxed, contracted, astonished, cut in sunder or cooled, it casteth almost all pain; and wasts the stone, being anointed on the loins." If your horses or oxen suffer from worms, Pelagionius advise that live angle-worms be put in their nostrils, "yet it were far better with horn to put them down their throat into their stomachs." And here is word of advice to fishermen: "Let the angle worms lie a day in wheat-meal and a little honey, and then, put upon the hooks, they relish better than Anabrosia."



Let us now praise famous men. Today is the Festival of St. Clement, the patron saint of haters, mad and sane. When the saint fled from his persecutors, his feet were soon blistered, and he put wool between his sandals and the soles of his feet. The wool, by the heat, motion and pressure, became a uniformly compact substance, which is now known as felt. When the saint died in Rome, he improved his discovery. Felt shoes are no longer worn at receptions or dinners by the upper classes. The French haters prefer for their patron St. James, whose feast day is July 25.

The New York Evening Post says in review of the life of Francis Parkman: "Living in a singularly cultivated circle, in the Augustan age of Boston, he always kept himself aloof, and never seemed less appropriately placed than when he consented to be for a time President of a semi-literary, semi-social club; not that he did not do his social duties faithfully, but that he did not that spirit of constitutional and miscellaneous fellowship which is quite essential in a club leader." But what are the duties of a club-president? Should he be constantly in the house, on tap, ready to play pool with a lonely visitor, or to ring the bell when there are symptoms of drought, to tell a story brought by a drummer, or to show a newly-elected member the cloak room and the admirable plumbing? Does the Evening Post assert that the President of a club should be a "leader," chock-full of institutional and miscellaneous fellowship?" Is not the ideal club-President a man of weight—say from 180 to 200 pounds, according to stature—and a leader—who is dignified at annual meetings and receptions and seldom discusses the informal good-fellowship of the club by his presence?

the menu for stewed cucumbers read sure—and rapture easily won. Cut the cucumbers in slices thicker than if to be a parasite of salmon was their destiny; drain and dried, flour, and fry them in butter; pour out the fat, and pour in some water; add claret and sweet spices; let them simmer; add floured butter. Toss them up, in blessed words of Mrs. Glasse; add salt if you please, a touch of mushroom; there before you are all the elements of rapture in a stewpan. And yet dense, vain men believe the age of miracles since past. Mostly fools! In sedate, sober moments, you may (but you will never not to) omit the claret and spices mushrooms, and, in their stead, introduce mustard and onions.

crssets should never be worn of any; but satin or brocade.

a leading dramatic artists at es are two dogs. One is the chief actor in "Vendetta dell'amante" the San Ferdinando Theatre, which owed nightly to see him throw self into (imaginary) water and y from the (imaginary) furious s a woman, who has been hurried a bridge by a rascally unknown. for this the dog receives \$4 each. The other dog plays in a game ot ball at the Politeama. A opera-ballet "Absalom" has been, iced in Milan, and the critics say e music is drawn in by the

Paris correspondent of the Ref-claims that the young English n who spat on the bust of ringer in the Transvaal Section, in xhibition, is no lover of Dickens. n sure that the original idea of e sculptor was to give to the world presentment of a celestial Dan totty, and that somehow the bust ed to the Transvaal, where Oom t bought it to save time and y."

shalt have one God only; who l be at the expense of two? ven images may be pipped, except the currency; ot at all; for, for thy curse enemy is none the worse: urch on Sunday to attend erve to keep the world thy friend: thy parents; that is, all whom advancement may befall: shalt not kill; but need not strive usly to keep alive; t adultery commit; tage rarely comes of it; shalt not steal; an empty feat, t's so lucrative to cheat; ot false witness; let the lie time on its own wings to fly; shalt not covet, but tradition ves all forms of competition.

is a true story of an Irish luna- believed himself to be the De- hat is known as "a woman of ling nature" visited the asylum ed him if he knew all things. vered. "Yes, madame; I know t has happened, is happening, happen." "Then tell me," said r, "shall I be saved or ?" To her the lunatic, with dignity. "Madame, I never p."

ow praise famous men—and Today is the anniversary of

the death (1802) of Mrs. Bridger, commonly known by the name of Mother Brownrigg, a chimney sweeper. Her foreman had been sent to prison for cruelty to one Peter Cavanage, a kidnapped child; this made her, as she said, low-spirited, "and at every 10 minutes she had recourse to her glass." Although she was confined almost constantly to her bed on account of ulcerated legs, she generally drank three or four glasses of liquor and a couple of pints of beer before breakfast; and she spent the rest of the day in drink and conversation. When her spirits drooped the lowest, she would have one of her apprentices brought to her bedside, stripped naked, and then she would sit up and beat him "in a most cruel and barbarous manner with a large stick;" but when she was in good humor, she would have her apprentices box before her and the victor would receive a piece of plum pudding or a half-penny. Since tomorrow is Sunday, and we therefore wish the Saturday column to be of a more edifying nature than the stunts of other days, we quote at length the account of her death at her home in Swallow Street, London, which was communicated to good Mr. Kirby by a person of unimpeachable veracity: "Two or three days previous to her death, she sent for a Divine to administer the Sacrament to her; but on his coming, finding her very much intoxicated, and instead of being penitent, railing at her neighbors, he took his leave, remarking that it was not him she wanted. About an hour before her death, she ordered the carpet to be spread, that she might look somewhat decent when dead. She then ordered the boy to bring her a pint of beer; but, he being somewhat tardy, she exclaimed, 'You \*\*\*\* dog, make haste, or I shall be in hell before you come back!' He brought the beer, which she only tasted, being rather weak, and shortly after expired."

Her body was borne to the grave by four men belonging to an undertaker, with two small sweeps following as chief mourners. Next went an old woman from the workhouse who had attended her. And then a mob followed "loudly vociferating very hideous mock lamentations, with ragged sheets of paper in their hands as substitutes for weeping handkerchiefs."

This remarkable woman, whose life and death should be pondered as an awful warning by our young readers, must not be confounded with Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, who was execut-

ed at Tyburn, Sept. 14, 1767, for murdering one of her apprentices, Mary Clifford. (See the burlesque poem by Canning and Frere in the Anti-Jacobin. This Mrs. Brownrigg, by the way, was also addicted to gin; for the poets say:

Often have these cells Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice She screamed for fresh Geneva.

The Arnold that died lately at Dublin, was the last surviving son of Dr. Arnold and the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward whose art is so long. We learn from an obituary notice that he was "a cultivated scholar and man of letters, who indulged his own tastes, and did not much care for getting on in the world." Such men are charming companions for students of sociology but they are trying to the other members of the family at home.

Mr. Steve Brodie, who is now a rising young cattle king, announced in St. Louis, where he was buying supplies, that he had "cut the stage, saloon business, squared circle, bridge-hopping, and the whole calendar of sports." The old life promised him a bad finish, and as this true philosopher puts it, "Steve Brodie is looking for the best end of the business in his last days." But he is not sentimental about self-reformation. "I ain't regretting anything, and if Steve Brodie had to do the whole thing over again he wouldn't change it one bit." Thus does he show himself a believer in the theory that repentance or remorse is futile, merely a waste of brain tissue which does not undo a naughty deed, and lessens the capability of the repentant one for future righteousness.

We do not understand this item in the catalogue of a scientific exhibition: "No. 47. Exhibited by Prof. G. von Sniggersdorf. The Polyphloisballsanskittograph. For tracing and analyzing hypermetropic or isoprimetrical vibrations of more than one phase. By adjusting the disintegrator in harmonic relation to the vascular function of the sperulite index a vector equation is obtained which gives the tonsonal flux in terms of the differential logarithm."

Nothing is more lovely for corsets than shot brocades of tenderest green and pink, with a design of pink rosebuds in Watteau baskets, of pale blue and white covered with lines like fish scales in silver, of brilliant orchid-color overlaid with sprigs of heather. When thus corseted a woman feels a moral serenity that enables her to face the world unruffled, and strong in the supporting embrace of her best friend.

Mr. J. 1900.  
**A NEW SYMPHONY.**  
Cowen's "Idyllic" Symphony Produced at the Fifth Concert for the First Time in Boston—A Charming Little Suite by Bizet.

(By Philip Hale.)  
The program of the fifth Symphony concert given last night at Symphony Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 6 in E major, "Idyllic" Cowen Suite, "Jeux d'enfants".....Bizet Symphony No. 1.....Brahms

Two symphonies by Cowen had already been played at these concerts: the "Scandinavian" (No. 3), in 1883 and 1890, and the "Welsh" (No. 4), in 1887. The "Idyllic" (No. 6), which was played last night for the first time in Boston, was produced at a Richter concert in London, May 21, 1897. The writer of the analytical program-book for this Richter concert affirmed that the work suggests in its four movements: (1) The pleasurable sensation of awaking in the country on a breezy, sunny summer's morning. (2) A walk in the fields which are resonantly bright with the sound of a shepherd's pastoral pipe. (3) The peace and meditative stillness of a hot Sunday afternoon. (4) Evening outdoor festivities. At this same concert Mr. Gabriilowitsch made his first appearance in London and played Tschai-kowsky's concerto in B flat minor for the piano.

The score of the symphony gives no clue by titles or preface to any deliberate plan of the composer. He probably talked with the London analyst, and preferred that manner of telling his purpose to the musical world. Or, perhaps, he was uneasy when he sought the publisher and feared the jibes of the unappreciative and the believers in absolute music.

Cowen was born in Jamaica—where the rum comes from. He left that happy island when he was four years old, too young to appreciate the great gift of Nature. If he had stayed there longer and absorbed the staple product in judicious quantities he might have written better music.

For what can be said honestly in praise of this symphony? Even the mild critic of the Musical Times (London) was obliged to frame a platitude and find on every page, "the loving care of a thoughtful musician whose utterances command respect if they do not cause general admiration." The symphony might be dismissed as "amiable music."

But it is without ideas of any force, beauty or value; and if a composer has no ideas why should he make music or be encouraged to go on making music. Mr. Cowen could not say that he was obliged to write a symphony, to show what he could or could not do. He had already written five. In 1874 he wrote an operetta "One Too Many." He might have chosen this title for his sixth symphony.

There is not one commanding idea in the work; and if we take the analyst's titles as authorized by the composer, only once is there a comparatively successful attempt at the establishment of a mood: that is the musical portrayal of a Sunday afternoon in England—which is marked appropriately "adagio molto tranquillo." But no music—not even Mr. Cowen's—can portray adequately the dismal London Sunday.

Nor is the want of ideas atoned for by any originality in rhythmic or harmonic or instrumental treatment. Commonplace follows commonplace. The movements are merely enlarged and swollen drawing-room piano-pieces and songs, which after a digestion-defying dinner might fill the bulbous British matron.

Bizet's charming little suite was first produced here by Mr. Paur four years ago next month. When Colonne started the concerts that are now given at the Châtelet he asked Bizet for an unpublished work to play at the first concert, which took place at the Odéon, March 2, 1873. Bizet had just published twelve pieces for the piano, four hands—"Jeux d'Enfants." He orchestrated Nos. 2, 3, 6, 11, 12. They are dainty trifles, light as air, but they show the born musician as well as the composer of infinite taste and skill. How artistic is the very simplicity, with here and there a refined and saving touch when there is an approach to that which might be common! The master is known in works of slight dimensions as well as in works of long breath and serious face.

Then came Brahms's symphony in C minor. Professor Schweizerhofsteinlein, the celebrated Wagnerite, once said: "To me, however many movements in an orchestral work of Johannes Brahms there are, to me—hear me once—there are only two: He makes the first and I make the second." But the eminent professor was no doubt unjust toward Brahms, in his clumsy, ponderous way.

THE programs arranged by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, are exciting criticism that is for the most part unfavorable. This criticism does not come solely from the unfortunate beings known as professional critics, who are popularly supposed to sit in the seats of the scornful; it comes from musicians, both in and out of the or-

chestra, and from holders of subscription tickets. Even some of those who hold Mr. Gericke to be an ideal conductor shake their heads if you turn their attention to the character of his programs.

The objectors say: "For Mr. Gericke the man, we have a high regard; we respect Mr. Gericke as a most competent drill of men and admit that in certain works which appeal to him he gains almost perfect results, but we do not find him in sympathy with the ultra-modern school of composers, and we miss in his interpretations the warm and sustaining breath of imagination. Here is an orchestra that is one of the best in the world, if not the very best. It is supported generously both by Mr. Higginson, who called it into being, and the public at large. Has not the public a right to hear modern works that excite attention not only in European cities, but in New

York, Chicago, and Cincinnati? Why should the public be compelled to hear either familiar compositions over and over again or novelties that are in reality several years old and of slight interest? These concerts are not educational concerts in a conservatory. And if you insist on the word 'educational,' is it the part of an educator to ignore so many works of contemporary composers?"

Now, I do not propose to discuss at present Mr. Gericke as man or as conductor. The man is universally respected as high-minded and honorable. The conductor has both merits and faults; for, after all, he is human; and do you know anywhere of an ideal conductor, one that suits all hearers of various degrees of musical intelligence and temperament? But in order to understand the tastes of Mr. Gericke as shown in his programs, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the milieu and the early experiences that influenced him.

Mr. Gericke is now 55 years old. He was the pupil of Dessoff, a conservative, who was in turn a pupil of the conservative Moscheles, Hauptmann and Rietz. Mr. Gericke was one of the conductors at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, from May 1, 1874, till April 30, 1884. He also conducted "Gesellschafts Konzerte" in Vienna.

He won an honorable reputation in these offices. He was not known distinctively as a conductor of symphony concerts.

He succeeded Mr. Henschel as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1884, and he held this position until the spring of 1893. He then returned to Vienna and again conducted the "Gesellschafts Konzerte." In 1895 he retired and was not actively employed until the fall of 1898, when he returned to Boston.

Mr. Gericke was undoubtedly the very man for the place when he succeeded Mr. Henschel in this city. However good and versatile musician Mr. Henschel may be, he is not a first-class conductor even after the years of his experience in London; and when he was put at the head of the Boston orchestra he was utterly without orchestral training or experience. Mr. Gericke had one supreme task, to raise the technical standard of the orchestra to the highest possible notch. He accomplished this task in the face of many obstacles. For this alone he deserves the highest praise, and for this work, which was largely drudgery, his name must be remembered gratefully with that of Mr. Higginson, who made Mr. Gericke's success possible by his own generosity, faithful adherence to the conductor, and indomitable perseverance in the carrying out of his own cherished plan.

After Mr. Gericke resigned on account of his health, Mr. Nikisch came. He was a conductor of romantic spirit, flaming enthusiasm, a musician in fullest sympathy with the modern movement in music. He had his failings, and these were grievously apparent in his interpretation of the classics; but his best qualities were of an intensely poetic nature, and his fame was founded on the performance of distinctively modern works.

After him came Mr. Paur, another romanticist of fiery imagination, to whom Richard Strauss, Tschai-kowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff were something more than names in a music lexicon. Their works aroused his soul, and the performances of the Pathetic Symphony, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and "Scheherazade," were among, nay, were the most splendid achievements of the superb orchestra.

For nine musical years Boston was under the spell of romantic conductors. Then Mr. Gericke returned. What had happened during his absence? What works of modern tendencies had appeared? The taste of Boston had been modified, broadened. The horizon was larger. It is true that there are still here estimable and elderly men and women who think that music did



with Schumann. If it did not give up the ghost with Mendelssohn, and prefer a dead symphony by Haydn or the Euryanthe's overture to any of the works of Tchaikowsky, Richard Strauss or d'Indy, strange composers who perplex and disconcert them. There is today another generation in Symphony Hall, a younger generation of musicians and lovers of music who know that music is not confined within the boundary lines of Germany or Austria, and that Berlioz and Saint-Saëns are not the only French composers.

Now Mr. Gerike is thoroughly Viennese in his musical tastes and beliefs. Look over the records of concerts in Vienna for the last 20 years, read the collected criticisms of Hanslick, from 1880 to 1899, and you will see at once what I mean. The programs of these concerts are incredibly conservative, novelties, unless they were written by Viennese citizens, were introduced timidly, almost apologetically. And the criticisms of Hanslick, illuminating as they often are, show, nevertheless, a narrow horizon and a shrinking from the approach of Russian, French, Italian, Scandinavian, Belgian composers, or Germans who have tasted of the sinful fruit of modernity. Rosenthal once told me that Hanslick wrote like an "educated washerwoman." The taunt was a bitter one, not wholly true, and we must remember that Hanslick had pooh-poohed Rosenthal's piano playing; yet the pianist pierced Hanslick through the weak joint of his harshness; for Hanslick is not a man of catholic taste, and he is essentially a bourgeois. His memoirs "Aus meinem Leben" reveal this characteristic as well as his colossal egotism.

I can understand readily how Mr. Gerike, brought up in this Viennese atmosphere, in close association with musicians and critics who added to the list of classic names only such names as Brahms, Fuchs, Dvorák and a few others of more strictly parochial reputation, cannot see why anybody in Boston should really wish to hear works by the "mad" Russians, the "decadent" Frenchmen and Belgians, or the "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben" of Richard Strauss. Johann Strauss, yes; he was a genius in his way; but why the latest works of Richard?

During the last 10 years there has been a mighty change in the musical thought and expression of the world, and even Boston has been affected. I do not say whether this change is for the better or the worse. But I do say that inasmuch as we are living in these times of development or retrogression—whichever you please to call it—we should hear the works of gifted and sincere composers who put into music that which is within them. A bawling and dull violin concerto by Dvorák, a Ballad by Roentgen—these may be given once to serve as awful warnings; but why should we not hear really new pieces that are individual and interesting?

Chicago has heard Strauss's "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben"; Balakireff's "Thamar"; Chabrier's Pastoral Suite; music from Benoit's "Charlotte Corday"; Berlioz's "Rob Roy" overture; Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie"; Chausson's "Viviane"; Dukas's "L'apprenti Sorcier"; Duvivier's "Dramatic" Symphony; Glazunoff's two concert waltzes, Cortège solennel, Oriental Rhapsody, Fantasia, "Le Printemps," pieces by Guiraud and Halvorsen, d'Indy's "Wallenstein's Camp," the prelude to Lazzari's "Armor," Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite "Mlada," Sinding's "Episodes chevaleresques" and "Rondo infinito," Tinel's "Fête dans le Temple de Jupiter," many pieces by Tchaikowsky unknown to us here, Wein-gartner's "King Lear," etc.

Even in the Western town of Cincinnati Mr. Van der Stucken has in rehearsal such a brand-new novelty as Henri Rabaud's "La Procession nocturne."

I do not say whether these pieces are good or bad; whether they would be liked or disliked; I ask only this—why should we not have an opportunity of hearing new works while discussion is hot about them?

And instead of constant repetitions of familiar works by Brahms, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Weber and such men, might it not be well to repeat at comparatively short intervals new works that a more definite impression may be made a sounder opinion formed? We hear a work by, say, Borodin, Chadwick, Glazunoff, d'Indy; it is played to the first time; then it is put upon the shelf. Would it not be fair to composer and audience to give a second performance within a year, especially as there are 24 concerts each season?

Certainly there has been just cause for condemnation of the programs during the last year. But there are signs. Mr. Gerike is beginning to real-

ize the importance of yielding gracefully to the wishes of the majority of the hearers who are still on the sunny side of 50. Thus we see that an overture by Tanieff is announced for the next concert.

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The death of Sir Arthur Sullivan is not as great a loss to the musical world as though it had occurred shortly after the production of "H. M. S. Pinafore"; for his best music is dated from 1875 ("Trial by Jury") till 1885 ("The Mikado"). There are pretty things in "Ruddigore," "The Gondoliers," in the revision of "Contrafandista," and even in "Utopia," but "The Mikado" was his last great little operetta.

He was great in a little field—the field of operetta. Gilbert was to him as Meilhac and Halévy were to Offenbach, and seldom has any musician—I know of none but Offenbach—worked so unitedly with a librettist as did Sullivan with the man that turned the world and humanity topsy-turvy and argued with irresistible logic from satirical premises.

Rossini described Offenbach as the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées. Sullivan was the Mozart of the Savoy.

For Sullivan had infinite gift of melody—although he was not always scrupulous about helping himself to tunes by others—rare skill in leading voices in ensemble, unerring sense of discreet and telling instrumentation, and an instinct for stage effect that was remarkable.

This, however, does not hold true of his larger and serious works. Whether these works be sacred or profane they are at the best only mediocre. He will be known to future generations not as the composer of "Ivanhoe," or any orchestral work, or any oratorio; but as the admirable musician of "Trial by Jury," "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience" and "The Mikado."

Will these operettas live? They said a few years ago that Offenbach's gay works were dead, but even this season there are successful revivals of some of them in European cities. The life of operetta is short; the libretto is often of merely passing interest, and unless the libretto be witty or founded on an eternal verity the music must go under. You would have said that the theme of "Patience" was buried long ago. And yet that operetta was revived at the Savoy the 7th of this month with genuine success, and I can do no better than to quote from Mr. Blackburn's review, for he discloses the secret of Sullivan's talent:

"Meanwhile, apart from Mr. Gilbert's exquisite satire, there is Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to reckon with. It is music indeed to reckon with; for never was his inspiration so fresh, so inspired, so engrossing as it appeared in this setting. From beginning to end the score is a marvel of high spirits, and a wonder of gaiety—but gaiety, let it be known, combined with a very serious musical intention. Take, for example, the sestet of the first act; the thing is a most admirable piece of sentimentality and sentimentalism combined. You look in vain for the humor when you feel the sentiment; you look in vain for the sentiment when you understand the humor. Once more, take such a melody as Patience's 'Love is a Plaintive Song.' Here the former feeling of humor seems to overbear the pathos of the situation, and yet the situation remains pathetic. It is one of the big triumphs of this wonderful combination that humor and pathos run hand in hand. In 'Patience,' perhaps, that achievement reached its highest level.

"It will be asked on every side whether 'Patience' has any life for the frolicking young man of the street. To that we naturally can give no definite reply; the young men of today have forgotten Offenbach; it may be hoped that the young man of today will easily ignore Sullivan; but the combination which goes to the building up of this work is so extraordinary that we doubt if 'Patience' can be overlooked, in spite of the modernity of more modern works."

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, People's Temple, 8 P. M.—The second of Mr. H. G. Tucker's concerts. Orchestral concert, Mr. Emil Paur, conductor. Orchestral pieces by Tchaikowsky and Wagner.

Monday, Association Hall, 8 P. M.—Mr. Alvin Schroeder's cello recital. Fantasia, pianist, and "The Cello," Adamowski and Barth, cellists. Bach's suite No. 3 in C major, first movement from Romberg's concerto in B minor; pieces for four cellos—Berceuse, Flötenhagen, variations; J. Klengel's Dvorák's "Waldesruhe," Popper's "Vito," Klengel's Capriccio, and Servais's fantasia on "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Tuesday, Steiner Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Mr. Dohnányi's first piano recital: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven; variations and fugue on a theme by E. G. Dohnányi; grand caprice F minor, Haydn; Soirée de Vienne No. 4 D flat Schubert-Liszt; Rakoczy March, Liszt.

Tuesday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., the Leipzig Vocal Quartet (first appearance in Boston)—Mrs. Clara Roethlis, Miss Hedwig Risch, Bruno Roethlis, Eugene Tannwitz. Church songs by Beccati, Praetorius, Isaac, Schutz, Hassler, J. A. Hiller, Koenig, Hauptmann, Schurig, Albert Becker,

Reichardt, Wallace Goodrich, organist, will play a chaconne by Ruxthude, a prelude and fugue in C major by Bach, and the finale of Rheinberger's pastoral sonata.

Friday, Symphony Hall, at 3.30 P. M., and

Saturday at 8—Boston Symphony Orchestra: Overture, "Le Oreste," Tanieff op. 6 (first time here); Brahms's concerto for piano No. 1 in D minor (first time at these concerts and first appearance in America of Mr. Harold Bauer); symphonic poem, "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows," Smetana; Beethoven's Symphony No. 1.

Saturday, Steiner Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Mr. Dohnányi's second piano recital: Sonata in E sharp minor, Schumann; Intermezzo, E flat minor, op. 118 No. 6, and Rhapsodie in B minor, op. 79 No. 2, Brahms; Impromptu in F sharp minor, and Variations in B flat, op. 12, Chopin; "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," Valse impromptu, and Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 13, Liszt.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet Concert in Association Hall, Dec. 3, will include d'Indy's quartet in E major, op. 45; one movement of Schubert's quartet in C minor; Verhey's quintet for piano and wind instruments in E major, op. 20. Messrs. Perabo, Longy, Selmer, Little and Hackebarth will assist.

Mrs. Margaret Murkland will give a long recital in Steiner Hall, Dec. 4, at 8 P. M. She will be assisted by Mr. Gebhard, pianist, and Dr. Kelterborn, accompanist.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give a piano recital in Steiner Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8. The violin recital of Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated Austrian violinist, in Steiner Hall, will be Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. The steamer in which he set sail broke down and was obliged to return; hence the postponement of the date.

A piano concerto in D major (M. S.) by Helen Hopkirk will be produced for the first time by Mr. Gerike at the Symphony concert in Cambridge, Dec. 27. Mme. Hopkirk will be the pianist.

A new cantata, "John the Baptist," composed by Edwin L. Gurney of Cambridge, will be given at the Harvard Street M. E. Church of that city Monday evening. The Amphion Male Quartet and a large chorus will assist the quartet choir. Mr. Gurney will conduct.

The first of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts will be given in Association Hall, Dec. 7, at 8 o'clock, by Messrs. Kneisel and Baermann. The remaining concerts will be given on Tuesday evenings, as follows: Jan. 8, Dohnányi, the pianist; Jan. 22, Mrs. Caroline Gardner Clarke, assisted by Mr. Proctor; Feb. 12, Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Heinrich (their only Boston appearance); Feb. 26, Mme. Szumowska; March 12, Mrs. Adele Taylor's Baldwin contralto; March 26, probably Mr. Breitner; April 2, Kneisel Quartet. Tickets will be placed on sale at the hall.

To stop speculation in the 25 cent tickets to the second balcony only for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, it has been found necessary to adopt a new plan. Beginning next week, for the public rehearsals on Friday afternoon no tickets will be sold. On Fridays, at noon, the Huntington Avenue entrance only will be opened. Precisely five hundred and five (505) persons will be admitted, giving each person a seat. Four lines in single file will be formed along the side corridors, beginning at the foot of each staircase. At half past one, on the payment of a quarter of a dollar, admission will be given to the second balcony, where the seats will be as heretofore. "First come, first served." No changing of places in the line will be allowed, and anyone leaving his place will forfeit it. No money will be changed at the door, and a quarter of a dollar will be the only coin accepted.

The program of the Cecilia Concert, Dec. 5, in Symphony Hall, will include: Chorale, "Departure of Hiawatha," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," and the Hallelujah Chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." Mr. Chadwick will conduct his cantata; Mr. Lang, the other works. Miss Shannah Cummings, soprano; Mr. Herbert Johnson, tenor, and Mr. Stephen R. Townsend, baritone, will assist. Tickets will be on sale at the box office tomorrow.

Sembrich, assisted by Ludwig Breitner, pianist, will give a song recital in Symphony Hall, Friday, Dec. 4, at 2.30. She will sing songs by Lotti, Paradies, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Godard, Massenet, Tchaikowsky, Glinka, Zeltzki, Franz, Bohm, von Flöelitz and two old English ditties. The sale of seats will open Monday night, Dec. 3, at 7.30.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung at People's Temple this evening at 7.15 under the direction of Mr. Warren Wesley Adams. The soloists will be Mrs. H. E. H. Wright, Miss Edmonds, J. C. Bartlett, Frederick Martin.

A recital will be given in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, by the pupils of Mr. de

And on the evening of Thanksgiving Day a special musical service will be given at the Church of the Messiah by the choir of the church, augmented by the choir of St. John's Church, Roxbury. Evening prayer will be sung at 8 o'clock, with a short address by the rector, after which an organ recital will be given by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, organist of the parish.

#### THE HEART OF ACME.

Acme died while I was still pressing her hand to my lips and the weeping mourners were around us. The cold stole up from her feet, and her feet and legs became icy pale. Then it mounted even to her heart, which stopped fluttering, like unto a bleeding bird found stretched out with claws drawn close to its belly on a frosty mountain. And then the cold reached her mouth, which was as sombre purple.

And the mourners rubbed her body with Syrian balm, and arranged her feet and hands to put her on the pyre. And the red flame leaped toward her as a terrible lover of summer nights to eat her with blackening kisses.

And gloomy men, who ply this trade, brought to my house two vases of silver, which held the ashes of Acme.

Adonis died three times, and three times did the women bewail him on the housetops. And this third year, in a ceremonial night I had a dream.

Methought my dear Acme stood by the head of my bed, and she clutched

her breast with her left hand. She had left the realm of shadows; for her body was strangely transparent, except near her heart, where her hand was pressing.

Then grief awoke me, and I mourned as the women who wept over Adonis.

And bitter, popped sleep again lulled me. And again, methought my dear Acme, near my bed, pressed her hand on her heart. Then I broke out afresh in lamentation and I prayed the cruel keeper of dreams to hold her fast.

But she came the third time and made a sign with her head.

I do not know by what dark road she led me to the field of the dead, which is encompassed by the liquid girdle of the Styx, where black frogs croak. There sat she down on a little hill and took her left hand from her breast.

Now the shade of Acme was as transparent as the beryl, but I saw within her breast a red spot in the shape of a heart.

And she begged me, but not in speech, to take her bleeding heart, that she might wander without sorrow over the fields of poppies which wave in the Lower Regions, as wave the wheatfields on Sicilian plains.

Then I put my arms about her, but I felt only thin air. And it seemed to me that blood flowed toward my heart and the shade of Acme, all transparent, faded away.

Now I have written these words because my heart is swollen with the heart of Acme.

M. SCHWOB.

We are never weary of publishing sound admonitions for the benefit of the young. "On the six and twentieth of November, 1621, one Richard Borne, servant to Jasper Burch, gardiner of Ely, accustomed to travell upon the Lord's day, and made no reckoning of the Sabbath, seldome or never coming to Church on that day, but went onwards to Saint Ives Market, and so spent the day; and being drunke was at length overtaken by the just judgement of God; and going up the streame in his boate which hee had loaden with marketable wares, hee fell into the river and was so drowned."

But this tragedy might have been avoided if Mr. Borne or his friends had been acquainted with the wisdom of the ancients. Suppose he had been drinking heavily for some days before the sad event; there was a simple cure: "Give for three daies together to great drunkards the eggs of an owle continually in their wine, they will take a loathing thereto forbear drinking." So, too, the fish known as the Sea-grape putrified in wine will inette disliking. And even if Mr. Borne had insisted on crushing cups and tossing

pots, if he had eaten the roasted lights of mutton before he sat down to drinking, he would not have been overtaken or drunken, how freely soever he had poured down the wine. The diocese, a precious stone, black with certain red spots, stamped in wine is a safeguard against undue vinous excitement, but a far less costly preventative is the following: "The ashes of swallows bills incorporated with myrrhe, will secure any man from drunkenness, and cause him to beare his drinke well, in case the wine that he drinketh be spiced therewith; and Horus, King of the Assyrians, devised first this receipt against drunkenness."

Remember this name, dear children; Horus, King of the Assyrians; he was a bigger man than the late Dr. Keceley.

They do not realize that compulsory teetotalism is as fantastically outside practical politics as compulsory vegetarianism or compulsory church-going, both of which practices are very earnestly believed in by many earnest and worthy people.

A traveling photographer who had lost his farm and held Mr. Shelby Taylor of Hartford, Ky., responsible for the loss, put a revolver to Mr. Taylor's head, made him doff all his clothes, and then took three negatives of him. Thus was he revenged. Of course in order to judge authoritatively concerning the full measure of this revenge, it would be necessary to see the negative or good developments of them. Schopenhauer claims in a famous essay that man is much handsomer than woman, and many deep-thinkers agree to this proposition; but perhaps Mr. Taylor's architecture is queer, or perhaps he has attained the apathy of middle age. Mr. Taylor might, therefore, have preferred death—with at least his boots on.

The Duke of Manchester as he boarded the American line train for Southampton at the Waterloo station said in a fine burst, "I sever myself from the past without regret." And as he said this, he thought of his creditors, and smiled toward the west where the sun goes down, and whither he was going.

A woman in her corset and petticoat is a



fect for a poet, as de Musset knew well. he immortalized "La Marchese négligé." But much depends on the cor- . . . The chief matter is to see that lines are kept as long as possible. The ets that spread out suddenly above and w the waist convert a woman into some- g resembling a pilgrim's gourd, and are the kind which have given rise to the some tales of livers being cut in two by t lacing. With the long lines opening out lually as the shape expands, the pressure qually distributed, and everything kept in proper and natural place, while the figure erves that swaying, flower-like suppleness which is by far its greatest beauty and m.

Nov 27, 1900

EMIL PAUR.

ductor of a Symphony Concert  
the Second of Mr. H.G. Tucker's  
eries at People's Temple—Mr.  
chroeder's 25th Anniversary  
concert.

Emil Paur of New York conduct-  
ist night an orchestral concert at  
le's Temple. The concert was the  
nd of Mr. Tucker's series. The  
ram was as follows:

ure "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven  
hony No. 6, "Fathétique".....  
Tchaikowsky  
de to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner  
des to Acts I. and III., "Lohen-  
grin".....Wagner  
ure, "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner  
orchestra was made up of about  
n from New York and others from  
m. These "others" were not mem-  
of the Boston Symphony Orchestra,  
thereby hangs a tale. Let me tell  
Mr. Tucker told it to me last

en Mr. Tucker organized this se-  
of concerts he obtained, as he  
ght, with the consent of the man-  
ent of the Boston Symphony Or-  
ra, players of that organization  
e proposed orchestral concert. He  
ed some of these players as long  
s the week of the Worcester Fes-  
The days went by; nothing was  
o him in opposition to his plan,  
id agreed not to use the name  
Symphony Orchestra, not to call  
al attention to the fact that these  
ers were engaged. Only last Tues-  
r Wednesday did he learn from  
ayers that permission had been  
awn and that they had been told  
ould not take part. He at once  
to New York, engaged as many  
s as he could. Mr. Tucker did  
oppose that the public should be  
ointed, even though he should  
reby the loser.  
consideration of these circum-  
s, it would not be just to speak  
ute detail of the technical char-  
of the performance. They that  
so disposed could have counted  
onal sins in intonation and en-  
s, as well as rough moments, and  
have desired a more refined  
at the expense of undeniably  
g qualities.

as a large and most enthus-  
audience, and when Mr. Paur  
ed there was spontaneous, hearty  
ng-continued applause. The wel-  
was one that might well have  
d his soul.  
e and impressive performance  
hoven's overture was followed  
ngularly impassioned reading of  
owsky's great symphony. Mr.  
interpretation was authoritative,  
le, exciting. The orchestra  
e the spirit of the leader, and  
as I have already hinted, there  
asionally a lack of finesse—  
was surely pardonable on this  
n—the awful grandeur, the  
reaking melancholy at the  
t of past joys, the emptiness of  
fame, and the inexorable ap-  
end of every man's desire—  
ere brought out in strong re-  
that the hearer was face to  
the tragedy of life. Espece-  
ssive was the contrast be-  
the final dirge and the march  
is still a stumbling block to  
ho cannot or will not see the de-  
irony of thus italicizing the  
ut "the paths of glory lead but to  
ve." As read by Mr. Paur, this  
ny of Tchaikowsky is intense-  
ing; it is not more program-  
who hears it, hears the spirit of  
of a genius that had lived, suf-  
nd, mastered by the last of  
saw nothing beyond the grave,  
it to his end in heroic despera-  
without cowardly whine or  
regret.  
elude to the third act of  
grin" was applauded so stormily  
Paur was obliged to repeat  
after the performance of the

mauer" overture there was a  
of tumultuous enthusiasm.  
all, there is something more in  
than the display of faultless  
Music is emotional and this  
uotic age that courts appeals  
on. Tchaikowsky, Wagner and  
Strauss are the great repre-  
ves of the modern feeling in  
and for the full interpretation  
works a conductor of flaming  
ment is needed. When Mr.  
was here as conductor of the  
Symphony Orchestra he showed  
ere could be such a thing as  
plus emotion. I do not say that  
his readings reached the high  
d of those of the Pathetic  
ny, Strauss, "Thus Spake Zar-  
ny, and Rimsky-Korsakoff."  
These are 21 concert

in a year, and even a conductor of  
flesh and blood has his half-hours of  
common-place thought and weariness  
of spirit. The concert last night showed  
the strength and the imagination of  
Mr. Paur; the music stirred the heart  
and fired the blood.

Philip Hale.

MR. SCHROEDER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the first 'cello  
of the Symphony Orchestra, gave a  
concert last night in Association Hall  
to mark the 25th anniversary of his first  
public appearance. He was assisted by  
Mr. Gericke, pianist, and Messrs. J.  
Keller, J. Adamowski and Carl Barth  
'cellists.

Mr. Schroeder's career has, indeed,  
been one of interest and honor. He  
was born of a musical family at Neu-  
hausleben, June 15, 1855. He at first  
studied the piano with his father Karl  
(1825-1889), a conductor and composer of  
operas, and with his brother Hermann;  
afterward he took lessons from J. B.  
André. Then he turned his attention  
to the violin, which he studied under  
do Anna at Berlin, where he took les-  
sons in theory of Tapert. In 1871-72  
he played viola in the Schroeder Quar-  
tet—his three brothers were the  
other members. And then he made up  
his mind to devote himself to the 'cello,  
which he studied by himself with such  
results that in 1875 he entered Liebig's  
Orchestra as first 'cello. He was a  
member, in the same capacity, of  
Fliege's Orchestra, then of Laube's in  
Hamburg, and in 1880 he joined the  
Gewandhaus Orchestra, Leipzig, as the  
successor of his brother Karl, who went  
to Sonderhausen as chief conductor. He  
also taught the 'cello in the Leipzig  
Conservatory.

Mr. Schroeder came to Boston as  
solo 'cello of the Symphony Orchestra  
in 1891, and he made his first appear-  
ance as a soloist at these concerts  
Oct. 24 of that year, when he played  
Volkmann's concerto in A minor. His  
other solo appearances here at these  
concerts are as follows: Nov. 26, 1892,  
Davidoff's concerto No. 3, one move-  
ment (first time here); Oct. 28, 1893,  
solo part in Volkmann's serenade in  
D minor; Nov. 18, 1893, concerto for  
violin and 'cello, Brahms; Feb. 3, 1894,  
Loeffler's Fantastic concerto (first  
time); March 2, 1895, Dvorák's "Waldes-  
ruhe" and J. Klengel's capriccio, op. 4;  
Dec. 19, 1896, Dvorák's concerto (first  
time in Boston); April 19, 1897, Brahms  
Memorial Concert, Brahms's concerto  
for violin and 'cello; Feb. 12, 1898, Loeff-  
ler's Fantastic concerto; Nov. 19, 1898,  
Saint-Saëns's concerto in A minor; Jan.  
6, 1900, Dvorák's concerto.

When he was in Leipzig Mr. Schroe-  
der was 'cellist of Petri's Quartet and  
he soon acquired a widespread reputa-  
tion as a chamber player. The solidity  
of this reputation was quickly recog-  
nized here when he appeared as 'cellist  
of the Kneisel Quartet Oct. 19, 1891, the  
successor of Mr. Hekking, and since  
that date he has been a most valuable  
member of the justly celebrated or-  
ganization.

For nine years Mr. Schroeder has  
been one of the chief musical orna-  
ments of this city. Not only has he  
always proved himself to be a thorough  
master of technic without ever yielding  
to display for the sake merely of ex-  
citing astonishment and applause; but  
he has also steadily shown a singularly  
pure taste and a laudable ambition to  
further all that is best in music. In  
connection with the thought of these  
nine years of usefulness it is interest-  
ing to note that Dr. Riemann's Musik-  
Lexikon (1899) makes no mention of his  
career in the United States, and closes  
a biographical sketch with this sen-  
tence: "He is now living in Berlin." It  
is true that Mr. Schroeder received  
a most flattering call to Berlin—he was  
offered the position of solo 'cellist at  
the Royal Opera—but fortunately for  
Boston he refused the call.

The many admirable qualities of his  
performance—warmth and breadth and  
exquisite purity of tone, rare justice  
and intelligence of phrasing as soloist,  
and unerring sense of proportion in en-  
semble—are so well known that any  
dwelling upon his character as a player  
and musician might seem impertinent.

We add the program provided for this  
interesting occasion:

Suite No. 3, in C major.....J. S. Bach  
First movement from Concerto in B  
minor.....B. Romberg  
Berceuse.....Fitznagen  
Variations.....J. Klengel  
Four Violoncelli

"Waldesruhe".....Dvorak  
"Vito," Spanish dance.....Popper  
"Capriccio".....J. Klengel  
Fantasia on "The Daughter of the Regi-  
ment".....Fr. Servais

The Fantasia by Servais was played  
by Mr. Schroeder when he first ap-  
peared in public as a 'cellist.

On account of some misunderstand-  
ing the two 'cello quartets were played  
as final numbers. There was a fair-  
sized and appreciative audience.

A SONG OF LIFE

I have seen the world. Was it fair?  
Ay. Fair and foul combined,  
About the sepulchre  
The roses twined.

I have sailed the sea. Was it kind?  
Ay. Kind and cruel too,  
Now loud with battle song,  
Now low to woo.

I have loved a maid. Was she true?  
Ay. True and false together,  
False in fair, but true  
In stormy weather.

I have drained a cup. Was it sweet?  
Ay. Sweet and bitter by turns,  
Now cold as ice, now hot  
As fire that burns.

I have lived my life. Was it well?  
Ay. Well and ill beside,  
See where my banner's white  
With stains is dyed.

I have dreamed a dream. And waked?  
Ay. Waked with waking's pain.  
My time is come to sleep  
And never wake again.

Marion Day, "a pretty 19-year-old  
girl" of Newburg, Ohio, eloped recent-  
ly with a young man named Kennedy,  
who has two wooden legs. This is  
merely one of many instances, to which  
we referred some days ago, which prove  
the fascination exerted by singular  
physical irregularity or deformity. Thus  
Magdalene Rudolph Thuinby, a Swede,  
who was born without arms and  
combed her hair with a foot, had no  
trouble in securing a husband and bore  
at least one child to him.

That Major Page, who is 34 inches  
high and weighs 41 pounds, should gain  
the hand of Miss Mary Wickie of  
Shamokin, Pa., who is 6 feet high and  
weighs 167 pounds, is only an extreme  
instance of the doctrine of natural  
marital selection. Let us hope that she  
will not put him in a pint pot, and there  
bid him drum.

By the way, do bearded ladies in-  
sist that their husbands should shave  
close daily? And is there any instance  
where a husband's earnest entreaty  
has led such a wife to purchase a  
safety-razor for her own use?

If Paterson is the reproach, Newark  
will be the glory of New Jersey, for  
the health officers of the latter town  
propose to make the barber-shops  
models of cleanliness. "Alum or any  
other material used to stop the flow of  
blood will have to be applied in powd-  
ered form on a clean towel." This  
statement is a reflection on the skill  
of Newark barbers, out it is a cheering  
sign of advancing civilization to find  
that the patient's hat is no longer to  
be used as a styptic.

"The art of becoming a lady" is now  
taught in a new school in New York.  
The instruction is "thorough and wear-  
some." Do they call the graduates  
"perfect ladies?"

Here is a favorable specimen of the  
lyrics of "The Gay Pretenders," a new  
comic opera, produced this month in  
London. The libretto is by George  
Grossmith, Jr.:

Oh! My heart is sad and weary,  
Whenever I'm upon the sea;  
A carriage and pair and a house in town  
Is quite good enough for she,  
But what should you expect from  
minor poets under the rule of the pres-  
ent poet laureate?

Dean Stanley told Mr. Balfour he  
thought being made a Bishop de-  
stroyed a man's moral courage.

Sims Reeves left a widow, aged 27,  
and a son aged 4, totally destitute,

"and dependent solely on the precarious  
earnings of the widow as a vocalist."

To E. K.: Harold Bauer, the pianist,  
who will make his first appearance in  
America next Saturday night at the  
Symphony Concert, was born in 1873.  
According to the advance notices, he is  
an extraordinary apparition. "He seems  
laden with electricity and one would  
not be surprised to see blue sparks  
leaping from the bushy hairgrowth of  
his characteristic head to the ivory keys  
of the instrument. His interesting face  
twitches with suppressed passion; his  
nostrils quiver and the drawn corners  
of his full mouth remind one of proud  
disdain peculiar to Liszt."

We are assured, however, that Mr.  
Bauer, in spite of these formidable ac-  
complishments, is gentleness itself, and  
that no hearer need fear personal vio-  
lence.

We are surprised to find the Evening  
Post (N. Y.) in a review of the late  
Thomas Edward Brown's Letters mak-  
ing the familiar misquotation, "a  
looker-on in Venice."

What is it that supports a woman under  
the thousand-and-one trials of her daily life?  
What makes her back strong to bear the  
burdens of existence and the petty worries  
of housekeeping? People will tell you that  
it is moral rectitude, early principles, or an  
intimate acquaintance with the catechism  
and Mrs. Boston's "Household Man-  
agement." It may be true, but there are  
trivial details that would have no effect  
unless upborne by the corset. Take away  
the corset and a hard-shell Baptist (female)  
would become a mere flabby morsel of hu-  
manity.

Oh yes, blood is thicker than water.  
This is what "F. M." says of the peo-  
ple of the United States in a review of  
Ouida's "Critical Studies" (London  
Literary Guide and Rationalist Re-  
view): "It will be observed that Ouida  
in referring to the Yankee brood who  
infest a portion of the northern con-  
tinent of America has fallen into the  
curious and common error of speaking  
of them as Americans. This, in such  
a connection, is a pity, since Americans  
(always excepting the Yankees) are, as

a race, by no means deserving the con-  
tempt which all cultivated minds en-  
ertain for the pre-eminently vulgar,  
wealth-worshipping denizens of the  
United States."

Mr. John Hare, the play actor, apolo-  
gized for his characterizing Mark Twain  
by the adjective "lovely," and said the  
term thus used is an Americanism.  
H-m, let's see. Bailey's Dictionary  
(2d edition, 1736) defines "lovely" as  
"amiable." Ash's Dictionary (2d edi-  
tion, 1795) defines "lovely" as "amiable,  
exciting love." Lucetta, in "Two Gen-  
tlemen of Verona," speaks of "lovely  
gentlemen," and did not thus refer to  
personal appearance. What did Quince  
mean when he spoke of Pyramus as a  
"sweet-faced man, a proper man, as  
one shall see in a summer's day, a  
most lovely, gentlemanlike man?" And  
did Queen Margaret, when she cursed  
Gloster and mentioned her "lovely Ed-  
ward," refer to the latter's face?

S. G. wonders why novelists do not  
find material in the psychology of po-  
lice-men. "It is impossible that their at-  
titude toward the law, moral or mat-  
erial, should be quite that of ordinary  
citizens; the law is their creature, be-  
longing to them like their baton, which  
they employ or withhold at pleasure.  
Whether they shall run in a street  
arab, whether they shall ruin a great  
banker, does, after all, lie in their  
hands. If the force is not habitually a  
prey to acute megalomania, it speaks  
volumes for their lack of imagination.  
And yet nobody that I know of has  
given us a sincere study of the police-  
man; he has always been employed for  
purposes of melodrama or of farce."

Nov 28

TWO CONCERTS.

Mr. Dohnanyi's First Piano Recital  
in Steinert Hall—A Performance  
Characterized by Excessive Force  
—First Appearance Here of the  
Leipzig Quartet for Church Song.

Mr. Dohnányi gave the first of his  
piano recitals in Steinert Hall yester-  
day afternoon. There was a small and  
exceedingly friendly audience. The  
program was as follows:

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.....Bach-Liszt  
Sonata, 2. flat, op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Variations and Fugue on a theme by  
E. G.....Dohnányi  
Caprice in F minor.....Haydn  
Solrfe de Vienne No. 4.....Schubert-Liszt  
Rakoczy March.....Liszt

What is the matter with Mr. Doh-  
nányi? When he was here a season  
ago, he gave rich promise for the fu-  
ture; and much that he did then was  
admirable. Although he was not a  
colorist, there was a sobriety, a self-  
control that was remarkable in a young  
pianist of his technique and reputation.  
Yesterday he appeared as a virtuoso in  
the evil sense of the word.

There were pleasant moments, as in  
the second movement and the finale  
of the sonata and in the piece by  
Haydn, but for the most part he raged  
and thundered and was reckless in his  
use of the damper pedal. Furthermore,  
his style was often mannered, as in  
Liszt's disarrangement of Bach's fugue  
and the third movement of the sonata.  
His performance of the Bach-Liszt was  
one of the most unmusical and dis-  
agreeable performances that I have  
ever heard from a pianist of his rank.  
How seldom throughout the concert  
was there a touch of true color! And  
concerning delicate nuances there was  
no question; his work was all in white  
and black; there were no mezzo-tints;  
there was no atmosphere. I under-  
stand that his own variations and  
fugue were built on a theme given him  
by a friend in Budapest. However this  
may be, the variations are ingenious  
and difficult, but, as played by him  
they gave little true musical pleasure.  
And how do you account for the fact  
that he so often forced tone till the  
abused and angry wires shrieked in  
protest? It seemed as though Mr.  
Dohnányi was deliberately trying to  
rival Mr. Mark Hambourg in his un-  
musical display of speed and noise.  
He received his reward; for he was  
loudly applauded whenever he forced  
tone beyond the boundary line of  
beauty.

His second recital will be Saturday  
afternoon at 2.30.

Philip Hale.

THE LEIPZIG QUARTET.

The Leipzig Quartet for Church  
Song—Mrs. Clara Roethig, Miss Hed-  
wig Risch, Mr. Bruno Roethig and Mr.  
Eugene Tannewitz—appeared for the  
first time in Boston last night at Sym-  
phony Hall. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich,  
organist, played a chaconne by Buxte-  
hude and pieces by Bach and Rhein-  
berger. The quartet sang church songs  
by Eccard and Praetorius; "Christ, ist  
erstanden," a church song of the 12th  
century; songs by Isaac, Schuetz,  
Hassler, J. A. Hiller, Koenig, Haupt-  
mann, Schurig, Albert Becker, Rein-  
hardt.

The concert was for the benefit of  
the Martin Luther Orphans' Home. The  
quartet, which had sung in many con-  
certs in Germany, is now making a tour  
in this country and doing its service  
in aid of various charitable societies.



Therefore, be evident-ly. Yet it may be said that the various church songs, sung devoutly and in a devout spirit, and the opportunity for the study of the masterpieces of early cen-turies of art, which there is no other place in Boston which makes it a study old and unaccommodated. Spanish, Frenchmen and Germans. New York is more fortunate in this respect.

TO ———  
I loved you when the summer sun was dying,  
And all the leaves were stained with gold-  
on brown,  
I longed with you by the sea denying  
The ceaseless summons of the busy town.  
I ran your little errands very gladly,  
I searched for golf balls in the pouring  
rain.  
I worshipped you distractedly and madly,  
I even combed your wretched poodle's  
mane.

But when you met me in the park this  
morning,  
You passed me by with but a formal nod,  
As though to say that winter in her dawn-  
ing  
Takes other paths than those that autumn  
trod.

We regret to find some of our con-  
temporaries in their bursts of enthu-  
siasm over Burnhardt's production of  
"L'Aiglon" referring to the play-  
wright as "Arthur M. Rostand." Ed-  
mond Rostand, dear brethren; not  
Lancelot, nor another, but Edmond; or  
if you wish to be beastly particular,  
Eugé Alexis Edmond Rostand.

So Jessie Bartlett Davis is now in  
"audeville. Dear Aunt Jess! Will  
uncle H! soon join her?

Mr. Charles H. Hoyt by his last will  
and testament treated the Boston  
Public Library shabbily. Copies of his  
plays, luxuriously printed, are to be  
given to the town library of Charles-  
town (N. H.), to the Lamb's Library,  
to the Library of the Actors' Fund,  
and to the Tilden Library—but there is  
no mention of the Boston Public  
Library, although it was in this city  
that Mr. Hoyt first acquired a reputa-  
tion as a humorist. By the way, who  
will edit this edition? Will the gags  
of the comedians be side-tracked into  
foot-notes or an appendix? Or will  
they be cut out so that Mr. Hoyt's text  
will stand in its native purity and with  
its unalloyed charm of literary distinc-  
tion? Would that Mr. Hoyt had re-  
membered the Public Library in his  
will! Then there might have been a  
Hoyt Society here with weekly meet-  
ings and papers on "Hoyt and Aristot-  
phanes," "The esoteric significance of  
"A Parlor Match," etc.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, M. P., who  
is over 80 years old, and has been a  
constant attendant at the sittings of  
the House, confided lately to the Coun-  
try Brewers' Society the secret of his  
strength. "It is because I always  
drink beer. Every day at home I drink  
beer for my dinner, and when the  
House is sitting, I may be found every  
day at the dinner-hour with a tankard  
of beer in front of me. I always tell  
my friends that if you would get on  
and live long you must drink beer." Bismarck once said that he who drinks  
beer thinks beer; but Mr. Charrington  
must be loved by his fellow members.  
Who was it that first called the House  
of Commons, the House of Brewers?

This reminds us of a blood-thirsty  
individual, "F. W. S.," who writes to a  
London newspaper that legitimate war-  
fare in South Africa is now over and  
"what now prevails is sheer ruffianly  
brigandage and should be treated as  
such." All the Boers found "sniping"  
should be "summarily hanged when  
caught—hanged, not shot." "F. W. S."  
adds: "Each day brings us in-  
telligence of valuable British lives  
(each worth a score of these semi-  
savage) wantonly wasted," and he  
looks "wistfully toward Lord Kitchen-  
er." "F. W. S." is undoubtedly a most  
respectable citizen, prompt in the pay-  
ment of his taxes, and an affectionate  
spouse and father. We see him in  
church every Sunday, devout in res-  
ponses, and roaring lustily in hymns  
that breath humanity, peace and good  
will.

Miss Minnie Tracey says that it is  
quite possible for an American girl to  
have a very delightful artistic career  
abroad; only every one of them feels  
after a while as if she would like to  
come back and sing for her own peo-  
ple." Miss Tracey is the soprano that  
was engaged by Mr. Savage for his  
English Opera Company at the Metro-  
politan and after a successful appear-  
ance was put aside on the ground that  
she was too fat. Now in German op-  
era fatness is one of the chief require-  
ments. Even in New York some of the  
leading critics were slow to discover  
the genius of Terina because she had  
a well-defined figure. They prefer

Klarsky because she was fatter and  
sang louder and made all sorts of mo-  
tions with her arms. They remembered  
a long line of obese prima donnas and  
shook their heads at the thought of a  
singer who weighed less than 225  
pounds. Miss Tracey, who, they say,  
sings well, should not be discouraged.  
She should wait the return of German  
opera. Her time will come.

Mr. Goldwin Smith pats our old  
friend Suetonius on the head and says  
that if he—old Suetonius—"had chosen  
to deal with history instead of gossip,  
he might have been an eminent writer."  
Mr. Smith is often both irritating and  
amusing. Suetonius, then, is not an  
eminent writer because he dealt in goss-  
ip. And are Pcpys, Brantome, Tal-  
lemant des Reaux, Saint Simon insignif-  
icant writers? Suetonius tells us  
about men; he was not dazzled by  
pompe and trappings. And such was  
his piercing curiosity that the Emperor  
Augustus is better known to us than  
Mark Hanna. Thus we do not know  
the precise nature of Senator Hanna's  
underclothing; but we know that the  
apparel of Augustus was spun at home  
by the women of his family; that in  
winter he put on as many as four coats,  
and a waistcoat of wool; that his fa-  
vorite food was bread, small fishes,  
cheese, and green figs; that in his old  
age he saw not very well with his left  
eye; that his teeth were small and  
ragged; that he was not sound in his  
left hucklebone, etc., etc. We read in  
the approved histories of "eminent  
writers" concerning wars and treaties  
and laws and tax bills, but from how  
many of them do we learn about the  
habits, manners and customs of people  
and rulers? And therefore when J. R.  
Green's "Short History of the English  
People" first appeared, no wonder it  
was regarded as a new and delightful  
venture and read as though it were a  
thrilling romance. Would Mr. Smith  
have the historian still walk on stilts?

A woman possessed of more than a usually  
trying husband, given to being pompous  
and overbearing, confessed that when her  
lord was more than her patience could  
stand, she retired to her room and took off  
her corsets. It was equivalent to throwing  
up the sponge; she felt incapable of holding  
her own any longer, and gave way bodily  
and mentally to a stayless woe that filled  
those of her acquaintances to whom she im-  
parted this characteristic habit with silent  
contempt, tempered with the pity one gives  
as an alms to all weak things.

To realize how complex the missionary  
problem is in China we must put ourselves  
in the Chinaman's place. He wants neither  
our Western faith nor our Western manners.  
He has his own views of happiness here and  
hereafter, and he is fighting to preserve his  
land from the million miseries which follow  
in the wake of Western civilization. The  
Chinaman does not yearn for the establish-  
ment of a London, Chatham and Dover Rail-  
way in the Flowery Land. He does not  
want the bones of his ancestors to be dug  
up for the making of a Two-penny Tube.  
He does not long for his wife to wear a  
low-necked dress and waltz with other men.  
He is not wildly eager that his children shall  
be taken from his control by Act of Parlia-  
ment and thrust into a barrack with the  
children of the gutter to learn bad language.  
He is not consumed by a burning desire to  
have all the horrors of the world laid on  
his breakfast-table every morning for a half-  
penny. He is quite content to die without  
ever having experienced the soothing influ-  
ence of a Salvation Army brass band play-  
ing up and down in front of his house on  
the only day he is at home resting from  
business. He does not see that his brief  
sojourn here below will be made more pleas-  
ant by his having to rush 20 times a day to  
the telephone to be told by an invisible  
young lady that he is "the wrong number."

Here it is Thanksgiving Day, and we  
have been shamefully unmindful of the  
farmers. We can do no better than to  
quote from that invaluable work, the  
"Farmers' Almanac, November, 1894.  
Or is it 1897? (The date is not clear.)  
What sage advise, as though it came  
from Jonas of the Rollo books:

"You will now be looking out for  
winter, which may be upon you like a  
thief in the night. Your buildings  
should be tight and warm. Let your  
windows be mended if they need it. See  
that you keep your yards free from logs,  
brush, etc., which when covered with  
snow may cause many a broken shin  
unless they are removed. Not long  
since I was riding a short journey with  
my cousin, and coming near a house  
that had the appearance of being once  
the abode of industry and wealth, but  
was now the reverse. 'Here,' says Bob,  
'is a fine picture for the frontispiece  
of your Almanack. This was once the  
seat of the worthy Esq. Goodman.  
His only son, George, now occupies it;  
but no more like his father than I am  
like Hercules. George was brought up  
to no business but that of spending  
money, which, since the old man's  
death, he has closely followed, till of  
late he has got out of stock. Poor  
soul! Look at the shabby old dwell-  
ing, filled with ragged children, sur-  
rounding a disconsolate mother, with-

out food or fire. Alas, this is the sad  
consequence of youthful indulgence  
and folly.'"

We are informed by a cablegram that

Mr. Hugo Kupferschmidt of Cincinnati  
showed himself last Monday night in  
London "to be one of the most com-  
plete masters of the violin of the day."  
This is indeed good news; for years  
ago the apostle Paul in a letter to  
Timothy complained that Alexander  
the coppersmith had done him much  
evil; and now the name of the family  
seems to be redeemed.

"A large audience gave him an al-  
most overwhelming ovation." Does  
this mean that the audience came near  
throwing the sacrificial sheep at him?  
By the way, this word ovation, which  
is so absurdly and recklessly used—for  
it means "a lesser triumph"—also  
means "the time of the hen's laying."

"Stephen Adams," whose real name  
is Michael Maybrick, and who wrote  
several popular tunes as "Nancy Lee,"  
"The Blue Alsatian Mountains," "The  
Holy City," etc., has just been elected  
Mayor of Ryde in the Isle of Wight.  
Why should not the eminently musical  
city of Boston choose a composer or a  
singer for Mayor? Mr. Quincy meant  
well in his regulation of hand organs  
and street bands, but he was not a  
practical musician; indeed we do not  
believe that he ever solaced his years  
of bachelorhood with toot-tootle of  
flute or squeak of concertina. A truly  
musical Mayor would never be accused  
of a leaning toward "treasons, strata-  
gems, and spoils," for surely Shakes-  
peare's observation must be of rever-  
sible action.

"La Czarda," a new comic opera in  
Paris, is founded on the adventures  
of the Princess Chimay and Mr. Rigo,  
the wild Hungarian. We hear that the  
curtain does not rise on a lumber-yard  
in Detroit.

"Matrons of infant asylums say that  
a young infant will be cross all day if  
dressed in a gray frock, but contented  
and happy if dressed in a bright red  
frock. It is commonly observed in  
kindergartens that the younger child-  
ren prefer the red playthings, while  
the older children prefer the blue."

And so the fireman at the celebrated  
meeting declared with horrid oaths  
that he didn't care what color the en-  
gine-house was painted, so long as it  
was painted red. Elderly men like to  
see young women dressed in red, and  
yet if this color in the book of emblems  
stands for cruelty, wrath, fire, zeal, it  
also stands for modesty and bashful-  
ness. This is the reason probably why  
old men are so pleased at the sight of  
red bodice, petticoat or stockings.

Yet the learned men differ concerning  
the symbolism of red. A writer of the  
17th century says this color symbolizes  
charity. Caraccioli says it is a vicious  
color. The Church employs red in  
memory of the apostles and martyrs  
who shed their blood for the faith.  
Red is autumn's color. Negroes of  
Africa as well as the savages of Terra  
del Fuego are passionately fond of red,

and the shrouds of the Malagasy are  
fiery red. Rimbaud in his famous son-  
net declared that the vowel "i" is red,  
but to G. T. L. Sachs it was white, as  
it is blue to René Ghil. To 17 out of  
53 patients examined by Suarez de Men-  
doza the vowel "o" was red. Hoffman,  
not the romanticist, declared in 1786  
that flute tones were red, which is in  
marked opposition to the old tale of  
the blind man and the trumpet. Exe-  
cutioners of the 18th century in France  
had the choice between red and yellow  
official garments. To some Monday is  
deep red, and Wednesday of a paler  
hue.

Mr. G. R. Sims comments on the  
drunken welcome to troops returning  
from South Africa and adds: "The  
desire to treat another man to a drink  
is born in the race. There are thou-  
sands of men who would pay for a  
drink for an intoxicated man who  
wouldn't give a starving one a penny  
to buy a crust of bread. 'Have a drink,'  
springs to the lips of an Englishman  
almost mechanically. It is among cer-  
tain people the equivalent of shaking  
hands."

The Evening Post (N. Y.) says of an  
ex-Bostonian: "The appetite for Mr.  
Oliver Herford's delightful (when it is  
so) nonsense verse would be more con-  
stant if he would refrain from sweep-  
ing his desk and his wits bare at every  
printing."

Dr. Andrew Wilson has been recently  
making inquiries into the supposed ef-  
ficacy of snake-stones in curing the  
bite of venomous serpents. These stones  
being of porous substance their action  
is attributed to their drawing out the  
poisoned blood when applied to the  
wound. Letters recently received from  
residents in India, however, tend to  
throw discredit on their supposed vir-

tue. Trustworthy evidence is still want-  
ing of the cure, preferably of a Euro-  
pean, of the bite of a snake proved  
to be poisonous and with uninjured  
fangs. One correspondent, a resident  
for more than forty years in India,  
asserts that he has never seen any  
genuine snake-bite cured by a snake-  
stone. The snake-stones sent to this  
country for analysis are generally  
found to be pieces of bone soaked with  
blood and thoroughly charred, but vari-  
eties of pumice are also used. It is  
commonly asserted that a number of  
deaths in India are really murders, ef-  
fected by poison, and in some cases  
by the deliberate use of snakes as in-  
struments of human malice.—Pall Mall  
Gazette.

MY 30

#### AT THE CROSS ROADS.

"Why do you wish to see the tree  
Yggdrasil?" The voice was shrill as the  
notes of a piccolo, incurlous, taunting.  
I had reached the Three Cross Roads  
where was to await me one who should  
guide. This had been told me a ways  
back when the low horizon made a pur-  
ple tangent to an unbroken disk of  
flame.

"At the Three Cross Roads awaits  
one who will guide," the two bent old  
women, shuffling along the road, had  
muttered together with sunken lips.

Already the horizon had swallowed up  
the flaming disk and I strained through  
the darkness to fix the outlines of some-  
thing crouched on the ground at the  
foot of the sign-post of the Three  
Roads.

"Why do you wish to see the tree  
Yggdrasil?" again came the shrilling  
voice from out the space of shadow at  
the post's base.

"I do not know," I answered vaguely.  
Then memory stirred. "It is my desire  
to see great roots write upward from  
the ground in springing curves in that  
wan corner of the world where the  
earth-serpent ever bites his tail."

"But why?" persisted the disembodied  
voice.

"I do not know," I answered.  
A hand with a pointing index-finger  
took shadowy form. "The way is yon-  
der."

"But do you not serve me as a  
guide?" I asked, knowing swift terror of  
the limitless dark.

"I? Nay, no wish have I to see the  
tree Yggdrasil. I but watch others go  
by, and smile at the vanity of their  
dreams. In this I find my joy."

The dusk grew thinner to my accus-  
tomed eyes and I saw him sitting squat-  
ted in the road, a tenuous greyness  
dusk-featured and bent. The vague body  
quivered with a strange, mirthless  
chuckle.

"Do many pass?" Apprehension  
seized me, shook me. The way of my  
seeking was now pathless, an impene-  
trable blackness. How could I fare on  
unguided, companionless!

"Ah, yes. They pass and repass. Few  
reach the sign of the Seven Cross  
Roads which is midway between here  
and the tree Yggdrasil. They return  
hurriedly, furtively, already ashamed of  
the dream and the quest. All this  
amuses me vastly." Again the clucking  
sound in the dry throat, the ghastly  
simulation of laughter.

"But there are some, surely, who re-  
turn not?"

"There are some who return not," he  
admitted. "Of these I know nothing  
neither good nor ill. Yonder is the  
way."

I sought to follow the pointing finger  
with my eye, but a rampart of gloom  
immeasurably thick, arose to cut off all  
space beyond. To see the great root  
write upward from the ground I  
springing curves had been a summer  
long desire. But how could I go alone  
unguided, through the pathless ways of  
night!

"I will stay and laugh with you,"  
said to the crouched old man.

HENRIETTA.

Sarah Bernhardt was not the first  
Frenchwoman that played Hamlet.  
Mlle. Judith of the Comédie Française  
played the part at Paris and in the  
French provinces in the sixties. The  
accurate and painstaking Mr. Henr-  
P. Phelps in his "Hamlet from the Act-  
ors' Standpoint" does not mention her.  
Other women who have played the part  
were Charlotte Cushman, Eliza Shaw,  
Fannie Wallack, Charlotte Barne,  
Clara Fisher, Miss Marriott, Emm  
Waller, Susan Denin, Mrs. F. B. Cor-  
way, Julia Seaman, Winetta Montague,  
Adele Belgrade, Louise Pomeroy, Ann  
Dickinson, Janet Steer—nor is this list  
probably complete. Did any woman  
even play Falstaff?

The Chicago Times-Herald says: "A  
man's position in society is now fixed  
by the number of bathrooms he has  
in his house." This philosophical rema-  
rk is of purely local application. In the  
Chicago, a "good-dresser" wears from  
14 to 21 shirts a week.

It is to be hoped that yesterday was  
not disfigured by loathsome gluttony.



the Reverend Thomas Beard well marked. "Next to idleness, the too much pampering the bodie with daintie much food is to be eschewed; for as a fat and well fed horse wincth kicketh against his rider, so the enpered flesh rebelleth against God a man's owne selfe." Remember fate of Paulus II. "It is reported him that he eat the day before he had two great melons and that in a good appetite; when as the next day the Lord stricke him with his vlie judgement." And even if you suped and are like unto Uguccio Pagnus who boasted that when he was young he could eat four fat capons, as many partridges, the roasted quarters of a kid, a breast of veal and besides all kinds of sauces at supper, not for a wager, but merely to lay his hunger; or if you rivalled Nicholas Wood, yeoman, of Harrison the County of Kent, who at Lord Clinton's ate at one meal fourscore four rabbits, suddenly devoured 18 lbs of black pudding, London measure, and when at once he had eaten fourscore pound weight of cherries he they were but wash-meat; even you surpassed the achievements of the worthies, what profiteth it you?

Perhaps it is just as well that the Tanagra ladies in the Boston Art Museum are now known to be shams. It is true that Tanagra was an interesting piece; Orion was buried there and they say that Mercury was born on a mountain near by; but Pausanias tells us that the leading society women of the city were initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus; and since this is so, they have no examples for Bostonian maidens. Furthermore, Pliny assures us that the men of the town were addicted furiously to cock-fighting, and that their cocks were of extraordinary length. (See also Lucian's "Dream of Scipio.") A bad lot. The Tanagrans get on!

Now that stormy weather may be expected at any moment, we advise the distribution of a cheap reprint of Duncan's "Hints to the Bearers of King-Sticks and Umbrellas—How to Carry Them, etc." It is singular how many know how to carry a shut umbrella. Many use it as a weapon of offense, as a lance in full charge.

Dec 1 1900  
His universe is, I conceive, like to a great being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out the few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them "Laws of Nature," and honor them because we find if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications. But what sane man would endeavor to solve this problem: given the rules of the game and the winnings, to find whether the cards are made of pasteboard or gold?

White ants have eaten through all the wooden joints of the first floor of the house of Miss Garrett in Baltimore. Thousands and thousands of these insects have shown the proverbial industry. But Miss Garrett has an easy way to win her grasp. The dwellings in the lake regions of Central Africa are from the termites which will pierce like a sieve a hard bench in a single night, and they then boil the largest and fattest and eat them as a relish with "ugali" or porridge. "The termite," says Burton, "appears to be a creature of living water. Even in the most arid places it finds no difficulty in making a clay-paste for the mud-galling, like hollow tree-twigs with which it augurs its approach to its prey. The phenomenon has been explained by conjecture that it combines by force the atmospheric oxygen with the hydrogen evolved by its food." Hills vary in height from 4 to 12 feet and the ground covered with them is like a Turkish cemetery; or atated pillars look like beehives. Then, clustered together, suggest a beehive.

hear with joy that the frock is rapidly falling into disrepute, that it will soon be seen only at lay weddings. "Trousers are all around the hips, and in some almost baggy. They should be straight to the foot, and narrow to a peg-top effect." We hear a statement with mixed and mixed feelings. Trousers cannot be baggy anywhere. Why the "peg-top effect"? It is one of extreme ugliness. It enlarges the size of the foot adds to the daily annoyance of the wearer. Tailors in Boston who charge prices, and therefore assume the air of taste, insist on cutting trousers tight, especially over the hips, extreme discomfort, a gloomy and a slowness in sitting down suggests cruel diseases and necessitates a foolish attempt to create a pulling at the scanty over the knees. Be generous, oh

tailors, in your cut. Then will your "client," as you call him in sartorial jargon, be grateful, prompt to pay; for thought and blood will circulate freely, and he will be in chronically expansive mood, not pinched, not stingy. And if you tell him that bags are in fashion, he will believe you; for, as it now is, he puts a faith in you that would be sublime were it not ridiculous. If, dominated by a parochial spirit, he refuses to make your trousers loose, oh client, shake off your fear, rise in your might, and command him to obey you. After all you have rights; assert them.

How times have changed! You remember, no doubt, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, the fire-eater, who for years went about with a chip on his shoulder as the "last of the Confederate Generals," refusing to be reconciled. We all pictured him as a terrible fellow, who wore clanking sword, sabre, cutlass, as well as dirk, bowie-knife and an assortment of guns; flames and smoke poured forth in moments of excitement from apertures in his body, and steam from his shoes; he sustained life chiefly by means of mint-juleps and plug tobacco. If any foolhardy person contradicted him there was shooting or carving on the spot, whether the spot was in street or saloon or on the steps of the meeting-house. But this week Captain Rives made some unpleasant remarks about Gen. Rosser, and the gallant General simply took him by the throat, and dragged him into the corridor, where there was "a knock-down and drag-out fight, which was finally stopped by friends." Fists? And a fight stopped by friends? The days of chivalry are no more. But there is a ray of hope. "Further trouble is expected."

Mr. Markham is not the only one who has made verses out of the man with the hoe. Mr. Theodore Drexel, the sweet singer of Suffolk County, has been inspired to write this counterblast:

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.  
The man with the hoe, whom Millet painted on canvas,  
Was surely happier than old Cornelius Vanderbilt.  
He did not have millions to distribute,  
But to none of his children was he ill-willed.  
He did not cut one off for the benefit of another,  
By them all without exception his memory is blest;  
And if in his last will does not figure silverware and jewels  
He did not commit himself by an unparental request.

His posterity, his children's children will give him praises,  
Will call him a parent simple, tender-hearted.  
The will of God to follow, to him is a sweet duty,  
And with a wife always at his side that man is rewarded.

Oh, man with the hoe, thou has been poorly defined,  
Thou livest happy in sunshine, hearest the rapture of the lark,  
Thou payest thy taxes and dost not evade them,  
And in schemes to the detriment of thy neighbor, thou didst never embark.

Phillimore J. ruled from the bench that "prior to" as the equivalent of "before" is not good English.

Dec 2 1900  
**HAROLD BAUER.**  
The Pianist Makes His First Appearance in America at a Symphony Concert—New Overture by Taneieff—Dohnanyi's Second Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert was as follows:  
Overture to "The Oresteia" of Aeschylus Taneieff  
(First time in Boston.)  
Concerto for piano No. 1 in D minor, Brahms Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt  
(Scored by Mueller-Eberghaus.)  
Symphony No. 1, Beethoven  
Mr. Apthorp in the program-book stated that the opera by Taneieff is mentioned in the books both as a three-act opera and as a "musical trilogy." As a matter of fact, Taneieff's "Oresteia" is a "musical trilogy in eight scenes." Now Oresteia means the tale of Orestes, the general name for the trilogy of Aeschylus, viz.: "Agamemnon," "The Choephoroi," and "The Furies." The librettist took his stuff from this trilogy and used it in one opera. Furthermore the piece played last night is the overture to this opera and not merely a concert piece, as Mr. Apthorp suggests. An "Oresteia," by Max Schillings was produced in Berlin the 21th of last month. Serge Taneieff was born Nov. 13, 1866. He was a pupil of N. Rimsky-Korsakov.

Tschaikowsky, and he is now professor of theory at the Moscow Conservatory. His "Oresteia" was first performed at St. Petersburg in October, 1895. He has written several string-quartets. The one in D minor, the one in B flat minor, and the one in C major have been performed with much success in certain German cities and an orchestral suite was played by the Dresden Court Orchestra under Schuch in 1898. He ranks well as a pianist, and he has edited and revised posthumous works by Tschaikowsky.

They say that his opera met only with the success usually paid an estimable professor. However this may have been, the overture shows decided individuality and at the same time streaks of conventionalism. It is original chiefly in its daring and brilliant orchestration. The opening is singularly impressive, full of gloomy bodeiment, that suits the awful tale. Among the striking effects of orchestration are a use of the violas in their least characteristic register to give a shrieking pungency to the theme and a remarkable effect produced by gong, dull muttering of the strings while the solo violin wails in strange melody. The work abounds in curious orchestral detail. Taneieff has the reputation of being a master of counterpoint, and in this overture there are many instances of his contrapuntal as well as harmonic skill and daring. The finale is in the nature of an apotheosis. The theme itself is not strikingly original, but the treatment redeems the conventionality of the melodic thought. While the overture is unmistakably Russian in feeling, there are several curious hints at Gluck's antique mood. It is easy to say that this music is not Greek; for nobody knows what Greek music really was. Taneieff is a Russian and he naturally expresses himself as a Russian would, even when he deals with Greek tragedy. In this he showed sound sense. A deliberate attempt to be Greek is but emptiness and confusion. The overture was received with hearty applause, and Mr. Gerike is to be thanked for producing it. For it is well made, it is tragic as well as dramatic, and it is interesting from beginning to end.

Mr. Harold Bauer made his first appearance in this country. He preferred to appear last night as an ensemble player rather than as a virtuoso, for his concerto was the first of Brahms, the one in D minor. The choice was a curious one. Is it true that Mr. Gerike urged, nay, insisted that he should play this concerto? Or was Mr. Bauer advised to play a concerto by Brahms in this Brahms settlement?

After a man passes his 40th year he begins to look back on his past, and he delights in remembering boyish deeds and loves and hates, school and college days famous men whom he has seen, dreary days and fearful dangers. I shall, for instance, never forget Jan. 28, 1884, for on that night in Berlin I heard Johannes Brahms play his own D minor concerto. He played it with evident enjoyment, and each of his fingers was apparently, or audibly, about four inches broad. The admired composer played badly—in fact, like a pig. That same night his symphony in F was conducted by him from manuscript. There are delightful things in this symphony, but, alas, on that occasion the concerto preceded it. And for the last ten years in this city whenever I have been bored at a concert, I have said to myself: "Cheer up, old man; you once were obliged to hear Johannes Brahms play his D minor concerto."

Now I do not propose to discuss Mr. Bauer at present as a virtuoso. He appeared, as I have said, as a contemplative ensemble player, and as such he displayed admirable qualities. As the man says in Juvenal's satire, "What should I do in Brahmstown? I cannot lie." The concerto itself is a dull, dismal thing, and yet the pianist interested me. He was one of the orchestra in a symphonic work. His playing was very musical, finely proportioned, never arrogant, never obsequious. His phrasing was thoughtful, intelligent; in a word, he played like a most accomplished pianist who is also an accomplished musician. The music itself calls for no display of fervid emotion. It is alternately contemplative or crabbed. Nor can I pass over without comment the delightful repose of the pianist. He played with unaffected ease, with the authority of a master of his subject; never was he restless with the desire for self-display; never did he force tone beyond the limitations of his instrument. And his technic was of exquisite freedom and polish.

The program book stated that this concerto was then played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Stasny played it with second-piano accompaniment at a concert of the New England Conservatory and I am under the impression that it was played with like accompaniment before Mr. Stasny appeared. It has been played in New York by Conrad Ansoorge and one or two others. But the performance is never a grateful task.

The other pieces on the program are too familiar to demand discussion. It may be said, however, that the vulgar Rhapsodie should be allowed to stay on the shelf.

Philip Hale.  
MR. DOHNANYI'S RECITAL.  
Mr. Dohnanyi gave his second piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a good-sized and applause audience. The program was as follows:  
Sonata, F sharp, minor, Op. 2, Schumann  
Intermezzo, E flat minor, op. 18, No. 6, Brahms  
Rhapsodie, E minor, Op. 79, No. 2, Brahms  
Impromptu, F sharp major, Op. 36, Chopin  
Variations, B flat major, Op. 12, Chopin  
Legende (St. Francis Walking on the Waves), Liszt

False Impromptu, Liszt  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13, Liszt  
Mr. Dohnanyi did many things extremely well, and his playing on the whole was far superior to his performance earlier in the week. The greater part of the Schumann sonata was admirable, and his reading of the aria was long to be remembered. It is to be regretted that he so often mistakes brute force for strength. He is not a pianist of subtle nuances and delicate gradations of tone. But it must be remembered that he is a young man and in the stress-and-fury period.

MESSRS. L. C. Page and company of this city have published in most attractive form "Celebrated Comedians of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America" and "Prima Donnas and Soubrettes of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America." These books are by Mr. Lewis C. Strang, the dramatic critic of the Journal.

Mr. Strang was already favorably known as the author of two volumes in this same series: "Famous Actresses of the Day in America" and "Famous Actors of the Day in America." In these volumes he showed a keen sense of proportion and an uncommon gift of differentiation. To write, for example, about 31 play-actresses so that each one stands out definitely and is not confounded with a sister, is no easy task; but Mr. Strang accomplished this task with great credit to himself. His strokes in portraiture were light, discreet, but the canvasses became alive. He caught the peculiarity of a temperament, he detected the secret or the creak in the mechanism, according to the nature of the sitter.

Now in these new volumes the task was still harder, for here personalities might easily have been confounded, and there is nothing more difficult than to analyze the methods of successful singing comedians and determine whether in certain cases this success does not depend largely on the good nature and the favorable stomach and condition of the audience with a hair-trigger laugh. And it must be remembered that certain favorites, as Mr. Lulu Glaser and Messrs. Barnabach Daniels, Hopper and others cannot be tested by any standards of judgment known to dramatic art.

Mr. Strang considers Alice Nielsen, Virginia Earle, Lillian Russell, Josephine Hall, Mabelle Gilman, Fay Templeton, Madge Lessing, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Edna Wallace, Paula Edwardes, Lulu Glaser, Minnie Ashley, Edna May, Marie Celeste, Christie MacDonald, Marie Dressler, Della Fox, Camille d'Arville, Marie Tempest, Maud Raymond, Pauline Hall, Hilda Clark. Jessie Bartlett Davis and Marie Tempest are hardly in place in this list. The former is, or was, distinctly a singer, who has sung in grand opera and was never really fitted for work in operetta. Marie Tempest, both as singer and actress—for she is now playing in straight and legitimate comedy—deserves a higher position.

The men treated by him are Messrs. Wilson, Powers, Jones, Hopper, Golden, certain "Dutch" impersonators, Seabrooke, Daniels, Sykes, Daly, Barnabee, Dixey, Harlan, Carle, Bell, De Angelis, Dailey, Davenport.

Mr. Strang aimed to give satisfactory biographical details concerning these men and women as well as impressionistic sketches of their peculiar art or lack of art. I do not know whether his dates of birth and first appearances and first productions are correct; but I know that he is painstaking in such matters. I read the other day that the age of an egg is like the age of a woman—"a point upon which politeness forbids discussion." The age of even your mother-in-law or unmarried aunt or sister is a movable feast. And as for the dates of beginnings Mr. Strang himself says in the admirable preface to "Prima Donnas and Soubrettes": "The woman in music is conscientiously reticent regarding the details of her early struggles for position and reputation. Nothing would seem to be so satisfactory to her as a past dim and mystifying, a present of brilliancy unrivaled, and a future of rich and unshadowed promise."

Let us for the moment consider Mr. Strang's women. He finds that few of them have earned their positions "by continued endeavor and logical development in their art. The majority are, in fact, the happy victims of personality, who have been rushed into fame chiefly by chance and a fortunate combination of circumstances. \* \* \* They are past mistresses in the one essential for their profession—the art of entertaining." Inasmuch as their triumphs are for the most part purely triumphs of personality, of course Mr. Strang was compelled to fall back on his own personal preferences in the matter of selection, although he bore in mind

entertainers "who have given at least some evidence of continued promise." He bravely follows his own convictions. Perhaps you and I may







s ground ready to pick up gold and silver or even certified checks. But we go back to Alma, the nutritious Ström. She sang recently at Helmsford, and interrupted a performance requesting that a critic who had taken unfavorably of one of her imitations should leave the theatre. Some of the audience were disposed to present this request, but the critic admitted that he should not miss a performance, retired smilingly and left the threatening disturbance."

The first warren for hares was made by Varro who bought his ground of cuscus Piso in Tusculanum, but we do not know whether the warren contained of the Belgian variety. You should not be deterred by fear lest your hares, even if you live in a flat, are not to be deterred by fear lest your hares be born with hare-lips. For hares, either juggled or loose, is a cruel animal. Hellogabalus, the luxurious, lay upon a bed filled with fleecy wool of hares, and you can use, as the smiths do, a hare's foot for dust—four more delicate bric-à-brac. The eaten, is a dry diet and helpeth pain in the bowels, and the hinder will make the eater fair and beautiful. As a household remedy the hare is valuable, for it is a panacea. The taken out of the body amendeth pimples and pimpleth the hair in places and easeth the gout. Hare's powder mixed with oil

myrtle cureth the cough; a hare's hair applied to that part where the ache, easeth then. The livered in sharp vinegar helpeth him who is liver-sick. There is no end to medicinal usefulness of this little hare. And then the Greeks gave it many picturesque epithets as, eared, ting their feet, fearful, careful, flying, raging, unhorned, crafty, sharp-smelling, swift, wandering, etc. Then the hare is not only ornamental in a winter flat, but preferred to hare to potted plant. Hares are good against sneak-thieves, they sleep open-eyed.

A few days ago we gave a list of new who had played on the stage part of Hamlet, and we took the trouble to add that in all probability the list was not complete. Mr. N. H. Bartley, the well-known organist and composer of Hartford, Conn., reminds that Mrs. Bartley should be added to the list: "Mrs. Bartley, who to the best of my knowledge was the first to make the queer experiment in America. March 29, 1819, Mrs. Bartley appeared at the Park Theatre in New York, in the role; she had probably played the part before in England. Of her contemporary interest perhaps the story of the shabby treatment of the renowned woman and her husband lived in the capital city of Connecticut even so late as 1820. This beautiful tale is well told by Col. Clapp's 'Records of the Boston Stage.' The anecdote of Mrs. Bartley worth telling. She was a sufferer from paralysis for many years, and until death she received the tenderest care. One day an intimate friend, a Mr. Lane, called at the house in St. Martin's Lane, London, to inquire of her and heard this droll malapropism from the maid servant who opened the door: 'My mistress is a better today, Sir, Master has made an 'Imprecation' (embrocation) made her tingle all over.'"

The New York Evening Post of yesterday published a long review of the new American Anthology. The reviewer regrets that Mr. Stedman did not include in his collection certain poems by Mrs. Ellen Sturgis Hooper, Daniel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, Edward Everett, James Freeman, and Samuel Gilman's "Fair Harvard," from which expression of opinion the reader may fairly assume that the reviewer is a New Englander and a Harvard man. He is right in his opinion to the description of Poe, as the most famous Southern poet; for the reviewer says, "Poe was born in Boston and lived for most of his life in the Middle States." Boston has been kind to this one of her sons; she has not insisted on raising a statue to him.

The Referee says that American theatre managers are all millionaires and that this astonishing story of one in an English provincial town who wanted to change. "He met the local manager on the stage and said, 'Oh, by the way, I've to pay my hotel bill today, and I'm short of gold. Can you give me this note?' He produced a note of Bank of England paper, and a sample, and handed it to the manager in London or Birmingham. 'Five or ten pounds, said, 'Certainly.' When he read the face of the note he early fell backwards. It was for five hundred pounds." This is a beautiful story, and it is undoubtedly true. But

we do not believe that any American manager in London or Birmingham ever said: "I've to pay?" or "change me this note" in precisely those words.

There were several kinds of guy known to the ancients—as ironia or the dry mock; sarcasmus, or the bitter taunt; asticismus, or the merry scoff, otherwise the civil jest; micterismus, or the sneering frump; charientismus, or the privy nip. How many good, round, expressive, as well as subtle terms have been discarded and dropped! As bompbiologia for pompous speech; "such bombasted words as seeme altogether forced full of winde, being a great deale to high and loftie for the matter, whereof ye may finde too many in all popular rymers."

## KNEISEL CONCERT.

A New String Quartet by Vincent d'Indy and a New Quintet by T. H. H. Verhey for Piano and Wind Instruments.

The program of the third Kniesel Quartet concert in Association Hall last evening was as follows: Quartet in E major, Op. 45.....D'Indy (First time.) Quintet in C minor—one movement. Schubert (First time.) Quartet in E flat major, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn.....Verhey (First time.)

The feature of the concert was the delightful performance of Schubert's quartet in C minor, of which only one movement was ever written. The music is in Schubert's best vein, spontaneous, moodful, beautiful in the simple and yet artful, expression of unaffected happiness and melancholy that is free from pessimistic introspection or any desire to hang the heavens with black. The performance was one of exquisite appreciation and finish.

Vincent d'Indy has written two string-quartets. The first bears the date 1890. The second, the one played last night for the first time in Boston, was produced at a concert of the National Society, Paris, March 5, 1898, and the players were Parent, Lammer, Denayer and Baretti. The work was received enthusiastically, and it was played three times in Paris in the spring of this year. The Parisian critics agreed in the statement that the composer had gone back to simpler thought and expression. I am a warm admirer of the modern movement in French music, for I know the earnestness, sincerity and talent of the advanced men of the younger school, who are striving with might and main to remove the reproach that French musicians are interested only in works for the stage. D'Indy is a man of singular purity of purpose, high and honorable ambition, indomitable courage, and an indisputable knowledge of the tools of his trade; but with all his skill and industry, his musical thought seems to me to be dry and forced.

In the structure of his works and in the language chosen to express his feeling, he has been influenced in turn by Cesar Franck and Wagner; but, alas, although his workmanship is often admirable, especially in large orchestral pieces, he has not the rich and steady flow of invention that characterized his two idols. In this respect he is not to be named with Chabrier, Fauré, or even the younger man Debussy. Take this quartet, for instance, which was announced a season ago by the Kniesels. The opening is strong, and there is a broad phrase given to the first violin in the second section of this movement; but the very fact that d'Indy has constantly in mind his scheme of four notes, that he is eagerly seeking how, where, in what new and unexpected form he may employ them, must take away even the semblance of spontaneity; for, admirable, as his art is in certain respects, he has not the astounding ease that enables older masters to accomplish like feats so that the hearer never suspects any extraordinary labor.

The second movement is uninteresting, if not absolutely ugly. The third movement abounds in poignant, noble music, and the nobility at times rises to grandeur; but does not the movement suffer from undue expansion? The finale is far below this slow movement. Unfortunately for us all, a work like this is played after long and painstaking rehearsal, heard only once, and then put away for a year or two, perhaps for a longer time. The hearer, who is not familiar with d'Indy's music, cannot be acclimated in the space of three-quarters of an hour. The very feeling of some of these composers is foreign to us; their processes of harmonic thought are strange, the line of their melody is not familiar. The development of music is today characterized by super-refinement in thought and expression. The old formulas are abhorrent, not so much by reason of the formulas themselves as from the fact that there are no geniuses to put new wine in the old bottles. And music that is patterned after old models seems reminiscent, imitative. The thoughtful composer is thus tempted to extravagance, not for the sake of applause but in the hope to work out his own salvation, and in his desire to avoid banal melody, he often loses sight of melody, or he appears to dodge it as he would a bore or a creditor. This quartet was to me a disappointment as a whole; for with the exception of much of the third movement, the music is devoid of truly emotional character, the melodic vein is thin, and the anxiety over the workmanship is too apparent.

A year ago last spring Mr. Ernst Perabo played here some piano pieces by Th. H. H. Verhey of Rotterdam. Last night, Mr. Perabo, with Messrs. Longy, Selmer, H. Litke and Hackebarth, played the Dutchman's quintet for piano and wind instruments for the first time in Boston. The quintet is of a most commonplace nature, without a trace of originality, beauty or strength. It is seldom that such an unmeaning, insipid work is heard at a Kniesel concert. The excellence of the performance only italicized the bourgeois character of the music.

The next concert will be Dec. 31.  
Philip Hale.

Dec 5, 1900

When we came back to the old beloved places,  
Home of our dreams, we had forgotten quite  
Days of our grief when new o'er little faces  
Grass waved and dew fell in the starless night.  
Leaves of green silk, laughing skies of azure,  
Rose freshly blowing, and birds in the bowers:  
So in that May the spring spilled out her treasure,  
Young Love went walking knee-deep in flowers.

Just for a space our hearts forgetting wholly  
Wreckage of winter and blight in the groves;  
How Death came walking heavily and slowly  
O'er the saddest garlands that once were Love's.

Mercy of mercies! We were so glad returning.  
Old griefs forgotten, old joys renewed;  
Death that was Life no longer wears the mourning,  
Death that was Love hath raised his shadowy hood.

The elevator boy was perfumed heavily. He was also distinguished by a high and dirty collar. Each time he moved the air was charged with overwhelming odor. We wondered why he had thus made himself as obnoxious as the skunk, and we remembered that there were many girls at work in the building. We felt like asking him if he had ever read a sharp speech made by the Emperor Vespasian: "When a certain gallant youth smelling hote of sweet balms and perfumes came unto him to give thanks for an Office obtained at his hands, after a strange countenance shewing his dislike of him, hee gave him also in words, a most bitter and grievous checke, saying, 'I would rather thou haddest stunk of garlicke,' and so revoked his letters patent for the graunt." But, after all, it was not our business, and instead of quoting Suetonius we left the boy in his odoriferous glory. We are no longer young, nor are we in the game. Perhaps the youth is wise in his own generation, for Dr. Albert Hagen in his learned and singular work on "Oosphresiology" says that the Princess Chimay thus explained to an intimate friend her infatuation for Rigo, the Hungarian fiddler: "Do you know what chiefly drew me toward him at the beginning? It was, and it is, his smell." Few are as fortunate by nature as Alexander the Great, who, when heated, threw off the odor of violets, or as Edward, Lord Herbert of Chesham, who tells us surprising things about himself in his Autobiography, a most entertaining book.

It is not well to pry too curiously into the origin of the use of perfumes by women. The home of the art was Egypt, where the women had specific perfumes for various parts of the body. Ruth and Judith perfumed themselves carefully before they went respectively into the presence of Boaz and Holofernes; and then there was Esther, the beautiful Queen, who prepared herself for a year to find favor in the eyes of King Ahasuerus—six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors. An ingenious Frenchman, René Fleury, goes so far as to say that a woman's character is revealed by the perfume she uses. Silent and reserved, she is satisfied with violets. Haughty and rather domineering, she delights in cinnamon. If she is a languishing and affectionate blonde, she breathes out white heliotrope. Ripe, perhaps over-ripe, and earthy, she is addicted to patchouli. If she is exceedingly voluptuous, her favorite perfumes are stephanotis, chypre, opopanax. The woman that is simple and frank will scent her handkerchief with new-mown hay. And has not Mr. Harry T. Peck said that lovers of music are brutal persons, while the use of cologne water indicates liberal education, keen understanding and the highest purity of character? But just as you should not judge a man by the cut of his trousers, so it is not safe to draw hasty conclusions from a woman's choice of perfume. You might make an awkward mistake.

Englishmen are still addicted to writing letters to the London Times whenever their ale is muddy, a railway train is two minutes behind time, or a member of the House of Commons quotes incorrectly from Horace. One who describes himself as "a mere retired lawyer, rather partial to a new-

laid egg," writes to the Times and asks for a definition of this natural product. This leads a scoffer to say that "the description of the average egg of commerce as either 'new-laid' or 'fresh' is somewhat in the nature of what Conversation Kenge would have called a masterly fiction, and as such it is naturally attractive to the legally trained mind of a retired lawyer. \* \* \* Our own opinion is that 'fresh' if not 'new-laid' eggs are frequently discovered in the tombs of ancient Egypt, are exported in bulk to this country, and there exposed for sale to a confiding public. But an egg which is neither 'new-laid' nor 'fresh' is easily discerned. 'You shall nose him if he lobby.'"

This reminds us of a pleasant story told by old Fliny: "There goeth a pretty feast of a notable drunkard of Syracuse, whose manner was when hee went into the Taverne to drinke, to lay certain egges in the earth, and cover them with mould, and he would not rise nor give over bibbing until they were hatched."

Mr. G. R. Sims says that the decrease in the demand for the better wines of Bordeaux is due to the fact that the men and women of today can no longer digest them. "Our fathers, who drank their bottle of wine at lunch and at dinner, lived on their flesh and blood. We live on our nerves. The race today is in a hyper-nervous condition. It is unable to assimilate the dietary of its more robust ancestors. That is why we drink whisky—and—potash with our lunch. That is why the hotel proprietors find they must accept the aerated-water client at table d' hôte or lose their customers. That is why the novel and the play to be successful must deal with subjects that fill the old-fashioned critic with dismay. Plain, wholesome sentiment, the drama of the family affections, the novel of the hearth and home, are as the plain roast beef, the rump steak, the tankard of strong ale, the bottle of full-bodied wine—the men and women of today have no stomach for them."

This verb "to snipe," which represents the dropping fire of more or less scattered sharpshooters, is not a coinage of the Boer war. It is an old Anglo-Indian expression, at least 60 years old—see Kaye's "History of the War in Afghanistan."

An English correspondent tells this story: "Two Alsations among the German troops at Tien-Tsin were in their tent, and an English soldier was passing. Said one Alsatian to the other, 'Schang, Schynt d'Sunn schun?' (John, is the sun shining yet?) and the other Alsatian replied, 'Ja! d'Sunn schynt schun lang.' (Yes, the sun has been shining a long time.) The English soldier listened and shook his head. 'Wonderful coves, those Germans,' he exclaimed. 'Only been here a week, and blowed if they ain't talking Chinese already.'"

Dec 6, 1900

## CECILIA CONCERT.

First Performance in Boston of Coleridge-Taylor's Cantata "Hiawatha's Departure"—Mr. Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans"—Song Recital by Miss Idalia Levy.

The Cecilia, Mr. Lang, conductor, assisted by Miss Shannah Cummings, Miss Ada Hussey, George Devoll, Stephen Townsend, E. A. Dudley and an orchestra made up of Boston Symphony Players, gave the first concert of its 25th season last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Whelpley was the organist. The program was as follows:

Hallelujah Chorus from "Mount of Olives".....Beethoven  
"Hiawatha's Departure".....Coleridge-Taylor  
Cherubim Song.....Tschalkowsky  
"Phoenix Expirans".....Chadwick  
The work of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, produced last night for the first time in Boston, is the third and last of the "Scenes from Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha." The order of these scenes is as follows: "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" was first performed at a concert of the Royal College of Music, Nov. 11, 1898; the overture to the "Song of Hiawatha," at the Norwich Festival, Oct. 6, 1899; the "Death of Minnehaha," at the North Staffordshire Festival, Oct. 26, 1899, and "Hiawatha's Departure," at a concert of the Royal Choral Society in London, March 29, 1900. The complete work has been given in London in one concert.

I know the more ambitious music of this composer only by "Hiawatha's Departure," but from this one hearing and after a performance which was



marked by unerring appreciation of the proper tempo or measure in detail, it is easy for the hearer to realize that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is a man of pronounced individuality, true and deep emotion, and native instinct for effective rhythm and gorgeous instrumentation. No doubt his sense of rhythm and color is a birthright; and it would be not resting to know how much heredity had to do with it; for his father was a mulatto physician of Sierra Leone, and his mother was an English woman. As is the case with many English-bred composers, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor understands thoroughly the capabilities and the limitations of the human voice, and his part-writing is delightfully free and natural; but unlike many of these same composers, he has ideas and imagination. They say that in the "Death of Minnehaha" there is displayed "a sense of deep tragedy" in association with marked rhythm, and he has been likened in this respect to Tchaikowsky, who, "by the quiet beat of a drum will show you a vision of grave diggers dropping clod upon clod, over the remains of a beloved friend." The text of "Hiawatha's Departure" does not call for the exhibition of such poignant feeling. For the most part, there is the sense of open-door life, by lake and in forest; there is the feeling of association with wholesome, primitive people. The introduction and opening soprano solo—which was not well sung, by the way, take you immediately from the concert-hall, and put you face to face with Nature. Admirable, too, is the scene in which Iago, the boaster, tells of adventures to the laughing, scoffing crowd; but this whole scene should have been taken at a faster pace. Hiawatha himself is finely drawn, and how cunningly does the instrumentation paint his varying moods! And what musical landscapes are those of Hiawatha waiting in the summer morning with the air full of freshness and the sun high in Heaven, and the scene of evening's dusk and coolness.

Alas, the first was marred by the soprano, who disregarded the printed indication of the composer and sound musical instinct, and dragged the measures into a slough of incongruous sentimentalism. Nor do I know in modern works two pages of greater dramatic intensity gained by simple means than those in which Mr. Devoll, with intelligence and genuine feeling, told of the Black-Robe's message to the Indians. There are professedly religious cantatas that in 100 pages do not produce the effect of these impressive and dramatic measures. That Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is a man of pronounced dramatic instinct and power of expression is also clearly proved by the stirring music in which the approach of the pale-faces is described. This music is worthy to stand side by side with the music in "Lohengrin," when the Knight is first seen drawn by the swan, and, remember, that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has not the aid of the surprised, exultant crowd and scenic business. The finale is of superb sonority. Truly, a beautiful, impressive, imaginative work of a man who has fresh and deep emotions, is not suffering from fashionable pessimism, and has little to learn in the modern and full expression of musical thought.

The performance was by no means ideal, for, more than once, orchestra and singers were not together, and there was frequently a total disregard of the composer's dynamic indications. But this is an old story, you say. It is an old story; but after Mr. Mollenhauer showed us last season what might be done with a bulky chorus and after Mr. Gericke proved by his performance of Beethoven's Mass that a chorus like the Cecilia could be drilled to an exhibition of orchestral finesse, it seems a pity that there should be a return to the old days. Miss Cummings was a disappointment in this cantata, although she was more effective in Mr. Chadwick's cantata. She did not sustain her tones, and often cast them into the air as from a pop-gun. Mr. Devoll, as I have said, sang with more than ordinary intelligence. Mr. Townsend had a difficult task; he sang for the most part with strength, skill and dignity, but the final measures of Hiawatha's farewell were comparative-ly ineffective, whereas they should have been the crowning triumph of the singer.

The Hallelujah would not be sung by any chorus today if Beethoven had not signed his name to it. Let us record one more instance of fetish-worship. The beautiful Hymn by Tchaikowsky was sung admirably.

Mr. Chadwick's "Phoenix Explains" was given here originally by the Handel and Haydn, and many still remember the effect made in the second number by Nordica and the chorus. The cantata itself is one of great beauty; it is in some respects unique, with exotic flavor permeating sound workmanship, with a singular mingling of the mystical and the erotic. I wonder why Mr. Chadwick does not treat musically the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. Some have attempted the task, but I know of no one who has shown the peculiar and necessary talent that characterizes "Phoenix Explains," which the composer conducted last night.

There was a good-sized and applause-ful audience. The next concert will be Feb. 13, 1901.

#### MISS LEVY'S RECITAL.

Miss Idalia Levy, soprano, assisted by Miss Anna Holmes Ruggles, contralto, and Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall, which was crowded with a most friendly audience. Miss Levy sang Mozart's "L'Amoroso" with obligato by Mr. Adamowski, the mad scene from "Hamlet,"

the Bell song from "Lakmé" and songs by Pergolesi, Dvorak, Dell'Acqua, Miss Ruggles sang songs by Coquard, Lalo and Tchaikowsky. Mr. Adamowski played Saint-Saens's Introduction and Ronéo Capriccioso and pieces by Simonetti and Kontski.

Miss Levy has a voice of liberal compass and sympathetic quality, a voice that will, no doubt, in due time lend itself gratefully to the display of emotion and also agility. The voice is one of more than ordinary beauty and usefulness. But Miss Levy is not yet ready to appear in public, especially in the trying arias chosen by her yesterday. Neither her phrasing nor her diction can be praised; her tones were too often far back in her mouth or even in her throat; and she fell below the true pitch. I say this after making due allowance for her natural nervousness. There are ample possibilities for her, however, if she will be content to study still further the technique of her art.

Miss Ruggles is also blessed by nature with a rich and appealing voice; and she, too, is not yet ready for concert work. She sang three passionate songs in a most matter-of-fact manner.

A remark, suggested by this concert, is of general application. Why do young American singers affect to sing in a foreign language when the attempt is too evidently an effort?

Philip Hale.

Yet I do not assert we ought to confine ourselves only to one friend; but among the rest there should be one Eminently so, not casually picked up at a Tavern or Eating-house, nor upon a promiscuous Meeting at a Public House, or a formal Salute as parting in the Streets, as is too common now a days; but one chosen upon long and mature Deliberation, confirmed by settled Converse, and with whom (according to that celebrated Proverb) "we have eaten a Bushel of Salt."

We have received the following note: Boston, Dec. 3, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

You have it in your power to be a wholesome and educational influence in the community and suburbs, for even in newspapers there may be hints and suggestions to awaken a desire in the breasts of the young for wider information. Might it not be a good idea for you to publish, at least every other day, a short biographical sketch of some helpful man or woman who made the world sweeter and better? I do not mean a conventional life from date of birth to that of death; but some maxim said, or deed done, if it were brought to the attention of the young, might prepare them for a day of cheer and usefulness.

Yours truly,

G. BURT PETTIBONES.

We are always delighted to receive suggestions—as well as copy, and suppose we take today Aedulus, old Aedulus. Thus we begin with A, and, working through Judas, Thersites and Xanthippe, we shall come, some time in 1904 or 1905, to Zeno (the Eleatic), Zurishaddal and the Zuzims.

#### AEDULUS.

Aedulus of Cappadocia pretended to supernatural communications with the Deity, and practised theurgic arts. In answer to his prayer his future fate was revealed to him in hexameter verses, which suddenly appeared upon the palm of his left hand. The scholiast adds: "That's what Aedulus said. The doctors called it eczema."

Hubert Herkomer says that the best way to study a model is to take dinner with him. Of course a painter is thus inclined to take a kindlier view of his subject, and he softens animal expression and corrects the defective or irregular facial architecture. Old Chimes said when he heard this that the best way for a citizen to study a model was to invite her to supper. Thus do great minds work in various directions.

It appears that this judicial decision to the disadvantage and detriment of those who are thirsty after 11 P. M. is due "largely to a matter of punctuation." The decision will continue to be largely a matter of punctuation: full stop for the innkeepers, and dashes and exclamation points for the thirsty.

Miss O'Hara of the Citizens' Law and Order League of Massachusetts was of course "overjoyed" to hear the decision. "The first thing a man does," says Miss O'Hara, "when he comes into Boston on a late night train is to go to a hotel and order up a rye high-ball or a brandy-and-soda. Now this thing will come to a stop, and foreign travelers will have to get into town early or go to bed thirsty." We fail to detect her precise meaning. Is Miss O'Hara opposed to night travel, and does she think that a man who arrives here on a midnight train is necessarily a victim of drink and already suffering from hob-nall liver? Her main premise is false: there are late travelers who prefer beer, plain beer, to high-balls and B. & S. after 11 P. M. Is she so hard-hearted as to exult over the thought of any weary traveler going to bed thirsty? Is it more wicked to drink at 11.05 P. M. than at 10.45 P. M.? Miss O'Hara also says, "One of the best results will be the general abolishment of night work for hotel employees, particularly waiters and bar-keepers."

Does Miss O'Hara read morning newspapers? She should abandon the habit, for in order that they may appear, men have to work through the night into the early morning.

We read in the New York Evening Post that Professor Horatio W. Parker, formerly of Boston and now of Yale University, has entered suit against the New Haven Palladium for loss of manuscript. The papers assert that last April a manuscript of his lecture on "Church Music" was lent by him to a Palladium reporter, with a promise that it should be returned. "The plaintiff says that he cannot get the manuscript back, and asks \$6000 damages—\$1000 for the value of the manuscript, and \$5000 loss from inability to deliver lectures from the manuscript, which the plaintiff says he is unable to reproduce."

Now suppose that Prof. Parker receives \$100 for each lecture—for we are naturally of a generous nature and think that all men should be paid liberally. This shows that he expected to deliver the lecture 50 times. Or suppose that he receives \$75 a lecture—or \$50 a lecture. Here are pleasant tasks for little Willie to work out on his slate. Do you think \$1000 a high price for the manuscript? Why we have a lecture on "The Influence of the Sun on Curbstones" that we value at over \$1000, yes its price is far above rubles; but although it is illustrated with charts, song, stereopticon views, and a phonograph, we have never been able to deliver it, not even in the Lowell course.

Marcella Sembrich is the same today as yesterday, and if she were Patli, we should be tempted to add "and forever." For the important fact is telegraphed from New York that at a song-recital "she drew off her gloves and, seating herself at the piano, sang a Chopin song to her own accompaniment." The choir will now sing: "Tell me the old, old story."

There have been many books written about Tennyson. The "authentic" biography is unsatisfactory in certain ways and expensive; and there is no such graphic description of the poet either in this book or in those by Churton Collins and others as a sketch furnished by an old servant and published in Rawnsley's "Memories of the Tennysons": "Mr. Alfred he was a dacious one. He used to be walking up and down the carriage drive hundreds of times a day, shouting and halloaing and preaching, with a book always in his hand; and such a man for making sad work of his clothes."

#### STORM.

Does the wind sing in your ears at night in the town,  
Rattling the windows and doors at the brick built place?  
Do you hear its song as it flies over marsh and down.  
Do you feel the kiss that it leaves on my rain-wet face?  
Or, wrapped in a lamplit quiet, do you restrain  
Thoughts that would take the wind's way hither to me,  
And bid them rest, safe anchored, nor tempt again  
The tumult and torment and peril that live in the sea?  
I, for my part, when the wind is out in his night,  
I bid him hush not and awaken again the storm  
That swept my heart out to sea on a moonless night,  
And dashed it ashore on an island wondrous and warm,  
Where all things fair and forbidden for ever flower,  
And the worst of life is a dream, and the best comes true;  
Where the harvest of years was reaped in one golden hour,  
And the gods, for once, were honest with me and you.  
I will not hear when the winds and the sea cry out,  
I will not trust again to the maddening wind;  
I will not brave the sea with its danger and doubt,  
To reach that shore with the world left well behind.  
But you—I would have you listen to every call  
Of the changing wind, each voice of the stormy main,  
Till you pile life's joys in a heap and renounce them all,  
To regain that island; renouncing them all in vain.

We have received the following paragraphs from "Clarus": "Have you noticed the little nervous cough so prevalent? It is generally attributed to throat affection, but it is due to abnormal heart-action, caused by riding side-wise in the street cars. The sudden starting and stopping of the cars is directly opposite the valvular action of the heart. Please tell the West End folks to right-about-face their car seats, as heart-troubles are

on the increase. Note domestic broils and divorce suits." But the officials should first abolish the use of plush cushions. In cold weather, when the heat is on, and when the ventilators are shut tight to accommodate some neuralgic old person, male or female, even the cars patronized by "our best people" have the fine old menagerie smell so dear to childhood. Indeed, a distinguished foreigner who is now visiting us, Herr Adolph von Dingelkirche, the famous specialist for diseases of the left nostril, can hardly be convinced that Bostonians are not chronic sufferers from the complaint known as Bromidrosis pedum, to which both Henry of Navarre and Louis XIV. were subject, and which turned the heart of the beautiful Queen Marguerite against the former. (See Hyrtl's "Handbuch der topograph. Anatomie," Vienna, 1882, vol. II., p. 752, a book that should be in every family. Consult also the ballad of Laurent Tallhade, the reformed anarchist, with the refrain, "Volci les pieds de Péladan." Ah, the ancients were wonderful fellows! Thus Orbasius gave this advice to "pale completed" persons: "Paleness is diminished by a merry course of life, and grateful food, by mixing together radishes, leeks, and the green chick-pea." But we wander, like Schubert's miller. Let us go back to "Clarus."

"The Roxbury philosopher has had his hair cut. He underwent a change of heart from his long-entertained belief that happiness and contentment dwelt only with the poor. The other day as he was taking his accustomed walk through the streets of the destitute, the lamentation of a ragged, dirty child, who was eating a huge slice of bread and butter on the doorsteps of the house Poverty, arrested his attention. He asked: 'My boy, have you not plenty of bread?' 'Ye-es, boo-o-o.' 'Have you not plenty of butter?' 'Y-a-a-s, a boo-a-hoo.' 'Then,' asked the sweet old man, 'why do you cry?' 'It's t-t-t the w-w-way the darn thing's spread!'"

We were much interested in reading "The Cocktail Book: a Sideboard Manual for Gentlemen," and local pride is gratified by the thought that the book

is published in Boston, a city in which New Yorkers claim, and with reason, that no first-class cocktail is mixed except possibly by some amateur his own home. A wide distribution of the book among our citizens may move the reproach. And yet we are not sure of this. Thus we find the recipe for an "Algonquin" cocktail, there is no mention of the Aphrodisiac, or the opal, all of which are well known to some of the most prominent Bostonians in various walks of life. Nor is there any mention of "Tin-roof" cocktail. Perhaps you do not know the recipe. You go to bar and ask for it. If the barkeeper seems dazed, give him any old recipe. He may ask you, "But why do you call it 'Tin-roof'?" You then smile and say, "Because it is on the house." The success of this experiment depends largely on the mental equipment of the barkeeper. You will immediately find whether he has any sense of humor, and whether it is in working order, not left at home in his other waistcoat or on the mantel-piece.

These omissions, however, may happen be forgiven in the joy that lowers the sight of the recipe for buttered rum, although we prefer powerful medicinal draught with the impertinence of grated nutmeg. We are glad to see that the author does not include "wine" as the inelegant synonym of champagne. On the other hand, we regret that he encourages the serving of several wines at a dinner. "The chief principle followed is that the choicer heavier wines should follow the lighter ones." Fudge! Go to! Marry-up! O, la, la! And other words phrases of like effect. The author here betrayed himself. He approves the sentence, "A banquet tendered." The ideal dinner should be of few courses, and there should be only one wine; that should be the best and there should be plenty, but not too much, especially if champagne is preferred to burgundy, for a profound table philosopher once remarked concerning the intellectual effect of champagne drunk continuously: "This wine which is ex- fying in its after results (as intio) is Remember that the real purpose of dinner is to bring people together that they may enjoy themselves to make them uncomfortable for the next 24. There are hosts today who gra- quality of their wine according supposed quality of their guests this they follow the example of a Romans, described bitterly in al's fifth satire. Pliny the Y wrote from personal experience



inner: "There were three kinds in different little bottles, not you, but to relieve you of, any. The first was for the mouth, the second for the stomach, and for us who were in the second rank; the third for the third rank; the fourth for the freedmen. A neighbor asked me if I approved the arrangement, I said, 'No.' 'And would you proceed?' he asked. 'I should serve everybody alike, but I do not call my friends together and insult them by insulting distinctions.' 'Why not even the freedmen?' 'Why not? I see here only guests; not freedmen. But that would be expensive.' 'But what is your secret?' 'No secret. On such occasions I do not serve my wine; I should serve my freedmen.'"

the Komora of Japan describes such as "a great fuzz-fuzz people" as Coleridge who spoke of each nation as a mixture of smut and powder?

Dec 8, 1900

only cognizable post mortem, and a spark of outspokenness or candor; be trusted, till they are stiff and cold; without individuality, and which everything away upon other organs! that are fourfold prisons, each a solid, where the felon-neighbors feel their thumping, but have no inter-Hearts whose food consists in their gurgitations! Hearts in short which, lifeless, sympathyless, the peddling rills of circumstance, pur- of blood to the troughs of the senses! and oxygen carriers, or coal-porters, lions to the body at large!

have received the following note: Boston, Dec. 7, 1900.

Talk of the Day: fore the fact that you devote so space to paragraphs about food drink—especially drink. And I furthermore, that as a father of I regret to see jests of a flip- ature about barrooms and bars. Wine is a mocker, strong is raging. At the same time I like to know why a cocktail is Maloja. You mentioned yester- s particular form of liquid dam- Yours truly,

ALPHONSO SIDES. re sorry, Mr. Sides, that you do joy our kitchen and table res. But you are not the peo- ve find consolation in a sen- of Hazlitt: "There is no- that goes down better than relates to eating and drink- the stage, in books, or in life." Furthermore, Mr. Sides, we do not believe in total abe, except as a necessary straight- for unfortunates, we have al- advocated in this column the of temperance—temperance in drink, thought. "Temperance is etone of our faculty of obser- and the axe of reform, which ew away for ever at once vice another, is nowhere so well ed as on its square and eager \* \* \* Temperance is the na- of man as different from the Or to speak without figure, ance, including eating as well as g, is the foundation of our re- as involving constant acts of judgment or bodily wisdom." hat golden words concerning once have appeared in this col- at is to the Greeks foolishness. ve see you growing impatient in uriosity as to the Maloja cock- e now answer your question, so u may sneak into a bar-room by door and order one. But you t find it. The Maloja cocktail e had in perfection only at the ry Club.

ateau of the Maloja or Malog- the boundary between the Val la and the Engadine. You may h it from Chivenna or from n. A few years ago a member Porphyry, a sociologist of prom- visited the region and was struck by the healthful appear- of the natives. After a careful gation he ascertained the cause: be use of a hitter plant peculiar the Maloja district. This plant is edichinal when mingled cunningly ertain forms of alcohol—and as eau of Maloja is 5541 feet above el of the sea, the plant thrives ate of alcoholic exaltation.

ut here should be a moderate use the Maloja plant, which otherwise as "the insane root that takes son prisoner."

ers short—and there are so many o read! Yesterday we saw this em in a catalogue: HIGHWAYMEN. Whites Pen- versal Broadstreet, containing string Jack, Adventures of Dick nian Prince or the White Manchester Tales of Highwa-

Robbery, etc. Nos. 1-60 (except No. 32) with crude illustrs, 1841-1843.

Do you ask why we did not send for it? Because, madam, the price was to us prohibitive; and yet to you it would be nothing. On the other hand, you who have the means to buy it would not value the book; you would call it reading for grooms and street-sweepers, and if your hand should touch it you would call for civet. Some day—ah, some day we shall have a li-rary of books all about famous pi-ates, robbers, highwaymen, sneak-thieves. It will be a catholic collection—which will include impartially Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," "Lives of the Highwaymen," by Captain Alexander Smith (1719), sundry works on political economy, and a history of the Standard Oil Company.

There are some who would regard Mr. de Quassada's death in a New York bank as peculiarly sad. He fell "while awaiting his turn at the paying teller's wicket."

And this is what the reporter says she said: "If I ever get out of this I shall never let the follies of style run away with my better judgment again." The voice was the voice of Miss Chloe Campbell, milliner, who caught her high French heels in a carpet and was pitched headlong down a flight of stairs at Shanley's, New York, where they sell things after 11 P. M. We sympathize deeply with Miss Campbell, who is suffering from a broken knee-cap; but do you believe for a moment that she ever used "those language?"

The Dean of Wells was once called on to introduce E. A. Freeman, whom he disliked as man and historian; and this is how he did it: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbor, Mr. Freeman, the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers." Bostonians who attempted to entertain Mr. Freeman when he was here will appreciate this description.

Readers of public library books are acquainted with the species of animal known as the "thumb-licker," who is able to read, in fact, finds pleasure in reading, but before turning a page puts his thumb in his mouth and leaves the mark of it on the margin. Thus may he catch the disease of some infected predecessor. We regret to say that the solo soprano at the last Cecilia concert indulged herself in this practice during the performance of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Departure." She was a desirable woman, with noble line of shoulders and alluring pectoral display. Her thumb, no doubt, was pretty, although it was clothed in black suede, but it was in this instance misapplied.

## BAERMANN-KNEISEL.

### First of the Second Series of Music Students' Chamber Concerts—A Program of Exceeding Respectability and Ripe Age.

The first of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts (second series) was given at Association Hall last night. The players were Messrs. Baermann and Kneisel. There was a good-sized audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano in E minor. Bach Piano solo: Variations, B flat. . . . .Mozart-Rheinberger "Der Lindenbaum." . . . .Schubert-Liszt Cherozo in C sharp minor. . . . .Chopin Sonata for violin and piano, op. 47. . . . .Beethoven

The purpose of these concerts is to supply good music, performed by musicians of ability, at a reasonable price, to students and music lovers of limited means, although others gladly take advantage of the opportunity. The purpose is praiseworthy and should be encouraged. That the concert of last night gave pleasure to the audience was manifest; for applause was frequent and hearty. And yet the program was not one of marked interest. The sonata by Bach that was chosen is not one of the best examples of his chamber music, and it was none too well played, for Mr. Baermann was often restless and inclined to hurry, and there were moments when the player seemed to be running for a wager. Rheinberger's adaptation of Mozart's variations left the hearer in doubt as to whether there was too little of Mozart, too much of Rheinberger, or too much of both. No doubt Mr. Baermann put the piece on the program out of friendship toward his old colleague in Munich. After the scherzo by Chopin, the pianist was recalled most heartily and more than once. It is a pity that the program was not of greater interest. Do you say, "Ah! but there was the sonata by Beethoven?" Yes, there was a sonata by Beethoven, and it is well known

by all students, young and old. A less familiar work would have been more to the purpose. Seven concerts of this series are yet to come. Let us hope that the players and singers will not follow in well-trodden paths; let us hope that even the most hardened performers will bring forward something new and good. The next concert will be Jan. 8 by Mr. Dohnányi, who will then make his last appearance in Boston.

Philip Hale.

Dec 9, 1900

## HAROLD BAUER.

### A Remarkable Recital by This Admirable Pianist—Seventh Symphony Concert; Smetana's "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows"—Appearance of Milka Ternina.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his first piano recital in this city yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large and brilliant audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, op. 11. . . . .Beethoven Etude, B minor. . . . .Mendelssohn Gavotte. . . . .Gluck-Brahms Fantasia, op. 49. . . . .Chopin Carneval. . . . .Schumann Etude, C minor. . . . .Chopin La Leggerezza. . . . .Liszt Islamey. . . . .Balakireff

This was a remarkable concert. Mr. Bauer not only gave rare pleasure to the inveterate and greedy concert-goer; he also awakened respect, sympathy and lively admiration in the breast of hardened musician and critic.

His program was exacting, for it demanded the display of mature thoughtfulness, musical brilliance, deep emotion, as well as mere grace, dexterity and exalted technic. He set for himself a severe task. He accomplished his gloriously, and with the true modesty of a great conqueror.

The performance of the sonata by Beethoven was masterly throughout. In the introduction and allegro there was the thought of the mighty composer who knew himself to be a man among and above men; who shook defiantly his fist at the thunder storm that raged over his dead head. The depths of Beethoven's emotion were sounded in the Andante, and the pianist interpreted the mightiest of composers as no pianist has done here since. Albert moved all hearts by his rendering of the slow movement in the same master's concerto in G major. The intricate variations were for one not merely a task, not merely intricate passages with formidable trills; they were alive with flowing rhythm and beauty of thought; they were ornamented with precious jewels of tone.

And side by side with this performance must be placed the superb interpretation of Schumann's Carneval. Everybody, young or old, male or fe-

male, plays this piece; and he that is obliged to frequent concert halls shudders when he sees it on the program; for there are such rapid, foolish, false, atrocious readings. Some turn the piece into a succession of episodes which have no connection with each other, which have no apparent excuse for being. Some see only Florestan in the music and pound as though the music were intended to portray a student's bull. Others out-Eusebius Eusebius. And I have heard it when the gaiety and the merriment were such as are popularly supposed in ribald Western cities to characterize a social entertainment patronized and managed by the poorest families of Boston. But the performance by Mr. Bauer was a masterpiece of rhythm, sentiment, poetry, understanding. The sense of rhythm displayed was equaled only by de Pachman at his best, and this rhythmic power which distinguished the whole reading was perhaps most keenly and delightfully felt in "Arléquin," where there was appropriately a dash of French vivacity, and in the "Promenade." The tenderness in "Eusebius" was exquisite, and in "Chopin" you heard the voice and saw the face of the hectic Pole. For once the march of the Davidbündler was taken at a pace that allowed of the pomp and circumstance of war. Do you say all this is extravagance? Then you did not hear Mr. Bauer.

The study by Mendelssohn was played with the extreme elegance and strain of minor poetry that were demanded. Even more charming if possible was the performance of the Gavotte, which in subdued beauty and suggestion was like unto a Watteau or a specious poem of Paul Verlaine, in which is the whole spirit of the eighteenth century. The study by Chopin was taken at a slower pace than usual, but it gained thereby; and here as in the Fantasia in C minor the pianist's sentiment remained pure and true; there was no taint of sentimentalism; palsy never took the place of emotion; and yet it is only just to say that I have heard more impressive readings of the introduction to the Fantasia. Balakireff's "Islamey" was played here in 1891 by Friedheim. Since that date it has been played by Siloti, Buonamici, and I think, MacDowell. It is a wild fantastic on Georgian airs, an agreeable substitute for the Liszt rhapsodie, whatever its number may be, that as a rule brings the end of the concert. Mr. Bauer played it with amazing clearness and ease, but his performance of Liszt's "La Leggerezza" was to me even more astounding, in mastery of technic, in swift and subtle gradations of tone.

This concert, then, will be memorable in this city, for a full display of all the qualities that characterize a great pianist who is also a thorough and tem-

peramental musician. There was strength that was never forced beyond beauty of tone and fiercer force there was genuine and irresistible sonority. There was delicacy that was never trivial or lady-like. There was brilliance that was never vulgar, never a lure to catch a pause. There was poetry from the quatrains to the epic. And above all and permeating all was the thoughtfulness of a master of his art.

No wonder that applause was frequent, spontaneous, long continued, but Mr. Bauer wisely added nothing to the program until the very end, when he played a study by Rubinstein. He will give other recitals within the next fortnight.

.. The program of the seventh Sympho-

ny concert was as follows: Overture "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" . . . . .Mendelssohn Aria "Dulce, Schweige," from "Catharina Cornaro" . . . . .Lachner Miss Ternina.

Symphonic Poem "From Bohemia's Groves and Meadows" . . . . .Smetana Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Ri-

tan," . . . . .Wagner Isolde, Miss Ternina.

Symphony in E flat, No. 2. . . . .Goldmark

The overture was well played, but why should this respectable piece by the genteel Mendelssohn be brought forward at this late day? Mr. Appthorp said in the program-book: "The ship's slowly and majestically sliding into the dock and coming up to the wharf, in the last three measures, may be called a gem of musical imagery in itself." I wish I had Mr. Appthorp's faculty for finding such treasures in three measures. Mendelssohn wrote one great overture "Fingal's Cave," for this as a work of beauty and imagination is above the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"—but the one play last night reminds me of a trip to Nantasket on a Sunday boat; there are mothers with children and baskets; young men with girls and long cigars; and there is a boisterous scene at the landing.

Smetana's Symphonic-poem is equal in power or interest to the that precede; and yet it is a characteristic work. It was composed in 1875, after he began to suffer with the disease that finally ended in complete deafness, hallucinations, madness, death. He himself told Zeleny that the roaring introduction portrays the impression made on the wanderer who sees for the first time a Bohemian landscape; that the first passage in G major is as the walk of a naive village-maiden; that the three-four section describes the beauty of nature in the summer at high noon, with the sun at the zenith, with shadows and glimmerings of light in the forest, with twittering of birds. "I worked out the contrapuntal task," he said, "with ease, for I have practised such tasks diligently." The polka-finale is a harvest or village festival. This music is in certain ways naive; but the simplicity is that of a strong nature who can afford to be simple; it is never affected. The more I hear of Smetana's music, the more I wonder at those who name Dvorak as the greatest of Bohemian composers.

Franz Lachner is an interesting figure today chiefly on account of his early association with Schubert and his determined opposition to what was known once as "music of the future." He was a solid musician of the good old days that, fortunately for art, are no more. I wonder why Ternina chose the aria from "Catharina Cornaro," who would be the first to be bored by the tune if she were now alive. Neither Ternina's voice nor art nor majestic presence can rescue recitative or aria from the dust-bin of time.

She declaimed the "Love-Deaths" from "Tristan and Isolde" superbly. She did not find it necessary to shriek or yell or turn the woman of noble birth into a red-faced virago.

Mr. Gericke's reading of the Prelude reminded me of an essay on Platonic Love.

The Symphony in E flat, which was first played at Dresden, Dec. 2, 1887, is not one of Goldmark's best works. Goldmark is happiest when he is seated on his camel.

Philip Hale.

MR. RUPERT HUGHES OF NEW YORK is indeed a courageous man. He has written a book entitled "Contemporary American Composers," which is published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. of this city. For the proverbial irritability of the poet is as nothing when weighed against the sensitiveness of the composer. Musicians, like playactors and playactresses, regard praise as only their just due and they do not mind when it is laid on with a trowel; in fact, they are the more impressed by the "keen discrimination" of the critic. But when the critic hints that there is possibly a flaw, that the piece is "well made but reminiscent," or that Homer nodded and even snored, then is the poor wretch indeed a desperate villain, an ignoramus, a man that has failed and is sour and envious. The fate of Gil Blas with the Archbishop is nothing to the fate of the music or dramatic critic.

And Mr. Hughes is not bombarding at long range; on the contrary, he speaks of contemporaneous countrymen, fellow-citizens, and neighbors. It is true that he is spending the winter in London, but he will surely return, and the memory of an offended musician is as long as an Arctic winter or a cadenza by Carl Reinecke.

But Mr. Hughes has dealt kindly even with the comparatively and absolutely unknown as well as with the unjust. He explains in his preface why he has



many names of purely partial estimation. He thus defends himself: "I can only say that the fact that an artist has created one work of high merit makes him a good composer in my opinion, whether or no he has ever written another, and whether or

no he has afterward fallen into the grey and yellow school of trash. So MacDowell's fame is perennial—one poem among many banalities." He would not doubt agree with Edgar Allan Poe that a poet can be great even if he has not written an epic in 20 cantos or a tragedy in thundering blank verse.

Let me quote again from the preface: "Aside from occasional attentions evoked by chance performances, it may be said in general that the growth of our music has been unloved and unheeded by anybody except a few plodding composers, their wives and a retainer or two. . . . It may be that some inspectors of this book will complain of the omission of names they had expected to find here. Others will feel a sense of disproportion. To them there is no reply but a pathetic allusion to the inevitable incompleteness and asymmetry of all things human. . . . The biographical data have been furnished in practically every case by the composers themselves, and are, therefore, reliable in everything except, possibly, the date of birth."

And this opening sentence of the book itself should be pondered by composers and their friends and families: "Coddling is no longer the chief need of the American composer. While he still wants encouragement in his good tendencies—much more encouragement than he gets, too—he is now strong enough to profit by the discouragement of his evil tendencies. In other words, the American composer is ready for criticism."

Mr. Hughes considers first the innovators. MacDowell heads this list; then come Edgar Stillman Kelley, a composer of rare daring and imagination, whose orchestral music is shame-

fully neglected by our imported and native conductors, Harvey Worthington Loomis, Ethelbert Nevin—what has become of him, by the way?—John Philip Sousa, Henry Schoenfeld, Maurice Arnold, N. Clifford Page.

The Academicians are Professor Paine, "the most classic of our composers"—"before Mr. Paine there had never been an American music writer worthy of serious consideration in the larger forms"—Dudley Buck, Professor Horatio Parker, Frank van der Stucken, W. W. Gilchrist, G. W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, S. G. Pratt, H. R. Hadley, A. M. Foerster, C. C. Converse, L. A. Coerne. Then come the Colonists—among them Arthur Whiting, F. R. Burton, H. H. Huss, Howard Brockway, H. R. Shelley, Reginald de Koven. Among the Boston colonists are Messrs. Bullard, Norris, G. E. Whiting, Marston, Johns, Fisher, J. C. D. Parker, Denne, Whelpley. Composers of other cities are grouped together in this somewhat arbitrary manner. The women have a chapter to themselves. And there is a list of foreign-born composers headed by C. M. Loefler.

As an example of Mr. Hughes's tastes and method in eulogy—remember, it is much harder to invent terms of praise than pages of destructive criticism—I quote extracts from his article on MacDowell.

"The matter of precedence in creative art is as hopeless of solution as it is unimportant. And yet it seems appropriate to say, in writing of E. A. MacDowell, that an almost unanimous vote would grant him rank as the greatest of American composers, while not a few ballots would indicate him as the best of living music writers.

"But this, to repeat, is not vital, the

main thing being that MacDowell has a distinct and impressive individuality, and uses his profound scholarship in the pursuit of novelty that is not cheaply sensational, and is yet novelty. He has, for instance, theories as to the textures of sounds, and his chord-formations and progressions are quite his own.

"His compositions are superb processions in which each participant is got up with the utmost personal splendor. His generalship is great enough to preserve the unity and the progress of the pageant. With him no note in the melody is allowed to go neglected, ill-

mounted on common chords in the bass, or cheap-garbed in trite triads. Each tone is made to suggest something of its multitudinous possibilities. Through every geometrical point, an infinite number of lines can be drawn. This is almost the case with any note of a melody. It is the recognition and the practice of this truth that gives the latter-day schools of music such a consciousness and warmth of harmony.

No one is a more earnest student of these effects than MacDowell."

He ends his criticism of MacDowell's "Sonata Eroica" as follows: "Where is the piano piece since Beethoven that has the depth, the breadth, the height of this huge solemnity? Chopin's sensuous wallowing does not afford it. Schumann's complex eccentricities have not given it out. Brahms is too passionless. Wagner neglected the piano. It remained for a Yankee to find the austere peak again! And that, too, when the sonata was supposed to be a form as exhausted as the epic poem. But all this is the praise that one is laughed at for bestowing except on the graves of genius. The cautious Ben Jonson, when his erstwhile taproom roisterer, Will Shakespeare, was dead, defied insolent Greece or haughty Rome to show his superior. With such authority, I feel safe in at last defying the contemporary schools of insolent Russia or haughty Germany to send forth a better musicwright than our fellow-townsmen, Edward MacDowell."

Few will agree with Mr. Hughes in his astonishing praise of Sousa as a composer in many fields. The unique "Phoenix Expirans" of Mr. Chadwick has only a passing notice. I find no mention of Prof. Parker's most characteristic "Cahal Mor" for baritone and orchestra; and some, I am among them, prefer Mr. Foote's suite for full orchestra to his "Francesca da Rimini," which Mr. Hughes declares the greatest work of that composer. But why set one opinion against another? It is generally as though children stood before a shopwindow and one cried: "I choose that!" and another, "Pooh! I take this." Only why does Mr. Hughes leap into the flying rings at the mention of Mr. Sousa, who has written some admirable marches, pretentious and bombastic band-pieces, and dreary comic operas?

The book is one of real value, for it contains a mass of biographical detail that cannot be readily found elsewhere, and while you may disagree with some of the critical opinions, it nevertheless is true that the author is entertaining and often as shrewd as brave in the proclamation of them.

Portraits and reproductions of music, printed and in manuscript, enhance the value. The proof-reader allowed several errors to escape him. I note "Schumann" (p. 455) although "Schumann" is in the same index; "Draesseeke," for "Draeske" (p. 343); "Swinbourne" for "Swinburne" (pp. 333, 453), and the name Handel is now printed in English and American books without the modified "a"; at least it should be.

Here are three stories told by or of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. I found them in the Pall Mall Gazette, which also published a fine eulogy by Mr. Vernon Blackburn.

"When five years ago his 'Light of the World' was revived at the Cardiff Musical Festival, a deputation which waited upon him at his hotel to assure him that the Welsh Choir were delighted with the work, were astonished at the reply, 'Oh, you like dull music.' And the composer laughingly added that he had not heard nor seen it for 20 years, but on trying to read it coming down in the train he had fallen asleep over it.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" caught on in America and raged like a fever all over the States," said Sullivan in a short autobiography published in M. A. P. "In New York alone eight theatres were performing it at the same time, and the words were so constantly quoted that at last it was decided to impose a fine each time a phrase from 'Pinafore' was used in general conversation. My dear old friend, Frederic Clay, was in church one Sunday morning with the Barlows, one of the best known families in New York, and the preacher concluded a most eloquent sermon with the impressive words: 'For He Himself hath said it!' Clay whispered into Sam Barlow's ear the continuing line: 'And it's greatly to his credit,' promptly took out a half dollar, and silently placed it in Mr. Barlow's hand! It is, perhaps, a rather strange fact that the music to 'Pinafore,' which was thought to be so merry and spontaneous, was written while I was suffering agonies from a cruel illness. I would compose a few bars, and then be almost insensible from pain. When the paroxysm was passed, I would write a little more, until the pain overwhelmed me again. Never was music written under conditions so distressing.

"A composer's memory is proverbially treacherous. On this head Sullivan told an amusing story. His best melodies, he said, frequently came while he was trying to get to sleep. Once so persistently haunted him that he got up and wrote it down. Next day he played it over to a friend, who admitted that he thought it one of the most beautiful melodies ever composed, and always had thought

so. It was the 'Power of Love,' from 'Satanella.' And Sullivan had certainly not heard it for something like 30 years."

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday—Steinert Hall, at 2.30 P. M. Mrs. Marie Decca will sing Ducl's 'La Mam-

mola.' Marchesi's 'La Follia.' Bolero from Verdi's 'Sicilian Vespers.' L'Onca-villo's 'Nuit de Decembre.' 'Depuis le Jour,' from Charpentier's 'Louise.' Massenet's 'Noel Païen.' John's 'Because of Thee.' Foote's 'Wilt Thou Be My Dearie?' MacDowell's 'A Maid Loves Light.' Kemp's 'The Lament,' from 'Ben Hur.' Mrs. Beach's 'The Years at the Spring.' Mr. John C. Manning will play these piano pieces: Bach's Fantasia in G minor, Chopin's prelude No. 25 and Scherzo in B flat minor. Mr. Frank Nash will be the accompanist.

Friday—Symphony Hall, at 2.30 P. M. Marcella Sembrich, assisted by Mr. Ludwig Bretner, pianist, will sing the following program of unusual variety and catholicity: Buononcini's 'Per la Gloria.' Paradies's 'M'ha presa alla sua ragna.' 'Mon petit coeur.' 'The Three Ravens,' and 'Ah, Mistress Mine.' Schubert's 'Gretchen am Spinnrad.' 'Du bist die Ruh.' 'Weinen und Lachen.' Brahms's 'Wie Melodien zieht es mir.' 'Ständchen.' Schumann's 'Er der herrliche von Allen.' 'Er ist's.' 'Auftraege.' Tschaiowsky's 'Er liebt mich so sehr.' Glinka's 'Romance.' Mazurka by Zelinski; Franz's 'Marie.' 'L'ebesfreier.' Bohm's 'Uber's Jahr.' 'Der Schurk.' von Flieitz's 'Das Kraut Vergessenheit,' and 'Es liegt ein Traum auf der Halde.'

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The 86th season of the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Millener conductor, will open Sunday night, Dec. 23, with a performance of "The Messiah." The solo singers will be Mrs. M. K. Zimmerman, Mrs. M. L. Clary, Hobart Smock and L. W. Flint. "The Messiah" will be repeated Tuesday evening, Dec. 25, with Mrs. Jessica de Wolf, Mrs. A. J. Griggs, W. E. Bacheller and J. S. Bernstein. Verdi's "Requiem" will be performed Feb. 24, with the assistance of Mrs. Kuleski-Pradbury, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Evan Williams, Gwilym Miles, Gounod's "Redemption" will be the oratorio Eastern Sunday, April 7. The soloists will be hereafter announced. The orchestra this season will be of Boston Symphony players. During the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 11, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., the sale of season tickets will be open to the public. The sale of single tickets to "The Messiah" concerts will open Monday, Dec. 17, at 9 A. M., at Symphony Hall, and also at Wright & Ditson's, 244 Washington Street.

Mr. Tucker's third concert will be given on Monday, Dec. 17, when Horatio W. Parker's new work, "A Wanderer's Psalm," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given with full chorus and orchestra. The soloists will be Miss Gertrude Miller and Mrs. Grace Tripp, soprano; Mrs. Helen Hunt, contralto; Bruce W. Hobbs and Frederick Smith, tenor, and Ericsson Bushnell, bass.

Mr. George Devoll, tenor, and Mr. Edwin Isham, baritone, both pupils of Sbriglia, and who have made an enviable reputation in both London and Paris, where they have been for several years, will give a recital in Steinert Hall soon after Christmas.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who is ranked in Europe as among the leading violinists of the world, will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, when he will play a suite by Jach. Bruch's concerto in G minor, No. 1, Tartini's sonata, "The Devil's Trill," and the variations "Non più mesta," Paganini-Kreisler. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the pianist. Tickets are now on sale.

The first concert of the Longy Club—Messrs. Longy, oboe; Marquar, flute; Selmer, clarinet; Hackebart, horn; Luke, bassoon, and Gebhard, pianist—will be given in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. The program will include Beethoven's quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, op. 16; a sonata by Bach for flute and piano; and Emile Bernard's divertissement for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, op. 36.

The program of the Symphony concert Dec. 22 will include Handel's "Water Music," Converse's "Festival of Pan" (first time); Tschaiowsky's Symphony No. 5. The soloist will be announced in due time.

A unique entertainment will be given on Sunday evening, Dec. 16, at 7.30, in Webster Hall, Webster Street, East Boston. It will be an evening of "Old Jewish Melodies," under the direction of the Rev. A. Halpern, cantor of the Baldwin Place Synagogue. Mr. Halpern is an accomplished musician with a thorough European training. The evening happens to be the first of the annual "Festival of Lights," analogous in the Jewish religious calendar to Christmas. The music will be historically and traditionally illustrative of that festival.

A Christmas-tide organ recital (free to all) will be given in Central Church, corner of Berkeley and Newbury Streets, at 4.30 on Tuesday, Dec. 18, by George A. Burdett, assisted by Caroline Gardner Clarke and Arthur W. Wellington.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitch, pianist, whose performance at a Kneisel concert last month created such enthusiasm, will play Tschaiowsky's concerto in d minor, with orchestra, and a group of solo pieces, at Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 16. There will be a soprano singer. Several orchestral pieces, among them Sullivan's "In Memoriam" for orchestra and organ, will be on the program. Mr. B. J. Lang will conduct. Tickets are now on sale.

Mr. Edwin Klahre will give the second piano recital of his series Monday evening, Dec. 17, in Steinert Hall.

The Chorister Glee Club of Boston, Mr. F. J. Anshelm director, will give a concert in Union Hall, Tuesday evening. Mr. J. W. C. Fallon and Mr. Fred E. R. Grant, bass, will assist.

#### THE CHATEAU LOUFOC.

I dreamed that I was in a great hall of a sombre chateau.

There were many of us—and others were constantly coming.

The first thing that struck the attention of a new comer was a monotonous dull, obsessing noise that lorded it over everything. At last I placed it in the great clock perched on high in the belfry. The tic-tac by an acoustical effect that was perhaps calculated threw the noise into remote parts of the mansion and even into the surrounding park.

No one knew the purpose of the gathering; each one read in the eyes of his companions the same astonishment, the same stupor at being there.

The clock sounded the hour.

As we looked at each other in silent Tristan said suddenly, and his great voice made us tremble:

"What did we come here for? Where are we here?"

We all repeated, like an echo:

"What did we come here for? Where are we here?"

A shiver of uneasiness ran over us:

One said: "Some one will undoubtedly tell us."

Others repeated: "Yes, some one undoubtedly tell us."

Several answered: "Not I!"—"Nor I!"—"Nor I!"

"Let us wait," said Tristan.

A heavy painful silence welghed down the crowd.

Every now and then I heard a reverberant shot; it came from those who thought away, for they found the tic-tac hang on their hands.

"Oh, how I am bored," growled Roger; and the crowd said: "Oh, I am all bored here."

Again the clock struck; again strange shiver passed over us.

A man stepped forward and said: "There is, they tell me, way up in the North tower, in the highest room, in the sky, an old woman, so old that one has ever found out her age."

Voices: "Let some one go after her. She knows; she should know."

And when she came, she leaned over and shook her head, as though she should say, "No" for ever ever.

"We should like to know—"

She interrupted them: "There is nothing."

"Yes, yes," cried impetuously a young man, "there should be something."

"There is nothing, I tell you."

"Then," replied the fiery lad, "brought us here, and why? there is something."

"There is nothing, I tell you, not except your presence."

"What difference does it make," Roger; "let us eat and drink to the time."

And the crowd shouted, "Let us eat and drink to kill the time."

Toward evening many were in the park; there was an illumination; it was dancing. Tristan became tired fore he was drunk, and took some us into a far-off room to talk the tic-tac over. In another chamber improvised an altar, and they prayed; old women robed in blue slept peacefully lulled by the music until the beadle rapped on the floor awoke them. In the garden there quarrels. Men drunk with liquor love fought wildly; blood flowed; there were shrieks of distracted women. The festival went on.

Again the clock of the castle sour

A voice was heard, "What did come here for? Why are we here?"

A cock crew in the night that growing pale. There were whistles, but faces were flabby, and were like plover's eggs.

As for me, I went and came in strange chateau and no one took note of me.

On the green lawn, in the sun-baked children were at play. I heard say: "When I am grown up I shall be a soldier on a big horse." Another said: "I shall play with gold pl things." A third: "But I shall marry a Lili."

In the library men were disputing about realism and idealism. They forgotten that they had gone there forget time. The clock sounded. They yawned violently: "Aa-a-a-a-h! I will tell us why we are here?"

The tic-tac of the great clock high in the bell-tower was more and more distinct. Young men and maid climbed up; and they dragged down with them a thin, tall old man, with great white beard, the most beautiful beard I ever saw; he carried a great scythe; his arms and legs were like and so was his nose. "We found hidden in the clock."

Roger, angry, stepped toward me: "Are you not ashamed, a man of my age, to make such a noise, and to delude us with your everlasting striking bells? No one can laugh or cry without hearing your stupid accompaniment."

Others shouted: "On to the dan and they pulled the old man out on the lawn. They danced madly; but I still heard

Tic-tac, tic-tac.

It was his heart that beat so loudly the more they turned about the tic-tac beat, but never faster, never stiller.

Tic-tac, tic-tac.

And the furious crowd shouted: "We do not know what to do, we are going to kill him."



me here, Hercules," was the cry. I could never understand how he happened to be there, but Hercules appeared. Nor was I sorry to see the man of whom I had heard so much in my studious youth. Hercules, celebrated one, stepped forward, pointed out the old man to him: "He is his hash!"

A mighty blow of the club—a n and brittle report. "Poor old he is smashed in pieces," I thought, and I revolted at such barbarous treatment. But he had not died. He was whole and on his feet. A polse came from the club of Hercules which was broken by the blow. "A tough morsel," said the athlete, "I give up the job."

Everybody was amazed and discouraged. "I have an idea," said Roger: "Let us go to the river." The crowd followed the old man in; down him. "What's the use? He must be blubious." Long and dismal yawn. Then did he show fright. And again the question: "What did we come here for? Why are we here?"

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"Well," I said to my friend who had asked: "You will admit that dreams are disconnected things. Is this one absolutely without sense and meaning?" "I don't know," he answered thoughtfully, "perhaps that is indeed our

I began to laugh still harder. I found that he took seriously nonsense, this dream so like the of a cock-and-bull.

LAURENT MONTESISTE.

Dec 11 1900

WARP AND WOOF.  
As ever the thread of life  
Crosses and crosses again,  
Peace and pleasure with strife,  
Love with trouble and pain;—  
Wait! Till the whole, complete,  
Shows you the large design.  
Would you throw your life by, sweet?  
I would not part with mine!

For every pang that I feel  
Proves me a conscious soul;  
And I know, come woe, come weal,  
I shall reach my final goal;  
Where all that is woven here,  
With doubt and toil, in the night,  
Breaks, when the day springs clear,  
Into color and form and light.

We have received the following letter:

Saco, Me., Dec. 7, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:  
In your communication I suppose should properly go to the Conscience Fund or Department instead of to you.

I have received not only you but probably thousands of earnest students of the art of poetry by allowing you to publish the poem "On Seeing the Water at Jamaica Plain" was written by me and only inspired by Mr. Drexel. The fact is that it was really written by Mr. Drexel, it having come into my possession in a roundabout way.

My purpose was to see if true criticism was dead; if some unerring eye did not see that only Mr. Drexel could write such a poem. I am firmly convinced that from a literary point of view New England is only a back number, but is out of the type distributed. I need pray my faith in you is destroyed.

In the way, what is the peculiar cause they have in Arabia?

PRO PLUS ULTRA.

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"He thinks you prescribe to yourself preposterously." No, no, Mr. Pro Plus Ultra, you did not deceive us, Mr. Drexel told us the whole story, but as he is so generous he begged me to expose you; he did not wish to stand lowered in the communication. Nor was he eager to claim the poem. It was only as a short rest, a mere trying of wings in the ether. And do you really think any peculiar custom of any nation will be revealed to you after your position which, by the way, is vain rather than humbly apologetic?

A eminent physician of London finds much of the whisky, brandy, gin, and the mellow sound of the word in other liquors all contain aldehydes. He made furfural tests on animals and man. "A dose of 0.1 gramme of furfural was taken two hours after dinner by two men. Half an hour afterwards, a pain like neuralgia was felt at the back of the neck. A sensation of throbbing pulsation in the back of the head and dull headache, which in one case lasted for the rest of the day."

In the back of the neck—sensation of throbbing pulsation—dull headache—these sounds plausible, in fact, did the men try to lacerate

their boots? And did tobacco have any taste?

But these unpleasant feelings came from the aldehydes, not from the rum. We have long felt that this must be so. "One of the antidotes for aldehydes is ammonia, which forms with them an innocuous compound." Therefore whenever you are suspicious of the liquor offered by barkeeper or host, ask for a dash of ammonia in it, just as some insist on cayenne pepper in ale.

Mr. Irving H. Well seems to be much excited over the "discovery" of a slang dictionary, "Vocabulum, or the Rogues' Lexicon," which he described at length in the Evening Post (N. Y.) of Dec. 8. He says that the "book has thus far

escaped the bibliophiles, earnest as is their search," and that his copy, or the copy that he saw, "was unearthed recently in one of the numerous lodging-houses of the Bowery, now frequently the habitat of the successors of those experts whose daily language is found in this curious book." Mr. Well speaks as though one of the lost chapters by Tacitus had been found. As a matter of fact, this little book of 130 pages is offered frequently by dealers in second-hand books. The author was George W. Matsell, "Special Justice," "Chief of Police," etc., etc., and one of the proprietors of the National Police Gazette. It was published in 1859. It never commands a high price. We have a copy for which we paid 25 cents at an auction sale at Libbie's.

Miss Augusta Klous of Boston—she is now known as Augusta Doria—made her debut at the Monnaie, Brussels, as Brangaene in "Tristan und Isolde," Nov. 19. Four days afterward postal cards bore her likeness, which is a tribute paid to popular singers, play-actresses and play-actors in certain European cities. The Guide Musical of Nov. 25 said: "The young singer showed genuine qualities, which will surely shine with brilliance when she has acquired greater stage experience. Her figure is tall and slender, and the charm of her attitudes recalls the grace of the women of Tanagra."

Mr. Paur, as conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York, produced Richard Strauss's symphony, "Ein Heldenleben," Dec. 7-8, and, as the New York Times said, covered himself with glory. Mr. Huneker wrote in the Sun: "Conductor Paur was a second Strauss in his devotion, energy, sympathy and enthusiasm. After a performance like this, all talk of his leaving New York should be forever dropped." The orchestra numbered about 125. Chicago heard this remarkable symphony, or "tone-poem," in March of this year. Now New York knows it. When will it be the turn of Boston? In 1900 or 1910?

Some were "surprised" because Mr. Coquelin at the Carnegie Lyceum sat while he lectured. What did they expect him to do? To lie down, or to stand on his head? For Mr. Willie Winter insists that Mr. Coquelin is nothing but a low comedian. We once saw the late Arthur Sullivan conduct an orchestra at a Promenade concert in Covent Garden. He sat; and in the most passionate moments he would let the orchestra play while he hunted for his dropped monocle. By the way, does Mr. Coquelin value the manuscript of his lecture at \$1000?

Dec 12 1900  
MARIE DECCA'S CONCERT.

Mrs. Marie Decca, soprano, assisted by Mr. John C. Manning, pianist, and Miss Maude Paradis, accompanist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a fair-sized audience. Mrs. Decca sang songs by Ducci, Marchesi, Leoncavallo, Massenet, Johns, Foote, MacDowell, Lang, Kemp, Beach; the bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers"; and "Depuis le jour" from Charpentier's "Louise."

To speak in detail of Mrs. Decca's singing would be an unpleasant and unprofitable task. It is enough to say that she violated the fundamental rules of vocal art and mistook constantly a see-saw between an explosion and a pianissimo that was well-nigh inaudible for emotional display.

Mr. Manning was applauded for his performance of Bach's Fantasia in C minor, and Chopin's Prelude No. 25 and B flat minor scherzo.

The accompaniments to the songs were played with unusual taste.

Philip Hale.

Pleasure or bodily life is incomplete while its materialism only is felt, and the heart untouched by the traveling joy, which as it comes down from on high, longs to strike every cord where its music can be made. But if the heart is incontinent, or has destroyed its delicious sensibility, the joy is split from it, and not felt excepting in the lower regions. First love, the comedians say, is "all-overliveness;" the whole body feels it; the house is lighted and the lutes are playing from attic to kitchen, and the old neighborhood is amazed. Last love is often

another thing; life in holes and corners, but the former halls dark and cold.

The letter was written 219 years ago today, and yet the story of that Long Island tragedy haunts us as though it presented "Thebes or Pelop's line." How full of bodement is the introduction:

"There went down about a month since three mad Quakers, called Thomas Case's crew, one man named Denham, belonging to Newer-snicks, and two women with him belonging to Oyster Bay; these went down to South-hold, where they meet with Samuel Banks of Fairfield, the most blasphemous villain that ever was known in these parts. These joyning together with some other inhabitants of South-hold of the same spirit, there went into their company a young merchant named Thomas Harris, who was somewhat inclining to the Quakers before (he belonged to Boston); they all go about him, and fell a dancing and singing, according to their diabolical manner. After some time the said Harris began to act like them, and to dance and sing, and to speak of extraordinary raptures of joy, and to cry out upon all others as devils that were not of their religion."

The writer then tells of the dreadful fate of young Harris: "who, sober and composed before, ran up and down, singing joy, and said his father was a devil that begat him." One night Thomas was missed; only his hat and gloves and neckcloth were found in a road. "The next day he was found by the seaside \* \* \* with three holes like stabs in his throat, and no tongue in his head, nor the least sign thereof, but all was clear to his neck-bone within, his mouth close shut, one of his eyes hanging down upon his cheek out of his head, the other sunk so deep in his head that at first it seemed quite out, but was whole there. And Mr. Joshua Hobart, who was one of them to view his dead body, told me that there was no sign of any tongue left. In his mouth: 'Such was the end of that tongue which had the promise of being as the pen of a ready-writer.' Further, the night after he was buried, Captain Young (who is High Sheriff), as he told me himself, being in bed, in the dead of the night, was awakened by the voice of this Harris calling to his window very loud, requiring him to see that justice was done him. This voice came three times in that night." Thus concerning that tragical story.

The Pall Mall Gazette refers editorially to Olive Schreiner as "a violent young woman," an "ill-informed Cassandra." This is because she loves freedom and the oppressed Boers. The writer continues in this dignified and courteous manner: "A dishevelled prophetess is not a pretty sight. One can never quite banish the suspicion that the daughter of Priam had a weakness for gin and apples. A watery eye and a shrill voice are capable of much; but they do not carry conviction."

The Pall Mall Gazette man is surely a brother of Mr. Slinkers, the "polished and skarcastic" editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty. Artemus Ward described him. "Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank-road. 'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?' This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a gentle home thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few ekals."

The Government has refused the Casino at Nice a license for baccarat. The natural beauty of the town will have no longer any attraction for the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Hall Caine spoke lately at Nelson a good word for the Nineteenth Century, in fact, he patted it on the head. He commended it above all for religious progress. "The Christ idea had, perhaps, never been so strong as at this moment." Was he thinking of "The Christian"? How Mr. Caine does beat the drum and blow the horn for his own wares!

We have received the following note: Beverly, Mass., Dec. 10, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:  
Is it that the Drexel cult is spread to Castle, New York, or is it that the influence of Elbert Hubbard is being felt in the western end of that strenuous State that we should discover such a gem as this in the Castle, N. Y., Castilian? The author is Franklin S. Noatman. Thus he:  
Carpenter that famous writer,  
Who mistaken is I guess,  
Is by J. V. S. corrected  
In The Buffalo Express.

Tho' the Spaniard has been cruel,  
Should such bigotry be shown,  
As to not in education  
Credit give by right his own?  
MICHAEL TABERSKI.

The N. Y. Sun is exercised at present over the origin and precise meaning of the phrase "to chew the rag." Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" gives the following note (vol. II, pp. 89-90): "To chew the rag or fat," verbal phr. (military)—"to grumble;" and it adds this quotation: "c. 1887. Brunlees Patterson, Life in the Ranks. Some of the 'knowing blokes,' prominent among whom will be the 'grousers,' will in all probability, be chewing the rag or fat." The verb "to chew" as far back as 1230 meant "to worry with reproaches," and the noun "chew" in like manner meant "jawing, reproach."

Dec 13 1900

Their rotten relics lurk close underground;  
With living wight no sense nor sympathy  
They have at all: nor hollowing thundering sound

Of roaring winds that cold mortality  
Can wake, ywraapt in sad Fatality.  
To horse's hoof that beats his grassie dore  
He answers not: the moon in silence  
Doth pass by night, and all bedew him o'er  
With her cold humid rays; but he feels not  
Heaven's power.

J. C. A. of Woonsocket asks if the Castellanes of ill-fame are descendants of the Count de Castellane mentioned by Arthur Young in his "Travels in France." Young entered in his diary, Jan. 15, 1790: "Dine at the Duke of Elancourt's; among the company was Mons. de Bougainville, the celebrated circumnavigator, agreeable, as well as sensible; the Count de Castellane, and the Count de Montmorenci, two young legislators, as enragés as if their names were only Bernave or Rabreau. In some allusions to the Constitution of England, I found they hold it very cheap, in regard to political liberty."

We know little about the family trees of Counts, Dukes, belted Earls and other wearers of gawgaws. We met a Russian Prince once in a railway car. We knew he was a Prince, because his card, which he handed us, said so, and he wouldn't lie about such a little thing. We also knew another member of the Russian nobility. He had been dismissed from the diplomatic service. A singularly accomplished man, he took to drink and opium, lived for some time miserably in a Berlin cellar, died at the hospital and was buried in one of our own shirts. We knew a Polish Countess in Dresden, and if she is still alive she owes us 10 marks. And the last time we were in a German restaurant in New York, a German Baron took our order with a military air. But we are not thereby puffed up; we are not enabled to say that we are familiar with the aristocracy of Europe, although we should like to know the Princess de Chimay.

We have consulted, therefore, our esteemed friend, Major Ulysses, who is again at the Porphyry. He said it is his firm belief that the present Castellanes are not of the old French family; that they came originally and comparatively lately from Italy. "At any rate," said the Major, "I knew the father of these young men, and he was a scoundrel and a blackguard."

We have received from W. P. E. this sketch:

VERITAS.

"You are like all other women," I said, for I remembered Sentimental Tommy's method of flattery, and applied it conversely.

"I'm not. Prove that I am," she retorted.

"You have no fine sense of truth," I answered; "you like to deceive."

"Did I ever deceive you?"

"Probably—but let that pass. Just now you told your aunt that you had turned off the light to save electricity. You, economical!"

I heard a low laugh very close to me.

"It isn't that I like to deceive"—and her hand was on the lapel of my coat—"I just don't want people to know."

"Which speech," I remarked, "proves my original proposition?"

Miss Edna May first shone as a star Dec. 10, at Washington, D. C., in "The Girl From Up There." This reminds us that her autobiography originally contributed to "M. A. P." now appears in a collection of sketches in book form. The Daily Chronicle reviewer deals with Miss May as follows:

"Miss Edna May is even more homelike than Miss Neilson. When she takes up her pen to please Mr. O'Connor, she thinks of 'my sister Jane,' who accompanied her to London, and of 'little sister Marguerite, who is only eight.' Nor is that all the bloom of the family union. 'Mother and little sister Marguerite are living with



now, and father crossed the ocean just to spend Christmas with us all. It is a touching picture. We have almost shed tears over it in the hope of seeing them turn to hollyberries. Little sister Marguerite, we are agitated to learn, is already well advanced in music. Ten or a dozen years more and she may be fascinating London in one of those tasteful operas that are made in America. We do not hesitate to interpret the sentiment of England by affirming that the arrival of a father to spend Christmas with little sister Marguerite will be the occasion of public rejoicing, with which our own withered bosoms will throb in unison."

We like to see humor enter into political discussion. Thus a correspondent from France in a letter to the Evening Post (N. Y.) tells this story. Is it an old one? As a rule we delight not in stories and to us the professional story-teller is as the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Here is the story: A physician who had been called, informed an anxious husband that his wife was desperately sick, and there was nothing to do but to send her to a warmer place. The poor man rushed from the room in tears, but immediately returned with a huge carving knife, and said: "Here, Doctor; you do it, I couldn't."

It was a pleasure to find Mr. Charles Francis Adams quoting from Byron—a poet that is too much neglected in these days of lollipop verse and historical novels. The occasion of his speech reminds us of a sentence in Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man." "There is a sickly school of politicians who declare that all countries belong to their inhabitants, and that to take them is a crime. If any country in Asia did belong to its inhabitants, there might be some force in this objection. But Asia is possessed by a few kings and by their soldiers; these rulers are usually foreigners; the masses of the people are invariably slaves. The conquest of Asia by European Powers is therefore in reality emancipation, and is the first step toward the establishment of Oriental nationality." We quote this merely for what it is worth. It was published in 1872.

Can anyone tell us the origin of the term "simoleon" as a synonym of "money"? It is used in such phrases as "That will cost you many simoleons," "I haven't the simoleons," etc. And when did the phrase "pile of insect-powder" for money, come into general usage?

In Greenpoint there is lively discussion in two churches over the morals, example and influence of Martin Luther. Has the opinion of Barbey d'Aureville been quoted by either side? This astonishing man wrote in 1851: "If, instead of burning the writings of Luther, the ashes of which fell like seed all over Europe, they had burned Luther himself, the world would have been saved for at least a century." And he added this footnote: "A man of the most marked genius since Machiavel, and was inclined toward liberalism, said with the brutality of a necessary decision: 'My policy is to kill two men, when it is necessary, in order to save three.' Now in killing Luther there were not three men to be saved at the price of two—there were millions to be rescued at the price of one. Furthermore, economy in blood is not the only thing; respect toward conscience and the intelligence of the human race remain." And yet d'Aureville was a terrible fellow only in print; personally he was honorable, industrious, brave and uncompromising in his poverty, ready to sacrifice himself for his religious convictions.

At some festival by night in a city of the North I met all the women of ancient painters.

A correspondent writes: "I am surprised that you should have any wish to know the Princess de Chimay, or that if you have it you should declare it boldly as you did today (Dec. 13.) And he makes remarks about the Princess which we refuse to publish; they are so mean and at the same time so prudent.

Hazlitt once wrote an essay entitled "Of persons one would wish to have seen." He told the story of a friendly meeting and a conversation in which he, Lamb, Hunt and others took part. After the names of many men had been mentioned, one of the company asked "Shall we have nothing to say to the Legend of Good Women?" Lamb declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. "We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as

sensible, and in all respects as exemplary as the best of them could be for their lives." And what did this incomparable woman say? "I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos."

Go over the long list of famous women and noble dames. Who stand out in boldest relief, and which of them today would you eagerly rush to see?

Cleopatra or Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi? You can see the latter at any time in any town, with her smug and maddening self-complacency, with her constant praise of her boresome sons. How does this list appeal to you? Eve, Helen of Troy, Mary Stuart, Catharine of Russia, Nell Gwynn, Carmen, Semiramis (but not in Rossini's opera), Messalina, George Sand, Thais, Lais, the Montespan; who made her body an altar for the celebration of the Black Mass, the Empress Theodora. We do not name Sappho, for she might insist on reading her latest poem.

What, pray, is the most beautiful thing in the sumptuous Anglo-Saxon Review? Is it a picture of some prison-visitor or some devout woman who spent her life in patience, humility and good works? No; it is the reproduction of Tishbein's portrait of Emma, Lady Hamilton, whom Goethe described as appearing in dances that were a prophecy of Lole Fuller. And see in the September number of this Review an intaglio and miniature of the same glorious Emma. Lord Ronald Gower does not hesitate to say that she of all historical beauties was the most beautiful. "To judge by their portraits Cleopatra (if the medal which represents her hook-nosed profile is to be relied on) was but a distinguished looking crone; Mary of Scotland, before she was forty, wore a wig, and none of her authentic portraits indicates a beautiful woman; poor Marie Antoinette had a high kneeshaped forehead, a thick Roman nose, and the Austrian projecting lower lip. Emma \* \* \* appears to me to have merited Goethe's words of her 'as a masterpiece of the great artist Nature.'"

Put your hand on your heart and answer honestly this question: "Should you not prefer conversation with Otero for half an hour to a day with any earnest advocate of the emancipation and advancement of women? Otero is a superb specimen of her kind. Not long ago in a pantomime produced in Paris she excited wonder by the realism of a stage-kiss, a kiss like that sung by Achilles Tatius: 'Her soul, distracted by the kiss, throbs, and had it not been close-bound by the flesh, would have followed, drawn upward by the kisses.' And a week after, mastered by the emotion of a situation, she stabbed her lover-actor, stabbed him so that he was really hurt. And now she proposes to marry. Truly a surprising woman. Life with her might be checkered, but it never would be dull.

Perhaps you would name Charlotte Brontë. But she was miserable because she was so plain. She would have exchanged her intellectual gifts for beauty, nor was she backward in admitting this weakness.

We have seen certain men of distinction; Grant and Moltke; three Emperors of Germany; Kings of Italy, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Bavaria; Bismarck on horseback in the Thiergarten of Berlin, alone except for a huge dog; Wagner, Cosima his wife, and Liszt together at a performance of "Parsifal;" but what is all this peep-show to one look at Cleopatra or Helen? And so today we should infinitely prefer a short talk with the Princess de Chimay to three hours with Mrs. Lease, Olive Schreiner, Hamilton W. Mabie or even Mr. Harry Thurston Peck.

To little Willie and Maud: There was once a man named Nonnus who paraphrased the gospel of John. The simplicity of these words: "Jesus saith unto her" (lv., 26) did not please Nonnus, who achieved the following sentence: "Christ with witness word replied, the self-explaining finger plac'ng against the speechless nose." And who was Nonnus? He was one of the first space-writers. Remember this, and remember also what the author of "Pyrotechny" said in his second chapter.

#### II—MYSELF.

I write this romance in the French style.

Yes; something that way.

The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible. Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.

I am paid by the column and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

We will let this matter pass.

Mr. Gillette, the play-actor, seems to be under the impression that, on account of long runs of plays, "acting is without much spice or variety." This charge, by the way, has been brought against his acting. A play-actor after

the 800th night of "Our Boys" suddenly forgot his lines. He thus excused himself to the playwright: "Do you suppose, Byron, I'm going to remember it forever?" Why does not Mr. Gillette forget for once to be imperturbable? Why does he not really act, instead of letting the situations and the members of the company revolve about him all to his own glory?

Dec 15, 1900

## SEMBRICH.

Symphony Hall Crowded With a Brilliant and Enthusiastic Audience—A Program of Wide Cathollicity, and a Display of Consummate Art.

(By Philip Hale.)

Marcella Sembrich, assisted by Mr. Isidor Luckstone, pianist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was crowded with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Aria: Pur dilecti.....Lotti  
M'ha presa alia sua Ragna.....Paradies  
Mon Petit Cœur soupire.....Author unknown  
The Three Ravers.....Old English  
It was a Lover and His Lass.....Old English  
Gretechen an Spinnrad.....Schubert  
Dr bist die Ruh.....Schubert  
Weinen und Lachen.....Schubert  
Wie Melodien zieht es mir.....Brahms  
Standchen.....Brahms  
Er ist's.....Schumann  
Auftrage.....Schumann  
Marie.....Franz  
Liebesfeier.....Franz  
Er leuchte nicht so sehr.....Tschalkowsky  
Mazurka (Polish).....Zelinski  
Uber's Jahr.....Bohm  
Der Schwur.....Bohm  
Das Kraut Vergessenheit.....Flietz  
Es liegt ein Traum auf der Haide.....Flietz

Here was a concert that gave rare pleasure to amateur, professional and idle concert-goer. Here was enthusiasm awakened by the display of true and legitimate art. And here was an occasion when a song by Brahms, sung with exquisite taste, was as imperiously redemanded as though some grinning prima-donna had sobbed and drawled with extravagant and heartless pathos "Home, Sweet Home."

There are two kinds of concerts that do not require extended comment; one is the kind when the singer's case is hopeless on account of ignorance, which usually goes hand in hand with presumption; the other is rarer, and is an exhibition of glorious vocal art, musical intelligence and sympathy.

The art of Marcella Sembrich has been analyzed and extolled so often in the columns of this newspaper that a repetition of analysis and eulogy might seem impertinent toward reader as well as singer. Why go through all the formulas, or try to enlarge the meagre terminology of strict criticism?

It is enough to say that the program would tax severely any famous singer, and yet with what ease Sembrich triumphed! The pure legato and the extreme finish in the de'ail demanded by

Lotti's aria; the simplicity of the old French song; the peculiar sentiment of the English ditties; these might be easy for one who would, on the other hand, make a sad mess of songs by Schumann and Brahms. We all know singers who by intensity of feeling in German song make us almost overlook radical and appalling vocal faults, but these singers in songs by Lotti and Paradies would be impotent and miserable.

The greatness of Sembrich does not consist only in her perfect emission of tone, her mastery of technique, her management of breath and consequent phrasing; it is not merely a matter of scale and trill and staccato notes and dazzling pyrotechnics. We all know that in these respects she is a great virtuoso. But there must be added to these qualities the more unusual gift of unerring comprehension of the composer's intention, whatever his school, whatever his nationality, whatever his period may be. In this respect Sembrich is the most musical of singers. You cannot imagine her sacrificing art in the slightest respect for the uproarious approbation of the crowd. She would not fool herself repaid. And by her fidelity to conviction, by an exhibition of art that seems unconscious but is irresistible, she triumphs and at the same time keeps herself unspotted from the world. She is not a singer who is broadly emotional after the manner of the average German dramatic soprano; but by a delicate nuance, by a slight swelling or diminishing of a musical sentence, by the perfect beauty of a phrase and above all by the womanly heart that gives life to the virtuoso's skill, she moves, she delights, she enchants, she thrills.

Not the least attractive feature of the concert was Richard Strauss's Serenade which was interpolated.

Mr. Luckstone played the accompaniments in a most finished, musical, and sympathetic manner.

Blow, clean, clear wind, across the moonlit spaces,  
The cups and cushions of the untrodden downs,  
And leave the country lanes, and seek the towns  
Where tollers dwell with worn and weary faces;  
Plant in the barren desert of their days  
Belov'd remembrances, cool, green oases,  
Of dewy hills, of dusky ways.  
Blow, sweet, strong wind, athwart the glittering shingle,  
The lifting, toppling wave, the echoing shores;

Haste thee, delay not, unto city doors,  
Where turbid vapors crawl and intermin  
Before thy keen salt thrill, thy bre  
spray-wet,  
Thy passionate touch that sets the blood tingle

Thou quite forego, thou quite forget.

Blow, great glad wind, across the moon spaces,  
The crests and hollows of the tumbling s  
Bid the bare forest sound strange h  
mony,

And faint, soft voices wake in secret place  
All that thou knowest, once I also knew  
In that lost land whose roads no foot  
traces,  
Nor any finds the door thereto.

Why do all wild men in circus or dlm  
museum come from Borneo?

In spite of the reproaches of the superficial we shall continue to pay attention in this column to matters of eating and drinking. Men and little children as well as women should read diligently cook books of all nations (Probably all respectable cannibal have recipes handed down from mother to mother concerning the proper manner of roasting white missionaries sailors and traders—in a word, all "lon rig.") Remember the fate of the Marquis de Condorcet, who fled from Robespierre and entered an inn at Autun! He ordered an omelet of the landlady. Said she, "How many eggs thereto, dozen?" He, ignorant, answered, "I dozen." Whereupon she at once suspected that he was an aristocrat and denounced him. He escaped the guillotine only by taking poison.

We have received the following letter  
Beverly, Mass., Dec. 13, 1900.

Editor Taik of the Day:

Your pathetic little appeal in which you wish that you had known the Princess de Chimay has moved me strangely. In conjunction with the evident desire for knowledge expressed by the New York Sun and yourself appear my own astral body seeking light.

Do you believe that the Princess de Chimay is any relative of the Dame & Chemise?

As for my single self I had as I believe that she is. I am led to this creed by the fact that after I had been obliged to remove myself from a glass factory in Bohemia because of my sociological beliefs, and had secured employment in a similar establishment in East Liverpool, Ohio, I found there that the glass-workers pronounced the name chemise in precisely the same manner as that in which, I am given to understand, the Princess de Chimay pronounces her name.

Reasoning by the analogy which I have found to be the prevalent method of deductive logic in America, I believe that the two ladies in question are either near relatives or one and the same person. Carrying the system to its ultimate, I think I am justified in saying that the Princess de Chimay is the Dame & Chemise.

Yours in faith and hope,  
MICHAEL TABERSKI.

The Saturday Review of the New York Times objects editorially to the word "helpmeet." "We frequently read of men whose wives are helpmeets, but no one explains what a helpmeet is. The Bible, which is written in pretty good English, quotes the Creator as saying: 'I will make an help meet for him,' which simply means that God decided to produce a help suitable for Adam. But who made one word out of that noun followed by the adjective? And why? What is the matter with 'wife'?"

We do not know who was the first to commit this atrocious crime; but here are the names of some of the criminals: Dryden, in 1673; Arthur Hugh Clough in 1849; Freeman, the historian, in 1870; Smiles in 1873; and there are others of less note. Dryden and Clough have been supposed—that is, until Dec. 9, 1900, when the editorial article was published in the Times—to be tolerably well versed in the English language. "Helpmate" for wife is used by Scott and Macaulay.

The same editorial writer asks, "Who authorized the use of the word 'experience' as a verb, and why?" Now, "experience" as a verb was used as far back as 1533. Later, Butler did not hesitate to use this verb in his "Analogies," nor did Tyndall in his "Glaciers." In 1646 Saltmarsh defended his use of the verb "on the ground that useful neologisms are permissible." The phrase "to experience religion" is originally American.

The editorial writer quotes Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses" in support of some of his objections. This book is both entertaining and useful, but White begins his remarks about "experience" as follows: "Perhaps an objection to the use of this word as a verb has no better ground than that of taste or individual preference, which should be excluded from discussions like the present; yet I am inclined to make that objection very



longly." White also says, "Of the  
of 'experience' as an active transi-  
verb, I have been able to find, by  
agent search, only one example of  
y authority." It is a pity that he  
not live to see the Oxford English  
tionary.  
A year or two ago, when some finical  
rson objected to the phrase "I had  
ther," the New York Sun made the  
ne remark: "The English language  
what it is, not what it should be."

A nursery rhyme tells us what little  
ys and girls are made of. But you are  
middle age and regular habits.  
ortunate, thrice fortunate, too, for  
u have a figure and count only 154  
ounds to your credit. Now what do  
u suppose you are made of: blood  
d iron and steam? Suppose that im-  
mediately after your death you were  
epared for a home in a bottle, a  
t little neatly labeled and put on a  
elf. The bottle would hold about 96  
unds of water as against three  
unds of white of egg and three  
nces of sugar and starch. (Truly  
weak drink even for high-noon in  
mmer!) There would be also car-  
on equal to a foot cube of coal, three  
id a half ounces of brimstone, one-  
nth of an ounce of iron and a little  
ain table salt. Remember this when  
u are inclined to throw out your  
est and pull your oratorical stop,  
illy your clerk or a waiter, knagge  
ur wife, or carry out any of the de-  
ils of your daily life.

Mr. George R. Sims tears off the gay  
stumes of the Three Musketeers in  
e play, sees clearly through the  
rantic mist, and in no wise approves  
e conduct of the picturesque ruffians.  
t is only hooliganism in costume in-  
ead of coats and trousers. If the  
three Musketeers went about in mod-  
ern dress, and behaved with their fists  
they do with their swords, the same  
audience that now applauds them to  
e skies, and loves them as heroes of  
mance, would shudder and denounce  
eir conduct as only worthy of the  
uth London roughs.

1900  
R. SAM FRANKO, a violinist and  
conductor of New York, is giv-  
ing a most interesting series of  
concerts at the Lyceum Theatre  
that city. The programs are devoted  
old music. Such masters as Monsig-  
Rameau, Cimarosa, Dittersdorf  
ve been represented. Thus last week-  
esday, for instance, Mr. Franko pro-  
ceded for the first time in this country  
ttersdorf's symphonic-poem "Phae-  
r" and the overture to Cimarosa's  
matrimonio Segreto"—although it  
ms as though the latter piece must  
ve been played somewhere in the  
untry, for the opera has been per-  
ormed in the United States, as at  
Philadelphia, in 1834. The orchestra is  
small one, but it is said to be ex-  
cellent, and both orchestra and theatre  
not out of proportion with the mu-  
sical self.

wish that there could be such con-  
ts here in Boston. It might be a  
asure to hear symphonies and over-  
es by Mozart and symphonies by  
ydn played under similar conditions.  
en a symphony by one of these old  
posers is played by an orchestra  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra  
a large hall, the result is unsatis-  
fying. If there is an attempt to  
all the volume of tone, the hearer  
reminded of the fate of the frog in  
fable. If the music is played with  
discretion it sounds thin and  
ding or under stiff repression.  
re is nothing more dismal than  
ormances of "Don Giovanni",  
urriage of Figaro," "The Barber of  
ille," "Lakme," in a huge theatre.  
n such operas as "Carmen" and  
Bohème" suffer thereby. The op-  
managers of Munich and Vienna  
w this and operas of an "intimate"  
ure are now played in small thea-  
res, and in operas by Mozart the or-  
stra is made up of a few but ex-  
tent players.

is to be regretted deeply that Fritz  
isler, a violinist of the highest repu-  
on, does not make his first appear-  
e here at a Symphony concert. His  
le that of Gabriłowitch, Pugno,  
gorowitsch, Gérardy, and other fid-  
s and pianists, who surely deserved  
to be heard here in concerts of the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is absolutely necessary to the main-  
tenance and support of these concerts  
that three or four violinists and a  
celist of the orchestra should appear  
in each season? I do not speak  
respectfully of the ability of these  
e players; but why should we be  
ted to hear them year in and year  
while visitors of the first rank are  
uded?

e subscribers to these concerts ex-  
tend they have a right to expect  
the most prominent of vielling  
ists and violinists should be en-  
d for these concerts. Why was  
any, who had already had his  
ity, chosen this season in lead-  
s? Gabriłowitch? The reputation

of the latter is not of mushroom  
growth. And, by the way, is not Maud  
Powell to play with the orchestra this  
season? Her performances in Europe  
during the last two years have called  
forth glowing eulogies from men of in-  
disputable authority.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, who will  
play in Steinert Hall Tuesday night,  
first appeared here Nov. 9, 1888, in Mu-  
sic Hall, with Rosenthal. He then  
played Mendelssohn's concerto. Wal-  
ter Damrosch led the orchestra. "Mas-  
ter" Kreisler and Rosenthal gave three  
concerts in Bumstead Hall, Dec. 17, 18,  
19 of the same year.

He was then a boy, for he was born  
Feb. 2, 1875, at Vienna. He began to  
fiddle when he was 4 years old; and at  
the age of 6, they say, he played a  
concerto by Rode at a concert in which  
Patti sang. In Vienna he studied under  
Auber, an orchestra violinist, and then  
under Hellmesberger at the Conserva-  
tory, where he took the first prize at  
the age of 10. Then he went to the  
Paris Conservatory, studied under Mas-  
sart. In 1887 he took one of the five  
first prizes which were awarded. He  
appeared at a Padeloup concert, then  
traveled—from Greece to the United  
States. He returned to Paris, studied  
again with Massart as well as Delibes

and Godard. He then went to Rome,  
where he remained two years, and he  
played in Italy and Russia. He served  
in the army and reappeared in Berlin  
in March, 1899. Since then he has been  
hailed as one of the very first of liv-  
ing violinists. Mr. Arthur Bird wrote  
of him from Berlin to the Musical  
Record: "He came, saw, conquered,  
too. He is a violinist of whom the  
world may well be proud. His technic  
is wonderful; he is a capital musician;  
and, thank heaven, he plays absolute-  
ly in time, not like so many violinists,  
by jumps and starts, but invariably."  
Mr. Kreisler is said to be an excellent  
pianist.

"Famous Pianists of Today and Yes-  
terday" by Henry C. Lahee is a new  
volume of the Music Lovers' Series,  
published in an attractive form by L.  
C. Page and Company of this city. The  
book contains short biographical sketch-  
es and many anecdotes of pianists,  
both living and dead. The introductory  
chapter is concerning the development  
of the piano and the early performers.  
The book is a compilation and does  
not call for extended criticism. Un-  
fortunately there are occasional slips  
in statements of fact, as when the  
author says on page 250 that Mr. Mac-  
Dowell has never undertaken "concert  
touring in America." Mr. MacDowell  
during the last five years has made  
several concert journeys through Mid-  
dle and Western States. Karl Heymann  
(page 212) abandoned his career on ac-  
count of insanity. "Ludwig Bohner,"  
who, as some say, was the original of  
Johannes Kreisler, was Ludwig  
Boehner. The author says (page 236)  
that Busoni became "immensely popu-  
lar" in Boston, "as much on account  
of his gentle, unassuming nature as of  
his playing, which drew immense  
crowds to his recitals." Would that  
this had been true! The life of Busoni  
in Boston was a sad one. At the New  
England Conservatory only pupils  
of limited accomplishments were assigned  
to him. His public recitals were com-  
paratively neglected, and whenever  
there was an audience of respectable  
size at least three-fourths were dead-

heads. This pianist, whose name is  
now honored throughout Europe, suf-  
fered in Boston from poverty and ne-  
glect, and only the kindness of certain  
musicians in securing for him a few  
engagements kept him from cold and  
hunger. The author in his sketch of  
Marie Krebs neglects to state that she  
is dead. Anna Mehlig has been Anna  
Mehlig-Falk for several years. She  
lives in Antwerp. The husband of  
Berthe Marx is Goldschmidt, not "Got-  
schmidt." Harold Bauer is not men-  
tioned, but a page is given to Miss  
Simonson, who calls herself Frieda,  
and not "Freda."

The "romantic" story about Mark  
Hambourg's parents (page 269) was an  
invention of the passionate press  
agent, and has been exploded, as well  
as exploited. There are portraits of  
Clementi, Liszt, Thalberg, Von Bulow,  
de Pachmann, Joseffy, Paderewski,  
Rosenthal, Clara Schumann, Carreno.

The Executive Committee of Trustees of  
the Chicago Orchestral Association  
pays this well-deserved tribute to Theo-  
dore Thomas:

"For fifty years Theodore Thomas  
has been an exponent of the music of  
the world. He stands at the head of a  
long list of conductors of our own  
and of past times. His orchestra,

composed of men selected from the mu-  
sical centres of Europe and America,  
as naturally might be expected, has  
become almost a part of himself. It

s an organization instantly responsive  
and sensitive to his thoughts. From  
the first moment when Theodore  
Thomas lifted the baton he has ever  
had an ideal before his eyes. This  
ideal has been the attainment of per-  
fection.

"Thirty years ago it would have been  
folly to have made the programs he  
now plays. He knew this, yet he has  
never been discouraged. He believed  
that we might in time become respon-  
sive and therefore he has held patiently  
on his course, and has drawn us con-  
stantly a little higher each time, until  
finally he is ready to give us, unmix-  
ed with the works of others, that which  
we have dimly learned to know is the  
expression of the highest thoughts of  
the greatest musical genius who has  
ever lived. In four concerts devoted to  
his music we are to have this winter  
all of the principal works of Beethoven.

"Theodore Thomas has done more for  
the lasting life within us than has al-  
most any other American. The giving of  
four concerts of Beethoven this winter  
is the culmination of his musical ca-  
reer. It will be strange, therefore, if  
the people do not respond in the only  
way they can by attending each and  
every one of these performances, which  
are bound to pass into history as mem-  
orable. We shall listen to them, feel-  
ing like comrades who together have  
come through many dangers and diffi-  
culties to the goal toward which we  
have been led from the start."

Sir Arthur Sullivan is buried on the  
north side of the crypt of St. Paul's,  
opposite to the graves of Canon, Liddon  
and Dean Milman, and close to the  
graves of Dr. Maurice Greene, who  
was organist of St. Paul's from 1718  
to 1765) and Dr. William Boyce (a  
chorister of St. Paul's and a famous  
composer). With the coffin has been  
buried the Queen's wreath.—Plan-  
quette's new opera is entitled "The  
Paradise of Mahomet." Will there be  
a ballet of hours?—Jean de Reszke  
will receive \$250 for every performance  
in this country.—They say that Schu-  
mann-Heink will remain in Germany  
after this season.—The Grau Opera  
Company will begin its season at the  
Metropolitan, New York, Tuesday. The  
opera will be that sparkling novelty,  
"Faust"—with Melba, Saléza and Ed.  
de Reszke, Imbart de la Tour will  
make his debut Saturday night as  
Rademès. Miss Bauermeister is still  
with the company.—Claude Bonnard,  
the tenor, may be obliged to leave the  
stage on account of paralysis of the  
facial muscles.—Mr. Blackburn thus  
criticises Busoni, the pianist who was  
so shamefully neglected when he lived  
here: "This is a pianist who, though  
in the separate delicacies of his art  
he may be surpassed on this, that, or  
the other point by various specialists,  
yet unites a variety of accomplishments  
which put him very definitely indeed in  
the front rank of players. We should,  
for example, say that he played with  
less overwhelming fineness than Pade-  
rewski, that he is less melodramatically  
impulsive than Sauer, less impressive  
from the classical point of view than  
Eugen d'Albert, and less delicately  
light than Leonard Borwick. But he  
has a combination in a measure of these  
remarkable qualities which, by their  
net cohesion, put him in that front rank  
in which those other fine names must,  
of course, be included."—Robert Blass,  
who will sing at the Metropolitan Opera  
House this season, is "the only New  
Yorker who was ever a member of the  
foreign opera company heard during  
the regular season."—Mr. Henry J.  
Wood of London directed the Lamou-  
reux Orchestra in Paris Nov. 18, and  
the criticisms were on the whole un-  
favorable. J. d'Offoël said that he had  
borrowed certain mannerisms from  
German conductors—the employment of  
the left hand, the stick held upright  
as an "I" in fermatas, the crouching  
of the body in pianissimo, etc.; but  
there was nothing individual in his in-  
terpretation, there was no display of  
the firm intervention of an intelli-  
gence which had its own manner of  
comprehending the intention of the  
composer. Anédée Boutarel found  
that he was precise, correct, painstaking  
in detail, but without marked sen-  
sitivity, true emotion, soul.—An  
overture to "Pyramus and Thisbe" by  
Ed. Trémisot was produced at a Col-  
onne concert Dec. 2.—Mantelli is a  
member of the opera company at Lis-  
bon which will begin the season Dec.  
19.—The humblest tombs in the cem-  
etery at Vienna are those of Mozart,  
Beethoven, Gluck, Schubert.—Marie-  
Gelschap, who one lived here, gave a  
piano recital last month in Berlin. Her  
touch was described as "dry and hard";  
her interpretation was without "poetic  
feeling"; her rhythm left much to be  
desired, and her technic was not flaw-  
less. "She has indeed, studied earnest-  
ly and industriously, but she is with-  
out individuality and therefore with-  
out real interest."—Sigismund Sto-  
jowski's symphony in D minor, per-  
formed in Berlin, was highly praised.

although some thought it was not rich  
in ideas. His violin concerto in G minor,  
which did not please so much, was  
played by Ladislavs Gorski, the di-  
vorcee husband of Mrs. Paderewski.  
Gorski is said to be still on familiar  
terms with the pianist. A joint recital  
by them might awaken interest in this  
country. (And so might an "olio" per-  
formance given by de Pachmann and  
Mr. and Mrs. Labori. Labori of course  
would confine himself to a short lec-  
ture.) The concerto had already been

played in Berlin in 1883, but a "Sym-  
phonic-Rhapsody" by Stojowski was  
played for the first time.—Karl Pott-  
gieser's "13th Chapter of the First  
Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians" for  
baritone, chorus and orchestra has  
been performed at Augsburg.—J. W.  
Otto Voss, "a pianist from New York,"  
and a pupil of Reinecke and Leschetit-  
zki, was praised in Berlin for technic  
and interpretation. He played a for-  
midable program: Rubinstein's D mi-  
nor concerto, Tschaiowsky's B flat  
minor concerto, and Liszt's concerto in  
E flat.—Edmund Hertz has written  
an overture and incidental music to  
Ibsen's "Love's Comedy."—A new op-  
era by Rimsky-Korsakoff, "The Tale of  
King Soltan," was produced Nov. 10 at  
Moscow.

#### MME. SEMBRICH IN OPERA.

The dawn of the season of grand  
opera at the Boston Theatre is hailed  
by the announcement of the engage-  
ment of Mme. Sembrich and the Sem-  
brich Opera Company, under the di-  
rection of Mr. C. L. Graff, for the  
week of Jan. 7. The engagement, how-  
ever, covers only four performances,  
Monday, Wednesday and Thursday  
evenings and Saturday afternoon. As-  
sociated with Mme. Sembrich are  
Messrs. Lara, Bensaude, Rossi, Dati,  
Galazzi and Mme. Mattfeld, with Mr.  
Begnani for conductor. The reper-  
tory of operas for the Boston Theatre  
engagement includes "The Barber of  
Seville," "Don Pasquale," "Rigoletto,"  
"La Traviata" and "Faust."

The sale of subscription tickets will  
open Thursday morning, Dec. 27, at the  
box office of the Boston Theatre, and  
will close on Saturday evening, Dec. 29.  
Mail orders received on or before that  
date, accompanied by check payable to  
Eugene Tompkins, will receive prompt  
attention, and seats will be assigned  
as near as possible to the location de-  
sired. The sale of seats for single per-  
formances will open Monday morning,  
Dec. 31. The scale of prices for or-  
chestra, orchestra circle (first row) and  
balcony, first and second rows, single  
performances, is \$4; season tickets, \$16;  
orchestra circle, second, third and  
fourth rows, \$5 and \$12; balcony, third,  
fourth, fifth and sixth rows, \$5 and  
\$10; second balcony, \$1.50 and \$5.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"The Messiah" will be sung by the Han-  
del and Haydn, Emil Mollenhauer, conduc-  
tor, in Symphony Hall, next Sunday night,  
at 7.30. The solo singers will be Mrs. Zim-  
merman, Mrs. Clary, Hobart Smock, L. W.  
Flint. The oratorio will be repeated Christ-  
mas night with Mrs. de Wolf, Mrs. G. Igge,  
W. E. Bacheller and J. S. Baerstein. Tick-  
ets will be for sale tomorrow at Symphony  
Hall and at Wright & Ditson's.

Mrs. Szumowska will play with the Bos-  
ton Women's Orchestral Society in Coppy  
Hall, Jan. 22.

Harold Bauer, who awakened un-  
bounded enthusiasm at his first recital, will  
give two more piano recitals in Steinert  
Hall on Thursday and Tuesday afternoons,  
Dec. 27 and Jan. 1.

The box office of Symphony Hall will be  
open at 12 o'clock today, and seats for the  
Gabriłowitch concert may be secured there.  
The telephone number is 1492 Back Bay.  
Messrs. George Devoll and Edwin Isham,  
who will give a song recital here, were en-  
gaged especially by Sir Arthur Sullivan for  
his "Rose of Persia." Mr. Devoll sang at the  
last Cecilia concert, and Mr. Isham will  
sing tonight in Symphony Hall.

Mrs. Juliette Gordon, who will sing tonight  
at Symphony Hall, has not been heard here  
in public since her stay of two years in  
Europe.

The first performance ever given of  
Tschaiowsky's piano concerto in B flat  
minor was in Boston, when it was played  
by von Bülow. Mr. Lang was the conductor  
at that time.

Mr. James Fitch Thomson, baritone, who  
will give a recital in Steinert Hall Wednes-  
day afternoon, has sung here in opera as  
Melot in "Tristan und Isolde", with the  
Handel and Haydn (in Verdi's "Requiem"),  
and in recital. His program will include six  
songs by Carl Ruggles of Boston, which will  
be sung for the first time, and von Flititz's  
"Erländ" cycle, five songs (op. 21, Nos. 1,  
69, 70, 71), ballade, op. 57, and six Tuscan  
songs, op. 6.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ossip  
Gabriłowitch, pianist, will play with or-  
chestra Tschaiowsky's concerto in B flat  
minor for the piano, and Liszt's Hungarian  
Fantasie. Mrs. Juliette Gordon, soprano,  
will sing the prayer from "Tannhauser"  
and songs by Dvorak and Liza Lehmann.  
Mr. Edwin Isham, baritone, will sing an  
aria from "Hérodiade" and Cowen's "Bor-  
aria from." The orchestral pieces will be  
the overture to "St. Paul" for orchestra  
and organ, and Sullivan's "In Memoriam"  
overture for orchestra and organ. Mr.  
Goodrich will be the organist and Mr.  
Lang will conduct.

Sunday, Webster Hall, East Boston, 8 P. M.

Sacred Chanuka concert given by the Rev.  
M. Halpern.  
Monday, People's Temple, 8 P. M., the third  
of Mr. H. G. Tucker's recitals. "A Win-  
dler's Psalm," "O Give Thanks," which  
was written for the Hereford Septent  
Festival of 1899 by Horatio W. Parker.  
This will be the first performance in Bos-  
ton. Professor Parker will conduct and the  
solo singers will be Mrs. Helen Hunt, A.  
and Erlsson F. Binsell, bass. Mr. T.  
er will conduct Mendelssohn's "F"



The singers will be Miss Miller, soprano; Mrs. Edward, mezzo; Bruce W. Hobbs, tenor.

Monday, Steiner Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Edwin will give the second of his piano recitals. Program by Grieg, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt.

Tuesday, Steiner Hall, 8 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, assisted by Wallace G. F. pianist, will give a concert. Program: Suite by Bach, Bruch's concerto in G minor, Tchaikovsky's "The Devil's Trail," and the variations "Non più mesta." Laganini-Krelier.

Wednesday, Steiner Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Longy Club, Messrs. Longy, Maquarrie, Selmer, Hieckbarth, Litke and G. H. H. Program: Beethoven's quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and cello; Suite by Bach for flute and piano; Emilie Bernardi's divertissement for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, op. 36.

Wednesday, Steiner Hall, 3.30 P. M. Song recital by James Fitch Thomson, baritone. The program will consist chiefly of songs by von Floitz. Songs by Mr. Ruggles of Boston will be sung for the first time.

Wednesday, Union Hall, 7.45 P. M. Concert of the B. Y. M. Christian Union. Mrs. Helen W. Potter, soprano; John J. Turner, baritone; Miss Mabel W. Stearns, accompanist; Miss Martha D. Mason, reader.

Thursday, Vine Street Church, Roxbury, 8 P. M. Second organ recital under the auspices of the Music Commission of Boston. Mr. John A. O'Shea, organist.

Friday afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday night at 8. Symphony concert in Symphony Hall. Program: Handel's Water Music; Concerto, "Festival of Paris" (first time); Tchaikowsky's 5th Symphony.

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Never shalt thou behold thy dear home more,  
 Never thy wife await thee at the door,  
 Never again thy little climbing boy  
 A father's kindness in thine eyes explore.

"All you have toiled for, all you have loved,"  
 they say,  
 "Is gone, is taken in a single day;"  
 But never add: "All memory, all desire,  
 All love—these likewise shall have passed  
 away."

Thither the singers and the sages fare,  
 Thither the great Queens with their golden  
 hair.  
 Homer himself is there with all his songs,  
 And even my mighty Master's self is there.

WHOM SLEEP DESERTS.

The street drops down the hill, the outlet from a canyon of high buildings on the slope to another canyon of high buildings at the base, and all day the roar of the river of traffic goes up from its cobblestones. Old men and women; young men that loiter, and sharp-faced men that stride with nervous haste, with hard lines like marks of parenthesis on either side of their mouths; girls that glance and lift the shy edge of a petticoat; trucks and cabs; slipping horses pulled up hard, with eyes that start and mouths that foam to the curses of their drivers; all these pour out of the upper gorge and are swallowed up below. The stream is always downward; there is, perhaps, a way less steep which goes back up the hill again. Sometimes a pedestrian bows into the current, struggles up, and buffets the throng; never a wagon. Downward always pours the river, crying, roaring, fretting with harsh sound the rift of sky.

But late at night there is silence. The cold moon sails in the well of the ether, blanching the deserted cobblestones and paling the guardian are lamps. The lone walker by night, for whom visions throng and armies tramp to the sound of his echoing footsteps, turns up the street.

"At last, grim destiny of man," he mutters, "I may thwart you."

Mid-way the slope comes to his ear a sound that is not echo, a formless, rushing, river sound, as if the ghosts of the day departed were pouring downward under the earth. There is a black iron cover blotted plainly on the blanched pavement, the iron cover of a man-hole. The walker by night stands over it, and listens. He hears with strained distinctness the noise that is drowned by day.

It is the rush of a river, plashing and lipping and swirling, but driving downward always, down through the lower canyon out into the turbid sea—a river of human filth.

"Neither by day nor yet by night!" The dark figure turns wearily as the words are spoken and follows the foul, subterranean current—downward.

W. P. E.

How we have dreaded and yet longed for the return of this day, Dec. 17! Day charged heavily with memories of gloom and Satanism. We have before this referred to a maid of Groton, one Elizabeth Knap, who in the month of October sometimes wept, sometimes laughed, and sometimes roared hideously and cried "Money, money." Let us now quote from an impartial and God-fearing witness:

"Dec. 17. Her tongue was drawn out of her mouth to an extraordinary length; and now a daemon began manifestly to speak in her. Many words were uttered wherein are the labial letters, without any motion of her lips, which was a clear demonstration, that the voice was not her own. Sometimes words were spoken seeming to proceed out of her throat, when her mouth

was shut; sometimes with her mouth wide open, without the use of any of the organs of speech. The things then, uttered by the devil were chiefly railings and revillings of Mr. Willard (who was at that time a worthy and faithful pastor to the church in Groton). Also the daemon belched forth most horrid and nefarious blasphemies, exalting himself above the Most High. After this she was taken speechless for some time." Oh the wonders of this little world and the inhabitants thereof!

We knew Paddy Ryan—we knew him very well. It was about 25 years ago in Albany. He was keeping a saloon—he did not call it a "café" or an "exchange" or a "sample room" or a "restaurant," it was a saloon, but an orderly one. It was either in Columbia or Steuben Street—we have forgotten the street as we have forgotten less important facts, but we remember it was on the right-hand side as you went from the railway station up the hill, and it was between Broadway and North Pearl Street. And there Mr. Ryan would discourse affably on many subjects of human interest. His defeat by the Hon. John L. Sullivan had not soured him, nor did he bring forward the valid excuse of a severe and weakening physical disability. He was game even in the memory of defeat. Mr. Ryan knew that in Albany he was in bad company, for those were the days of canal-thieves, insurance-wreckers, and general and all-powerful corruption that tainted even the bench of the Supreme Court. But Mr. Ryan, of serene conscience, made no reproaches, and served all impartially across the bar, for he knew the weaknesses of poor humanity.

Mr. William McFadden was paddled severely at the penitentiary, Columbus, O., because he insisted on wearing creased trousers. The story is that he insulted the guard, who did not find it best to attend to the creasing each day. The penalty was cruelly severe. The object of imprisonment should not be to crush out a man's self-respect, but to restore it. Creased trousers are an important instrument in this good work; for outside of jail how many men who are at heart respectable walk sheepishly or through side streets because their trousers bag at the knees. Mr. McFadden, who was imprisoned on account of a public and injudicious display of imitative penmanship, was perhaps a little exacting in his request, but a gentle appeal to the seat of his reason would have been more efficacious than any violent assault.

A small boy, who had been instructed in the theory of the barometer, and in the results which follow from "nature's abhorrence of a vacuum," was asked in an examination paper to explain why, in baking, the juice in a fruit tart always runs up into the inverted cup which cooks generally place in the centre of the pie-dish. After learnedly explaining the whole matter this youthful scientist cautiously added the following proviso: "N. B.—The cup must not be more than 32 feet high."

Mr. Le Gallienne is a foolish man if he proposes to make his new book "A recantation" of the philosophy of "The Quest of the Golden Girl." The latter is his most delightful and characteristic book, although there are prudes who shy at a petticoat.

The Yorduzu Choho says: "To us the word 'Japs' always sounds like an insult. Whenever we see it used in American papers we are tempted to return the insult in the fashion a witty Japanese did to an impolite American. The American said to him: 'Which nese are you, Japanese or Chinese?' Without making any reply to the question, the Japanese said curtly: 'Which kee are you, monkey or Yankee?'"

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If the breath could coincide with the pulse, the body would act out every purpose of the heart, without individuality, pondering or consideration on its own part; the man would be shot to his ends with faster than tiger pants; his eyes would gleam and glitter in the darkness of his faculties; he would become like the vision of the bloody child which rose from the cauldron before Macbeth, and would enter into the golden age of hell, and speedily into that terrible foetal state which is called the second death. On the other hand, if the pulse coincided with the breath, caution and the slowest life would become the standards of the movements of the inner will; the candles of life would be made of ice and burn fore; slugs of blood would crawl up and down in our veins; we should learn to walk by the science of anatomy, demonstrate the existence of God by mathematics, postpone making love until the knowledge of magnetism was complete; and, in short, be as hoary as Stonehenge before our first dawn had grown.

We were talking Sunday with Old Chlmes concerning the conduct of life. But let the cheerful philosopher speak in his own fashion as we remember it. "You read in the books written by wise asses for parents, guardians and all others in authority: 'Teach you



(Photograph by James Snydam.)

TO PLAY IN BOSTON.

Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, who will play at Steiner Hall this evening, first visited Boston, Nov. 9, 1888, as a boy-wonder. He was born at Vienna, Feb. 2, 1875. He has studied under various masters, but his chief teacher was Massart of the Paris Conservatory. James Huneker said of him in the Sun: "Kreisler has enormous facility. Both fingers and bow are quicksilver \* \* \* a man of magnetism and skill always."

boy to say No.' If I had a child—but my children are dream children—you know the famous line of Lamb—if I had a child I should teach it to say 'Yes' every time in a clear, loud, firm voice. I should teach it not to hesitate, stammer, blush, but to accept everything. Then when he reaches man's estate he will have no foolish doubts as to his ability to serve in any capacity, as the President of the United States or even as President of a railroad company or sugar trust. Then will he have a calm reliance in his own virtues. His star will never set, and it will shine before him at noon-day. Once firmly rivet it in a boy's mind that he should 'Yes' and everything will come to him. Look at my life, which some Gradgrinds and moralists might consider as wasted. I am not sure but that they would be right. Such as it is, it was shaped by those who in my early years kept telling me that I should say 'No.'"

The Pall Mall Gazette published lately several long words sent by correspondents. Here are some of them.

"Constantinopoltanischerduelsackpfeifenmachergesellenherberge."

Vierwaldstaetterseesalonschraubendampferactienconcurrrenzgesellschaftsburaudienergehilfenswittwe.

Automatischespiegelschaltplattenblitzschutzvorrichtung.

Hottentottenstottertrottelmutterattentatterlattengitterwetterkoterbeutelratte.

The correspondent that sent this last word added: "Mr. Hooley in his palmy days would have swooped upon it, floated it as a wild-cat company and over-capitalized it—though the initial should be its only capital. Theodore Hook of joyous memory, would have sat up all night with it, rallied it, romped with it, dislocated it and set himself up therewith in impromptu for the remainder of his natural life. Laid out between the metals of the 'Amalgamated Railways,' it would awaken the sleepers and startle the trains into motion. The aediles of a small Dutch township would hail it as a godsend, break it up into chunks and pave the streets with it, for the sturdy vrouws to ply their brushes and soapsuds on at peep o'day in their wild attacks of the national ailment—cacothese scrubendi."

Here is a Welsh word, the proper name of a place:

Llanfairpwllgwyngillgogerbwlllndis-flogogoch.

A German deep thinker and patriot saw in the publication of the German words an insult to Emperor and Fatherland, and he sat down solemnly and wrote as follows: "Let us follow Mr. Watson's method in English. We will take a soup tureen, which we will, of course, write 'soutptureen.' Matching this soup tureen is a ladle, which we will designate 'soutptureenladle.' The object belongs to a lady, who is the wife of a railway ticket collector. This gives us 'railwayticketcollectorwife-soutptureenladle.' We will, however, assume that the railway is owned by a

Colonial Municipality, which produces 'Colonialmunicipalityrailwayticketcollectorwifesoutptureenladle,' and this 'word' is 'English' in precisely the same sense that Mr. Watson's abomination is 'German,' and so on ad infinitum. Anybody willing to waste his time can, in almost any language, by elaborating this principle, coin a word sufficiently comprehensive to include all the nouns in the dictionary." And yet some claim that Germans have a sense of humor.

Some time ago we published a list of long words from the Algonquin word "Nissouemitanachiningoutouassou"—which means 36, and why should it not take the place of "truly rural" or "National Intelligencer" among the members of the Algonquin Club of today?—from this word and the Javanese "Hammankoeboewonosonopatingaigongabgurachmansaydinpanotagomode," the name of a sultan of Djocjokarta to the terrible word of 181 English letters in Aristophanes's "Ekklesiazousa"—it begins "Lepadotemach—"

If you open some of the leading dictionaries of American biography you will look in vain for the names of John C. Heenan and certain other glorious fellows who drank delight of battle with their peers. The English "Dictionary of National Biography" is more catholic and sensible and patriotic, for it contains sketches of Mendoza, Jackson (Byron's friend, not the more modern Pete), Sayers, Paddock, Spring; but there is no mention of Jem Belcher or Jack Randall, who are named by Mr. W. E. Henley as "all things considered, the two greatest fighters that ever stripped." And, by the way, the name of Heenan brings to mind that of his wife Adah Isaacs Menken (or say,



ather, that he was one of her fortunate husbands). We forgot to include her the other day in the list of women whom we mourn as never seen. A wonderful creature, although she must have been trying as a household pet!

We met yesterday an old acquaintance who is trying a winter in the country, and at the Porphyry he tried to convince us that a country life is the only one that makes for higher things. The man actually had the boldness to assert that he preferred Lonesomeville to the city. We once spent two months in a high Swiss valley—Vaud—where we mastered French in its purity, so that when we went to Paris the frivolous natives did not understand us. In that lonely valley we saw all day nothing but the "awful Alpine track," all light we heard nothing but the rushing of the glacier-fed torrent and sighs and roars of nature. And then we understood the brooding souls of murderers. The most atrocious and the meanest crimes are the fruits of solitude. We refer to rustic isolation the enforced proximity of men. Dearest to us than mountain peak or sombre forest are the shops and streets of the city, whose towers, temples and pinnacles stand upon her head like borders of the gold, whose waters, like fringes of silver, hang at the hems of her garments."

## "WANDERER'S PSALM."

Professor Parker's Latest Choral Work as Sung, for the First Time in America, Last Night at Mr. Tucker's Third Concert in the People's Temple.

The program of Mr. H. G. Tucker's third concert last night at People's Temple included Professor Horatio Parker's "A Wanderer's Psalm," which was performed for the first time in America, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

Professor Parker's "Wanderer's Psalm" was written for the Hereford Musical Festival and was performed at Hereford for the first time Sept. 13 of last year under the direction of the composer. The solo singers were Albert, Ada Crossley, William Green, and John Black. The Psalm is dedicated to Professor Samuel S. Sanford, Professor Parker's colleague at Yale University, and a pianist and musician of fine attainments.

The work opens with an orchestral introduction of some length, which is followed by the chorus and quartet "O Thou Thanks Unto the Lord." The alto solo, "They that Sit in Darkness," is followed by a chorus, "For He Hath Opened the Gates of Brass," a bass and chorus, "They that Go Down to the Sea in Ships," a soprano solo, "The Turneth the Floods into a Wilderness," and an unaccompanied chorus, "The final chorus and quartet calls in for thanks to the Lord."

The value highly the musical talent of Professor Parker as displayed in many of his "Hymns of Praise," in the classical music of "St. Christopher," in the romantic ballad "Cahall," for baritone and orchestra. And I know full well and have known several years his indisputable talent and his high aims. I was the disappointed last night in his choral work, "A Wanderer's Psalm," to which he gives the subtitle "Cantus Peregrinus."

However excellent People's Temple be for an orchestral or chamber concert or a recital, it is not a good place for the performance of a choral work with orchestra. The sopranos are one side of the gallery; the altos on the other side; and between them a great gulf is fixed. Down in front of the organ is the orchestra. Raised above but back of the orchestra and on the sides of the organ are the tenors and the basses. As a result the ensemble often sounds as though it were confused and indistinct, the altos were frequently inaudible to those that sat on the soprano side, and at times in fortissimo passages it was almost impossible to hear what was going on. Although this was so, a study of the score and even a performance of it was in a measure distorted enable me to gain a fair impression of the impression may be summed up as follows: Prof. Parker has shown in his great facility in choral writing, especially his skill in writing for a musical capella. When you examine the musical thought itself, it is self-sufficient, expressive, and strong. There are few if any marked effects. The orchestra is constantly busy, but its orchestration is monotonous, on account of its constant desire to be something; furthermore, it is often unnecessarily and ineffectively noisy; the attempts at pictorial writing are unsuccessful. Certain English critics have spoken of "reminiscences," but the reminiscences did not disturb me on the contrary. I wish there were of them, for Prof. Parker's method in this work is not distinguished, nor is it always even well done. Take, for instance, the alto which is written as with mellow thought without regard for the thing and beautiful register of that in his solo he makes his strong points in the artificially formed work tones. He starts with D

on the fourth line, and he takes delight in measures where the voice is heard to least advantage. Let us suppose that he answers, "But in these days an alto is expected to sing a mezzo-soprano part." Grant this, if you are so inclined. The fact remains that he rejects one of the most beautiful instruments in the world, the alto voice, with the effective range, it is true, of only from G below to the staff to middle C,

but with tones that are of sumptuous and peculiar beauty, that are singularly well adapted to the expression of religious thought and emotion. Furthermore, the music of this solo is wandering, vague, expressionless—yes, tiresome. The most effective portions of the Psalm are the bass solo with chorus and the chorus a capella. But the latter does not approach in spontaneity and flow of thought or in solid strength similar choruses in the two preceding works.

This Psalm was written to order; it was written for a special occasion; and regret to add that it makes the impression of perfunctory labor.

The performance of the unaccompanied chorus was excellent. The performance of the work as a whole was monotonously boisterous.

The solo singers were Miss Gertrude Miller, Mrs. Helen Hunt, Mr. Frederick Smith (who had little to do) and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, who took at short notice the place of Mr. Ericsson Bushnell. Miss Miller sang the long and trying solo with marked taste and skill. The quality of her voice is most sympathetic and beautiful. Earlier in the evening her upper tones were not concentrated, and in the final ensemble it would have taken a soprano of brazen lungs to make any effect. Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Witherspoon were also admirable in solo. The former made her solo at least endurable by her own personal effort. The latter has a rich and manly voice of liberal compass, and he sings with intelligence and authority. Mr. Parker was recalled heartily after the final number.

The concert closed with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Mr. Tucker conducted, and when he came forward he was enthusiastically received. The solo singers were Miss Miller, Mrs. Edward Tripp, Mr. Bruce W. Hobbs.

Mr. Whelpley was the organist. The following note appeared on the program:

"Owing to the very great expense of the Symphony Concert, almost the entire orchestra being brought at the last moment from New York, a chamber concert will be given on February fourth, instead of the program previously announced. Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg have been engaged and other artists will be announced."

"The inability of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to keep their engagements for the concert November twenty-sixth, is responsible for this change of plan."

Philip Hale.

Dec 19, 1900

## MR. LONGY'S CLUB.

First Concert of the New Society in Association Hall for the Performance of Works Written for Wind Instruments—Recital of Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Violinist, in Steinert Hall.

The Longy Club—Messrs. Longy, oboe, Maquarre, flute, Selmer, clarinet, Hackebarth, horn, Hugo Litke, bassoon, and Gebhard, piano, gave the first concert of a series last night in Association Hall. The club was assisted in Bernard's octet by Messrs. Brooke, Sauter, P. Litke, Metzger, and Hain. The program was as follows:

Quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, op. 15.....Beethoven  
Sonata in B minor for flute and piano.....Bach  
Divertissement for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.....Bernard

In 1891 and 1892 Mr. Charles Molé, who was then first flute of the Symphony Orchestra, with some of his colleagues gave concerts for the purpose of introducing works written for wind instruments, and at one of these concerts and in Association Hall Messrs. Molé and Nikisch played the sonata by Bach that was on the program last night.

It is a good thing that Mr. Longy has the courage to make a similar experiment. He himself is an artist of rare talent and he has shown in this city his marked ability as a conductor. His skill in the latter direction was proved last night by the excellence of the ensemble in phrasing, in attack, and in all the details that characterize fine ensemble playing. And at this first concert he modestly abstained from choosing any work in which he might shine conspicuously in solo, although the perfection of his performance was in constant evidence. It is to be hoped that these concerts will be liberally supported. Mr. Longy has associated with himself certain artists who are indeed worthy of the name that is so often misapplied.

Let us hope that in future Mr. Longy will give the most of his attention to the moderns. We could well have spared the quintet by Beethoven, which is familiar, and is one of the youthful works of the composer. It was first played in 1798; Beethoven was the pianist, and the Emperor Francis and his court were in the audience. The work therefore has a certain historical value,

but why should it be played in 1900, when there are modern pieces that are unknown to the public? The sonata by Bach is one of a set written at Coethen when the composer was in the service of Prince Leopold, who loved him and his music until the Princess complained that her husband's attention was thereby diverted from her. The largo is the most interesting of the movements, for many of the allegros and prestos of Bach remind one of the burden of the once popular song, "All coons look alike to me." Mr. Maquarre played with admirable control of breath, pure tone, sure facility, fine taste, and with as much expression as is possible to be gained from this instrument of marked limitations. Mr. Gebhard played with excellent discretion in the quintet, but in the sonata he at times was deficient in a keen sense of tonal proportion, for more than once he covered the lower tones of the flute.

Emile Bernard was born at Marseilles in 1845. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, and he is organist of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, Paris. He has written two cantatas, a violin concerto that was played here in 1886 by Mr. Adamowski, pieces for piano and orchestra, orchestral suites, an overture, and a good deal of chamber music as well as organ and piano pieces. A suite for violin and piano was played at a Kneisel concert. Bernard is not of the extreme modern French school, and he is inclined to be dry and academic as in this Divertissement, which is well written, with knowledge of the capabilities of the instruments, and with a sense of color. The work, however, is rather deficient in spontaneous melody, and the vivacity is not crisp and sparkling. There was a fair-sized and very ap- plausive audience.

Philip Hale.

## MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr.

Wallace Goodrich. The program was as follows:

Suite.....Bach  
Concerto, F sharp minor, No. 2.....Vieuxtemps  
Sonata, "Devil's Trill".....Tartini  
"Non Più Mesta".....Paganini-Kreisler

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Kreisler made his reappearance in Boston on the night of the first concert of the Longy Club, for many were undoubtedly thus prevented from hearing him. The date of his recital as originally announced did not conflict with Mr. Longy's date, but an accident to the steamer on which Mr. Kreisler had embarked obliged a putting back to port and a consequent rearrangement of dates.

It is now just about 12 years ago since "Master" Kreisler, a boy 13 years old, made his first appearance in Boston with Rosenthal, the pianist, in Music Hall. He then played Mendelssohn's concerto. He gave recitals with Rosenthal in Burnstead Hall, Dec. 17, 18, 19 of the same year. Since then he has studied earnestly his art and won the highest praise in European cities. His successes were repeated this winter in New York and Pittsburg, where he played with orchestra.

The program presented last night was one well calculated to test his versatility and show his musical as well as his virtuosic nature. The concerto in F sharp minor, finished at Dresden when Vieuxtemps was 17 years old, was the first of his works that the great composer-violinist allowed to be published. It is our impression that Tartini's beautiful sonata was last played here by Lady Hallé. The piece by Paganini calls for the fullest display of virtuosic attainments, and Mr. Kreisler has increased the inherent difficulties.

Mr. Kreisler is certainly a violinist of amazing technic. His clearness and purity in scales, double notes, octaves, flageolet tones are remarkable. At times, especially in rapid passages, there is a suspicion of wiriness, but as a rule his tone is sympathetic, and he sings a cantilena delightfully. He is inclined to take his allegros at great speed, but we have had so much of the "slow allegro" here in Boston that a true allegro is a treat as well as an excellent object-lesson to young violinists. If his left hand is nimble and sure, his bowing, easy and graceful and brilliant, also excites admiration. Nor does his extraordinary technic ever lead him into mad extravagance for the sake of making the audience sit up. Mr. Kreisler is always the musician.

It is to be hoped that this master of the violin will be heard here at a Symphony concert. The subscribers to those concerts may well have a right to complaint if he is passed over, and they have no opportunity of hearing him with orchestra.

## DREAM-TIME.

You patient fields that lie and wait the plow,  
A little respite now  
You gather for a while; a moment brief  
Of rest from ear and leaf.  
And so ye dream, as toll-worn laborers may,  
Outwearied with the day;  
Soothed by sweet visions, velled in ruddy mist,  
By mellow sunbeams kiss'd.  
The February rains above you float,  
And March's bugle-note  
Thrills your cold sod; you touch your parched lips  
To April's finger-tips;  
The scents and songs and splendors of the May  
Within your gates delay;  
In waves of green, the full flood-tide of June  
O'erbrims your hedges soon.  
July and August, all in gold attire,  
And helmeted with fire,

Pass down your paths; September smiles and glows

To bless you as she goes.  
Dear endless iteration of delights,  
Of happy days and nights!  
The winter dawn glares through the leafless wood,  
And dreamers wake a-cold.

"The Lawson pink is out in silver."  
But why is it not out in copper?

You hear it said that the art of letter-writing is lost. We invite your attention to these two letters which were received by a prominent publisher of this city:

— Dec the 9/1900

Dear Sir Being uneducate but a Natural Born orator I have made my Self famous through the South and West. I have met death face to face 15 time in life, travel 12 years without Ceasting have heard all kind of Breath holding Stories have a great tallent, having Red your paper one year and feel Satisfied

I can write a Story as well as any Ive Read Picas State what you give or how I will go a bout writing for the Co inclose find Stamp for Reply.

The second has not perhaps so decided a personal flavor nor does it breathe out the spirit of adventure as a strong man breathes out onions.

— Dec 13 1900,

Dear sior this is your truley frend  
Dear Sior i want a job that will Pay me good gages for my worke  
Dear if you see any one that want a very good offer i am the man i wont make some good money Dear Please ass soon as you get this ast  
Dear Sior I have long scrite to write for a job of worke that will pay me some good money i wont to see the city of Boston Please write soon to me your truley frend

The citizens of Boston are famous for generosity. Does some one with that tired feeling long for a steamer-chair or a good old man without teeth crave apples for his breakfast, presto! there are letters sent to the newspapers, letters that are like trumpet-calls; and in a few days the steamer-chair and the barrel are delivered. And here is a man who has only one wish—to see Boston. To see Boston—and then die. The wish is so natural, so inevitable, we may say; and it is one that might be so easily gratified. One of the saddest poems in the anthologies is the one that tells of the old man's grief because he had never seen Carcassonne.

A New York newspaper is surprised because Henrietta Sowle, "the Boston housekeeping expert, in her book, 'I Go a-Marketing,' dares to defy tradition in her menu for a Christmas dinner." It appears that she banishes "the usual turkey" and insists on goose stuffed with potatoes, served with turnips with butter sauce. She also banishes mince pie and plum pudding.

The surprised New Yorker evidently does not know that turkey with ice cream is served in Boston throughout the year in boarding-houses, and even in some of the houses of the first-fam-

ilies; that the awful combination—and think of turkey in July and August!—is advertised by placards in basement windows of the South End.

And for many years goose has been just as appropriate as turkey for the Christmas table. Do you not remember the lines in Hudibras against the Puritans?

"Quarrel with mince'd pies and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose."

The books of antiquarians concerning Christmas fare are full of allusions to the goose. And although some have condemned the meat as "hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy," yet hath it been highly esteemed by the wise. Messallinus Cotta went so far as to broil and fry the feet and thus with the addition of cock's combs made a savory dish between two platters. Old Philemon Holland represented Pliny as saying: "I for my part will give every man his due and right and will not defraud them of their singular praise and honor who have been benefactors to the kitchen and proceeded masters in cookery." Poor tortured geese, born for the exacting palates of epicures! But centuries ago the Romans knew how to make a dainty dish of geese livers. "For in those geese that are kept up and cram'd fat in coup, the liver grows to be exceeding great; and when it is taken forth of the belly, it waxeth bigger still, if it be steeped in milk and sweet made together. Good cause therefore it is, that there be some question and controversy about the first inventor of this great good and singular commedie to mankind; whether it were Scipio Metellus, a man who lately was called to be Consul; or M. Sestius, who in those dales was by his birth a gentleman of Rome."

The live goose is a delightful pet



In a hat, for it is famous for affection. There was one at Argos who was wondrously enamored of a fair boy named Olenus; "as also of a damsel whose name was Glaucé, who used to play on the lute before King Ptolemaeus." And we know how fond the Empress Theodora was of them. But they demand kindness in turn; for some, kept in a pen, have grown so sullen that they died with holding the breath.

The goose has been most unjustly treated by fabulists and makers of proverbs, and yet its exceptional intelligence made it in Egypt a symbol of divine providence. In Greece it was the duenna of a goddess, as Mr. Phil Robinson reminds us; and in India it is still the symbol of sleepless vigilance, something like the Pinkertonian eye, which, by the way, is not the same as the pluck-eye. Miss Power Cobbe has defended the bird: "Since she saved the Roman Capitol, she has been known to display all the domestic virtues, and as many public ones as she has been permitted to exercise. But no experience avails nothing against prejudice. She has contrived to get herself classed among the 'shrilling sisterhood,' and her claims are thrust aside with derision."

The people of Crete swore by the goose, and do we not even now demand that a politician should be sound on the goose? And were not the American eagle and the United States flag once called the goose and the grid-iron?

But even with all these hallowing historical and theocratic associations what is goose without apple-sauce?

## MR. THOMSON'S RECITAL.

A Program of Songs by Von Fielitz and a Newcomer, Mr. Carl Ruggles of Boston.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. James Fitch Thomson, baritone, assisted by Miss Edna Allys Little and Mr. W. D. Strong, pianists, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He sang these songs by von Fielitz: "Der traurige Mönch," op. 57; Six Tuscan songs, op. 6; "Elliland" op. 9; "Die Späte Hochzeit" op. 71; "Das Kraut Vergessenheit" op. 24, No. 1; "Bretonisches Volkslied" op. 69; "Die Notgallien" and "Bei einer Linde" op. 70; and six songs by Carl Ruggles. Miss Little played piano pieces by Raff, von Fielitz and Chopin, and with Mr. Strong two movements from Grieg's arrangement of Mozart's sonata in C minor.

Alexander von Fielitz was born at Leipzig in 1850. He was a pupil of Schulhoff and Kretschmer in Dresden. For some time he conducted opera at Zurich, Lübeck, and Leipzig, but his health became poor, and he now lives in Italy as a composer. He has written several sacred works for chorus and an orchestral piece, but he is known chiefly by his songs, which he has produced in large numbers. His name has been familiar to our concert-goers for some years.

His songs are smoothly made, of agreeable if commonplace character, and they often are plausible in the portrayal of emotion, but they are for the most part without any individuality, and they can be endured only in small doses.

Mr. Ruggles, I understand, is a Bostonian who has studied with Professor Faine and Mr. Spalding. The songs sung yesterday are distinctly the work of a pupil and without special flavor.

Mr. Thomson has been preparing himself for German opera, in which he has already appeared in this city. Yesterday he started off at a high pressure, which he maintained for at least an hour without regard to the size of the hall. As a result of this misguided exhibition of dramatic intensity, his interpretation was for the most part monotonous and without climax, and his intonation was not always pure. His voice naturally is of good, manly quality and he has studied honestly and ambitiously. But we are not all Germans, and we are not all infatuated with the emphatic singing of consonants, and slurring in attack. Mr. Thomson does not do these things dear to German singers and Germanized hearers through ignorance but as the consequence of painstaking preparation for singing Wagnerian parts. He would no doubt be successful in these parts in a large theatre. In Steinert Hall he is formidable—the more so on account of his sincerity and enthusiasm. There was a small and friendly audience.

The place that I saw was lighted by candle-lab and corpses were scattered about. Women were weeping, and among them other women were busied with vases and instruments. I saw them break into fresh bodies and take out entrails yellow, brown, green, blue, which they put into amphorae. I saw them push a silver hook through nostrils, crush the delicate bones of the root, remove the brain, wash the bodies with colored waters, rub them with perfumes of Paeonies, cinnamon and myrrh, plait the hair, groom the eyebrows and the eyelashes, paint the teeth and harden the lips, polish the nails of hands and feet and anoint them with gold.

We have received the following letter:

Providence, R. I., Dec. 17, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Did you ever chat with an undertaker? I recently spent an evening at the Undertakers' Union, and came away hoping that I should die at sea. But I obtained an authoritative denial of the probability of that moss-covered tale, perhaps the commonest yarn told about "funeral directors" or "morticians." You know it: the one about the undertaker who was preparing the remains of the beloved decedent who wore a wig. The tale runs that he sent out to a member of the family for some glue to fasten the wig, but that the said member of the family was horrified on returning with the glue to be told, "Never mind. I have found some tacks." I meekly questioned my friends at the Union upon the age and origin of this story. They were unanimous in asserting that it could not be true, because members of their profession generally use a needle and thread for this purpose. They were such sombre talkers that I do not know whether they were geying me or not. Do you know?

ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

P. S. Providence progresses as a literary centre. My monumental Park genealogy is under way, and some job printers have just issued a book on cocktails.

And now I am willing to disregard burial-places and dispense with them.

And if the memorials of the dead were put up indifferently everywhere, even in the room where I eat or sleep, I should be satisfied.

And if the corpse of anyone I love, or if my own corpse, be duly rendered to powder and poured in the sea, I shall be satisfied.

Or if it be distributed to the winds I shall be satisfied.

A correspondent writes: "My grandmother, who came from a little town in Maine, used two mild oaths when she was surprised, indignant, frustrated or flabbergasted. The first was 'Push-on-Gunter!' the second was 'Cat's foot,' and, in more passionate moments, 'Cat's foot in a bandbox.' Can you tell me anything about the origin of these strange phrases? And who was Gunter, that he was so despised?"

We do not know, but we make suggestions merely in the hope that some correspondent may throw light. There was a Gunter who was a famous mathematician—the Rev. Edmund Gunter (1581-1626) whose name was a synonym for accuracy. Hence the phrase in this country, "According to Gunter," used when anything was correctly done. (The old laws of Rhode Island said, "All casks shall be gauged by the rule commonly known as 'gauging by Gunter.'") Similar phrases are "According to Cocker," "According to John Noire," "According to Hoyle." We have searched dialect dictionaries in vain for "fush." We are inclined to think it is a coined word, a softened form of a vigorous term of disapproval or contempt. The phrase would be an answer to anybody who insisted that something was all right, that it was "according to Gunter." The impatient disbeliever, when it was a woman, cried, "Oh, fush on Gunter!"

"Cat's foot in a bandbox" is without any doubt a softened form of a singularly forcible and grotesque, as well as indecent, phrase which may be found in Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." The phrase is "an answer to the offer of anything inadequate to the purpose for which it is proffered." We refer the curious to the story told by Tate Wilkinson of Garrick's conduct after he had listened to a recitation by the said Tate. Many common and apparently unmeaning expletives and interjectional words are softened forms of vulgar terms or heaven-defying oaths, and these expletives are sometimes used by women who would be inexpressibly shocked if they knew the origin of these terms or phrases.

A barrister asserts in the London Times that an average jury of business men who do not wish to waste time and temper in wrangling about damages determines the sum by adding up what each one would award and dividing the total by 12. Will any jurymen tell us whether, to his personal knowledge, such a time-saving device has been adopted in a Boston jury-room? The scheme seems fairer than the method of determining a verdict by throwing dice. A man who served a short time ago on a criminal jury told us that his associates, who led what is politely known as a "free life," were the most severe against unfortunate women who were brought up for trial. Many of our readers remember, no doubt, the terrible irony and knowledge of human nature displayed by Tolstoi in the trial scene in "Resurrection."

The following story is of contemporaneous human interest. A man and three women had engaged seats for a performance at a London theatre. When they arrived, they found the seats occupied by people that refused to move. There was an appeal to the manager. He would not object the persons who had no right to the seats and no manners, on the ground that it would cause a riot, but he offered the injured ones a more valuable box or the return of their money. This offer was refused, and the aggrieved went to law. Damages to the amount of £1 were awarded each person. "The sum was probably made up of the price paid for the ticket, of the expenses incurred in going to and from the place of amusement, and a trifle by way of general damages for the inconvenience sustained." It appears that in England a theatregoer can be turned out of his seat and the building at any time, no matter how exemplary his conduct, and that without a return of money. He could bring action and get damages, which would include the price he paid, "but to give him an indefeasible legal title to his seat during the performance (instead of the mere license he has at present) he requires a deed or document under seal."

Moles on the arm and shoulder denote great wisdom; on the right ear, riches and honor.

If you do not wish to wear moles, rub them with oatmeal sodden in vinegar; or rub them with meal of ervile or the bitter vetch; and this is an infallible means: The gall of a buck-goat incorporate with cheese, sulphur, the ashes of a sponge, all brought to the consistency and thickness of honey.

Dec 21 1900

VIOLETS IN DECEMBER.

Through the great garden, now bereft of Summer,

With empty hands I go,

Seeking one flower, one late or early comer

Who should forestall the snow.

The roses sulkily in thorny slumber

Wait to be waked by Spring;

The leafless trees on skeleton fingers number

The woes these Winters bring.

Kissed by December's last dear sun, and kindly

Tucked into bed by me, the tulips sleep,

Pillowed on dreams of Spring; the crocus

blindly

Strives through the mold; the hyacinths

stand deep

On steady feet, ready to rise in glory

When the new life shall come to the old

dead,

And Spring shall tell her old enchanting

story,

And roses bud, forgetting rose-leaves shed.

But now—out here—some bud of hope must

waken

Some little flower to speak of joy to be;

Beneath bare boughs by sobbs of Winter

shaken,

Some promise of the Spring for Love and

me.

Ah, dear, ungrudging garden, never vainly

Has my deep need implored your clemency,

For here are violets to tell me plainly

That Spring will live—that Love will never

die!

You hear a man described as "fully

equipped." Did you ever know one?

He should have at least two cases of razors, seven razors in each case, each razor marked with the name of a day of the week. He should have rows of trousers with suspenders ready on each pair. There should be at least seven dress-shirts prepared with buttons and studs. Coats for every possible occasion should hang in closets—coats for stag dinners, wedding breakfasts, aldermanic banquets, reception of distinguished traveler, poet, lecturer, Filipino, anti-Boer; in short, for all forms of sport, love and duty. There should be a costly show of variegated waistcoats; sober and incredible cravats; hats—plug, crush, gibus, billy-cock, etc., etc. All underclothes should be completely furnished with buttons. Boots should stand in long procession, with stretchers in them and in a corridor of mild and never varying temperature. We have mentioned only a few of the absolute necessities.

How few are fairly equipped, even in a humble way, to fight the battles of life! We remember a young man in college in the seventies. He was from the sunny South, but for some years he has not seen the sun. Too fond of strong waters, was his epitaph. We remark, by way of excursion, that he had a habit of walking about 5 A. M., when he took a stiff pull at a flask of gin, cut a liberal slice of plug tobacco, and then went back to bed and slept peacefully until the bell called to prayers, which he attended faithfully, clad in an ulster and rubber boots. Tall, handsome in animal fashion, he strove constantly after effective dress. But there was always an out, for his income did not accompany his ambition. Did he appear in a striking suit of clothes? There was a crack in his left boot. Were his boots beyond reproach? His collar was frayed, his cravat was fatigued. Was he irreproachable in

other respects? His hat was rusty. Never in spite of earnest endeavor was he teres atque rotundus, to use the language of the ancient Romans.

When you think of the time and money that must be spent merely to be decent and respectable, so that you do not smell, so that you can walk in the sun with self-respect, you may well question the value of life. How hard it is to appear always in fresh linen. You sweat easily, or an eczematous patch high up on the left of your neck discolors that side of your collar, or your

work is in a room where cleanliness is well-nigh impossible. And yet you are made only a little lower than the angels. The Mohammedans are such a clean people that their fancied hours even in heaven are not made of clay, but of pure musk, and they are free from any defect or inconvenience of their sex.

We have been told by a friend of Alexander T. Stewart's family that when Horace Greeley took supper with them he would appear with a huge market basket which contained nothing but a clean collar. This collar he would put on deliberately in the hall before he went into the parlor. Who has not been tempted to put a fresh collar in his pocket when going to an evening entertainment in a room absurdly hot more Americano? And why not follow the example of Gustave Claudin, a distinguished Parisian, who invented a scheme for always appearing neat throughout the day without being obliged to go to his rooms. He had three pairs of boots at three boot-black's stands in as many quarters of the city, an immaculate hat at a hatter's, etc., etc. If a spot of mud appeared on one of his varnished boots, he easily made the change; if rain or dust tarnished the brilliancy of his hat, he went to the hatter's, and left the hat to be ironed.

Some day when we are feeling well and when a substantial bank account will allow us to write with absolute independence of thought, we propose to tell in this column the tale of the three fastidious Hindu gentlemen.

Apropos of the question asked yesterday by Mr. Roger Williams Park, here is a grim story. A professional nurse remained in a house after the master of it had died. The body was in a coffin; the coffin-lid was laid on loosely. Just before she went to bed the nurse went into the room to see that everything was all right. The corpse sprang up and knocked off the lid. The nurse was stiff with horror. The corpse then bounded up out of the coffin. The nurse shrieked and fainted. The doctor was summoned. He gave this explanation: "Quicksilver had been given to the dying man in the hope of saving his life. It was the quicksilver in the body which caused the dead man to dance about."

We saw a huge bag at an apothecary's, whose shop is a sub-station of the Post Office. "They empty it three times a day," said the clerk, "and it's chock-full every time. I suppose people are sending Christmas presents so early because they want to be sure to get some back." The clerk was young, with deep blue eyes and carefully arranged hair. Cynicism in his mouth was peculiarly revolting.

We spoke yesterday of Mr. Gunter—not Archibald but Edmund, the mathematician. After we had sent the paragraph spinning toward the dustbin of Time, we came across this story told by old John Aubrey. Sir Henry Savill, Knight "first sent for Mr. Gunter from London (being at Oxford University) to be his Professor of Geometric, so he came and brought with him his sector and quadrant, and fell to resolving of triangles and doing a great many fine things. Said the grave Knight, "Doe you call this reading of Geometrie? This is shewing of tricks, man!"—and so dismissed him with scorn, and sent for Briggs from Cambridge." This shows that "According to Gunter" was not accepted by everybody while Gunter was alive.

A correspondent asks: "Why have you on several occasions sneered at those who use the word 'ovation'—as in the sentence 'he received an ovation'? Is not the word a good one?"

Of course it is a good word in its proper place, and so is 'accommodate,' a word that Bardolph was ready to maintain with his sword. But a base ball pitcher, a dog-faced comedian, a popular Alderman, a shrieking reformer—all these are in the habit of receiving an "ovation."

The late George Augustus Sala, who was a newspaper man of the very first rank, once freed his mind concerning the misuse of this word: "No sooner was Prince Merre liberated from the Penitentiary . . . than he drove straight to the hotel, where he re-



lved what is termed in the absurd modern newspaper parlance an 'ovation.' The Prince's brow was assuredly not encircled with a wreath of yrtle. He bore no sceptre in his hand; the proceedings were not envenomed by a band of flute players; nor did the ceremonies come to a close with the sacrifice of a sheep; unless, indeed, the acquitted Prince partook at an evening repast of gigot de mouton à la Provençale, or côtelettes à la moulaise."

dec 22 1900  
BY WHOM?

An iron door sends a melancholy pang through the long stone corridors and into the prison court yard, where a knot of men await the murderer. The death-march has begun. Voices are hushed. Eyes are turned to the black door which leads into the hall of death. The door swings open, and at the supreme moment has arrived: executioner and condemned are face to face.

There is a shuddering hesitation, a sick in-taking of the breath, a mighty effort: the murderer falls into the cruel chair. All tongues are dry as velvet. All eyes are turned upon those of the next die. A priest with crucifix on high motioned away by the doomed one, so raspingly clears a palpitating throat, and after a long stare at those who arm speaks with a husky voice: "I have one powerful belief: that is destination. I do not want the religion of those who, like you, would let Death face to face, and yet escape; who come here to witness the rising of a soul condemned by that religion to scorch in hell throughout eternity. I have killed—I must be killed. But here as a man to meet my death, a debtor to pay a debt; not as a criminal to be punished, as you become. It was ordained. You are here in an indiscriminate way to see the workings of death. I am here to feel them. You will walk out of this room as soon as all is over. I shall be carried out later. It was so ordained. You pity me as I sit here in my seat, of full health and great strength, so soon to die. You need not pity me. I shall die a painless death. Turn of the switch—and a current snap my life-cords in a trice! Were I to live in your religion, would I not suffer hell on earth in looking over my crime? Should I not my heart out with my secret? It was ordained. I do not know, nor do I care how many of you have secrets—but think of this: You all have deaths to die; perhaps long, lingering, excruciating deaths; maybe instantaneous, painless deaths—but deaths at all events. I have lived in my faith; I shall die in it. I am content. It was ordained. The attendants step forward; straps are buckled; connections are made. A black mask half smothers a shudder. A lever is shifted. A sudden contraction of muscles shows that the job is accomplished. Was it ordained? The executioner answers, "Yes." God or man?

J. G. N.  
Let not vinegar rinse the cup of friendship."  
We regret to learn that Mr. Teddy Govenor is mortal—that he suffers from corns, and has been treating them himself, probably with the old family ointment that came down through a long line of kings. But the first that has happened so many is not necessarily skillful in the use of the knife. It is better to avoid blood-poisoning by consulting a respectable chiropodist who charges a corn. We have heard of a doctor in London who declines, and pleasantly expresses himself, "to put his knife into anybody's foot under any circumstances."

A, this is a day of days, one fraught with precious memories! For on Dec. 2, 1873, the Rev. Mr. Braithwaite of the Isle died at the age of 110. He began singing as a boy in the cathedral choir, and sang for over 100 years, a record not equaled by even the stoutest German prima donna. Ad it was on the 22d of December, 1874 that William Anne Van Keppel, Countess of Albemarle, Ambassador at the Court of France, died. "When his view was waited upon by their son, who succeeded to the title, to acquaint her with the Earl's death, she said: 'I need not tell me that your father is dead, for I dreamed it last night.'"

And this is also the death day (1742) of Mr. Abraham Sharp, an eminent mathematician, mechanic and astronomer, who was thin, of a weakly constitution, and lived to be only 91. He was of a shy disposition and was visited rarely by any "except two gentlemen of Bradford, the one a mathematician, and the other an ingenious apothecary, who gave signal of their approach by rubbing a stone against a certain part of the house." Mr. Sharp was irregular at his meals, which he took in the following manner: A square hole communicated between the room where he calculated and another room accessible to a servant; a sliding board was before this hole; the servant placed his victuals in the hole without speaking or making the least noise. Breakfast, dinner and supper were often untouched when the servant went to remove what was left. Mr. Sharp was a man of such application that his elbows rubbed cavities in the oak table at which he sat to write.

We have received the following letter:  
Boston, Dec. 20.  
Editor Talk of the Day:  
With reference to your paragraph in this morning's Journal on the subject of methods of jury-men, I wish to say that I served on a jury in the Superior Court about two years ago and we had, besides other cases, two land-damage cases and one accident case to decide. As a preliminary act in each case every jurymen put down an amount on a slip of paper without his signature; the several amounts were added together and divided by 12. This gave us a sort of an intelligent idea as to the sentiment of the twelve men, and at the same time furnished us with a fair basis to work from. M.  
Mr. George R. Sims occasionally moralizes: "Few men commit crime to obtain the necessities of life. It is a desire for life's luxuries that fills the prisons. The man who robs a baker's shop for a loaf for his starving wife is a rarity. The man who embezzles his employer's money to give a lady who is not his wife diamond rings is a familiar figure in every police court."

The reports concerning the efforts of Professor Celli and his associates to rid Italy of malaria show incidentally the enormous profits made by druggists. The hygienists wish the Government to supply quinine to the public at a little more than cost price—for the Government should protect itself against fluctuations in the price of the raw material. If this scheme should be carried out, hydrochlorate of quinine which is now sold at 22 cents a gram by druggists would cost 4 cents and sulphate of quinine would be sold at 3 cents instead of 20. Of course the druggists and the manufacturers of quinine are bitterly opposed to the humane measure.

This reminds us of Major Ronald Ross, whose life is devoted to the study of the malarial mosquito, believes in drainage to get rid of the mosquito's breeding-pool before a whole community is cinchonized. "There are 'new laid' eggs, 'fresh eggs,' and 'eggs.'"

dec 17, 1900  
Out of place  
GABRILOWITSCH.  
The Russian Pianist Appears at a Charity Concert in Symphony Hall — Reappearance of Mrs. Juliette Corden.  
(By Philip Hale.)  
Mrs. Juliette Corden, soprano; Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist; Mr. Edwin Isham, baritone, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist, took part in a concert last night at Symphony Hall "given by and for the benefit of the Musician's Aid Society." Mr. Lang conducted the orchestra. The program was as follows:  
Overture to "St. Paul,".....Mendelssohn  
"Vision Fugitive," from "Hérodiade".....Massenet  
Piano Concerto in B-flat minor, Tchaikowsky  
Prayer from "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner  
Border Song.....Cowen  
Overture-In Memoriam.....Sullivan  
"Songs My Mother Taught".....Dvorak  
Cradle Song, "You and I".....Liza Lehmann  
Hungarian Fantasia, for piano and orchestra.....Liszt  
Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a pianist of indisputable parts. He has a peculiarly sympathetic touch. Tone with him is always beautiful, even in passages that apparently demand metallic brilliance. His technique, of course, is highly developed, and the pearly quality of his runs, the oily flow of his legato, the ease of his trills and octaves—all these are worthy of the highest praise. And he is undoubtedly a thoughtful player. Perhaps he is too thoughtful, for at times there is a deliberation in his preparation of the entrance of a phrase and in his balancing a musical sentence that is almost irritating. The hearer is tempted to cry out, "Let yourself go," it is not that he lacks temperament; for he is by no means a cold player;

but I suspect him of being too anxious to be musical. If he were fresh from a teacher, it might be said that he was still conscious of his master's precepts and influence. He has been for some time his own master, and this study in self-control comes rather from an analytical spirit that wishes all the detail to be equally beautiful. Now in a work of long breath, such as the concerto by Tchaikowsky, if equal attention be paid to every measure, there is danger of turning the measure into a beautiful but monotonous plain, where there is no commanding height. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's reading of this concerto was by no means monotonous, but was it not too carefully, too minutely finished? There were exquisite moments, when the sensitive soul of this gifted pianist was unveiled, when he was evidently alone with his art, unconscious of his hearers. The music revealed this; there was no hint at affectation in carriage of head or in vain gesture; for Mr. Gabrilowitsch is singularly modest for a pianist. But the performance as a whole was without the broad sweep, it was without the demoniac energy that should characterize this colossal work, which is full of exotic beauty, sensuous charm, Oriental color, and rhythm, familiarity that comes close to vulgarity, and primitive, fierce energy. It was in many respects a delightful, enchanting performance; but I do not think it was what can be called by anyone who weighs words as counters a truly great performance. And while the performance of the Hungarian Fantasia was a marvel of finger work, it was without the fiery spirit that alone makes this protechnical display endurable. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is even now a player of rare gifts; but it is not given to everyone to play the concerto of Tchaikowsky. The melancholy of the work appealed to this pianist, and in the interpretation of this peculiarly Tchaikowskian melancholy he showed himself to be a true poet, a poet of half-tints, troubling perfumes, strange landscapes barely lighted by the dying sun. Such fancies as these appeal to him at present. I believe that while he will retain this delightful poetic gift, the coming years will give a breadth and a spirit to his playing which will put him still higher in the ranks of prominent pianists. Even now he gives true pleasure, and even in his weaknesses, if they are weaknesses, he is a poet and a musician, as well as a pianist.

Mrs. Corden, who is most pleasantly remembered as an accomplished singer in opera, shows the results of intelligent study undertaken while she was still in the zenith of her popularity. Her ambition to sing in more serious works was laudable and she proved last night that it was well-founded, for her singing of the trying Prayer from "Tannhaeuser" was admirable in all respects. The voice itself was full and free; full with rich quality of tone and free with the freedom that comes from artistic control. More than this: the music was vitalized by womanly feeling, and the performance, while it did not go beyond the limits of legitimate concert effect, suggested the kneeling Elisabeth of the broken heart. I have heard far less moving and less musical performances of this scene by women of swollen reputation on the operatic stage.

Mr. Isham, a baritone, who studied in Paris, I believe, and has appeared in that city and in London, sang "Vision fugitive," with taste.

The overture to "St. Paul" was played probably in order to give a sacred tinge to the program. It was a mistaken and a cruel act of respect toward the late Sir Arthur Sullivan to remind us all of his "In Memoriam" overture, which as music must be ranked among his funniest works.

There was a good-sized and applauding audience.

dec 23, 1900  
SYMPHONY NIGHT.  
First Performance of Mr. F. S. Converse's "Festival of Pau," a Romance for Orchestra—Tiresome Music by Handel.  
The program of the 8th Symphony concert, which was given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:  
Water Music.....Handel  
"The Festival of Pau".....F. S. Converse  
Symphony No. 5.....Tchaikowsky  
Mr. Apthorp says in the Program-Book that the date of Handel's "Water Music" is not known. "It was either 1715 or 1716." He admits that it was "played on the Thames, in boats, at a water party given by the King."

As a matter of fact, both Chrysander and Schoelcher give the probable date as Aug. 22, 1715. James Peller Malcolm thus describes the festivity in his "Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London During the 18th Century":  
"The King, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a large party of nobility, went in barges with music from White Hall to Limehouse. When they returned in the evening the captains of shipping suspended lanterns in their rigging, and the houses on both sides of the river were illuminated, and innumerable number of boats filled with spectators attended the royal party, and bonbons were continually fired during the day and evening." Hanslick gives 1717 as the date, but does not name his authority. He is mistaken, because in 1717 Handel was not in England. The Water Music, however, may have been repeated that year.

I do not like to keep picking at my friend, Mr. Apthorp, all the time, but inasmuch as he is the compiler of the Program-Book, which is advertised as for sale and to be sent by mail each

week to any subscriber, he has a high and holy mission; and he should take more pains in his statements of fact. Thus, I find this sentence in the same Program-Book: "The passage quoted refers to the horn, the instrument often known (and Heaven only knows why!) as the 'French horn.'"  
Heaven probably does know; but there are others. Thus, I read on page 228 of Stainer & Barrett's "Dictionary of Musical Terms," a book that is within reach of the humblest: "The horn, sometimes called the French horn, to distinguish it from the English horn (or Anglairs), which is altogether a different instrument." And yet Mr. Apthorp, in the same paragraph, complains of the insufficiency of dictionaries!

This Water music, they all say, made peace between George I. and Handel, who had treated the King when he was only Elector of Hanover in a shabby manner. The go-between was the Baron Kilmanseck—who was possibly a forerunner of Miss Kilmanseck of the precious leg. He requested Handel to write some music for the King's water-pipe. The monarch heard the music, and he exclaimed: "Not a surburse!" At any rate his heart was touched, and he forgave Handel.

You perhaps remember the inscription written by Thackeray for a statue of George I. "He preferred Hanover to England, He preferred two hideous mistresses To a beautiful and innocent wife. He hated Arts and despised Literature; But he liked train-oil in his gals, And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters."

And he had Walpole as a Minister: Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption."

Pray, what was Mr. Gericke thinking of when he pulled down from the shelf and dusted this tiresome, barren music? This is Christmas week, and even less, evening somewhere bands were playing and somewhere hearts were light. One antiquarian tells us that this Water music is the first work by Handel in which the French horn is to be met with; but even this fact—if it be a fact—did not console me. Handel is one of the most imposing figures in the history of music. Master of choral effects, and one of the few great melodists, his genius was not shown in orchestral writing except in some queer experiments that were far ahead of his time. But who was writing orchestral music in 1715 that would be tolerable today save in the way of curiosity? Bach was then a court musician at Weimar. Mr. Gericke may have put this Water music on the program to serve an educational purpose, to show how orchestral music had developed; or perhaps as a study in tonic and dominant; or possibly out of kindness to Mr. Converse, whose piece came next.

Mr. Converse's Romance is one of three Scenes for orchestra. He was prompted to this music by Keat's "Endymion." The Scene played last night is entitled "The Festival of Pau." Mr. Apthorp says "the composer has kept to himself what parts of Keat's poem he has taken his inspiration from."

This reminds me of the old story of the Cambridge (England) undergraduate who in a spirit of scientific investigation asked "What are Keats?" And yet there are allusions to Pan in the poem, and there is a choral hymn to Pan that has been admired.

This piece is a marked advance on the excerpt from Mr. Converse's symphony that was played at a preceding concert and also on his sonata for violin and piano, which he was rash enough to publish. "Tash," because the sonata is distinctly pupil's work. The Romance is interesting throughout; it is full of color; it shows feeling, yes, imagination. The themes are not of striking originality, and here and there is a Siegfried mood, a Tristan mood; but the composer has plenty to say for himself; in fact, it is surprising that there is not more constant reminiscence. For in music as in literature, the young man has his idols to whom he pays the honest tribute of imitation. For a long time, try as he would, Robert Louis Stevenson could not forget Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, or Walt Whitman. Their words, their manner of expression had become a part of him. In Mr. Converse's Romance there is much that is suggestive of outdoor scenes, of sun and field and cave and forest and rough rejoicing. There are pages of true beauty; there is, throughout the work, the expression of a refined and vigorous thinker. He is not afraid to employ the resources of the full orchestra, but is not brutal, he does not find it necessary that all the instruments should be constantly chattering. There is more in the Romance than the parochial thought of a German music-school; the composer has even crossed the boundaries of Germany. I believe that Mr. Converse will write still more

authoritative music; that he will speak thematically with greater self-confidence. Then when he writes in romantic spirit, he will not find it necessary to hint at the fugal form; his scholarship will be taken for granted. And then he will knit his episodes closer together. He has color and imagination; and these are two most desirable qualities.

Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony was for a long time in Russia placed below the fourth, which is more distinctively Russian in feeling. Not till Mr. Nikisch led it in St. Petersburg was it regarded at its true value, and it was Mr. Nikisch who first brought it out in Boston. Afterward it was led by Mr. Paur and Mr. Kneisel. Last night it was played with dramatic spirit as well as with finesse. Mr. Gericke read it sympathetically, and with an intensity of emotion, especially in the second movement, that often has been absent in his interpretation of works of the ultra-modern school.

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It is as though the heart had cast a load of suffering and God's world were but a brief one more. It is not merely the program for the evening. The symphony is crowded with beautiful themes. The pages of defiant, passionate, and there are also moments of quietude. There are spectral basses and carinets, as melancholy shapes standing by some black and shiny pool.

Philip Hale.

SOME pianists are like comets in their return; and often the return is distinguished by a shrinkage in the once glorious tail. Others are like meteors; they flash across the sky and then are lost in darkness. Then there are a few who blaze steadily and serenely, stars of the first magnitude.

We have already heard the new comers, Bauer and Gabrilowitsch, and Zeldenzust, the Dutch pianist, will be here later, although he was announced as coming a season or two ago and prejudice against him was awakened by his passionate press-agent, who tromboned the fact that Zeldenzust is "the greatest living Bach player." Slivinski, the tall, thin, nervous man, with a moustache that pointed end-hairs toward heaven, will be here; you probably have forgotten his name, and yet he played here early in 1894—a well-bred pianist, who could not be persuaded to display any emotion, a man who sang in white tones. Then there is Sieveking, who arranges his hair yearly in a new and fantastic fashion, and has a habit of disappearing. There is that extraordinary woman Teresa Carreno, who is as a devouring flame.

We have thus far heard Dohnányi, Bauer and Gabrilowitsch—and I am tempted to add, the greatest of the

is Bauer. At the same time, it is only fair to add that Gabrilowitsch at Symphony Hall was handicapped by a wretched accompaniment led by Mr. Lang. I am fully aware that Mr. Lang conducted the first performance of Tschaiakowsky's concerto in B flat minor when it was played here by von Bülow in 1875. The disciples of Mr. Lang are never weary of telling the story; how he read the score in blurred manuscript; how von Bülow congratulated him publicly—I have forgotten whether he wept tears of joy on Mr. Lang's shirt bosom. Von Bülow was always a mad wag, and there is a story that when he was asked why he congratulated the conductor he answered, "Why not? It did not harm me, and it pleased him"; but this story is not told by the disciples, and perhaps it is not true. By the way, it is also said that a congratulatory cablegram sent by von Bülow to Tschaiakowsky was the first ever sent from Boston to Moscow. Mrs. Newmarch adds in her life of Tschaiakowsky: "Of course, this news gratified the composer; but just then he happened to be very short of money, and it was not without some compunction that he spent it all in answering the message."

Dohnányi disappointed this season; not by the character of his own concert—he played the bombastic thing with great spirit—but by his performance in recital. He was reckless in tonal matters. He often pounded, as a madman, beats upon a drum. He was brutal. In New York he is praised to the skies by certain critics, because, forsooth, he is "intellectual," a "deep thinker." I fail to see how "intellectual" exists in playing that stuns the ear and does serious injury to the piano. There is a noise as of many waters; a melody is played with a metallic touch; a forte is pushed to fortissimo, which in turn becomes a deliberate and deadly assault on the wires; there is a confused jumble of tones; the walls shake; the heads of the hearers ache; the element of beauty is ignored, scouted; there is no suggestion of sensuousness in any inherently sensuous phrase; there are no mezzo-tints, and, lo, a critic says, "yes, this may all be, but Dohnányi is intellectual." Why is he intellectual? Because he administers strong doses of Brahms with a pontifical air? I regret to say that Dohnányi is now a leader in the noble army of pounders. Perhaps, in a few years he will recognize the fact that in music beauty of tone and emotion are not mere idle words.

Dohnányi was born in 1877; Bauer in 1873; Gabrilowitsch in 1878. I hear that Mr. Bauer is chiefly self-taught; that after long and careful study of the violin, he took to the piano, which he studied diligently and thoughtfully, and when he was far advanced received a few lessons from Paderewski.

There are two Paderewskis, the one that first visited us and charmed all hearts; the one that last came over here full of tricks and affectations to make an incredible sum of money in as short time as possible—an Americanized Paderewski. Mr. Bauer reminds me of the former one—and yet his individuality is strongly marked. He is a man of travel and observation. To show how these virtuoses fly over land and sea, the last number of the *Guilde Musical* (Brussels) tells of Mr. Bauer's recent triumphs in Spain with Pablo Casals, a cellist, and the weekly did not arrive here until after Mr. Bauer had played in Boston with orchestra and in recital. We have heard Mr. Bauer in Brahms's first concerto. In this piece that is emphatically contemplative the pianist was simply one of the orchestral instruments, and although the performance was his first in America, he contented himself with playing in true ensemble fashion, and yet thereby he made a very favorable impression. His first recital showed that he was a most accomplished musician as well as a virtuoso of the very first rank. He is not merely a draughtsman, although he draws finely; he is a rich colorist, a master in the art of mixing tonal colors. He has great power, but in the stormiest passages his tone was always musical, and there was the suggestion of reserve force. He is an unusually intelligent player—he is, as my New York friends would say, "an intellectual player." This was shown especially in his display of differentiation in Schumann's "Carneval," when for once the room was full of maskers, all different, all fantastical figures, yet under the control of a master-mind. Mr. Bauer's coming recitals are looked forward to with eagerness.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, we know, is an excellent ensemble player, and while his performance of Tschaiakowsky's symphony last Sunday night did not bring out fully the storm and stress of the music, it was nevertheless in certain respects an admirable piece of work. The second movement was full of exquisite coloring and the inherent melancholy, which, as is so often the case in Tschaiakowsky's music, seeks relief in dancing, which piquancy alone saves from vulgarity, found in Mr. Gabrilowitsch a sympathetic interpreter. He, too, does not stoop or forget himself when there is a demand for physical strength. He, too, abstains from pounding. He, too, has rhythm. But there is that strange deliberation in the preparation and treatment of sentences of which I spoke last Monday. I do not believe that we are yet thoroughly acquainted with this young man. He will give a recital in Symphony Hall Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 2, and then he will not be concerned with orchestral care or anxiety. Such recitals cannot safely be neglected by piano students who have learned that in playing there is something more than thumping loudly the right notes.

There is a hymn that contains this line: "Oh, it is hard to work for God." It is also hard work to toil for the glory of a pianist. Mr. Vernon Blackburn reminded Miss Angela Anderson of this fact last month in London. Miss Anderson is an American girl who has studied in Paris and played there. She has laudable ambition; and this is how Mr. Blackburn pondered her case: "She chose to play the famous Beethoven Grand Sonata (that in A flat major), which, in its beginning, is simple, and, moreover, is apparently simple in its continuation; it is almost innocent in its third movement, is almost beyond mortal comprehension in its finale, and once again is immortal throughout in its technique—note how in nearly every case we have said the word 'almost'—to express its individuality. For it is almost everywhere as great a masterpiece as ever entered the brain of man. For that reason, therefore, Miss Anderson played it, not as it should be played—of course, that necessarily stands to reason—but she played it with a certain distinction (for the reasons explained), with a certain poetic feeling, a certain happiness of manner, which, though by no means suited to the work in hand, showed that she had a feeling for the best things in music. The Beethoven was followed by a series of Chopin; and, alas! we have to confess that in the work of the Polish master she was not nearly so successful as in that of—shall we call him the ancestor of the neurotic man of our later days? She needs more nerve, more assurance, more certainty, more understanding of the man who knew what it was (to use Henley's brilliant phrase) 'to endure the love of neuritic Duchesses,' before she can touch his fineness—we had almost said his super-fineness—of intelligence. Therefore, allowing the lady's Beethoven, allowing her technique, allowing her many hours of practice, allowing her determination to succeed, we still remain convinced that she is a hard worker and an industrious pupil, who has not yet attained to anything that even approaches the fringe of her possible kingdom. To sum the matter up: It requires very much practice, and very much renunciation, before it is possible to become an artist. This was some time a paradox, as Hamlet says, but Miss Anderson 'doth give it proof.'"

Mr. Vernon Blackburn thus enlivens musical criticism: "Mr. Masters sang 'Adelaide' with robust vigor. It is a song so difficult to interpret aright that singers should choose it very warily for interpretation. It is said that Sir Arthur Sullivan on one occasion attended a musical at-home. As the drawing room door was gently opened for him to enter the well-known notes of this song, sung in the usual way, sprang to his ear. "'Adelaide,'" by Jove!" he cried, and fled out into the street. To do that was exactly our natural instinct yesterday."

The Marquis Francisco de Souza Coutinho, a Portuguese baritone, proposes to devastate this country. If his portrait is a faithful likeness, he is as fat as Clara Butt is tall. It is a pity that they cannot give recitals together. The Concert Goer gives an amusing report of an interview with him which was published originally in a Copenhagen newspaper:

"You see, all Portuguese and Spanish people have ugly, hoarse voices. They talk 'muddy.' That comes of being out so much in the night air during the heated term. Now I had just such an ugly voice, and desired to improve it in some way—for speaking, that is, I had never thought of singing. My physician recommended singing scales and vocalizing exercises to clear my voice for speaking, and while I did so, my voice appeared. They said I could sing, and I began to think so myself. So that it was through trying to speak well that I became a singer. Amusing, isn't it?"

"A celebrated Portuguese singer, a good friend of mine, undertook my training, but I had to tell my family it was all a joke, so that they made no trouble at the time. I studied Valentine in 'Faust' in all secrecy, and one fine day the Opera House posters announced the debut of a M. . . . Everyone was curious to know who was hidden behind those stars, and the interest was heightened when I was discovered to be the mysterious debutant. I was received with enthusiasm, but my father was horribly enraged and would not hear of my becoming a professional singer. He refused to give one peseta to my further training. But the King had heard of my artistic aspirations and my family's stubbornness and I was allowed to sing before him. He was kind enough to allow me a generous stipendium, on which I could go to Italy to study singing. I remember how proudly I answered my father's scornful taunt that I had no money to study by telling him that I had money, and from the King."

After this fine burst the Marquis "wiped his forehead with a coroneted handkerchief, lighted a fresh cigarette, and called for a cab." "Coroneted handkerchief" is good. It reminds one of the description of a real live lord in Herman Melville's extraordinary story "Redburn," the lord seen in Liverpool, who stepped up to the open window of a flashing carriage which drew up, "and throwing himself into an interesting posture, with the sole of one boot vertically exposed, so as to show the stamp on it—a coronet—fell into a sparkling conversation with a magnificent white satin hat, surmounted by a regal marabout feather, inside."

Mr. Tito Mattei, whose song, "Non ever," once swept over this land like a simoon, has failed again, and for the third time. His assets are 12 guineas; his liabilities are £1600. The Registrar in the Bankruptcy Court suspended the discharge for three years, and remarked that the bankrupt should have taken warning from past experience as regards speculation on the Stock Exchange, and kept to his profession. Tschaiakowsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin," was performed last month at St. Petersburg for the 100th time. The occasion was celebrated with pomp. Boieldieu's "Petit Chaperon" was revived successfully at Frankfurt-on-the-Main Nov. 27, after a sleep of nearly 80 years. The opera was performed in Northern cities of this country by the New Orleans company in the twenties. Saint-Saëns is at work on a new opera, "Les Barbares," text by Sardou. An orchestral "Indianische Rhapsodie," on themes of the Ute Indians of Colorado, by Paul Miersch, was performed in Berlin.—Rubinstein's son Jacob, who is 35 years old, is in a madhouse at Paris. The malady has been coming on for some years. Jacob was until last winter the music critic of "Rossija."—The Gewandhaus (Leipzig) audience is indeed a patient folk. It listened to a symphony by von Herzogenberg, performed in honor of the late composer.—A new tenor has been discovered in Spain, one Biel, who two years ago was an upholsterer at Saragossa. He was discovered by a Madrid manager, who took him to that city, where after a few and insufficient lessons he delighted audiences by sheer beauty of voice. He then went to Milan, where he studied diligently, and on his return to Madrid he appeared in "L'Africaine," "Aida," and "Il Trovatore." The severely critical audience of that city find in him a successor to Gayarre. Correspondents of French papers are not so sanguine. They say he is still unprepared.—The title of Siegfried Wagner's new opera is "Herzog Wildfang." The first performance will be at Munich.—Leopold Godowski was highly praised for his performance of Tschaiakowsky's B flat minor piano concerto at a Colonne concert Nov. 25 at Paris.—A soprano, Huguet, "triumphed" lately at Warsaw in "Hamlet." Is she the Josephine

Huguet who sang with the ill-starred Mapleson company here in "Lucia" Dec. 1, 1886? She was then young and handsome; her voice was light, flexible, wiry; and as an actress her only charm was her ravishing beauty.—Gailhard, manager of the Paris Opéra, promises that the scenic arrangements of Leroux's new opera, "Astarte," will be of "an extreme sensuality." The Ménestral naturally asks, "Great Heavens! What are we going to see?" But the public must wait until the end of January.—The new incidental music written by Massenet for Racine's "Phèdre" (Odéon, Dec. 8) were these entr'actes: Thésus in the Lower World; Sacrifice and Athenian March; Appeal to Neptune; Hippolyte and Aricie. Then there is the overture which is well known here, and music that accompanies at times the spoken text.—Ernest Moret is to write the music for an opera "Corinne," founded on Mme. de Staël's famous romance.—Miss Djella, who sang Stephano in the Grau Company last season in Grau's Company without attracting attention except that which was of anatomical interest, for she was comely, is now well liked at Nancy.—A. Durand and Son, Paris, have published "Chanson's populaires du Vivarais," transcribed with piano accompaniment by Vincent d'Indy.—Marie Roze after a long retirement from the stage will make a concert tour of three weeks in Scotland, beginning at Glasgow Jan. 28.—Helen Bertram and Madge Lessing will be in the piece that will follow "Florodora" at the Lyric, London. The latter will appear at Drury Lane, Christmas. The new Adelphi Theatre in London will open next April with a piece by "Hugh Morton" and Gustave Kerker.—Martin Knutzen, a pianist from Christiania, made a favorable impression in London Nov. 27.—They say of "Mademoiselle George," a new comedy-opera, produced at the Variétés, Paris, Dec. 2, that the libretto by Victor de Cottens and Pierre Veber, is a thing of shreds and patches; the scenery and costumes are gorgeous; and the music by Louis Varney. The heroine is the "tragic actress of the Français, famous under the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose mistress she was, who, after 30 years of theatrical glory and gallant adventures, reached extreme old age, dying in Paris, poverty-stricken and forgotten, in 1869."

Truth (London) spoke as follows of the late Sims Reeves:

"By the end of the century, however, he had outlived his fame, and his death last week called forth little more than the usual number of lengthy obituary notices. Mr. Sims Reeves, indeed, belonged to a past generation, and even his vocal style was more or less obsolete. For Mr. Reeves belonged to a school which thoroughly believed in the theory of Mme. Balfé, who, when cheery Arthur Mathison asked for something more than the then usual thirty guineas for the libretto of 'The Taisman,' laid it down as an axiom that 'nobody cares for de vords.' A foreigner, however intelligent, who in the last generation heard Mr. Sims Reeves warble 'Come into the Garden, Maud,' or 'My Pretty Jane,' or 'Tom Bowling,' would have been puzzled to determine in what language he was singing. In those days, perhaps, librettos were so thoroughly illiterate and absurd that the less that was heard of 'de vords' the better. But John Brahms, if we may credit those who knew him, had

rather a fault the other way. Apart from his indistinct enunciation, Sims Reeves's singing was, for a pure tenor voice, as near perfection as we are ever likely to find it. He had well-marked mannerisms, of course. But perfect production and phrasing, absolute accuracy both in intonation and in florid music, were features of his singing, which was, of course, quite foreign to the shouting that marks the modern German school. Yet in his day Sims Reeves beyond question exercised an immense, and for the most part salutary, influence over English vocalism. He had no trace of the vibrato, which even then was a vocal defect. Every time cultivated by the Italians. Every detail was thought out and studied, and art considerations preceded all others. Sims Reeves was perhaps the first really great tenor who ever won success under his own British name in the opera houses of Italy, a success which was repeated both in English and Italian opera in England, his operatic career thus extending over about 20 years. His whole artistic life lasted about sixty years; but at the end the once-proud 'star' was forced by straitened circumstances to accept a civil list pension of £100."

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M. "The Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn, Emily Mollenhauer, conductor, Solo singers: Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, Miss Mary Louise Cary, Mr. Robert Smock, Mr. L. Willard Flint.  
Tuesday—Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M. "The Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn. Solo singers: Mrs. Jessica De Wolf, Miss Adelaide J. Guggs, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, Mr. Joseph S. Baerstein.  
Thursday—St. Mark's Hall, at 3 P. M. Harold Bauer's second piano recital. He will play Schumann's sonata in G minor, Prelude and fugue in C sharp, Bach; Rhapsody in G minor, Brahms; Waldesrauschen, Liszt; Sonata in A, Scarlatti; Chopin's Ballade in F, Etude in E, Polonaise in F sharp minor; Prelude and fugue, Mendelssohn; Marche Hongroise, Schubert.  
Friday afternoon, 2.30, and Saturday P. M. Symphony Hall eighth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Ger-



like conductor, Beethoven overture "Gigantismus"; Brahms's concerto for violin (Mr. Kueisel); Liszt, Mephisto Waltz; Mozart, symphony in G minor (K. 550).

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel will give recitals in Association Hall Thursday (Jan. 3) and Saturday afternoon (Jan. 5) at 3. The programs are elaborate and will include songs by Cimarosa, Handel, Lully, Montigny, Liszt, Schumann, Beethoven, Schubert, Dvorak, Brahms, Parry, Massenet, Gabriel Faure, Thomas, Camille Saint-Saëns, Leo, Cocchi, Davidoff, and Scottish and English songs. Each recital accompanied by check addressed to L. H. Henschel, Symphony Hall, received at any time before or after the opening of the sale. Tickets will be filled in order of their receipt, and seats assigned as nearly as possible in the location desired.

Theresa Carreno will give piano recitals in Association Hall Thursday evening (Jan. 3) and Saturday afternoon (Jan. 5) at 2.30. The second of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts at Association Hall will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8. Mr. Dohnanyi will play, and the program will be wholly different from any hitherto presented by him. Tickets are now on sale.

The program of the fourth Kneisel concert, to be given tomorrow (Jan. 4) at 2.30, will include: Bach's sonata for piano and violin in E major, Beethoven's trio in B flat, op. 97. Mr. Dohnanyi will be the pianist. The Ossip Gabrieliwitsch will give his recital in Symphony Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 2, at 2.30. The sale of seats is open tomorrow. The program will include: Toccata and fugue in D minor, Bach; Beethoven's sonata, op. 28; Chopin's waltz in A flat, nocturne in D flat, scherzo in B minor; Rubinstein's Romance in E flat; Grieg's Gavotte in D minor; Alouette, Glinka-Balakireff; and Mendelssohn-Liszt's "Wedding March and Elfin Song."

Baritone, George Devoll, tenor, and Edwin Kueisel will give a song recital in Association Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 3. Edwin Kueisel's postponed recital will give the evening of Jan. 4, when he will play pieces by Grieg, Schumann, Josef, and Chopin.

Dec 24, 1900

"THE MESSIAH."

Choral Performance of Unusual Excellence by the Handel and Haydn Under Mr. Mollenhauer--The Chorus Was the Chief Soloist.

"The Messiah" was sung last night in Symphony Hall at the first concert of the 86th season of the Handel and Haydn. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The solo singers were Mrs. Kunkel Zimmerman, Mrs. Mary Alice Clary, Mr. Hobart Smock, Mr. Willard Flint. Mr. Tucker was the pianist. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players, with Mr. Roth as concertmaster. There was a good and appreciative audience.

The conspicuous feature of the concert was the superb singing of the chorus. The music of "The Messiah" so familiar to these singers that it is always the possibility of slips through the very familiarity that leads to over-confidence. Then, again, familiarity may lead to indifferent, perfunctory performance. But the performance of last night was the freshest, most carefully finished in point of detail, the most effective in all respects that has been given here for the last ten years. I doubt whether "The Messiah" has ever been sung so well as the Handel and Haydn. And since they were discreet tonal contrasts, sharply marked attacks; since the work of each part was always well defined and climaxes were prepared with skill; since there was a fortunate choice of tempo in each chorus and direct and well-controlled orchestral accompaniment, the performance was musical pleasure, not merely a religious observance in which there was much to be forgiven the singers and conductor on account of misdirection. Mr. Mollenhauer by his musician's taste, experience and authority fully answered the hopes and expectations of his many friends. The chorus of the Handel and Haydn may be regarded as one of the institutions of which Boston may be justly proud. It is no longer an honorable tradition.

Handel last night was avenged for the injustice done him at the Symphony concert the night before when the dull water-music was taken from the top shelf where it should have been allowed to sleep forever.

The solo singers were duly in turn applauded, for the audience was in a most sympathetic mood, and yet they were not always deserving of such recognition. Mrs. Zimmerman is no doubt a singer of experience, but her voice is neither sympathetic nor brilliant. Her tones were at times in her throat, although she sang "Rejoice Greatly" with plausible fluency her rhythm was not always flawless, nor was her tone in other arias as flowing oil.

Clary has a noble voice and a fine tone in the lower register, sings more artistically than when first came here, for she was then less and nothing else; but even now does not phrase with marked intention. Her performance of "He led me" was characterized by a noble emotion, she often gave the full meaning, and she some-

times divided her syllables curiously, as in "re-ject-ed" with a heavy accent on the last syllable. Mr. Smock was at first throaty and unduly sentimental. His vigorous and heavily accented singing of "Thou shalt break them," in which he showed excellent command of breath, provoked hearty applause. Mr. Flint was the only Bostonian in the quartet. His voice is not unctuous; but he sang manfully and in "Why do the Nations" he showed commendable technique.

"The Messiah" will be repeated Tuesday evening, when the solo singers will be Mrs. Jessica De Wolf, Miss Adelaide J. Griggs, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, Mr. Jos. S. Baernstein.

Philip Hale.

Our Gothic minds have gargoyle fancies, Odd  
That there will come a day when you and I  
Shall not be you and I, that we shall lie,  
We two, in the damp earthmould, above each  
clod

A drunken headstone in the neglected sod,  
Thereon the phrase, *Hic Jacet*, worn awry,  
And then our virtues, hah! and piety--  
Perhaps some cheeky reference to God!

And haply after many a century  
Some spectacled old man shall drive the  
birds

A moment from their song in the lonely spot  
And make a copy of the quaint old words--  
They will then be quaint and old--and all  
for what?

To fill a gap in a genealogy.

This poem that fits so well into the joy of Christmas-tide is from the third collection of "Songs From Vagabondia." We have not seen the volume. Is this particular poem by Carman or Hovey? It sounds like Hovey.

SNOW TRAILS.

Two inches of snow on the ground  
and a double trail behind me over the  
pasture--the trail of my own stout  
boots and of the little feet of my small  
sister beside me; that is what I see  
when I look back from the edge of  
the woods over the dazzling, sun-  
washed world to the town in the valley  
below, glad to the very heart of me  
that tomorrow is Christmas Day. As  
sister and I plunge in among the pines  
we laugh and scream, and shake the  
"frosty pepper" from the boughs into  
each other's faces. Soon we come to  
a spot where the trees are far apart  
and the underbrush heavy. Peeping  
everywhere through the snow, winding  
over rotted stumps, are the green tops  
of the trailing evergreen. We thrust  
our fingers below the snow into the  
mould, find the roots, and pull. Up come  
long, white threads, sprouting every  
few inches with slips of green like tiny  
palms, and matted with snow and dead,  
buried leaves. We shake off the crust-  
ed mould, and return home again  
across the pasture, loaded with the  
Christmas wreaths, leaving behind us  
winding furrows of black earth in the  
snow, as if some giant slug had been  
crawling through the underbrush.

W. P. E.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Michael Taberski. When will the mystery that surrounds this man be dispelled? Some say he is a Pole, but others insist that he was born in Ohio and by some strange accident holds no political office. He claims that he once worked in a glass factory in Bohemia--you saw his remarks--but what is he doing in Beverly? And now he insists that New England blood flows in his veins.

Beverly, Dec. 20, 1900.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I, too, had a grandmother, who descended from Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont stock, and perhaps her little expletive bears a certain family likeness to the other Maine grandmother's swear words mentioned in your columns today.

When her world got askew and when the things that he bumped her hard, she was wont to exclaim "Stubbogunner!" and then blush as one caught in a horrid crime.

Sometimes the "t" was silent, and the last syllable sounded like "gunner." I remember distinctly one glorious May day out in the orchard where she and I had gone to feed a cosset lamb. The lamb had grown fierce in the riant springtime, and when my little grandmother, who was hardly over five feet two and weighed about ninety-five pounds, stooped over to place a pan of milk before the young sheep, he mistook her action for one of playfulness, and butted her head. Thereupon she sat down with much loss of dignity and more force than was necessary.

For one interminable moment she eyed the beast while he, expectant, defensive, semi-couchant, glared at her.

Thus my grandmother:

"Stubbogunner! lamb! dam!"

I had often wondered where she found this word which seemed to express so much, and in my earlier youth I thought I had found a possible source in the beginning of *c'est un bon--*

But whence the "gunner"? Is it possible that there is an analogy with

your "Gunter?" and is there a connection between the "stubon" of the old expression and the more modern phrase of "that's a good thing," which means that the thing in question is anything but good?

Nor am I certain that the "Stubog" which has exercised the sharps of the New York Sun for the past few weeks is not allied to the same source. It at least seems reasonable that the expression has nearly the exact meaning of "That's a good dog" when shouted as a term of incitement.

Be I right?

M. T.

We spoke yesterday of corn doctors in London. Here is the story of a rich Londoner, "rich enough to be able to afford the luxury of old clothes and to look the world in the face from under the brim of a shocking bad hat." Riches did not save his feet, so he hobbled to a fashionable chiropodist, who began by asking him for his letter of introduction. The would-be patient, amused, said he had forgotten it. He also had forgotten who introduced him. "Well, what was he prepared to pay? Would he write a check for 500 guineas? Didn't he value his feet at 500 guineas? Well, at how much then? It came down finally to 50. But no lower. For 50 guineas the eminent operator would see what was wrong. In this instance he didn't."

Dec 25 1900

Baby Christ in the manger  
Lay, with kine around.  
Softer than the woven silk,  
Warm as love, and white as milk  
Mary's arms He found;  
Snowflakes through the broken roof  
Made strewings for the ground.

Little Christ in the garden  
Lay, and laughed to greet  
Roses of a hundred leaves,  
Red as skies on frosty eves,  
Damask-red, and sweet.  
It was but a dying rose  
Made strewings for His feet.

Man Christ into the city  
Through Hosannas rode:  
Gray old mothers prayed for Him,  
Tale centurions stayed for Him,  
Herds forgot the goad;  
Man and babe and maid for Him  
Green palm-branches strowed.

Thus have I wrought my carol  
Out of drifted snow,  
Strewings of red rose-leaves fair,  
Strewings of Maudlin's hair,  
Palms that greenly grow.  
Let us make tonight for Thee  
Cold hearths kind and bright for Thee,  
Wash our stained hearts white for Thee,  
Lattices make light for Thee,  
Child, and man, and Saviour,  
As of long ago.

We received several Christmas stories with requests for publication. One from a maiden lady who lives in Weedsport, New York, told the story of the Chimes and what the bells said. The story was seasoned highly with Dickens's well-known Christmas sauce. The Earnest Student of Sociology sent what he was pleased to call a story, but it was an essay to prove that Christmas should be celebrated on April First. We also received an article from a graduate of Sniike University, "class of '90." It began, "What do the birds say on Christmas morn?" thought little Jenney as she pulled her new sled away from her brother Jimmy who wanted to try it first." The author sent his photograph, which portrays a man with a blue-black beard, and what is known as a "canister" expression. Inasmuch as there was no prospect of snow when we sent our stuff to the composing room, we were obliged to reject this article with the ornithological introduction. In vain did we entreat Old Chimes for a story, or for reminiscent gossip. He made a sour reply, which would grate harshly on ears attuned to songs of Christmas good-will and joy. Just as we were giving way to despair, the following story was brought by a messenger-boy. He did not go unrewarded. We gave him a queer cigar and a Canadian quarter, for we were saved, we were saved!

THE ISLAND WHERE PERILLA LIVES.

Let us speak of Gunn, the accountant.

There were evidences of Christmas. Shopkeepers showed in windows gay bits of laces, furs, silks, jewelry--all womanish, dainty.

Other shops showed, behind great plates of glass, dolls, playthings, gowns wondrously made and fitted to the Little One of the Dream.

In others there were books--volumes longed for--and impossible to Gunn.

Still other shops displayed paintings--photographs, marvelously framed--and in one there was the picture of a woman who seemed in some incredible manner to resemble Perilla.

In one there were musical instruments. In another there were deep-napped rugs, soft and languorous. In another there were pipes--the meet-

schäum, the amber, the comfortable bruyère--and there were tobaccos--all inviting to the end of the day when one might go home to soft arms, a plinkly lighted room where there were books and pictures, and music--all womanish, dainty--like Perilla in the picture.

But Perilla was a Princess and lived on an island ever so far away, and the island was all surrounded with the bluest water--like melted turquoise--and on the beaches there was white sand, where Perilla came in the early morning and swam, shining in his light of a day which seemed always morning because she was there.

Gunn went from his office to luncheon late in the afternoon. It was necessary for him to work that night in order that the Business might be done. As he walked back he wondered vaguely if he should have enough money left to eat a gloomy Christmas dinner in some great gaudy hotel, or if--as was usual--he should dine in solitary silence over his oil stove in the upper room.

He jingled the coins in his pockets. There were two silver dollars.

He went into his office. The Manager met him.

"We shall not need you after the first of the year, Mr. Gunn."

That was what the Manager said.

Gunn looked at him. A sort of numbness came over him. "I guess I'll go now," he said.

He left the office and again walked through the streets where all the windows were filled with things womanish, dainty.

A Polish Jew selling toys on the corner attracted him, and he laughed aloud.

"I wonder why he has such funny crooked legs," he said.

It was growing dark. The lights in the shop windows made them only the more womanish, dainty. He left them and walked down toward the wharves.

Porters were locking up the great storehouses for the night, and from the buildings, clerks, merchants, boys--all were walking rapidly, and each carried bundles for the women and the children at home. One man carried a doll's carriage.

Gunn walked up to him and struck him in the face.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted as he ran toward the wharves.

Nobody followed. Everyone else was going toward home--away from the dark water of the harbor.

At the wharf-edge Gunn took the two silver dollars from his pocket and threw them far into the blackness.

"They will take me that far toward Her," he said.

Then he thought, "Maybe I can swim the rest of the way to the Island where Perilla lives, but it is very far."

And then he started on a great and perilous journey.

H. P. T.

Dec 26 1900

Through the care and foresight of Paulus Aemilius, there was such a special good order taken, every man so courteously received and welcomed, and so orderly marshalled at the table, according to their estate and calling, that the Grecians wondered to see him so careful in matters of sport and pleasure, and that he took as great pains in his own person to see that small matters should be ordered as they ought, as he took great regard for discharge of more weighty causes. But this was a marvelous pleasure to him, to see that among such sumptuous sights prepared to show pleasure to the persons invited no slight or stately show did so delight them as to enjoy the sight and company of his person. So he told them that seemed to wonder at his diligence and care in these matters that to order a feast well required as great judgment and discretion as to set a battle; to make the one fearful to the enemies and the other acceptable to his friends.

The contributors to this column dined together last night at Tanker's Inn. There were portraits of the brothers de Goncourt, Edmond and Jules, on a side wall. There was no centre-piece of flowers, which prevents some from seeing all their co-mates. The precepts of the late Thomas Walker were heeded: Everything was actually on the table that was wanted at the same time, and nothing else; by this arrangement the guests assisted each other with ease, and there was "undisturbed and visible comfort." The room was cool. There was no music. There was no invited guest or hired entertainer.

The founder of this column--alas, he now seldom, if ever, writes for it--sat at the head. On his right was the editor, on the left was Old Chimes. Among the more prominent at the table--prominent only in the eyes of the readers, for there was no distinction made last evening among the contributors--were The Earnest Student of Sociology, The Quietist, The Intelligent Foreigner, The Historical Painter, Mr. Auger, Mr. John H. Carrick, Mr. Lucius R. Henderson Mr. Roger Williams



Mr. L. Renzo Hatch, Sergeant R. Hatch, the well-known writers who are known simply as "W. P. E." and "J. G. N." The Frodo coat and Cravat Letter of the Providence Journal, Mr. M. J. Tatarski—the mystery is still unsolved, for although he sang a Polish song he talks without a foreign accent and looks like the bust of the Emperor Nero—"H. P. T." The Eminent Antiquarian—in fact, all who have contributed philological, anatomical, statistical, moral, social or pornographic information to this column. Letters of regret were received from MM. Jules Renard, Marcel Schwab and Laurent Monte-Isle.

The dinner was plain and substantial: Oysters, smelts, beefsteak and fried onions, cheese. Old Chimes had insisted on a private order, a dish dear to his boyhood—thin slices of salt pork fried in cream, with fried apples. Each drank his preferred tipple.

There were only two formal toasts: one was "To the memory of our departed brother the Heron Editor;" the other was "To the Peerless Miss Eustacia." We regret to say that the Earnest Student of Sociology choked while drinking to his ladylove, and made unpleasant snortings and gurglings.

What happened, what was said and done after these toasts—all this is not for the public eye or ear. It is enough to say that there was a united and firm resolve to persevere in attempting to raise the moral tone of the community, no matter how any attempt might be misunderstood, decried, mocked. At precisely half past ten a few called for a nightcap of hot buttered rum; others, who pay attention to the weather, took long and cooling draughts of beer. At eleven all had separated, probably never to meet again. Mr. Auger, who insisted on calculating the number of Belgian hares in this country on the Christmas of 1950, was helped, but without ostentation, to the Subway.

Oh pity not the man or woman who knows poverty and made what would be to you a meagre Christmas. Pity rather the rich and lonely who ate luxurious fare without thought of others, loved not by others. Pity him who had no home to visit; and who, waited on obsequiously, stuffed and swilled by himself at club or restaurant.

Mr. Kid McCoy is after all a noble fellow. He said the moment his feet struck the gang-plank, "I am glad to learn that my late wife, from whom I am divorced, is getting along so well." And it is also to his credit that he gave his future wife, Miss Marguerite Corneille, fair warning. He admitted that he was not "the sort of a fellow to make a good husband" for his first wife; "my habits," he said, in a fine burst of confidence, "are irregular."

Some object to a green Christmas because the sight of deep snow and the thought of those suffering from cold accentuates their own cosiness with pipe and bowl by the glowing hearth.

It was a member of Cambridge University, England, who in a spirit of scientific investigation asked "What are Keats?" But it was at Oxford that this explanation of the Lupercale appeared in an examination paper: "Lupercale is the name of the nurse that suckled Romeo and Juliet." You will find other good stories in the Rev. Mr. Tuckwell's "Reminiscences of Oxford." Thus, Thorold Rogers and Freeman, the historian, had this pleasant set-to at a dinner party: "Political economy," said Freeman, "seems to me so much garbage." "Garbage, is it?" said Rogers; "the very thing for a hog like you." Mr. Tuckwell tells a tale of a Senior Fellow of Jesus, who "refused all the most valuable college livings in turn because the underground cellars of their parsonages were inadequate," and so passed his life in his own rooms, "consuming daily a cobwebbed bottle of his own priceless port."

Has your life been embittered by your family or Christian name? The punster is always at hand; but we do not refer now to mental uneasiness caused by the display of his pernicious activity. A man named Sikes wrote the other day to the London Standard. He claimed that the family or clan of Sykes, with the variant of Sikes, is large and respectable, and that from the period of Richard del Sike to the present day no member of the race committed burglary or murder or highway robbery. "And yet because a popular novelist designated one of his burglarious characters 'Bill Sikes,' the whole race of Sykes has ever since the publication of 'Oliver Twist' been persecuted by the cheap wit of its contemporaries with facetious remarks about 'Bill Sikes and his dog.'"

"Twas in a forest lone,  
Flower-bung and shady,  
In the days are flown,  
Met the Bright Lady.  
Love was upon my tongue,  
Youth full of blisses,  
Life like a little song  
Made all of kisses.  
But alas! o'er the grass,  
Shining so steady,  
Like a pale star, alas!  
Came the Bright Lady.

Straight from her land of light,  
New from its portal,  
Came she, all rose and white,  
Mocking me, mortal.  
Good were the hours we ranged,  
Mad to remember,  
Now that the world is changed  
June to December.  
Now I go sad and slow,  
Pale that was ruddy,  
Dying of love I go  
For the Bright Lady.

We have received the following letter:  
Boston, Dec. 25, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

I wish to acquaint you with an unpleasant personal experience brought on me by paying attention to the entreaty of an evening newspaper of this city. For three or four nights before Christmas I read an hysterical appeal for everybody on Dec. 24 to give the conductors of street cars one cent in addition to the regular fare; one cent at least, perhaps a nickel, perhaps a dime. The editorial writer assured me that if all the citizens and citizenesses should do this, conductors would share with the motormen, and these faithful employees would then be able to go home laden with turkeys, sleds, pop-guns, illustrated books, skates, diamond sunbursts, boxes of the cigar known as *mora breva* and other gifts for themselves, wives, children, sweethearts.

Monday came, and, mindful of this philanthropic advice, I boarded a car and gave the conductor two five-cent pieces. He gave one back to me. I returned it, smiled, and named the name of the newspaper. He said, "Hump!" and then gloomed, and said: "We don't need it, but I don't want to quarrel with you, so I'll keep it." Two or three passengers snickered, and a fat mother whispered to her boy—an advertising lithograph boy—and pointed to me. I was uncomfortable, and when I got out two or three streets this side of my destination the conductor said something to a coarse man on the platform, and they looked at me after the car started.

An hour or so later I tried the second time to be benevolent. I handed over a dime and said, "Merry Christmas!" and again named the name of the newspaper. The conductor looked annoyed, and answered: "You mean all right, for I've heard something about this scheme; but we don't feel like taking anything extra. To tell you the truth, we don't like it." I chirruped: "Why, I suppose everybody is doing it." The conductor answered: "Here it is 12 o'clock. You are the second person who has offered me anything extra. How should you like it if I gave you back six cents change instead of five?" That day I made no more experiments of this kind; but I gave the next conductor a cigar, and he was much pleased.

All this made me think still better of the conductors, whom I have always found to be intelligent and courteous—courteous even when they have had provocation to be otherwise.

Yours truly,

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Mr. Claudius Jump and his brother, Mr. Netus Jump, farmers at King's Ferry, were killed by a supper of oysters and tea; and their sister Susan and the hired man, Mr. George Shank, are seriously sick. There is talk of poison. But tea with oysters is poison. Always drink champagne with oysters unless you can have a light ale.

And yet we heard you say that the newspapers are dull this season. You do not read them carefully or perhaps you do not appreciate the petty tragedies of life. Thus Mr. Suder of New York charged Mr. Kunhold "with uprooting and destroying his luxurious crop of whiskers," to which he was so loving that he might not be the winds of heaven visit his face too roughly. And the magistrate held the ruthless destroyer in \$300 bail.

Then there is the case of Mrs. Duncan of Rhode Hall (N. J.), who took her baby girl and left her spouse because Rhode Hall is an "uneventful place." Couldn't they do anything for her there? Were there no progressive euchre-parties, church sociables, book-clubs? A traveler was being bored to death at Taormina; and his poem in the visitor's book showed what he did:

You're out of sorts. To fair Taormina go.  
I went, I re I found it mighty slow.

I wreaked my vengeance. Ere I went away  
I taught the band "Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay."  
We tried "I knocked 'em in the Old Kent-road."  
Moreover, to charm all who here may roam,  
By mall we've ordered "Maggie Murphy's Home."

To X. X. X.: Mr. Harold Bauer, the pianist, was born in England. His father was German, his mother English. He first appeared in public as a violinist in 1882; as a pianist in 1893 at Paris.

Heard in a street car: "Everybody lives in Beacon Street now. The street has lost its distinction. I feel very much like moving back to Chester Park, where my father used to live."

Miss Lillie Verona, a dashing soubrette, has sued a druggist in New York for \$5000 damages, because his clerk gave her powdered henna leaves which turned her hair green instead of auburn. We do not see why she should be so fussy. A green-haired or a blue-haired soubrette would surely attract attention and be sure of an engagement. Of course she should see to it that her costume did not clash. For the sake of those who wish to have auburn hair, we give two approved recipes: Burn dregs of vinegar in oil of lentisk and use as an ointment; rub the hair with the leaves of madder.

This reminds us that the news of the battle in which the Romans overthrew the Tarquins was brought by two goodly young men to Rome. "The first man that spoke to them in the market place before the fontaine, where they watered their horse being all of a white fume, tolde them that he wondered howe they could so quickly bring these newes. And they laughing came to him, and tooke him softly by the beard with both their hands, and even in the market place his heare being blacke before, was presently turned yellowe. This miracle made them belevee the reporte the man made, who ever after was called Aenobarbus, as you would saye, bearded as yellowe as golde." The goodly young men were undoubtedly Castor and Pollux, but they seem to have gone out of the hair-dressing business.

## HAROLD BAUER.

His Recital of Yesterday Afternoon  
Proved That This Remarkable  
Pianist Is Not a Man of One  
Program.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of Mr. Harold Bauer's second piano recital, given yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, was as follows:

Sorata in G minor ..... Schumann  
Prelude and Fugue in C sharp ..... Bach  
Rhapsody in G minor ..... Brahms  
Waldesrauschen ..... Liszt  
Sonata in A ..... Scarlatti  
Ballade in F ..... Chopin  
Etude in E ..... Chopin  
Preludes in F sharp minor ..... Chopin  
Prelude ..... Mendelssohn  
Romance ..... Mendelssohn  
Marche Hongroise ..... Schubert

The recital of yesterday afternoon proved conclusively that Mr. Bauer is not a pianist of merely one program. It also confirmed and strengthened the impression made by the first recital, to wit: That Mr. Bauer is a musician among pianists as well as a virtuoso of the very first rank. The individuality of his performance is revealed in all that he does. He is a pianist of intense thoughtfulness, but this thought does not forbid the utmost freedom of expression, nor does it chasten color or cool imagination. The thought is vivifying, not merely corrective.

To speak of the program piece by piece would be simply to repeat what has been already said about this pianist in the Journal. And yet I must again refer to Mr. Bauer's rare faculty for differentiation; he does not mistake the spirit of one composer for that of another. To him Scarlatti is not the same as Bach, and the voice of Brahms is not the voice of Schumann, even when the former reminds one of the sedulous ape. We all had expected of Mr. Bauer a superb performance of Schumann's sonata, and we were not disappointed. It was a performance which, on account of tonal beauty, sentiment, rhythm, brilliance and passion, was above and beyond praise. The performance of the prelude and fugue by Bach was delightfully free from any affectation or attempt to make the music say something that is not in it. Finely controlled was the interpretation of Brahms's Rhapsody, in which austerity approaches granitic grimness. The difficult piece by Scarlatti was played with astonishing fluency and clearness. And so you might go through the program; there would be ample cause for praise as there was constant delight in the hearing.

Mr. Bauer is pre-eminently a pianist for musicians; and yet the beauty of his tone, the variety of his nuances, the brilliance of his bravura, the modest authority of his bearing, make their way irresistibly with the amateur who is often careless of all else if he is only moved or stunned. A recital by Mr. Bauer is of more practical force

in making for musical righteousness than dozens of treatises and lectures on the art of piano-playing and on the aesthetics of the art.

Mr. Bauer will give another recital next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when he will play a sonata by Weber, "Papillons," and other pieces by Schumann, as well as pieces by Schubert, Chopin and Liszt.

A civic millionaire will rush by rail from his country-house to his offices, spend the day there in grubbing up materials for more millions, rush back just in time for his splendid, unscientific dinner, fall asleep after it, and be as dull as a hog or a log till it is time to breakfast and go to business again. To a man of this sort a wife is merely an apparatus for exhibiting his wealth—by wearing fine dresses, riding in fine equipages, preading at superb banquets. He has no idea of her use in life—but then he has no idea of his own. These opulent gentry, who amass gold without any notion of how to spend it, are like the pigs employed to hunt for truffles: the ring in the porcine nose preserves the tuber for a daintier palate—and the money these people get together and lavish in ostentation, though it brings them no happiness, confers happiness on the humbler folk they employ.

We have received the following note:  
Boston, Dec. 25, 1900.

Dear Mr. Talk of the Day:

About a week ago I was at a luncheon party, and in the course of conversation I said of a friend who had been ill that her stomach was delicate. My neighbor, a girl who has a wild admiration for all things English and speaks, therefore with accents and inflections and mouthings that no well-bred Englishwoman would ever use or could easily understand, said: "Why, Fanny! Why do you make a speech like that. Don't you know that 'stomach' is a vulgar word and never used in good English society?" I said that I didn't see why the word was vulgar, and that last summer in Switzerland I heard an English professor say at breakfast that he felt "livery." Your friend Miss Eustacia was at the table and she smiled approvingly.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL SAWTELL.

The liver and the stomach, dear Miss Sawtell, are both noble organs and they should be treated with respect. Mr. G. R. Sims says that about a year ago in Trafalgar Square a silver tobacco box was found with this inscription on the lid: "Is life worth living? It depends on the liver. To the Ship Doctor from the Vice Commodore." A hot liver and a cold stomach are provocative of divorce suits and crimes as well as melancholy. Read the pages of J. J. G. Wilkinson on visceral sympathies, and remember that while there are animals which are nothing but stomachs, there are no animals which are nothing but brains. The stomach is a paramount importance; "Its existence and due impulsion are the first or last conditions of the existence of the individual; they are the basis of human life and nothing is so sublime but it rests upon them, and must perish out of the world if they cease, and otherwise to low their vicissitudes."

The tragedy of the red nose of the teetotaler! Men wonder at it and the peer apprehensively into the first looking glass. Women are sorry for his wife. Children are taught to remember it as an awful warning. The wretch cannot always be saying in street car, "No, I thank you. I never drink. And to carry conspicuously a tract with the title "The Curse of Rum" would be the height of impudent irony.

No sooner does Sarah Bernhardt play Hamlet in New York than the cry goes up, "She says 'absinthe' for 'worry' wood." How ridiculous! But how would you translate the latter word in French, you sapient critics?

"The year is going." Let it go.

Mr. Harmsworth, oh, brethren, is a dangerous man. He sees in a few years one or two great journals instead of a multitude of newspaper and cannot all be "connected with the staff" of these two. Perhaps it is time to begin hustling for a job. What Mr. Harmsworth's post office address just now?

Mortimer Collins, graceful poet, a delightful essayist, eupeptic in his outlook over the world, wrote a cycle of sonnets adapted to the dinners of the year. Here is the one on December:

I don't know what to say about December. It is the very month of hospitality, through which let no vile air of unreality breathe to annoy one. Don't we all

member

Some Christmas time of boyhood—some slumber

Of the Yule log that had its actuality

Two decades back? You'd give a princely

ity

To be a boy again, and to dismember  
Your goose with the boy's invincible appetit  
And eat thereafter fifty-five mince pies,  
And think that you had wisely bridged

Isthmus



twixt two years. What will you say to-night, having grown somewhat cool, and calm, and wise, and not particularly fond of Christmas.

It was Mortimer Collins who said that no man who desired to live long will have gas in his house, or will, if he can avoid it, dwell within a district in which gas is laid on.

We were shocked yesterday by reading about the hanging of an English ricklayer who had killed his wife. "He pent a restless night and had a light breakfast." As a rule the condemned man sleeps heavily the night before execution, and eats a hearty breakfast—mutton chops, eggs—either soft-boiled or on toast—potatoes, and coffee. Then he is in the habit of thanking the jailer's wife for her kindness.

The letters of Professor Huxley are all of good things. Here is an extract: I mourn over the departure of the domestic cockle. I believe she is going or no other reason than that she is afraid the house will fall on such unodly people as we are, and involve her in the ruins. That is the modern martyrdom; you don't roast infidels, but people who can roast go to the pious."

Dec 9 1900  
O thou pale sober night,  
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;  
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,  
Inbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labor!  
The galley-slave, that all the tollsome day  
Lugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,  
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;  
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,  
Thou mak'st wink sure: in night all creatures sleep;  
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate  
Tepines and quarrels—alas, he's Goodman tell-clock!  
His sawlow jaw bones sink with wasting moan;  
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

For the first time in the history of that celebrated quarter of the Back Bay, Fairyland boldly displays its gn.

The stories about the treatment of the insane at Bellevue remind one of certain chapters in "Very Hard Cash."

Dr. Jacques Loeb's mission is to strengthen the old maid's complaint: I don't see what men were made for anyhow."

When Mrs. Carrie Nation, who is apparently a somewhat "völlent" woman, smashed a looking glass and a painting in a saloon at Wichita the barkeeper simply punned on her name.

The clerk said: "No—not half, only out a third who came in to the store bought anything for Christmas. Say, a xth looked about for the sake of curiosity; the rest examined the prices so that they might know the worth of the presents sent to them."

We published Christmas morning at the head of this column a highly imaginative and, to our mind beautiful, rol which was written by Nora Oppen.

We received Friday the following letter, written by an anonymuncule, Editor of Talk of the Day:

In Tuesday's issue we read "Snowflakes through the broken roof Made strewings for the ground." My Bible does not mention snoworms in Judea, does yours? Does poetic license go far enough to low writers to set up cold storage apparatus and manufacture "snowflakes" to order?

QUERIST.  
We see the anonymuncule—anonymuncule, dear Willie, is a beautiful word which was invented by Charles Wade—we see him writing this letter, tapping his leg and beating his sides with delight. We hear him saying between guffaws, "I've got him; I've got m." Yes, the anonymuncule is always a "dreffle smart man."

Now, if the anonymuncule will turn to Samuel xliii. 20, he will find mention made of Benahab, the son of holadah, who had done many acts: he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." If he will consult I. Maccabees xliii. 18 he will find that Tryphon with all his horsemen were prevented from resting them that were in a tower: here fell a very great snow, by reason whereof he came not."

There are over 20 allusions to snow in the canonical books. At Jerusalem even now snow often falls to the depth of a foot or more in January and February. "At Nazareth falls more frequently and deeply." A comparison of the notices of snow contained in Scripture and in the works of modern travellers would, however, lead to the conclusion that they are less frequent in ancient times than at the present day. The snow never wholly disappears in Lebanon, and the summit of Her-

mon is always white. Why, the good wife praised by King Lemuel's mother was not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household were clothed with scarlet.

Search the Scriptures, oh, Anonymuncule! You will find in them allusions to snow and ice and frost, as well as to leeks, caterpillars and all manner of green things.

Perhaps "they didn't know everything" down in Judea"; but they had snow there.

We have received the following letter:

Attica, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1900.  
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your recent publication of a letter from Mr. Roger Williams Park, in relation to the vagaries of undertakers, suggests the old theory that the intensity of the dread of death depends upon the state of one's digestion, and is, after all, simply a question of the point of view. The letter also reminds me of a happening in this town some years ago.

There was a cobbler who cobbled the shoes of the populace. In the course of time he was gathered to his fathers. The estate was not large, in fact, there was little in the house except the cobbler's bench and the table where the food was served. There was a bed in another room. Upon this the dead body of the cobbler rested. No watchers by the body kept vigil that night, and a predatory rat chewed bits off the old man's hands.

In the morning came to the hall of death the widow of the cobbler. "Laws-a-mussy," she exclaimed, "if I ever get out-o' this mess, I'll keep a cat."

Thus we see that preventives of disaster are suggested by necessity.

Yours truly,  
ALONZO BARBER.

Dec 30 1900  
NO NOVELTY.

## A Familiar Program Presented at the Ninth Symphony Concert—A Funeral March Played in Memory of Roger Wolcott.

The program of the 9th Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Funeral March in E flat minor.... Schubert (Scored for orchestra by Franz Liszt.)  
Concerto for violin in D major..... Brahms  
Overture to "Coriolanus"..... Beethoven  
Symphony in G minor..... Mozart

The program-book made some singular statements, which were possibly typographical errors. For this was the last symphony concert of the 19th century, therefore let us all be good-natured and generous.

Thus the program book of Nov. 24, 1900, announced the fact that Brahms is dead; but the program book of last night said merely that he was born in Hamburg on a certain date. Possibly the compiler has received from Vienna a denial of the first report.

The book stated that Brahms's violin concerto was written "about 1888-89." Then Joachim must be the most wonderful violinist that ever lived, for he played this concerto in a spirit of prophecy early in 1879. As a matter of fact, the concerto was composed in 1877 or 1878.

The book also stated that Mozart was born at Salzburg, and "died there on Dec. 5, 1791." Mozart was thoughtless enough to die at Vienna.

This concert is one that demands only a passing notice, for the pieces played are familiar to all, and the performance of them was highly respectable. The Funeral March of Schubert was scored for orchestra by Liszt, with other marches, for Johann Herbeck, about 50 years ago. It was played last night in memory of Roger Wolcott. The purpose was eminently praiseworthy, but could not a more impressive dirge have been chosen? The march by Schubert is without any true depth of expression. When it is not dull and commonplace, it is smugly lyrical.

Mr. Kneisel had played the concerto by Brahms three times at these concerts before he appeared last night as soloist. He is evidently fond of it. His performance was characterized, as ever, by smoothness, fluency, elegance, scrupulous attention to beauty of tone, and care in phrasing. He was most heartily applauded, and to him was given the victor's wreath.

The overture to "Coriolanus" was read frankly, without the affectations of nuance so dear to Mr. Nikisch. In the performance of the symphony by Mozart, the score that includes clarinets was used.

Philip Hale.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH has not been heard here of late years in her favorite operatic parts. She has been seen and heard as the Queen of Navarre; Rosina in "The Barber"; and Zerlina in "Don Giovanni"—but although she entreated Mr. Gran to put "La Traviata" on the stage for her, and although her performance of Violetta was enthusiastically applauded in New York, the eminent manager hardened his heart. Nor was she seen here as Gounod's Juliet, although the critics in New

York were unanimous in praise of her singing of the part.

She is always a welcome visitor, and now that she brings her own opera company, and will sing not only in "The Barber" but in "La Traviata," "Faust" and "Don Pasquale"—an opera which has not been given here for many years, so that it will be a veritable novelty—she will be doubly welcome. The critics in Berlin last fall agreed with the critics in New York that she is unequalled as Violetta, and the music of "Don Pasquale" was a revelation to many who know Donizetti only as the composer of "Lucia," whereas "Don Pasquale" and "The Elixir of Love" are two of the most delightful music-comedies that were ever written. Sembrich brings with her Lara, Sal-

gnac, Cremonini, Bensaude, Dado and some others, and Mr. Bevington will lead the orchestra. Salgnac and Cremonini are well known here, and so is Maurizio Bensaude, who first came here with the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company and sang at Mechanics' Building. He was afterwards with the Damosch-Ellis company. Born in the Azores, he was a play actor at Lisbon until he was about 30 years old. He went to Italy in 1891, studied under Felice Pozzi, and made his debut as Escamillo.

Lara, or de Lara, is the leading tenor. He sang with Sembrich at Berlin last fall, and after the close of her season here he will go to Buenos Ayres. He was born at Naples, and studied at the Conservatory there to be a conductor. He was engaged as a coach at the theatre in Bari: his voice was praised, so he took lessons in singing at Naples, and made his debut at Milan as Alfredo. He has been heard chiefly in Italian cities, and he is only 27 years old.

Augustus Daño, the leading bass, was in Mapleson's Imperial Opera Company which visited us in 1896. I remember him as the King in the memorable performance of "Aida." He was born at Rome. He studied under Bartolini; and he first appeared as Mephistopheles, which is said to be his best part. Arcangelo Rossi is a popular buffo singer in Italy. He sang in Vienna when Sembrich revived "Don Pasquale" in that city.

The New York Sun tells us that Salgnac, who has been engaged by Mr. Grau for three years, has rented a house in New York, and that Giuseppe Cremonini, whose true name is not Cremonini, is the father of five children.

Mr. Louis C. Elson's latest book is "Shakespeare in Music; a Collation of the Chief Musical Allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare, with an Attempt at Their Explanation and Derivation, Together with Much of the Original Music." It is published by L. C. Page and Company of this city. There are many illustrations and a copious index.

This book will be of interest to professional musicians, students of Shakespeare, and that buyer of books described vaguely as the general reader.

The author begins with a short sketch of the state of music in the time of Shakespeare. He draws a comparison between Bacon and Shakespeare in regard to their musical allusions, which is a curious and valuable contribution to the incredible "Baconian controversy." It is perhaps needless to say that Mr. Elson is not a Baconian. There are

descriptions of the instruments mentioned by the poet, of the standing of musicians, of the poet's use of technical terms. Then follows a chapter on dances and masques. The remaining chapters treat of Shakespeare's "aesthetic appreciation of music;" of the bacchanalian music of the period, catches, rounds, table-music; of ballads, lyrics, musical stage directions. The final chapter is devoted to the poet's influence on composers.

The book is indeed a fascinating one. The matter, which shows much reading, is clearly presented in a manner that is neither stiff nor colloquial. A storehouse of information is generously thrown open to all.

Nor is the volume by any means merely a compilation. Mr. Elson has his own opinions which he advances pertinently. He abounds in suggestions and in digressions that tempt the reader to investigation for himself. He is liberal in quotation not only from poets and dramatists of the golden age, but from commentators, essayists—from any one who tries to throw light on an obscure matter. Occasionally he might have quoted more fully—as from the essay, not the note, in which Richard Grant White attempts to explain a hard text in "King Lear."

The illustrations are for the most part an assistance. I say "for the most part," because there are illustrations inserted simply for the purpose of making the book look pretty—as certain prints of scenes that have been treated by painters.

Let me now speak of a few state-

ments made by Mr. Elson that admit at least of discussion.

On page 79 he speaks of John Skelton: "He lived a most irregular life, a veritable Dean Swift of his time." But the life of Swift was singularly regular and pure. However coarse some of his writings may be, the writer himself was famous for his purity in speech and action; and when he was actively engaged in the service of the church he was a model priest. (See Churton Collins's "Life of Swift" for a complete refutation of certain foolish charges brought against the great man.)

"Mozart's 12th mass and his Requiem were both partially composed by him." The leading commentators on Mozart deny that he had anything to do with the 12th mass. (See Köchel's "Verzeichniss," p. 521).

Is Mr. Elson sure that the melody of "La Romanesca" (p. 127) is of an old date? Was it known before 1832 when

Fétis "discovered it" and introduced it at one of his historical concerts? Weckerlin speaks of this as the "only romanesca known," and adds: "One has never known where Fétis found this tune, and no old copy of it is known, much less any published copy of the air. Anyhow, the melody cannot be attributed to Fétis, to whom I attributed the 'air of Stradella' in my first book of 'Musicians,' and in this instance I have not changed my opinion." ("Dernier Musicians," 1899.)

Mr. Elson ingeniously suggests (p. 143) that "dumka" may have come from the Bohemian "dumka." Now the word "dumka" meaning "a mournful or plaintive melody or song; also by extension, a tune in general; sometimes apparently used for a kind of dance," first appeared in English literature as early as 1553. Is it likely that this Bohemian word found its way to England as early as that date?

Page 165: "The author possesses an old edition of the works of Zarino (1562), wherein not only diagrams of the proportions of the spheres are applied to music, but even the tempo is sought for in nature, the Italian writer suggesting that the speed of music be counted by the pulse of a healthy man!" In connection with this it is interesting to note the title of a book by F. N. Marquet, enlarged and annotated by Dr. Buchoz: "An Easy and Curious New Method to Tell the Pulse by Notes of Music." The second edition of this work was published at Amsterdam in 1769.

You know the stout old song:  
Back and side go bare! go bare!  
Both foot and hand go cold!  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough;  
Whether it be new or old!

Mr. Elson says (p. 169): "This wild song (by no means the basest of the author's licentious writings) was probably written by the John Skelton \* \* \* Scott has, we think erroneously, attributed this song to John Still; it was originally marked 'by Mr. S.' and there is little doubt but this vague signature referred to the man most capable, at this epoch, of producing such an effusion." No, a thousand times no. Why should you strive, Mr. Elson, to take the glory from John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells? Skelton died in 1529. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in which this drinking song first appeared, was not published until 1575, and it was probably played in 1565. "To Still is ascribed by the general consent of antiquarians" this comedy, says Allibone, and we find that most learned antiquarian, Prof. Edward Arber, publishing the said song in his "Spenser Anthology" (London, 1899), and never questioning the right of the good Bishop to the authorship. Maginn made a marvelous translation of the song into Latin ("Odoherity Papers" II., 32).

Mr. Elson says on page 343: "In this final chapter we have not endeavored to give a complete list of Shakespearean orchestral or operatic music. Such a list would be of great dimensions and might even require a volume to itself." There have been attempts to make complete lists of "Shakespeare operas, operated dramas, and overtures," as in articles published in "Shakespeareana" of 1883. Then there is a book devoted to annotated lists of musical compositions inspired by dramas of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Kleist and Körner. The compiler was Albert Schaefer; 55 pages out of 192 are given to Shakespeare; but as the book was published in 1886 it is naturally sadly incomplete. Then there is "A List of All the Songs and Passages in Shakespeare which have been set to music," a book of 102 pages compiled by Messrs. Greenhill, Harrison and Furnivall, and published by Trübner in 1884.

Has anybody sung, or does anybody know in Boston, the setting of Shakespeare's sonnets by Richard Simpson? He put music to the 154 sonnets, and a dozen or so of them were published in London. Why does not some formidable singer give the whole cycle here? Mr. Elson does not mention Simpson, and all that I know about him besides



the woman of the music is that he was a member of the Shakespearean Society.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn thus spoke of Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" when it was sung early this month by the Royal Choral Society: "The work does not take a rank of high precedence among Handel's writings, but it certainly does contain some exceedingly good work. It always seems to us that when Handel composed 'Judas' he was just in need of a hundred pound note,

and that in consequence he dashed off page after page of a score which, although the fire of his genius was such that he could not help imparting to it some of his burning musical inspiration, was not worthy of his best sustained endeavor. Parts of it, particularly in the solo—made intolerable by endless repetitions—are exceedingly dull." Massenet's new music to "Phédre" did not please the Paris correspondent of the Era: "The innovation struck me as unnecessary and unfortunate. The overture alone produced any favorable effect, and the rest of the music seemed singularly out of place, marring the drama to a great degree. It is clever, but will not, I think, in any way enhance M. Massenet's reputation." On the other hand, Arthur Pougin finds that Massenet has been eminently successful in accentuating the varying sentiments and emotions; that the music is charged with "grandeur, magnificence, melancholy, profound sadness, and is always noble and of heroic brilliance. But he praises especially the entr'actes, of which the fourth was enthusiastically encored. This fourth entr'acte "symbolizes" the unfortunate loves of Hippolytus and Aricie; the muted strings have a dolorous song.—The Boesendorfer piano firm of Vienna claims to have constructed a piano that is revolutionary. It is of eight octaves; the series of lower notes is increased by four. By the side of each of the strong strings which give these four additional sounds, is stretched another string which vibrates at the same time and gives the upper fifth. Boesendorfer also claims that he has bettered the quality of the highest octave. He has added strings for a whole octave about the highest tone which has thus far been utilized.—Lucie Krall is a new and young soprano with an extraordinary voice. Thus she is said to transpose the bell air from "Lakmé" so that she sings a B above the famous high E. At Wiesbaden she sang the flute part in the variations from Adolphe Adam's "Toreador" and let the flute player take the soprano part, which has been reckoned as difficult enough.—A new opera by Navratil, founded on Flaubert's "Salammbô," will be produced at Prague.—The revival of Massé's "Paul and Virginia" at the Opéra-Populaire, Paris, was successful. Was Emma Abbott the last to sing the part of the too modest maid in this country?—Calvé, who is still in Egypt, proposes to go back to Paris in March.—A new mass by Dubois, "Messe Solennelle de Saint Rémi," was performed at St. Eustache, Paris, St. Cecilia's Day.—Mr. Harry Farjon of London has written a new piano concerto which was played at a Royal Academy concert, Dec. 13. The composer is the son of the novelist.—The Moody-Manners opera company has found the increase of interest in Wagner so great that it has arranged with Mr. Courtneidge of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to try the experiment next spring of a week of seven performances devoted solely to the work of the composer.—Yvette Guilbert will soon appear at the Bodinière, Paris, after an absence from the stage of two years.—At a performance of Verdi's "Orestes" at Vienna, Dec. 1, music by Villiers-Stanford and George Romberg was used.—"Die Walküre" was sung for the first time in Russian at St. Petersburg Dec. 7, and with extraordinary success. Some time ago an opera "After the Ave Maria" was produced at Milan. The composer called himself Alfred Donizetti and claimed to belong to the family of the celebrated composer. It turns out that his real name is Ciunme, and he is not even by remote possibility a Donizetti.—A symphonic prologue, "Riccio," by Alfred Sandberger, met with a cool reception at Berlin when it was produced under Weingartner.—Carl Prohaska of Vienna has been appointed conductor of the new Theatronic Orchestra at Warsaw.—Arlokey conducted his symphony in B minor at Leipzig Dec. 3. Although it is one of his early works, the symphony pleased mightily on account of its freshness and vitality, harmonic distinction, and rhythmic piquancy.—Mercantante, "Virginia" was played at Naples, Nov. 17.—The mimodrama "La Main," scenario and music by Harry Berens, made a deep impression at the Royal Opera House Berlin, Dec. 2.—Sponat's "Ferdinand

Cortez" and Hatévy's "Val d'Andorre" were revived respectively at Prague (Nov. 29) and Karlsruhe (Dec. 3).—Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt, who was in this country with Sarasate, is playing in German cities Saint-Saëns's seldom heard first piano-concerto.—Halifax, (N. S.) is to have a new music hall.

The once celebrated ballet dancer Lucile Grahn-Young, has given the city of Munich \$100,000 for establishing funds for art purposes.—A "Société des Instruments Anciens" has been established in Brussels. The instruments are a clavichord, a viol d'amore, and a viol da gamba.—Wagner's "Siegfried" was sung for the first time in Madrid Nov. 14, and in Spanish. It met with no success.—The New York Sun states that Miss Margaret Macintyre, who will be a member of the Grau opera company this season, "was the prototype of 'Evelyn Innes,' the heroine of George Moore's well-known novel. The character was not intended as a portrait of the English prima donna, but as soon as the novel was published the resemblance to Miss Macintyre was immediately noticed and the singer was recognized as the heroine of this romance of operatic life." Hum!—The balance-sheets of the Birmingham and Hereford festivals prove that a bold policy of more rehearsals and 'hang the expense' pays from the point of view of art and pocket. Extra rehearsals were tried at both the autumn festivals, and with the result that the receipts at Hereford increased by £600, and at Birmingham by £900. The Birmingham Festival Committee have therefore been able to hand upward of £6000 out of profits to the General Hospital.

Edward Lloyd gave his farewell concert in London Dec. 12. As the singer is so well known here, I do not hesitate to quote Mr. Vernon Blackburn's article in full:

"Yesterday afternoon, at the Albert Hall, Mr. Edward Lloyd took his last farewell of a London public. It was not altogether an unimposing scene. Mr. Lloyd has been so great a London favorite that it was fitting that it should have been in London that he wound up a greatly striking career. He sang, let us say at once, as though there was no cause for farewell. The quality of his voice seemed quite unimpaired, quite untouched by time. Whether he was interpreting the Preislied from Die Meistersinger, or some lesser ballad by Mr. Stephen Adams, he was equally triumphant in the absolute purity and tone of his vocal accomplishment. We should, of course, hesitate at any time to call Mr. Lloyd a dramatic singer. He seems to stop short at drama wherever drama might reasonably step in. He has throughout his career de-

pended absolutely upon the quality of his voice, and, from a business point of view, he has succeeded thoroughly. That was proved yesterday by the huge audience which flocked to bid him godspeed for the evening days of his life. We re-echo their applause. His has been a dignified and fit career. He has known how to combine public pleasure with private profit; and he has deserved all the lucky accidents of nature. \* \* \* It may be added that Mr. Ben Davies, who assisted yesterday at this farewell concert, sang magnificently. His voice has never, in our experience, been at quite so fine a level of merit. It has, by some means or another, become absolutely purified and cleansed from the somewhat throaty manner which once it seemed to possess."

Here is a singular paragraph that was published in the New York Times last Sunday.

"Some harm to public discriminating ability may be done by the extravagant praise of a contralto in the Metropolitan Company. The lady is a general favorite. But the voice with which she won her popularity is but a shadow of its former self, except in its lower tones. What the lady has done thus far this season is not singing, but shrieking. There has not been a trace of vocal method nor a taste of art in it. Yet she has received the same praise as she did when she first came here. She is a most estimable woman, has a large family, and works hard to support it. These may be reasons for general sympathy and a toleration of bad singing, but they are not causes for the description of black as white."

Who is the singer? Can it be our old friend, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, who delighted the New Yorkers by her vaudeville performance of the drinking-song in "Lucrezia Borgia" so that their eyes were rolled up as the eyes of aying ducks in a thunderstorm?

Philip Hale.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company, which, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau and Mr. Henry W. Savage, and direct from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, comes to the Boston Theatre on Monday, Jan. 25, for two weeks, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, will present every opera with the same casts, chorus, ballet orchestra, scenic equipment, costumes, properties, minor and electrical effects as in New York.

A five-year-old violinist will give a con-

cert in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 3. He will give pieces by Mozart, Danbé, Schubert and others, and will be assisted by well-known musicians.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday night, 8 o'clock, Association Hall.—Fourth Kneisel Concert. Program: Brahms, quartet in C minor; Bach, sonata for piano and violin; Beethoven, trio for piano, violin, cello, in B flat, op. 97. Mr. Dohnanyi will be the pianist.

Tuesday, Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Mr. Harold Bauer will give his third piano recital, and he will play these pieces: Weber's sonata in A flat; Schumann's Noveltie in D, Romance in F sharp, Papillons, Toccatina; Theme and variations Schubert-Tausig; Liszt's "Au bord d'une Source" and "Gnomes"; Chopin's nocturne in C minor, etude in A flat, Scherzo in B flat minor.

Wednesday—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch's first recital. He will play: Toccata and fugue in D minor, Bach—Tausig; "Pastorale" sonata, op. 28, Beethoven; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in D flat, Scherzo in B minor; Romance in F, Rubinstein; Gavotte in D minor, Gabrilowitsch; "L'Alouette," Glinka—Balkireff; Wedding-March and Elfén Dance, Mendelssohn—Liszt.

Wednesday—Association Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. J. S. Codman, baritone, assisted by Mr. Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich, pianist. Mr. Codman will sing songs by Lassen, Schumann, Tchaikowski, Mozart, Wagner, Rotoli, Tosti, Vannucini, Chadwick, Sullivan, and the "Pieta Signore" falsely attributed to Stradella. Mr. Adamowski will play pieces by Wagner—Wilhelmj, Kotski, and two movements from Goldmark's suite for violin and piano.

Wednesday—Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Song recital by Mr. Alexander Marius, who will sing songs by Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Franck, Franck, Martini, Massenet, Holmes, Verhey, Hahn, Perner, Chaminade.

Thursday, Association Hall, 3 P. M.—First song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel. Mrs. Henschel will sing an air from Handel's "Jephtha," and arietta by Paradies, complete from Monsigny's "Rose et Colas," songs by Schubert, Schumann, Dvorak, Brahms, Henschel, Massenet; and with Mr. Henschel, duets from "Mignon" and Cimarosa's "I Traci Amanti," and two duets by Henschel, Mr. Henschel will sing Liszt's "Die Vatergruft," Schumann's "Ballade des Harfners," Loewe's "Prinz Eugen," a scene from Parry's "King Saul," Loewe's "Ruined Mill" and two songs by Brahms.

Friday, Steinert Hall, 8 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Edwin Klahr: Grieg's suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit," pieces by Schumann, Josef, Liszt; Chopin's etudes, op. 10; Liszt's "L'Africaine" fantasia.

Friday afternoon, Symphony Hall, 2.30; and Saturday evening, 8 P. M.—Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program: Overture, "Jubel," Weber; serenade in D major, Brahms; "Waldweben," from "Siegfried"; Symphony No. 5 in B flat, Glazounoff (first time).

Saturday afternoon, Association Hall, 3 P. M.—Second song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. Duets from "Elijah," Stanford's "Becket," and Boieldieu's "Les Voitures versées." Mrs. Henschel will sing songs by Brahms, Mendelssohn, Davidoff, Gabriel, Faure, Massenet, Chaminade, Henschel, and two old ditties. Mr. Henschel will sing arias by Caldara, Leo, Cocchi; five songs from Schubert's "Die Winterreise," and two biblical songs by Dvorak.

Dec 31

Today you may be alive, dear man,  
Worth many a thousand pound;  
Tomorrow may be dead, dear man,  
And your body be laid under ground.

#### THE SEARCHER AFTER COPY.

"The evening belongs to Southern Italy," he thought, "so mild, so bland, so colorful it is. Yet is the time December—but where is the thought of winter?" It was about Christmas time. He mused pleasantly after his fashion and strolled down the street of tenements. It was sunset. The sky was a deep and misty purple imbued with sun, a purple that slowly darkened. The air was soft. There was no wind. A barrel-organ played, far enough away to sound musical. There was the enlivening sound of trolley cars. The tenement dwellers were stirring briskly. The men wore colored neckerchiefs and the women wore colored shawls. And the sky was purple, a purple that slowly darkened.

"Decidedly the evening belongs to Southern Italy, were it not for the trolley cars," he repeated smilingly—"but, after all, things intended for one time or place or person often go to some other."

Walking slowly.

Smoking enjoyably (he had had an early and excellent dinner), he sauntered along. He was seeking impressions for a story. Story writing was his occupation, not his trade; for he had no need to work.

And he was wondering what his impression should be, what he should hear and see in the street of tenements under the sky of purple.

Purple, he remembered, was the color of kings and of churchmen and—oh, yes! a color of death. It was royal, ecclesiastical, and funeral.

What a pleasantly pompous sound those three words produced. They reminded him of the book he had read the night before by his fireside—the "Urn Burial"—and he began to murmur the sonorous words, words of solemn music, that are as the tones of some cathedral-organ whose woods and metals are steeped in time.

"Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and trampings of three con-

quests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics."

And he who had thus in immortal music hymned that Dark One who has been called by many names among men—the Husbandman, the Destroyer, the Lover—had in his turn passed among the shadows, and surely the shadows were purple. If he could only write from behind the veil the final chapter to his treatise!

The barrel-organ had stopped droning, and he became aware of a new sound. Insensibly he started and looked around. And he noticed that now as evening deepened it was growing chilly. The purple sky was of a dark hue, and a

wind had sprung up. He threw his overcoat over his shoulders and looked at three men who were drawing a gaudily-decorated coffin from an undertaker's wagon. The sound he heard was made by the coffin as it was hauled along the rollers, a hollow and disquieting sound.

The coffin was empty. Two of the men took off their hats, placed them on it, and carried it into the house. A curious crowd gathered. It peeped, pointed, talked in unsubsided tones. The writer stood among the idlers; he was not curious, but interested, musing—after his manner.

He wondered for whom the coffin was ordered. Surely for a man, a sturdy and tall man, to judge by its length and breadth. And a poor man, too, of the poor to whose families death brings one of the few festivals of their days—else why the gaudy, silver-gilt trimmings?

A trolley car went by with a roar and a clatter. The purple sky was now very dim—it had been the royal, then the more subdued ecclesiastical hue; and now it was the sombre funeral tint, the one appropriate shade.

Suddenly there was a bustle near the doorway. There was the sound of angry voices. The men reappeared; they brought the coffin with them. There was a laugh, there were jests from the crowd. The undertaker's men had taken the coffin into the wrong house.

The writer smiled. "Things intended for one time or place or person," he repeated again, "often go to some other."

He shrugged his shoulders, partly because of a shiver (yes, it was getting colder, he thought), he crossed the street with head bowed in curious musing. He heard the men swearing as they ran the coffin back into the wagon; he heard again the dull sound the coffin made on the rollers; but he did not hear, he did not heed, a nearer sound. The speeding trolley car struck him squarely—but surely he never knew it, for Fate can be merciful even in execution.

Then there was the crowd that gathered around a shape—but can that be said of something that was shapeless? It was impossible to carry it.

The policeman had an idea. (Things intended for one time or place or person often go to some other.)

That which lay upon the ground was gathered together and placed in the coffin for the journey to the morgue.

And the purple sky had faded into utter black.

THE QUIETIST.

## THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

### A Memorable Concert in Association Hall—Mr. Dohnanyi's Playing.

The fourth concert of the sixteenth season of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Association Hall. Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi assisted in the following program:

Quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1.... Brahms  
Sonata for piano and violin in E major, No. 3..... Bach  
Trio for piano, violin and violoncello in B flat major, op. 97..... Beethoven

The famous organization was at its very best in the Brahms quartet. Their playing throughout, excepting parts of the first movement, was a miracle of perfection. The reading, too, of this beautiful work was in no respect inferior to its execution. The poetic tenderness of the Romanze, the deliciousness of the Romanze, the deliciously quaint conceits of the last allegro, the splendid breadth of the tenor as no were all such as these could reveal players but such as these could reveal them. In the youth at the piano, Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder found a worthy companion.

The sonata gave Dohnanyi opportunity which speedily showed what he could do in ensemble playing. There was something of monotony in his treatment of the first movement, but he quickly forgot it while his fingers tripped through the fascinating staccato allegro. Nothing was lacking in the concluding movements. Each artist was evidently an inspiration to the other, and the result was a masterly performance that aroused enthusiastic applause. It was in the Trio, however, that Dohnanyi stood forth as a master of the keyboard and an authoritative



er of the classical school of music. To give so finished and fully effective a performance of any pianist, whatever his age, is well to be proud. When one considers in addition to his phenomenal depth of feeling and the actual grasp that this very young displayed throughout the sonata, can be found but one way of noting for it: Dohnany is truly a s. It is hardly necessary to speak of the playing of the two leading members of the quartet; they have seldom, been heard to greater advantage. The performance of the Trio was to be remembered.

T. P. Currier.

lock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate?

ve thus far exhausted trillions of winters and summers, and trillions ahead, and trillions ahead of them.

Now I am deathless, K's orbit of mine cannot be swept by enter's compass. I shall not pass like a child's carla with a burnt stick at night.

On aware, and by far the largest And that is myself, come to my own today or in I of ten million years, take it now, or with equal wait.

And, P. M. enoned and mortised in I special call dissolution, Europe, New El, tude of time.

3.30 A. All the following ex- gation. We pub- 12 noon or the day: ifax, N. Sn, Dec. 30, 1900. the Day:

At the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, could you give a of your space to calm contempla- and philosophic questioning? It is this magic Twentieth Cen- An illusion, a dream, a picture by the lantern-slide of the human out on the dark screen of infinity! It is this mighty mid-night mo- when trumpets blare from public ings and worshipers hold their in dim cathedrals, and all wait roke of the hour, hypnotized by ed curiosity into specious adora- what is this moment more than other arbitrary moment in the made divisions of God's eternity? dmer last night, your breakfast morning—you digested them, or to digest them, with the same ch. And the evening baked did coldly furnish forth the fast table.

ou stand before the hall clock and o hear the steady throb of the lum as a continuous stream made identical sounds, as in fact it is, ill be baffled to the point of ner- exhaustion. "Tick, tock, tick, the clock will say; the accent e beat rises, falls, rises, falls. Or may, with effort, resolve the y succession of beats into groups ee (not more); but never can you them as a stream of identical unaccented sounds, never the re- of the speech of the clock, only own construction of it. So with stream of time; man is forced, gh the limitations of his puny in- , to dam it into years and groups ars; he thinks that the Nineteenth ry has said "Tick," and lo, the th Century will say "Tock," hat the instant when the pendu- pauses in its swing to descend is a vastly important moment. while, the hands are going stead- und on the dial-face above, and is no break in a circle.

connection with this, man arro- assumes that he alone has con- sness and speech. He bases the tion on the fact that in the spans his intelligence is forced nstruct for itself out of the un- ed flow of existence, no other ousness or speech comes to his s. But as there are light-rays violet and above red, too slow e rapid to tell on the eye as color, ere may be other time-spans for objects, beyond man's compre- on, and that blue mountain- ing to the twilight sky may be uring its love speech through n centuries. Man's marriages are id!

ally, even within the arbitrary of human time-perception, what Christians more than Jews or ens that they should assume this to be the birth of a new century? In the house of the humans, in Christian sitting room and the ew parlor the clocks are ticking ferent rhythms. But let another for me.

provincial man-child, this sopher said a few years ago (for gely enough he was a thinker all as a critic), never stops to der that the arbitrary division of rolling over continuously along, identical amongst all civilized, and that while this nineteenth y of Christendom is held to be a

creature feeling to its death pre- sumptively in dire exhaustion, the fourteenth century of the Moslem world is tripping along in the baby shoes of its first decade, and the fifteenth century of the Jews strides gallantly by in the full maturity of its 32d year. Every day on our globe 130,- 000 human beings are born, for whom the world begins on this same day, and the young citizen is neither feebler nor fresher for leaping into life in the midst of the death throes of 1900 or on the birthday of the twentieth century."

W. P. E.

And all this being interpreted means that a man exulting in thoughtfully cut trousers and frock-coat, crowned with an irreproachable plug-hat, says to another of his kind, "Have another century with me."

"The first three days of January rule the coming three months."

It was once the custom for a tenant to give on New Year's Day a capon to his landlord. In these days the landlord presents his tenant with a bill for rent.

It was on Jan. 1, 1862, that Mr. de Goncourt remarked—he may have been Edmond, and he may have been brother Jules—"The step of a beggar, to whom you have not given and who goes away, leaves a dying sound in your heart."

Max Nordau met a cosmopolitan waiter at Naples. Some French people were trying to exhibit a winter line of choice Italian when the waiter interrupted: "Vous pouvez me parler ann francé je sould francé." The next day an Englishman tried Italian. The same waiter said: "You can speak English to me. I am an Irishman by bird." The Englishman stared and said: "Do you really mean to say that you are an Irishman?" "Datt is exactly vatt I arm," was the reply.

We heard a note-broker say that forged notes were common in the street. "We accept them; in fact we regard them as good paper; for some- body always steps forward to pay so that his relative or friend will not go to jail."

One of the most appalling of gifts is a birth-day book manufactured out of the writings of the latest and great- est novelist. We learn from the Pall Mall Gazette that "one of these books which has recently appeared, is garn- ished with mottoes from a popular lady writer. We are told over one date, that 'he wears the right sort of collars.' Such information may be per- fectly accurate but it doesn't thrill us."

Jan 2 1901  
HAROLD BAUER.

### Another Remarkable Exhibition of Technic, Taste and Thorough Mu- sicianship at the Third Recital of This Most Accomplished Pianist. (By Philip Hale.)

The program of Mr. Bauer's third recital, which was given in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows:

Sonata in A flat.....Weber  
Novellette in D.....Schumann  
Romance in F sharp.....Schumann  
Papillons.....Schumann  
Toccata.....Schumann  
Theme and variations.....Schubert-Tausig  
"Au bord d'une Source".....Liszt  
Gnomesreigen.....Liszt  
Nocturne in C minor.....Chopin  
Etude in A flat.....Chopin  
Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin

The hall was crowded. Mr. Bauer suffered patiently from the late-comers during the sonata, and there were moments during the recital when the audience seemed one catarrhal whole.

The program was not of so great musical interest as those of the two preceding recitals. Weber's sonata is still played, probably on account of the menuet, and it no doubt delights the virtuoso.

I remember Rosenthal's performance of it, which reminded one of the words of Nahum, the prophet: "The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses and of the jumping chariots." But the once-praised chivalric spirit of Weber seems to the neurotic hearers of today as dull as a chapter of "Ivanho" or "Quentin Durward." The brilliance is old-fashioned; the speech is stilted; the eyes of the lovers are as plover's eggs, and the hand 'hat once was so eagerly saluted is a claw ornamented with doubtful jewels. Mr. Bauer played the sonata admirably, with precise appreciation of its worth. He did not try to enlarge the frame or distort the drawing, or modernize the coloring.

Elegance characterized the otherwise tiresome arrangement by Tausig of Schubert's theme and variations; and equally delightful was the liquid tone in the first place by Liszt, as well as the fancy displayed in the latter's "Gnomesreigen." In all of these pieces Mr. Bauer revealed himself as a most accomplished virtuoso of exquisite taste.

But the feature of the concert was the performance of the pieces by Schumann. Nor do I refer simply to the superb performance of the Toccata, which Schumann himself always played in allegro commodo spirit, and others, rejoicing in their might, turn into a thunderous slow-pace to make the bourgeois sit up. In the Toccata, as in the other pieces by Schumann, Mr. Bauer never sacrificed musical and

poetic feeling in eagerness to set off fireworks. How dreamy, how Schu- manesque, was his performance of the middle section of the Novellette! How apparently simple the song of the Ro- mance! "Papillons" was a supreme ex- hibition of fancy, grace, delicacy, ten- derness, rhythm, color. For once the title did not seem incongruous or too imaginative.

Mr. Bauer will give two more recitals in Steinert Hall; on Monday evening, Jan. 7, at 8.15, and on Tuesday after- noon, Jan. 15, at 3 o'clock. The more we have of such playing the better for us all. Mr. Bauer is one of the very few pianists who reconcile us to the piano of the period. He stands with the Paderewski of the first visit and with the de Pachmann of last season. There are other pianists, athletic, formida- ble, who pound, or are hailed as "intellectual." These pianists, however, are without sense of tonal beauty, and the truth is not in them. Under their iron fingers the piano becomes an in- strument of athletic display, and at times it is merely an instrument of tor- ture.

In some ways it is very difficult to grow up. It is particularly difficult in dealing with our early impressions of people. Grow- ing-up is, indeed, the gradual readjustment of our sense of criticism, and if nothing happens to bring about this readjustment with regard to certain people, we naturally fail to take the grown-up view of them. This is extremely inconvenient sometimes, as I found in the case of the gas-fitter. The gas-fitter was my earliest hero in real life. It belonged to that erid in my existence when no hero of romance could be too ro- manlike, and no hero in life too material. On the one side I placed King Arthur and the Black Prince and Joan of Arc, and on the other side—the gas-fitter.

We have received the following let- ter:

Boston, Dec. 31.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your undertaker stories remind me of an episode in humble life. Some months ago I was engaged in charitable work at the North End. I was much in- terested in the fate of a workman who made a good ending after a painful sickness, which he bore bravely and sweetly; and when I was invited to the wake I went as to the funeral of a hero. Never shall I forget the wild shriek of the widow: "There hangs his pants on the wall, and he hasn't a leg to put in 'em." Yours cordially,  
CAROLINE HOSTLETWIST.

B. F. F. wrote us yesterday and in- quired into the meaning of "Entran- cial rent." as used by a lawyer: "Entran- cial rent." We do not know, unless it be an adjective derived from "en- trance." The word is not in the large dictionaries.

"As to the two dollar orchestra chair business," said Old Chimes, "I do not find theatre managers so much grasp- ing as lacking in philosophy. There is for them, no doubt, a certain satisfac- tion in regarding an occasional crowded house and in saying to them- selves: 'Each individual of this sweat- ing multitude has enriched me by the sum of two dollars.' But the consolation to be derived from lower prices is more abiding. For, gazing upon the customary emptiness of his fifty cent orchestra the philosophic impresario may say even with cheerfulness: 'After all, these innumerable vacant seats cost me only half-a-dollar each. Thank God, I was moderate in my de- mands; had I charged two dollars I should be losing four times as much.'"

Was there not a time in your boy- hood when you looked forward after a thrilling piratical career to peace- ful declining years, passed largely in a summer house on a bluff overlooking the sea, soothed and sustained by a spy-glass and pineapple rum? And now only half of your dream has been realized: you are a promoter.

The young woman in the glove store told us the following story: "The other day we had a 'marked-down sale.' One of our regular customers came in and asked for two-dollar gloves. 'I said, The highest we have today are \$1.80.' She looked superior: 'Oh! Have you a sale today?' I said, 'Yes, madam, and you know it, for I sent you an announcement.' 'Oh! she answered as she looked around: 'Yes, I see there's a special sale. Let me see that dollar glove you advertised.'"

Mr. Horace Ivory of London must be a lawyer of the good old school, dear to makers of novels and melodramas. Here is a story about him:

"You will be charging me with murder next," once whimpered out a rascal who had been telling a plausi- ble but concocted story, the total in- accuracy of which Mr. Ivory had ex- posed. "To which do you refer?" re- plied the counsel with deadly calmness; 'I have here a list of six you are said to have committed.'"

Here is a pleasant paragraph by W. P. W.: "Many a time and oft, my old pal and I have made that jocular jour- ney. The other night he needs must go alone. There was a compact be- tween us—the survivor was to see the

other through, and, in either case, his way was to be through the furnace. The furnace is no longer obtrusive. All round about, in the sighing wind, cer- tain tall trees beckoned weirdly to the gray December sky. The aspect of the place by no means proclaims its uses. Yet enter a well-ordered mausoleum. The service is read over no 'black and horrible grave,' but loses nothing of its effect therefor. All that is unusual is an inclined plane, on which rests a quite unbedizened coffin. You get a momentary glimpse of the pale blue tongues of a great white fire. Then, the door closes. And so, good-by. Truly, as I think, who am minded, if a dead man may have his will, myself to slide down that slope, b; and by, and through that door into that white fire—truly, of all ways the best way."

A story about Marie Van Zandt is going the rounds of the newspapers. It tells of the scandalous charge of drunk- enness brought against her at the Opé- ra-Comique, Paris, in 1884, and her re- turn to that theatre in 1885, when hisses were mingled with applause, "rowdies were laying siege to the building," and Miss Van Zandt "escaped by a slide door." And then the story ends with this tragic note: "That was her last public appearance in Paris." As a mat- ter of fact, she sang thrice after that memorable night and that same season.

Fortunately this tragic note is oth- erwise a false one. Marie Van Zandt re- appeared at the Opéra-Comique Dec. 2, 1896, as Lakmé, and was enthusiastically welcomed. The applause throughout the evening was frenetic. We quote from Stoullig's "Annales du Théâtre" for 1896: "The same persons who, on account of her little misadventure, which, by the way, was otherwise cru- elly expiated, would not have allowed her to appear on the stage, now cover her with flowers." In 1897 she also sang at the same theatre, and with great success, as Mignon, Lakmé, and Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."

How the word "cricket"—a low wood- en stool—is disappearing from common speech! And yet New Englanders in their boyish days used to sit on crick- ets and women knew them as foot- stools. The origin of the word is un- known, and the use does not appear before the middle of the 17th century. Is the term still known in village life? Here is a minute description of the thing. We quote from Mr. I. Wilkin- son: "The cricket is rectangular in form, but longer than wide; it is closed in at the ends and sides, and so stands as upon a frame, instead of legs. A curvilinear aperture at the top admits the hand for carrying it."

Jan 3 1901

### OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

#### First Recital of the Russian Pianist in Symphony Hall—Song Recital by Mr. Codman, Baritone, in Association Hall.

The program of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's first piano recital, which was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Toccata and Fugue, D minor.....Bach-Tausig  
Sonata, D major, Op. 28 (Pastorale).....Beethoven  
Ballade, A flat major; Nocturne, D flat major; Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin  
Romance, F major.....Rubin  
Gavotte, D minor.....Gabrilowitsch  
L'Alouette.....Glinka-Balakireff  
Wedding March and Elfin Dance from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn-Liszt

Mr. Gabrilowitsch's recital seemed to go at a snail's pace. In the first place, although the concert was announced to begin at 2.30 o'clock, the pianist did not appear until 20 minutes of 3, and, by the way, unpunctuality at this hall has been marked since the beginning of the season. If a concert is appointed to begin at a certain hour, the appoint- ment should be scrupulously kept. These petty but vexatious postpone- ments lead the public to regard set dates as movable feasts.

Then the pianist himself was so de- liberate in performance that it was 20 minutes past 3 o'clock before he be- gan the first piece by Chopin. He had played only two pieces.

This deliberation was the marked fea- ture of his performance, and I regret to say it was to his serious detriment. The toccata and fugue did not suffer so much in this respect, although a pianist of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's rank might easily have begun his first re- cital here with a truly legitimate piano composition. But in the sonata, the choice of tempo and this fatal and pec- uliar deliberation which seems to be a deeply-rooted characteristic of the pianist were at times maddening. Here is a pianist with a beautiful touch, with a highly developed technic, with an indisputable vein of poetry in his nature—and what does he do with his natural gifts? At times he appears to be entranced by the beauty of his own tone, so that he would fain dwell on a measure forever. At other times he absolutely crawls toward the beginning of a phrase. And then again he feels



a wide movement—not sluggish, but is not the word—but his sense of the slow movement into an adagio fit to be the soul of the woe. As a result, the song is by Pethoven, in the Ballade and Nocturne by Chopin and in the song is the Scherzo by the latter there was a long sweeping line of melody. There were passages of surpassing musical charms; but when there should have been a well-defined song of long breath as in the nocturne, the phrase broke on account of the slowness of the tempo. Another instance of injurious deliberation was the ending of the nocturne, in which the suspense of the hearer went quickly to the nerve-centres.

I do not understand why a pianist of so many fine parts does these things. Such readings are more to be deplored than the false notes which occasionally were in evidence. I do not believe this slowness of musical thought would be tolerable in a small hall, where an intimate relationship between player and hearer is easily established. In Symphony Hall, where the pianist is far removed from the majority of the hearers, moments of delay stretch to minutes, and the connecting thread is at once broken.

As I have said before in the Journal, Mr. Gabriowitsch is in many ways an interesting pianist to the student and the general hearer. He has rare tonal charm and a pure and delightful fluency. He is poetic—but he is poetic in spots. He does not ever seem to be possessed by his music so that it comes from him in full stream. He is not a man of strong emotions or wild passions. Nor is his musical speech knit closely together. On the other hand, he is not always fortunate in the cutting of musical phrases. He suggests a curious paradox: While he is not at present a pianist of strong individuality, yet he does not play like other men. It would be untrue to liken him unto the Church of the Laodiceans, for his readings are more than lukewarm.

It is as though he had lived in a strange land where there are other divisions of the day than those known to us, and by which we shape our business and our pleasure. The rush and hurry of American life may be a wholesome corrective to his leisurely thought. The Lord forbid that he should snort and pound and scamper. There are enough pianists of this school already. Nor does any kindly person wish that he be severely "intellectual" either in solo or ensemble. But it is the part of a friend to say to him, even at the moment when his tone is most delightful: "More power to your elbow, Mr. Gabriowitsch."

There was a large and very applauding audience.

Philip Hale.

#### MR. CODMAN'S RECITAL.

Mr. John S. Codman gave a song recital in Association Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Mr. Timothee Adamowski, violinist, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich was the accompanist. Mr. Codman sang songs by Tschaiowsky, Stradella, Schumann, Lassen, Mozart, Wagner, Tosti, Rotoli, Vannucchi, Chadwick and Sullivan. Mr. Adamowski played two movements from a Goldmark suite and pieces by Wagner and Kontski.

We are told that Mr. Codman is not a professional singer, also that he does not pretend to be, but merely devotes his leisure hours to study, and to singing at society functions. This is as it may be. His program was well chosen and interesting. He sings in a manly, unaffected fashion, and often with good taste. Unfortunately his voice is not especially pleasing as to quality; he mumbles his words, and his tone production is often throaty. In the song by Wagner he sang persistently sharp, which, however, did not in the least disturb the audience, for liberal applause followed the number, which may be truthfully said of every selection. Mr. Rotoli's noble song was given with considerable taste, but in this, as in many other of the songs, much of the pleasure was destroyed by the singer's unfortunate lisping. In short, Mr. Codman is a singer who doubtless will give much pleasure in a parlor among his friends, but he is not prepared to give a public recital.

Mr. Adamowski played in his customary finished style and was obliged to add another number. The accompaniments were delightfully played.

All day she smiled and beckoned,  
All night she whispered low,  
With the murmurs and the glances  
That set men's blood aglow:  
She laughed with liquid laughter,  
She sighed with heaving breast,  
She lay serene and pensive  
In lovely languid rest.

With milk-white arms uplifted,  
She crooned her passionate song,  
Of ancient days and olden,  
Of valiant men and strong,  
It spurred the young man's pulses,  
It lured him strange and sweet:  
Her veil's mysterious glimmer  
Fell to her dancing feet.

And so his love he yielded,  
For her fair wanton sake;  
With prodigal hands he proffered  
His life to nard or make:  
And she a slave has bound him,  
That never shall go free,  
Thrill of her cruel pleasure—  
The bondsman of the Sea.

Let us listen to strange and wondrous stories, for they fit the day.

It is the feast day of the blameless Enoch who was translated into Paradise, and no doubt bound appropriately. There are interesting facts in his life

on earth which are not told in Genesis. Thus certain Wise Men of the East say that he invented the pen, the needle—that is, writing and sewing—as well as astronomy, arithmetic, and geometry. Surely this was enough for one man. And his chief book—"The Book of Enoch"—was the favorite reading of Noah in the ark (see Tertullian). We say "chief," for the same wise men tell us that the Lord sent Enoch 30 volumes from heaven filled with secrets of the most mysterious sciences, and Enoch himself was a voluminous writer. Some say he was the god of the new year, and others that he was Atlas; but these are only the speculations of fantastic brains. Do not confound this Enoch with Cain's eldest son, who called the city which he built after his own name.

And here is a singular story of affection. "Moreover, it is said that Enoch was the innocent cause of idolatry; one of his friends afflicted by his removal from earth, having at the instigation of the devil, formed a statue which represented him so naturally that he conversed whole days with it, and paid particular honors to it, which gradually degenerated into superstition."

And this is also the feast day of Daniel, who is well known to you all. Is not the story of his match at shrewd wit with the great King Darius familiar to every school boy? Even the fawning courtiers acknowledged that victory rested with the man of righteousness.

It was on the third of January, 1652, that Mr. Evelyn visited one Mare Antonio, an enameler at Paris. This Antonio, a rolling stone, a talker in 10 languages, a man of wild adventures, told Mr. Evelyn that "being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person of very low stature came in and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead, which done, he unscrewed the pommel of his sword, and taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, and casting it into the crucible, poured an ingot out, which, when cold, he took up, saying, 'Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible,' and so went out immediately. When he was gone, the goldsmith found four ounces of good gold in it, but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him."

Perhaps it seems incredible to you, who would not buy a gold brick for the world—but, by the way, how about that zinc mine in Arkansas, or was it Missouri?—that a grave citizen like Mr. Evelyn should record such "nonsense." But, mark you, Mr. Evelyn wrote the entry in 1652; now read this extract from a letter written by James Howell, Esq., Jan. 3, 1643, in the Fleet Prison, to Cap. C. Price, prisoner at Coventry—for in those days a distinguished man used to chat affably about his prisons, as did Paul Verlaine, the poetic descendant of Villon. "I could wish," says Mr. Howell, "if there be no hope of a speedy Release, you would remove your Body hither; and rather than moulder away in Idleness, we would devoutly blow the Coal, and try if we can exalt Gold, and bring it o'er the Helm in this Fleet; we will transmute Metals, and give a Resurrection to mortified Vegetables, to which end the Green Lyon, and the Dragon, the Demogorgon and Mercury himself with all the Planets shall attend us, till we come to the Elixir, the true Powder of Projection, which the Vulgar call the Philosophers Stone; if matters hit right, we may thereby get better returns than Cardigan Silver Mines afford. . . . I know when you read these Lines, you'll say I am grown mad, and that I have taken Opium in lieu of Tobacco. If I be mad, I am but sick of the Disease of the Time, which reigns more among the English, than the Sweating Sickness did some Six-score Years since amongst them, and only them, both at home and abroad."

It is not pleasant to think of British officers producing a burlesque in the Temple of Heaven at Peking; of a certain Capt. Hamilton, impersonating the Empress Dowager, singing topical songs and dancing jigs in the Holy of Holies of a most venerable religion. Better far, as courtesy and true religious feeling, the conduct of the man in Rome who always took off his hat to a statue of Jupiter, and said, "You never can tell; he may come back to power." The most primitive, the rudest forms of worship, of recognition of the supernatural, should be respected, especially by those who have seen the great light. There are Englishmen who write letters to the Times because they are not allowed to wear their hats in cold churches on the continent. There are Englishmen who applaud the outrages committed by British Generals against the religious feelings and traditions of dwellers in and near the Soudan. Now there is disgusting mummery in a Chinese temple. And yet it was an Englishman who wrote: "I should violate my own arm rather than

a church; nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. . . . At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter."

Mr. Albert Matthews of this city is the author of an interesting article "on the use of the words College and Hall in the United States," which is published in the last number of "Dialect Notes."

We were pained deeply by reading this passage in a fashion-article published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Some day, perhaps, English women will try once again to learn the almost forgotten art of growing old gracefully, but in the meantime they continue, unfortunately, to help out their complexions with powder and paint, to touch up their eyebrows, to redden their lips, and even to give a tint of henna to their hair. And what is the result? In nine cases out of ten they look years and years older than if they had left well alone, and studied to soften the effect of the ravages of Time by dressing carefully and in subdued colors, and by choosing styles as far removed as possible from those adopted by their daughters. It is in their choice of millinery that these poor ladies err most frequently, crowning gaily their frankly artificialized locks with the jauntiest of sailor shapes, or, more lamentable still, with those baby sun-hats with brims of finely-kilted silk or muslin, which had such a success at Henley this summer, and up the river generally. Truly, the Glass of Fashion is bound now and again to reflect some sorry sights, but none sadder or more sorry than the picture of a woman of 45 who tries to dress as though she were at least twenty years younger, and in the attempt fails utterly."

Jan 4, 1912

#### MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL

A Varied and Agreeable Program  
Was Presented at the First of  
Their Song Recitals in Association  
Hall Yesterday Afternoon.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel gave the first of their song recitals yesterday afternoon in Association Hall. There was a large and friendly audience.

The concert began with a delightful duet from Cimarosa's "I Traci Amanti," an opera that succeeded the famous "Matrimonio Segreto" of the same composer, and was produced at Naples in 1793. The duet opens in true buffo spirit, and the ending is of rare melodic beauty. Mrs. Henschel then sang a recitative and the air "Take the heart you fondly gave" from "Jephtha," an oratorio on which Handel worked laboriously—not from any stoppage in the flow of musical thought, but because he was sick and suffering from the gutta serena. This was followed by a charming tune "Quel Ruscetto" by P. D. Paradis (1710-1792), best known to musicians of today by his piano pieces. The French were then represented by the couplets "Il etait un oiseau" from Monsigny's one-act comedy "Rose et Colas," which was first performed in 1764 and revived at the Opéra-Comique in the last sixties. In such songs as these Mrs. Henschel is formidable in grace, archness and musical taste.

Mr. Henschel sang three ballads in a group: the sepulchral "Die Vaetergruft" by Liszt, to which the bassoon tones of his voice were admirably suited. (It is my impression that Cornelius set this same ballad by Uhland to music.) Liszt's version was probably written about 1842, and that he thought highly of it is shown by the fact that one of his latest tasks, if not the latest, before his death was to orchestrate the accompaniment for a concert proposed to his honor in London. Mr. Henschel was successful in suggesting the spectral mood, but even he can make little out of Schumann's dull ballad of the Harper. Nor is "Prinz Eugen" among the most striking ballads of Loewe.

Mrs. Henschel sang in one group Schubert's "Stimme der Liebe," Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," Dvorak's "Die Rose," a stupid song, and Brahms's "Ständchen" from op. 105. The song by Schubert is seldom heard and is chiefly of harmonic interest. Mrs. Henschel's singing of "Der Nussbaum" was exquisite, as was the accompaniment of her husband.

The happy couple was then heard in duets by Mr. Henschel: "Ueber der dunkeln Halde," and "Lass dich nicht Gereun." The first of these is of true poetic charm. But why does Mr. Henschel insist on dragging Parry's "Saul's Dream" from its grave? The program also included Henschel's "No More" and "A Lullaby," Massenet's "Serenade de Zanetto," Brahms's "Komm Bald," and "Wie Froh und Frisch." Loewe's fine ballad "The Ruined Mill," and the Swallow duet from "Mignon."

The second of these recitals will be given Saturday afternoon, when the program will include duets by Mendelssohn, Stanford, Rolédieu, and

songs by Caldara, Leo, Cocchi, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Davidoff, Schubert, Henschel, Dvorak, Faure, Massenet and Chaminade.

It was therefore a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a sottish Father, by whom being asked, "What he would take to teach his Child?" he answered, "A thousand Drachms." Whereupon the other crying out, "O Hercules! How much out of the way you ask! for I can buy a Slave at that rate." "Do then" (said the philosopher) "and thou shalt instead of one, purchase two Slaves for thy money; him that thou buyest for one, and thy Son for another."

Gen. Roberts is now a belted Earl. Meanwhile the Boers are belting the

English Generals who are still in Africa.

We are often asked by anxious mothers, "What shall we do with our boys?" At present, the profession of kidnapper seems to be safe and lucrative, but if parents prefer to give their sons a collegiate education we strongly recommend one of the smaller colleges. We have received the catalogue of a college in Tennessee which seems to be an admirably conducted institution. We quote a few paragraphs.

"Any kind of mineral water can be had if desired."

"No parallel can be found (estimating the population) to the ten first-class turnpikes leading into this little city of enterprise."

"Here is continued and special stimulus to President and Professors; here are no easy and assured positions, with fixed and positive salaries, but they depend upon the patronage, prosperity and reputation of the institution."

"Visit institutions of learning in cities; see the indications of impaired health—breathing impure atmosphere; cut off from wholesome exercise; the many evil surroundings; the lassitude; the lustreless eyes. Do they tell you nothing? Here we have health, nature, real life, life earnest, and every wholesome stimulus."

"The mode of instruction is that of blending theory with practice in consonance with the inductive and analytic method."

"Anyone may receive a collegiate education by the family's educating one, who in turn and therefore shall educate his or her brothers or sisters, or benefactor's children." Work this out; it will repay study, especially when you reflect that "Parents pay hundreds, it may be thousands, and what they get will be worth but little, their children not being able to parse the sentence we are now writing."

While due attention is paid to all branches of education, Latin, English, Greek, the violin, the flute, etc., etc., "etiquette is made a specialty."

"Here it is the theory with continued practice. We think we have the politest students in America. The salutation, the bow, the courtesy, the word, the tone, the look, the inflection—vocal and physical, the attitude, the hand, the feet, the spine and the eye, are all observed and studied, and the students daily exercised in them."

"If the disciples of Croesus do not like to purchase silk and fine linen at the price of homespun, they may patronize other houses. Price is not an evidence of quality, in fact the greatest teachers the world has ever produced would have no remuneration. Plato taught in a grove, Socrates everywhere. Citizens, brick and mortar will not do. They are poor substitutes for talent."

"Students are required to furnish their own lights, towels, soap, combs, brushes, dippers, brooms, and looking-glasses."

The uniform is optional but recommended. "Grey suit of woolen goods, with brass buttons; black felt hat, with star, bearing initials — Will cost by merchant tailor here, of excellent material, from \$14 to \$18."

We are much impressed by the portrait of the president and professor of belles letters, which serves as a frontispiece. He is evidently a strong and earnest soul with pompadour hair, an imperial, high cheek-bones, and superbly developed ears. His low-cut waistcoat reveals three studs. A stand up collar disdains the valio ornament of a cravat.

When we consider Mr. Harmsworth's newspaper schemes, the following paragraph is of special interest to all newspaper men of Boston. "Learned men who have failed in business are tendered every inducement to take a life-home here. We intend to take the most active measures, and use every exertion to raise a large life-fund for the relief of unfortunate literary men. Let them have homes and the society of congenial spirits."

Allow us just one quotation for the day. It is from the Immortal Diary On Jan. 4, 1664, Mr. Pepys went to the tennis court and there saw Charles



it play. "But to see how the play was extolled, without any at all, was a loathsome sight; sometimes indeed, he did play well, and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is silly."

terday we spoke of Enoch, a pious man. Today is the feast-day of his son, Methuselah, who died at the age of 969 years. He never told the secret of his strength, but the Rabbis say that he was for 100 years in the School of Enoch; that he wrote all works—possibly an essay "On Age" is among them; that he included 350 parables. And Solomon adds that Methuselah died seven years before the deluge, so that Noah had time to lament him. Thus it is that old age does not necessarily make a man selfish, now concerning the possibility of seeing Sir John Sinclair's "Hints on Longevity," Mortimer Collins's "The Secret of Long Life"; and for strange as about unusual terms of years in Gabriel Peignot's "Amusements Logiques" (Dijon, 1842, pp. 217-230). One of Philadelphia does not joke in his "Dictionary of Authors"; he hears the creaking of the machinery and yet he was moved to say: of the old people told Sir John (Mr.) they had been early risers, much longer, then, might they have lived if they had been late risers? No doubt, made the Biddles and adwalleders and the Rittenhouses for the jest was without any of vulgarity. Yes, the joke is happily suited to Philadelphia taste. It tells us that comedians and dandies long in Rome. Thus Lucelia on the stage for 100 years. Galaria, who made sport in interludes, passed her record by four years; one Stephanio, "who was the of the long robe that brought up and footing upon the stage," lived generations. This reminds us today is the anniversary of the of the great Rachel (1853).

Jan 5, 1900

MR. EDWIN KLAHRE.

Edwin Klahre gave his second recital in Stelbert Hall last night. There was a small and appreciative audience. The program was of the ordinary nature. It included Greg's suite "Aus Holberg's Schumann's Arabesque; Josefrietta di Balletto and Spinning Liszt's "Le Rossignol" and "ns of Love" in A flat; Chopin's op. 10; and Liszt's "Illustration de l'opéra 'L'Africaine.'" Mr. Klahre played with greater discretion and charm than at his first recital. The experiment of playing so many études by Chopin in a bunch is a waste of time and it really is not worth it. With this exception the program was of a light and agreeable

my team plowing  
that I was used to drive,  
I hear the harness jingle,  
When I was man alive?"  
ye, the horses trample,  
he harness jingles now;  
change though you lie under  
he land you used to plow."  
my girl happy  
that I thought hard to leave,  
I has she tired of weeping  
she lies down at eve?"  
ye, she lies down lightly,  
he lies not down to weep;  
my girl is well contented,  
he still, my lad, and sleep."  
my friend hearty,  
now I am thin and pine,  
I has he found to sleep in  
better bed than mine?"  
he, lad, I lie easy,  
he as lads would choose;  
never a dead man's sweetheart;  
ever ask me whose."

poem of grim fancy by A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Legend" should be put by the side of Hardy's still grimmer verses, under the title "Friends Beyond." Let-novelist hears the voices of Mrs. Lady Susan, Tranter Reul others who lie in Mellstock; and he hears them "at mothy tide. And at midnight when the at breathes it back from walls is." They are not troubled by clothing, they have no thought of "terrestrial stress" or "chill on." The farmer's wife does e if her children break her e china. William Dewey, the and Lady Susan say in turn:  
Ye mid burn the wild bass-viol that I set such value by."  
You may hold the manse in fee,  
You may wed my spouse, my children's memory of me may decay."  
You may have my rich broadens, my sack, take each household key;  
unsack coffee, desk, bureau;

Quiz the few poor treasures hid there,  
con the letters kept by me."  
And then they all sing in chorus from their graves:  
"We've no wish to hear the tidings, how the people's fortunes shift;  
What your daily dolms are;  
Who are wedded, born, divided; if your lives beat slow or swift."  
"Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or mar,  
If you quire to our old tune,  
If the City stage still passes, if the welts still roar afar."

Which of these views of life, in the tomb or beyond the tomb, is truer to nature? There are egoists who kill themselves so that people may talk about them. Are they disappointed in that they do not hear the comments? Vanity looks beyond this life. To us Hardy's indifferent folk are the more sensible. In all the transfers and promotions of the soul, it would be a pity if there were fretting or anxiety concerning the temporal things left behind. Sooner or later we all shall be able to decide this point as well as other points concerning which there is distracting discussion.

Personal indorsements are often curiously framed. Thus Mr. W. A. Price says of Mr. George W. Howard, who apparently was deeply impressed by the text in Judges, "To every man a damsel or two"—George is a square fellow. Many women ask to be introduced to him. Besides, he is a brilliant man and has a stack of diamonds." This reminds one of the old German song: "Thou hast pearls and diamonds, my fair one \* \* \* My darling what wouldst thou have more?" You often find husbands grotesque in praise of their wives. Possibly the thought of wifely perfection rushes over them and confuses the judgment. A physician of this city—one whose life has been full of usefulness and honor—told us that an undertaker once came to him and said that he was about to marry. "But it is an important step," answered the doctor. "Well," said the undertaker, "She makes the best mince pies you ever tasted, and she isn't afraid of a corpse."

So Patti is going to give up her castle Craig-y-Nos, with its celebrated billiard rooms, orchestration, phonograph apparatus, safe for jewels. It is a castle rich in associations. It was there that the late Nicolini, the second Mr. Patti, offered his guests cigars and wine of a far inferior quality to the tobacco and drink which he himself consumed. It was there that Mr. Emilio Pizzi was kept a prisoner in an upper room until he had finished the score of "Gabiella," which, by the way, was first produced in Boston. It was there that Mr. Arthur Warren, and the late Beatty-Kingston visited and repaid the hospitality by long articles which breathed forth wonder, love and praise. Patti herself never boasted of this castle. Yet it was always in her mind. Whenever she sang of her "lowly thatch'd cottage," her eyes filled with tears.

We fail to see why Queen Wilhelmina asks the Dutch Parliament for \$80,000 a year for her young man, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Holland is not a dear country to live in, and of course Duke Henry would board and lodge at the palace. Even if he should prefer to eat in restaurants, the dishes are cheap. In Amsterdam, one of the favorite plates is a rump steak with an egg dropped on it. Holland gin, the wine of the country, is sold at a ridiculously low price by the glass or case-bottle. If Wilhelmina is wise, she will not let Henry go to Paris, for she knows what happened to the King of Belgium. If Henry does not wish to be utterly dependent on his wife, he might work on the dikes. After all, Queens and their husbands have their trials and vexations and in this respect do not differ from the untitled aristocracy of the United States.

A Mr. Acton has been "sculpting" Gladstone, and an Italian model sat for the legs and trousers. The latter brought in a bill of \$125. The ease went into court, and the Judge decided that no legs even with trousers were worth that sum for such a purpose. And had the Italian no sense of the honor? When a painter in Boston was at work on a portrait of Phillips Brooks, he borrowed a friend, a man of giant frame, who could wear the coat in which the great preacher was to be dressed for the admiration of posterity.

Miss May Irwin proposes to build a bachelor apartment house, which will be in charge of a female housekeeper who "is to be a mother to every tenant." If Miss Irwin would impersonate this housekeeper, she could charge what rent she pleases.

Do you know the meaning of the phrase "selling the pony?" The game

is of English invention. You guess how many coins your friend has in his hand. If you guess right, you pay for the drinks.

The line of beauty is a curve; and, in a general way of speaking, this may be so. But when the line begins to curve about the second button of a man's waistcoat, and proceeds to describe a parabola over his abdominal region, the result is not beautiful.

Who was the boy that wrote on an examination paper: "The base of a triangle is the side we don't talk about"? Was he the same one who declaimed "The Three Fishers" and mentioned the fact that "the night rat came rolling in ragged and brown"?

Jan 6, 1900  
SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Two Ancient War Horses Prance to the Apparent Delight of the Audience—Glazunoff's Symphony No. 6.

The program of the 10th Symphony Concert, which was given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Jubilee overture ..... Weber  
"The Prelude" ..... Liszt  
"Waldweben" ..... Wagner  
Symphony in C minor, No. 6 ..... Glazunoff

Weber wrote a cantata for the festival that celebrated the 50th anniversary of the reign of Saxony's King, but for some reason or other the monarch and his advisers did not like it, and only with difficulty did Weber succeed in having his Jubilee overture, which was written after the rejection of the cantata, performed at the grand concert. This concert was a singular dish to set before a Saxon King; for the program, with the exception of Weber's overture, was made up of an aria from Morlaechi's "Boadicea," a violin concerto by an Italian, a duet by Nicolini, a clarinet solo and a quartet by Zingarelli. It was for many years the custom to write enthusiastically about the overture. The slow introduction was found to express the deep religious feeling of the nation, and the fast movement said, "How happy we are to live under such a beneficent ruler!" And the coda, with the introduction of the Saxon National Hymn, alias "God Save the King," alias "America," was supposed to reach the highest pitch of enthusiastic patriotism. But this overture now seems to be as perfunctory and commonplace as any piece written expressly for an occasion. "The characteristic Weberish rush" leads to platitudinous measures, the second theme is of beer-garden grace and lightness, and the "free fantasia, in which the working out is largely of a contrapuntal nature"—to quote from the program-book—shows the composer panting over his work. The finale, in spite of all the instruments hard at work, sounds boisterous, not truly sonorous. The old war-horse is lame at last; it no longer adorns the procession; it would be better to turn it out to pasture, where it may spend peacefully the few remaining years.

Another old war-horse, Liszt's "Preludes," pranced last night to the evident delight of the audience. Mr. Gericke exerted himself, and made much out of this music so far as theatrical effect was concerned. No one will deny that there are some beautiful passages in this symphonic poem; but is there not much that is inherently bombastic and vulgar? The pompous phrase that might have been written by Meyerbeer is superior, however, to the variant of "We won't go home till morning," which is repeated ad nauseam. Perhaps Mr. Gericke is beginning to understand the taste of the older members of the audience who do not wish to be vexed by new music. We may expect to find all the old favorites re-appearing. Why not the overture to "Zampa" and the so-called "Largo" by Handel?

Fortunately the latter half of the program was of a fresher nature. It is always a pleasure to hear "Waldweben" with its ornithological detail, and the Symphony by Glazunoff is one of the most interesting of latter-day symphonies. The fifth by this composer was put in rehearsal, but the sixth was substituted for it. Now the score of the former looks highly colored. It is true there are melodic reminiscences, but it would be interesting to know how this composer of indisputable talent treated them. The fifth symphony is much played in Europe and it has excited warm discussion. Why should we not hear it? The sixth was welcome, for while it is not of great thematic distinction, it is exceedingly well made. The Russians seem to be born with orchestral technique, and Glazunoff is in this respect the most brilliant of the younger school. The impression made by the first performance is only strengthened by subsequent hearings at the Worcester Festival and in this city. The symphony is one of genuine interest. Perhaps the delightful and ingenious vari-

ations are the least part of the work, but the first movement is full of vitality, and the last movement—were it not for the sop thrown to the Academy just before the end—is exciting. Truly a symphony worth doing.  
Philip Hale.

"DON PASQUALE" will be sung by the Semblich Company Thursday night at the Boston Theatre. To the younger generation of opera-goers Donizetti is merely the name of the composer of "Lucia di Lammermoor." This opera, originally a work designed for the glory of a tenor, is now given in mangled form for the pyrotechnical display of a prima donna, and the interest culminates in the mad scene, which was originally only one of many episodes, while the swan song of Edgardo was once waited for impatiently by the bejeweled women and gilded youths in boxes and orchestra.

But some claim, and with a good show of reason, that Donizetti was by nature a singularly gifted composer of melodious and elegant comedy opera; that in this species of opera he shone with greater brilliance than in tragedy, nor do they forget "Lucrezia Borgia," which is still given in certain European cities—and even in Germany—although it has been shamefully neglected in this country.

Donizetti wrote three delightful operas in lighter vein: "Elisir d'Amore," buffo (1832); "La Fille du Régiment," semiserio (1840); and "Don Pasquale," buffo (1843).

"Don Pasquale" was written for the Théâtre-Italien of Paris. The composer was living in Paris. Eminently social, he buckled himself to his task, shut his doors on everybody except a few intimate friends, and gave each morning a portion of the opera to the copyists. He wrote at full speed. Some say the whole work was finished in eight days; but Leon Eseedier, who was with him, says that the score was ready after thirteen days of work, and that it was orchestrated in about a week. At the rehearsals, the orchestra at first sat in icy indifference. Later they began to mock; they made caricatures on the orchestral parts. One of them represented the composer as holding a syringe and these words were written below: "Clyso-pompe musical à jet continu." One of the chief officers of the theatre did not hesitate to say aloud: "The libretto and the music are good only for mountebanks." But Donizetti was not alarmed. He told Eseedier not to be concerned. "My work will succeed; it wants only one piece to complete it." He went to his lodgings, took from a drawer a sheet of manuscript and sent it to Mario, the tenor. He then said: "There is a tambourine accompaniment which should be played behind the scene." Lablache can play it better than any one I know of, and I am going to ask him to be the accompanist." This song was the Serenade, which was encored thrice the night of the first performance.

The libretto of "Don Pasquale" is founded on the libretto of "Ser Marc Antonio," to which Pavesi (1810), and Coccia (1834), had already set music. Sutherland Edwards sees in the two characters Dr. Malatesta and Don Pasquale the clown and pantolon of early Italian pantomime, but it is hardly necessary to follow this line of thought. The story is a simple one.

Don Pasquale, old and rich, wishes to marry. His friend, Dr. Malatesta, at first tries to dissuade him, then pretends to help him, and proposes his own sister, a timid girl, he says, brought up in a convent. But this ingénue is no other than the gay and charming widow, Norina, beloved by Ernesto, the nephew of Don Pasquale. There is a meeting, and the old wooer is enchanted. Carlo, a notary, is called in, and the marriage is celebrated. Norina immediately becomes a shrew and a spendthrift. She puts Don Pasquale on the rack, and finally boxes his ears when he dares to make a mild protest. At last he discovers among the bills which prove his wife's extravagance a love-letter which asks for a meeting in his own garden. Malatesta is summoned and finds the Don pale and haggard. He advises his friend to be present, unseen, at the assignation, and then to drive the woman from his house. In the last scene the lovers meet, but Ernesto escapes, and Don Pasquale is obliged to listen to the scoldings of his spouse. At last he finds out that the marriage was a sham, and that his wife, known to him as Sophronia, and the Norina whom he has promised to his nephew, are one and the same woman. He has been duped; but he rejoices in the thought that he will not suffer from the caprices of a young wife.

The opera was produced at the Théâtre-Italien Jan. 4, 1843. Grisi was Norina; Mario, Ernesto; Lablache, Don Pasquale, and Tamburini, Dr. Malatesta. The audience was enthusiastic.



The cross was indisputable. The part was soon heard in the leading theatres of Europe. The next year the composer was stricken with the madness that brought on his death in 1843.

When the opera was brought out, the costumes were those of the period. The three men played in the ordinary frock coats and dress coats worn at that time. Lablache wore an enormous camella in his button-hole, and for each performance the Marquis Aguado sent the most beautiful camella from his greenhouse as a token of admiration.

And so "La Traviata" was at first played in the conventional drawing-room and town-life costumes of the period, as were "Domino noir" and "L'Eclair." This costume was soon voted dull and prosaic. When "Don Pasquale" was sung in French at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, in 1864, the costumes used were those of the time of Louis XV.; the first act took place in a garden, and Don Pasquale entered in a sedan chair; and for the scene with the creditors at the beginning of the third act, a ball scene was substituted.

These changes were observed in the revival at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, in 1896.

So, too, there have been divers opinions concerning the propriety of Norina's boxing the ears of Don Pasquale. Sutherland Edwards thought it worth while to note this fact about Adeline Patti, whom he saw at Vienna in 1863. "I had been told on her own authority that she played it, not as in London, where Costa would allow no upsetting of furniture, no vigorous slaps in the face \* \* \* but with an impulsiveness and a self-abandonment which she herself thought natural in the character, and which she, in any case, practised—to the entire satisfaction, it must be added, of the Viennese public." But as far back as 1851 the dreaded Fiorentino praised Sontag at the Théâtre Italien for always remembering the usages of the society in which she herself had moved, and thus softening by her exquisite tact and supreme distinction the rudeness of the widow Norina. "You know that in the explanations exchanged by man and wife, the latter forgets herself and boxes her husband's ears. I was brought up at a time when I found this scene of Xanthippe rediviva extravagant and intolerable. When Mme. Sontag came to this dangerous scene she just brushed the cheek of the goodman with the end of her fan, and with such rebelliousness, and at the same time grace and prettiness, that the husband that was a very pagan would have tendered the other cheek." But Sontag was always of supreme elegance, and Richard Grant White called her the most lady-like prima donna that ever trod the stage—with the possible exception of Frezzolini. Bosio was captivating as Norina, but "she never seemed to throw herself wholly into her part; she was always Angiolina Bosio, and appeared on the stage like a lady performing admirably in private theatricals."

"Don Pasquale" was performed in London for the first time June 29, 1843, at Her Majesty's with Grisi, Mario, Lablache, Fornasari, Donizetti, who had been there in disfavor as a composer, suddenly became popular. "Don Pasquale" was brought out again Oct. 30 of that year, with Garcia, Allen, Paul Bedford and Burdini. Bedford was the well-known comedian who invented the gag, "I believe you, my boy," which lived long after his death. Punch (vol. V., pp. 217, 255) published a rhymed account, "Don Pasquale Made Easy," and the caricatures of the singers are worth the trouble of taking the volume down.

Unless the French Opera Company at New Orleans brought out "Don Pasquale"—and, alas, there is no history of that stage—the first performance in the United States was given by the Seguin Company at New York, March 9, 1846, when Mrs. Seguin was Norina, Mr. Seguin Don Pasquale, Mr. F. Meyer the Doctor, and Mr. Frazer Ernesto. The first performance in New York in Italian was by Borghese, Sanquirio (The Don), Corsi, Guidi, Dec. 18, 1849. Many famous singers have impersonated Norina in this country; Bosio, Sontag, La Grange, Piccolomini, Adeline Patti (1860), Colson, Alboni, Hinkley, Richings, Marimon, de Murska, Nordica, Sembrich.

The first performance of "Don Pasquale" in Boston was in English by the Seguin company above-named at the Boston Theatre, Oct. 1, 1846. The opera was sung by Sontag, Pozzolini, Rocco (The Don), Badiali, May 4, 1853. One of the last performances of which I find record was in 1866, when the singers were Miss Riddell, Mr. Jas. Whitney, Dr. Gullmette (The Don), Mr. Rudolphsen.

It would be easy to fill a page with appreciations of this opera. Von Bülow gladly admitted its worth; Hanslick delighted in the melodic flow, the discreet expression, the rounded form, the well defined character-drawing. I mention these men because they belong naturally to the other camp. Let me now quote from Henry F. Chorley:

"The last of Donizetti's operas—the last comic opera worth having, which Italy, once so gay, has yielded—'Don Pasquale'—was written in a few weeks, when that bodily exhaustion had begun which was so soon to take the form of mental imbecility, followed by

death. Under such circumstances, that the 65th opera—Chorley was mistaken; 'Don Pasquale' was the 66th—of one who lived for a quarter of a century been supplying the stage, should have any freshness at all, is marvelous; more marvelous that the music should prove its composer's very freshest. The entrance of the coquettish Norina—the duet betwixt herself and her brother which closes the first act; in the second act, the entire finale, during which the widow springs a mine of provocations against the foolish old uncle of the man she intends to marry, including one of Donizetti's most individual concerted pieces—the quartet; in the third, the exquisite serenade behind the scenes—bear no traces of a weary brain-of a hand in which the numbness of palsy was already working. \* \* \* For the present, it may be feared that we have taken leave of mirth in Italian music. \* \* \* Even in the home of Grétry, Boieldieu, Auber and Adam, the fountain of laughter seems to be slowly dwindling and drying up. We are becoming graver, without becoming more learned; we are showing our ambition at the expense of our command over melody. \* \* \* Nay, as decay inevitably engenders decay, the very art of instrumental combination and effect, for which so much has been sacrificed, is in course of deterioration, owing to careless treatment, under the pretext of dash and originality."

The book from which I quote was published in 1862. What would Chorley say today of Italian musical comedy? He would surely recognize the masterly workmanship displayed in Verdi's "Falstaff," but would he not ask for more solo melody? And what would he think of the comedy scenes in "La Bohème"?

The Metropolitan English Opera Company will disband the 25th in Washington. The Boston date is therefore canceled.—Ludwig Breitner, the pianist, is suffering from nervous prostration.—Liza Lehmann's song cycle, "The Daisy Chain," was sung at the Astoria, New York, Jan. 2. The singers were Mrs. S. C. Ford, Marguerite Hall, Mackenzie Gordon, M. W. Whitney, Jr.—Albert Chevalier brought out a new fantastic operetta with music by A. H. West at the Queen's (Small) Hall, London, Dec. 20. "It was a little story of the waiter in a small restaurant known by the style or title of Turnstile. It was on Christmas Eve, and he dreams that he is visited by the Queen of the Fairyland, who offers him her love, and fills him with new and young ambitions and aspirations. They leave together, and the scene darkens. When it grows light, the waiter is found asleep in a corner of the room to the tune of the knocking at the door by a policeman. The whole thing is extremely charming, full of delicate passages and of pretty thoughts. Mr. Chevalier was inimitable as the waiter, humorous, convincing, and pathetic. His admirable art, adorned by innumerable touches characteristic of his part, went to build up a very striking conception. The libretto was written in Mr. Chevalier's best style, and the music was taking and pretty."—Mr. Richard Carle has written with Mr. M. E. Rourke a new musical comedy, "Little Miss Modesty," with music by Walter Slaughter. It will be produced early this year.—Miss Meryl, a singer in Paris, recovered \$1000 for an injury to her face received while riding in a vehicle of the Compagnie Parisienne des Petites Voitures.—Massenet has been made a Grand Officer in the Legion of Honor.—They are talking of a monument to Sir Arthur Sullivan in London.—"The Messenger Boy" will be performed by Hungarians in their own language at Budapest the end of this month.—London novelties: Orchestral suite, "Mignonne," by Henry E. Gehl (Dec. 2); John B. McEwen's setting for female chorus and orchestra of the opening scene from Shelley's "Hellas" (Dec. 18); orchestral suite, "Idyllic," by C. McR Scott.—The English colony at Nice have subscribed money for a memorial tablet to Sullivan, to be placed in the English Church, which he was in the habit of attending.—At Buenos Ayres, a new lyric drama, "Don Juan de Garay," by Riccardo Bonicelloli, met with little or no success, while "The Secret," by Torrens Boqué, is said to be merely "a confused mass of phrases strung together by an amateur without taste or knowledge."—The 100th anniversary of the death of Cimarosa will be celebrated Jan. 11, 1901, at Vienna,

where he was chapel master to Leopold II, and wrote his "Il Matrimonio Segreto." This opera will be sung in Italian, and there will be a Cimarosa exhibition of autographs and other relics.—Florent Schmitt's lyric scene, "Semiramis," was performed at a Colonne concert, Paris, Dec. 9. Schmitt, who took the prix de Rome of 1900, was born at Blumont, Sept. 28, 1870. He was a pupil of Massenet and Fauré.—The Guide Musical speaks slightly of Massenet's music to "Phédre": "The glory of Racine needed no such musical addition to the tragedy, and the glory of Massenet will not shine more brilliantly."—Brema has been giving song recitals in Brussels.—An "Oratorio," "Jephtha," by Jos. Ant. Mayer, has been produced at Ulm.

Philip Hale.

#### THE HENSCHEL RECITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their second recital in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. Songs by Caldara, Leo, Cocchi, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Davidoff, Schubert, Henschel, Dvorak, Faure, Massenet, Chaminade and others were sung. They sang together duets from "Elijah," Stanford's "Becket" and Boileau's "Les Voitures Versées."

This concert need not detain us long. Everyone who has lived within the last 25 years is familiar with both Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's ways and means. This recital was like all the rest. The rare taste, the superb artistry, the vocal deficiencies, the pleasing and displeasing mannerisms, the splendid arrangement of the program, which, by the way, was too long—all these things have been dilated upon in these columns before. There is nothing new to add, except that several of the songs were repeated, and there was a very large and appreciative audience.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday afternoon—Steinert Hall, 3 o'clock. Mr. Harold Bauer's fourth piano recital. Program: Beethoven, Sonata, op. 31, No. 2; Schumann, Allegro, op. 8; Brahms, variations on a theme by Paganini; Chopin, Etude in C minor, Nocturne in F sharp minor, Prelude in D minor, Ballade in F minor; Sinding, two Caprices, op. 41; Liszt, "Peas-blorets"; Wagner, "Walkurensitt."

Tuesday evening—Association Hall, 8 o'clock. Mr. Dolmarty, pianist, will give the second of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts. Program: Chopin's Ballade in G minor; Schumann's Etude Symphonique; Dohnanyi's Passacaglia in E flat minor; Beethoven's Polonaise in C, andante in F, and Rondo, op. 129; Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 9.

Wednesday evening—Association Hall, 8 o'clock. Second concert of the Longy Club. Program: Rubinstein's quintet, op. 55, for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon; Schumann's three Romances, op. 94, for oboe and piano; Vincent d'Indy, Chanson et Danse, op. 50, for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons (first time).

Wednesday evening, Steinert Hall, 8.15 o'clock—Song recital by Messrs. George Devoli, tenor, and Edwin Isham, baritone. Mr. Devoli will sing H. Hofmann's "Die Sängers Heimgang," Bohm's "Vorsatz," Hadley's "Never More Alone," Godard's "Chanson de Juliette," G. Woiseley-Cox's "Those Azure Eyes," "Soft and Gently," "In the Dreamy Woods," Mr. Isham will sing an air from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Remberg's "Rosette" and "A Tolt"; Massenet's "Si vous étiez fleur"; Hervey's "Siegfried's Song"; "Ich liebe dich," and "Veilchen"; Grieg's "Ich liebe dich," and Cowen's "Border Ballad." There will be a duet from Bizet's "Pearl-Fishers," a duet by Schultz, "Summer Night," and "Collette" and "Etait-ce un rêve?"

Thursday evening, Vine Street Building, Roxbury, 8 o'clock—Third free organ recital under the auspices of the Music Commission of Boston. Mr. Henry M. Dunham, organist. For tickets apply at the Music Department, 64 Pemberton Square.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday evening, 8 P. M., Symphony Hall—Tenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program: Grieg, conductor. Program: Schumann, Overture, Scherzo, and Finale; Haydn, concerto in D for cello (Mr. Hugo Becker); Richard Strauss, Symphonic Fantasy "In Italy."

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his fifth piano recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 3 P. M.

The Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs of Bowdoin College will give a concert in Steinert Hall the evening of Feb. 1.

The Faeltin Piano School will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 16.

Teresa Carreno will give two piano recitals in Association Hall, Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8 P. M., and Saturday, the 19th, at 2.30. The program of the first concert will include Mozart's Fantasia in C minor, portions of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 21, No. 3; Schumann's Fantasy; four songs of Schubert, arranged by Liszt, and four pieces by Chopin.

The arrangements for the testimonial to Mlle. de la Motte are nearly completed. There will be a full orchestra, composed of Symphony men, led by Mr. Max Zach. The soloists are Mrs. Caroline Shepard, soprano; Mr. Julian Walker, the baritone, from New York; Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, bass; Miss Marie Nicholas, violinist; and Mlle. de la Motte will play a nocturne by Chopin. It is many years since she has played in public.

Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, and Mr. Walter Hawkins, tenor, will give song recitals in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 22, at 2.30, and Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, at 8.15.

"Little Valberta," the 5-year-old violinist, will play pieces by Mozart, Schubert and others, at Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening. He will be assisted by Miss Tucker, pianist; Miss Winn, cellist; Miss Haynes, reader; Mr. Leslie, tenor, and others.

#### THE JANITOR'S TALE.

I thought him a very repulsive old man.

He was janitor for a huge, rambling warehouse, to which no one seemed ever to come, and from which I never saw anything removed. Every morning

he opened the ponderous iron shutter and swept the broad, untrampled steps, and, if it were Summer, ended by carrying in a tiny morsel of ice left on the sidewalk, just in time to save it from lapsing back to a liquid state.

He was old, but how old I could never guess. A strange fungus-like growth had spread over his face and hands, and eaten away here a feature, there a patch of hair. Though he was frightfully thin, his flesh hung in loose folds like rotting leather. One eye had been eaten out, so there was a ghastly hole whose moist red depths ever drew my gaze, try as I would to look elsewhere. A hideous pretence of vision added to the morbid attraction of this sightless, cavity, which, as he talked to me, fastened itself upon my face, if I may say so, with an uncanny pertinacity. I moved as his one eye moved; it puckered up into a horrible, ulcerous squint when he laughed, and, worst of all, it winked with a grotesque travesty of mirth when he waxed facetious. "You would scarcely believe that I was a most winsome young man?" he asked me one morning, as I stopped a moment on my way to the bank. "I think you are a very repulsive old man," I replied, pleasantly. He smiled, and the empty red socket became a writhing sore.

"Sit down a moment," he continued affably. "You are early today, and I will tell you why I have never married." The eyeless socket contemplated the little piece of ice, toward which his warm fingers of the June sun were creeping, and then fixed itself earnestly upon my face. I turned up my collar and shivered. I always felt cold at these times.

"Years ago, before I lost my complexion," began my old friend, and laid a mouldy hand on my knee, "I was janitor in a Philadelphia medical college. Besides the ordinary duties pertaining to all janitors, there were certain variations inseparable from Institution, which tended to reduce the monotony of my life. I was an unusual special officer, to a certain extent criminal, and freely conversant with much scientific lore of an esoteric nature. One of my chief duties was care of a huge tank which contained all the subjects destined for anatomical demonstration.

"This tank, a mighty affair of corrosive metal, was at the end of a long and tortuous passage, far beneath the great building, and near its side galleries branched off here and there, leading to various coal bins, ginc rooms, store houses, empty cellars, and other accessories; so that few could easily find their way without my assistance. Hundreds of times I traversed this lonely route with a lantern and stout boat hook; my foot steps sent curious echoes down many forgotten passages and frightened swarms of lean rats, whose hurried flight stirred the cobwebs which hung long and thick as portières, untouched from decade to decade. I grew to love these subterranean journeys, and often came to muse by the great tank, sitting by the shores of this strange Dead Sea, and sometimes falling asleep there, till awakened by the quick dart of a spider across my hands. For the little brick vaulted room in which the gallery ended, and whose entire interior save a narrow concrete margin was occupied by the tank, fairly swarmed with spiders. And such spiders! They were huge, hairy fellows, with fat, greenish-brown bellies, spinning mighty webs as strong as linen fabrics. What they ate I could never discover, unless, indeed, they were cannibals. Lizards also abounded, and a few slimy white snakes, never gladdened by any rays warmer than came from my lantern; but these were as nothing to the spidery host. I shall never forget a certain hot July afternoon when I had stolen below where it was cool and quiet, with the silent spiders and the silent dead.

"I had seated myself as usual close to the edge of the tank, and had fallen into a melancholy reverie, being indeed nearly a-doze, when my eye was attracted by something white in the midst of the fluid. I turned my lantern and shaded its rays so that they fell full upon the tank; I was startled to see the face of a wondrously beautiful girl. Startled, because I, who alone bore any body to or from this limbo, and who knew each as intimately as I did the less interesting professors above, was certain I had never brought this woman here. She floated peacefully upon the sinister tide, long lashes curved over tired eyes, mouth half a-smile, as if she slept, and sleeping dreamed a pleasant dream.

"How long I gazed, stupefied, I cannot tell; but I must have sat very still, for the spiders began to crawl all over my body, as they did when I slept. All that afternoon at my tasks my mind was on the strange visitor. In the matter of fact light of day I half doubted her reality; and as quickly as I could I



ened back to see if it were true. was there, with her colorless lips ling enigmatically from the viscous , a strange naiad of a stranger tain, not of Life, but of Death. perfect silence and perpetual peace ounded her, and ever the swarms hairy spiders circled ceaselessly it, seeking to get to her, and ever Here and there floated one, claws curled together, drowned in aring attempt to brave the acids h guarded the sleeper. After this ent more time in the subterranean t than ever. I worked feverishly accomplish my tasks, that I might en below, thread the intricate tun-and, with a sigh of peace, sink n by the shores of my little sea gaze upon the white lady and m. And now a horrible fear smote est she be demanded by one or an- r of the yellow, soulless demon- tors of anatomy, droning forever in rooms above, like priests of some age and bloody creed; that today, or row, or the next day, I should be red to produce her; and I pictured and over my reluctant steps, my ering lantern on the green and ewed walls of my lady's palace, drip, drip of water, unchanging as a c, and slowly wearing a little hole ne brick floor; and then I saw my- approach the tank, thrust in my e, stirring the thick waters to their nge depths and sending evil ripples eak on the metal rim of the vat, mocking laughter, suddenly sup- sed. And so I drew her to me, in thoughts, and bore her to the little a above, where waited the yellow onstrator, and the pallid students. tortured myself into an agony of et, and once I was horribly fright- as a sobbing moan crept through hollow vault and down the black dors; but it came from my own t. But the days crept on, and no asked for the white lady. And lit- y little my apprehensions subsided, once, when she was alone in the I lled, and said that it was empty; no one questioned me or crept n the maze to peer within, and dis- r my lie and my lady." Here the ed fingers tightened upon my , and the janitor lowered his voice, h was at no time loud. ne day several new bodies were ed in the pickle. Among them was of a gross, fat, red-faced man, red- l even there, where all else was From the first it seemed to me he never removed his glassy eyes, h were open, from the face of the e lady. The pool was agitated, and bodies writhed uneasily for a long t, but the white lady, who was in very centre, did not move. The ber, for I was convinced from the first that he was none else, bob- around and around her, grotesque- sturing, like an old beau; and, as lips had fallen away, he seemed to 'inning hideously at her. It is true her face never changed, the long s never quivered, the half smile r waxed, nor did it wane. Still, I l this newcomer with a hatred I e felt for the living. And at the opportunity I bore him in malignant to the altar above, whereon dead fices were offered up to the gods lence. But he was unavailable, for e reason, and so I had to carry him , and place him again where he gle my white lady; and his bloat- ace was full of the sneering tri- t of the wicked dead, and he ched out his arms, from which the hung in tatters, toward her; but only smiled and slept. Again and e he was refused by those in au- ty, and so in time all the pleasure y ghostly meditations was taken me. One drowsy afternoon I must fallen asleep. The plumber had to the bottom of the tank, and I free to feast my eyes on my lady's Perhaps the steady contempla- of her deep sleep suggested it to hypnotically; be it as it may, I d myself clutching empty air, and ing poised over the malignant pool, trusting out my hands to save my- I overturned the lantern, the flame hich expired just as I plunged in. ven in the horror of it I was ed to find that all was not dark. t, lambent flames seemed to leap play over the dark waters, flames evanescent ever to have caught my tion in the stronger glow of my rn; yet quite sufficient to reveal hideous surroundings. A steady like that from a moonstone eman- from the white lady's face, and eemed to me as if the lashes ed, and the smiling lips quivered. fluid burned me horribly, and the s which arose in an almost visible r maddened me; but I struck out y towards her, urged on by a e impulse I did not try to under- l. But here an awful thing hap- d. Right between me and the e lady rose a blated form, stirred the lugg h depths by the mo- my fall had set up. Well I knew

that glaring face, those glazed eyes and cheeks ruddy with the fearful ruddiness of death—more appalling than its pallor! The rage of hell burned in those dead eyes, and flesh- less hands forced me down—down. I must have been overcome by the acid fumes, for I sank, and swallowed mouthfuls of the hideous brown stuff. Wildly I struck out for the edge of the tank; struck out blindly, for now I could see nothing. My hands once or twice closed on naked, slippery limbs, like cold, dead serpents. I may have swam about in a circle, feebly calling the while for help; at any rate, it seemed a long time before I clutched the rim. Wherever I put my hands, they fell upon the fat, hairy bodies of spiders. These seemed awakened to a fierce excitement, as if a corpse were endeavoring to escape, and they were rallying to drive it back, or as if they owed me some ancient grudge for invading their secret lair. With the strength of despair I clutched the edge, crushing them beneath my stiffening fingers. Terrible indeed must have been my cries to have penetrated that crooked gallery to the world above; but they heard me at last, and drew me forth with my own hook, just as I had drawn forth so many others.

"I lay in delirium for days.

"When I recovered at last, I was as you now see me. Only once again did I visit my subterranean crypt; and she was gone, and none could tell me aught of her. The plumber was there; his fleshless lips grinned at me. I hastened forth, sick at heart, and left the place forever. And so," he continued musingly, "I have never married. And yet I was a very winsome young man. Could you believe it?"

"I think you are a very repulsive old man," I replied, rising, for the clock was striking nine, and I was due at the bank.

JOHN H. CARRICK.

Jan 5, 1901

Sembrich at the Boston Theatre.

A Delightful Performance of Rossini's "Barber."

Rossi and Dado Furnish Rare Amusement.

The Sembrich Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. C. L. Graff, began last night an engagement of one week at the Boston Theatre. The opera was "The Barber of Seville." There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Bevigiani conducted. The cast was as follows:

Almaviva	.....Salignac
Figaro	.....Bensaude
Bartholo	.....Rossi
Basilio	.....Dado
The Sergeant	.....Vanni
Fiorello	.....Galazzi
Rosina	.....Sembrich
Bertha	.....Mattfeld

It is a great pleasure to hear again Italian opera with such a star of the first magnitude as Marcello Sembrich. The use of the word "star" might be regarded by some as ominous, for we have all seen operatic performances in which there was one dazzling star, while the rest of the company could be compared only to midnight darkness. But Sembrich is too fine an artist and musician to win applause in such selfish manner. She has brought together a company of singers and comedians of ability; she has engaged a conductor of large experience, and she has insisted that the orchestra should be complete and of good material. Her company is a company, not merely a doubtful support.

The performance last night was one of unusual gaiety and animation. The pedagogue might insist with reason that from his standpoint it was not a flawless performance. It must be confessed that at the beginning both Mr. Salignac and Mr. Bensaude, possibly through nervousness, wandered frequently from the true pitch, and while he is not a master of the florid style, he sang with fluency and often with excellent results, and he acted throughout with much spirit. And who today of the tenors known to our audiences can sing this music of Rossini in the manner of the old Italians? Capoul, even when his voice was worn, went through roudades with amazing facility and accuracy; and he was the last of the school that visited this country of late years.

Mr. Salignac has been heard here before this as Almaviva, and Mr. Bensaude was the Figaro when the Ellis Company gave the opera at the Boston Theatre in 1899. Mr. Bensaude is in many respects an excellent singing comedian. Last night, however, he was inclined to fall below the pitch. Mr. Rossi, I believe, appeared here for the first time. He is an admirable buffo of genuine humor and of mobile face, who is thoroughly acquainted with the best traditions of his school, and has a sonorous and flexible voice. He played the part of the guardian with much distinction and discrimination. He was not merely a silly domestic tyrant; he was honestly in love with his coquettish niece; he al-

lowed his passion to be seen; further- more this passion did not seem wholly unreasonable. He was not simply a daddering old pantaloon.

Mr. Dado visited Boston as a member of the ill-fated Mapleson company, whose stirring performance of "Aida" is still fresh in the memory. In that opera Mr. Dado took the part of the King. Last night his noble voice found opportunity for display in the great "Calumny" aria, and in the purely comic scenes he used his voice with a comedian's skill. Nor was he so ponderous, so plantigrade in his humor as was Brother Edouard when he essayed the part here. De Reszke was chiefly funny on account of his bulk, just as Mr. De Wolf Hopper is considered by some to be irresistibly funny because he is over six feet in height. But Don Basilio is not inherently a humorous character. He is a malicious, evil-minded, back-biting, corruptible fellow—he is sly, devilish sly. With fuller opportunity he would be a conventional lingo, not the lingo of Shakespeare—for the true lingo was an accomplished club-man, outwardly likable, one who was trusted by everybody—but, as I say, the conventional lingo, who would at once awaken distrust and dislike.

Thus supported by excellent comedians Mrs. Sembrich gave way to high spirits, and she coquetted and romped and cheated her old guardian as though she were a singer of youthful vitality. She not only has this vitality, which never seems assumed, she also has the finish, the authority, the art that come only from experience. Last night she shone brilliantly in song—for lapses in intonation were seldom and of trifling importance. But she charmed by exquisite delivery of recitative as well as by pyrotechnical display. In the launching of a phrase, in the sustaining of it, in the finish of her art, she today has no rival except possibly the incredible Patti, who, however, has left the realm in which she once ruled alone. There are voices as of pure gold; there are voices that are charged with dramatic passion; but Sembrich is still the great mistress of song. And who will take her place?

Surely there is no need of any discussion concerning the opera itself at this late day. There is no doubt about its rank. It is next to "The Marriage of Figaro," and in fidelity to the original intent of Beaumarchais Rossini is nearer than Mozart to the cynical playwright who was not unlike his own Figaro. Mozart idealized his subject, as in his treatment of Cherubino. Rossini with his olympian carelessness and indifference wrote music as "Beaumarchais might have written. "The Barber" will surely live longer than its own century. It mocks the greedy maw of time, for the music is of perennial freshness, grace, humor, vivacity.

The opera Wednesday evening will be "La Traviata." The chief singers will be Sembrich, Salignac, Bensaude, Rossi and Dado.

Philip Hale.

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his fourth recital in Steiner's Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large and most enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2	.....Beethoven
Allergo, Op. 85	.....Schumann
Variations upon a theme by Paganini	.....Brahms
Etude in C minor	.....Chopin
Nocturne in F sharp minor	.....Chopin
Prelude in D minor	.....Chopin
Ballade in F minor	.....Chopin
Two Caprices, Op. 44	.....Sinding
Etude in D flat	.....Liszt
Walkurensritt	.....Wagner

This was a remarkable concert. No words could do justice to the performance of the Paganini variations, and the interpretation of the sonata as well as of the arrangement of the "Walkurensritt" was of an equally surprising and high standard. In fact Mr. Bauer is a man of surprises. The more he is heard the greater the admiration and wonder. To go through the program in detail would be to use again the strongest terms of praise. The two caprices by Sinding, which were unfamiliar to the majority of the audience, proved to be exquisite little pieces. Mr. Bauer will give his fifth recital Thursday evening, Jan. 15. No one should miss hearing this truly great pianist.

DELIGHT.

Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,  
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print  
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept.  
Whilst I wasted lamp-oll, hated my flesh,  
Shrunk up my veins; and still my spaniel slept.

And still I held converse with Zabarell,  
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw  
Of antic Donate; still my spaniel slept.  
Still went on went I; first "an sit anima,"  
Then, and it were mortal. O hold, hold!  
They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears at that amain

Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.  
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local fix'd,  
Extraduce; but whether 't had free will  
Or no, no philosophers

Stood banding factions all so strongly propp'd,  
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part;  
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and  
Pried,

Stuff'd noting-books; and still my spaniel slept.

At length he waked and yawn'd, and by yon sky,  
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Mr. Luigi Storti will not be put to death in the electric chair before the first week in April, and yet many are no doubt even now laying pipes that they may see the sight. There are men who wish to be the first to cross a new

bridge, to go through a new tunnel or subway, to buy the first ticket for the opening of a theatre, and they would not miss the first formal execution by electricity in this State for the wealth of the Indies. Some at a distance from Boston are planning to unite the buying of goods with purely personal pleasure, so that there may be no remorse over the expense of travel.

We like the way in which Mr. Charles Stain speaks about his wives. He is a man of discrimination, not too fastidious, not foolishly pleased. With one he lived only two weeks, and some may say that he did not give her a fair trial. We are inclined to agree with them. A young wife should be tested for at least a month. Mr. Stain was fairer to the second, for he put up with her if not actually for her, for a few months. He grew more tolerant as he grew older. He lived with the third for about a year. He makes no charges against these wives, he does not say that they were inefficient housekeepers, extravagant, sufferers from cold feet, or of violent temper. He is too noble to defend himself at their expense. The fourth wife is evidently a paragon, the woman described by the mother of King Lemuel. She has been his "helper for 16 years."

Do you remember the "school visitors" of your boyhood? They came in the afternoon and sat on the platform. When they were naturally of prudent or timorous disposition, they sat silent, they were statues of wisdom and righteousness. They looked hurt when a boy or girl made a mistake in recitation. They smiled at the pertness of their own offspring. Once a year your mother felt it her duty to visit the school for an hour. When she came in you were half proud, half ashamed. You knew she was pretty and lovable, but you feared some whispered jest of the graceless boy who was always plaguing you. He was the stronger, and you knew you could not punish him for any ribald remark. When to your surprise he went through a pantomime of admiration on the appearance of your mother, your heart softened and you gave him a piece of pie and an apple from your luncheon the next snowy day.

But all school-visitors are not like your now enskied mother, and Miss Maud Agnes Hough of the Hamden school in Connecticut found this out to her cost, for she is now suing three of them for alleged persecution and slander. One of these visitors used to stop the routine work and lecture on the use of tobacco. (He probably left his plug outside in a dry place.) He had his own ideas on pronunciation, as is shown by this story told by Miss Hough in court:

"We were studying geography and were talking about Cairo, Egypt. Mr. Cook said he thought the pronunciation 'Kiro' was wrong. I told him I was sure he was mistaken. He said he thought not. He said he once had the good fortune to visit that city. They pronounced it 'Karo' there. I expressed surprise that he had ever been in Egypt. He hesitated and said it was not Cairo, Egypt, that he visited, but Cairo, Ill. Then, after stopping the school session to make the correction, he took up a newspaper and began to read it."

We have received the following letter from A. P. B.:

Boston, Jan. 4, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The proposition to build a seven-masted schooner, which when built will probably be followed by an eight-master, "und so weiter," reminds me of the remark of Capt. Knight, the old-time station superintendent at Salem, apropos of the frequent complaints that there was not sufficient room in the cars for all who wished to go to Boston. He said he thought the best thing for the railroad company to do would be to build a train that would reach from Salem to Boston, and then tell every one to take a front seat. A schooner that would reach from Boston to Baltimore would save a great deal of expense in many ways. It would require no crew or sails and instead of masts she could be supplied with poles for telephone and telegraph wires. Then think what a fine promenade her decks would afford. Her freight of coal would of course be carried from one end of the hold to the other by a "traveler." This may not look feasible at first sight, but this apparently is what we are coming to. There is no more reason for stopping at seven masts than there was at two or three.

The next time you look at a picture of Benjamin Franklin, see the accuracy of Hazlitt's description, which is in a way the characterization of the man: "With the comfortable double-chain and sleek thriving look."



...rates the fallacy of human  
...and his colleague invariably  
...up precisely opposite points of  
...with reference to any work of art, and  
...that both of them are wrong. Of  
...I do not dream of affirming that  
...are such arbitrary distinctions as  
...right and wrong in aesthetics—though there  
...may be such in ethics. But in writing of  
...one lapses almost unconsciously into  
...the critic's dogmatic style and crude, as-  
...sertive manner.

A library, said the wise man, has  
four enemies, worms, dampness, mice  
and borrowers. Every lover of books  
is still plying Dr. William Everett,  
and yet would not he that is truly  
fond of his books, who sits and looks  
at their backs as he would at the  
face and figure of a radiantly hand-  
some woman, who pats them and  
strokes them, would not he prefer to  
have his loved ones die in the flames  
rather than see them suffer from  
crawling and mean enemies? The bor-  
rower is worse than the thief, for he  
is lacking in courage. He says: "You  
know if there is one thing I am par-  
ticular about, it's returning books. I'll  
take care of this one as though it  
were my own." He does; for the  
moment he is the other side of the  
door, the book is his own. Yet the  
borrower is higher in the scale than  
the worm and the mouse that feed in-  
differently on the first folio of Apu-  
leius and the "History of the Har-  
rowspoon Family," in which the line  
is traced to William the Conqueror.

Fire is the great cleanser and re-  
mover—and Plotinus insists that fire  
surpasses other bodies in beauty, be-  
cause, "compared with the other ele-  
ments, it obtains the order of form;  
for it is more eminent than the rest,  
and is the most subtle of all, border-  
ing as it were on an incorporeal na-  
ture." Hence there is no true beauty  
in a hearth-less house; and the de-  
sire planted in every breast to run to  
a fire is unconscious desire to worship  
beauty. Think of the number of books  
that have been condemned to the fire  
by order of ecclesiastical and other  
authorities. Gabriel Peignot drew up  
a list that was published in 1806. The  
worms crumbled the libraries of the  
Jesuits at Scio, Naxos, Constantinople,  
into dust. How glorious on the other  
hand was the fate of the library at  
Alexandria, destroyed by the Caliph  
Omar, who fed for six months the  
fires of the bathhouses with precious  
manuscripts. Even the cruelest  
Plotinus was passionate in the enrich-  
ment of his library. For in time of  
famine he refused wheat to the Athe-  
nians unless they sent him the origi-  
nal manuscripts of tragedies by the  
great Three. The library was far su-  
perior to that at Memphis, where were  
the books from which, as Naucrates  
claimed, Homer stole his Iliad and  
Odyssey; but Omar came, riding on  
his ass, waved his hand, and the li-  
brary was not. Was this the Omar  
who never wept but once; when he  
remembered how he buried his baby  
daughter alive, and she, while the  
grave was made ready for her, stroked  
away the dust from his hair and  
beard?

Think what a list might be made of  
books that should be burned for in-  
accuracy, stupidity—memoirs, novels,  
essays, histories, school books, ser-  
mons, illustrated and complete edi-  
tions, subscription books. It would be  
a good thing if there were such bon-  
fires on the Common once a fortnight.  
At least half the books in every library  
should thus disappear, and this is a  
modest estimate. There are too many  
books published, and the best are  
neglected. A race of magazine-read-  
ers cannot be expected to develop a  
fine, discriminative taste.

Old Chimes views with suspicion the  
preposterous salaries paid Presidents,  
Vice Presidents and Cashiers of banks,  
insurance companies, safe deposit  
vaults. "If I had money in a bank, I  
should feel safer to hear that the esti-  
mable wife of the Cashier was seen  
by a neighbor hanging out the clothes;  
if I owned stock in a safe deposit  
vault, it would strengthen my confi-  
dence to learn that the President's wife  
cooked with her own hands a dish of  
saw, tripe and onions for the family  
dinner or answered the bell on Thurs-  
day afternoons."

To L. T. B.: Sembrich first sang  
Rosina here Jan. 2, 1884. She is now  
nearly 43 years old. Her father's name  
was Kochanski.

The Jean de Reszke fever is still rag-  
ing in New York. The eminent tenor  
is being worked for all he is worth.  
He is announced this week for three  
performances. How long can he stand  
the strain? But in New York it makes  
little difference in what or how he  
sings. Many of the most prominent  
citizens and citizenesses really believe

he is "the greatest tenor that ever  
lived, so he is not to be blamed for  
making hay during the open winter.

The latest pianist to descend on the  
sea-board town of New York is Mr.  
Enrico Toselli. He is smooth faced,  
but his hair reminds one of that pleas-  
ing toy, the electric wig, therefore  
there will be little doubt of his popu-  
lar success. He is "anxious to hear  
what America thinks" of him. Inas-  
much as he will not play in public  
until the 15th, he is probably in a  
highly nervous state, and his meals  
are chiefly of bromides.

W. shudder to think of the future  
of Mr. Joseph Cleary, who, after a  
trial of athletic skill with his wife,  
was locked up in a station house. He  
shouted "Mary Cleary, you'll regret  
this day," and then he tried to hang  
himself. If he had succeeded, no doubt  
his wife would now mourn him as an  
ideal husband. But since he failed, he  
will be under her thumb for the rest  
of his marriage life. Only a woman  
of extraordinary generosity will for-  
give the failure of a husband in any  
serious undertaking.

In the absence of any disturbing agency  
the son attains maturity, becomes gray or  
bald, acquires a stoop or a round belly, loses  
his teeth and memory, and finally yields up  
his life at about the same age and after the  
same manner as his father.

The office boy contributes this para-  
graph, which shows acute observation  
in one so young:

When the gossips hear a man slam  
his door violently upon going to work  
they make up their minds to run over  
during the day to call on his wife.

A fire engine driver in Newark (N. J.)  
was praised last week because he went  
to a fire clad in nothing but a rubber  
coat. When the alarm struck he was  
taking a bath. But in colleges where  
there are compulsory morning prayers,  
it is not unusual to see students in  
chapel dressed only in boots and ulster.

Mr. W. L. Alden, the London corre-  
spondent of the New York Times, is  
fast becoming a fine old crusty Tory.  
He is now blackguarding the verses of  
William Watson because this poet sym-  
pathizes with the Boers in their heroic  
struggle for liberty. Mr. Alden wonders  
if Mr. Watson is "quite sane." And  
yet Mr. Alden would probably claim to  
be an American, a "lover of liberty"—  
in the abstract and for a rhetorical  
flourish.

The removal of some old buildings at  
Yale will allow a quadrangle. "In the  
centre of the quad will be statues of  
famous Yale men." The first to claim  
this honor are Dr. Depew, Captain Bob  
Cook and Mr. Hinkey.

#### LITTLE VALBERTA.

Last evening, in Steinert Hall, a con-  
cert was given to present before the  
public a child violinist, announced as  
Little Valberta. The programme con-  
veyed the information that "this child,  
although only 5 years old, reads music  
at sight, and is perfect master of his  
instrument, playing both classical and  
popular music," and that "he is with-  
out doubt the most attractive and  
skilled violin soloist of his age in the  
world today." The infant is scarcely  
larger than his fiddle, and should have  
been at home and in bed, instead of  
wasting its vitality in public after the  
hour it is customary to tuck such in-  
fants up for the night. Of the playing  
of the child there is nothing to say in  
the way of praise. It scrapes and  
scratches the strings, accidentally  
sounding a note in tune, now and then.  
The only thing to wonder at in the mat-  
ter is that so tender a tot should have  
been made capable of reaching even so  
distant an approximation to playing.  
Beyond this, the subject is not worth  
pursuing, except to advise the child's  
guardians to keep it in the nursery with  
its toys for the present.

#### MUSIC STUDENTS' CONCERT.

The second concert in this season's  
Music Students' series was given in  
Association Hall last evening by Mr.  
Ernst von Dohnanyi, who produced  
this programme:

Ballade, G minor, op. 23.....Chopin  
Etudes symphoniques.....Schumann  
Passacaglia, F-flat major.....Schumann  
Polonaise, C major, op. 89.....Beethoven  
Andante, F major.....Beethoven  
Rondo a Capriccio, op. 129.....Beethoven  
Rhapsodie hongroise, No. 9.....Liszt

The wind's awake, awake and abroad,  
His mantle is lined with gray.  
He shears the woods with his steel  
sword,  
He rides white-horsed in the hay.  
He spurs white horses across the bay.  
He spreads gray wings in the sky;  
And his is the word that my soul would say  
In the hour when the tides are high.

He bends the branches in spinney andholt,  
And the trees say never a word;  
He brooks no treason and no revolt,  
For he is master and lord—  
The great sea's master, the great sky's lord;  
With his servants in strong control.  
Oh, good wind, teach me the master word  
To make me lord of my soul.

Mr. Howard was "elegantly dressed,  
freshly shaven, and apparently pleased

with himself" when he appeared in the  
court-room. There is nothing surpris-  
ing in this. A man of Mr. Howard's  
taste and success could not possibly  
appear otherwise, especially when he  
knew that many women would be there.  
Some time ago a London newspaper  
devoted much space to a discussion of  
the question: "What do women ad-  
mire most in men?" Perhaps it is not  
too late for Mr. Howard to contribute  
an article founded on personal experi-  
ence. He is undoubtedly a hypnotist,  
a Padecrewski in a way. One woman  
answered the editor, we remember, as  
follows: "That which we admire most  
in them is a loving appreciation of  
ourselves." Mr. Howard is an inex-  
haustible fount of love. He has the  
dangerous gift of making any woman  
whom he honors with his society be-  
lieve that she is the only woman that  
understands him, the only woman that  
is worthy of his attention, the only  
woman in the world. Would a man  
of this kind appear in court with a  
three days' beard, dirty linen, greasy  
coat-collar? See if he does not receive  
flowers from foolish women, although  
he has not yet committed murder, as  
murder is generally understood.

This reminds us that a correspondent  
quotes apropos of Mr. Howard:  
"He wasn't no saint; them engineers is  
pretty much all alike.  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill, and an-  
other here in Pike."

Fairlyland in Boston is becoming  
more and more metropolitan. Only  
the other day there was a praise-  
worthy attempt to work the badger-  
game, and this week there was an in-  
stance of successful flat-robbing.  
"Three young men, apparently stu-  
dents, 20 to 24 years old, dressed in  
dark clothes, were seen around the  
place." They were students—students  
of flats. They were young—but youth  
is the time for action. There is noth-  
ing so sad as the sight of a white-  
haired sneak-thief, burglar, foot-pad.  
A faithful student by the time he is 40  
years old should have profited by his  
studies to put away enough for his  
declining years. They were dressed  
in dark clothes—and properly; for  
sombre raiment has always been the  
approved costume of the serious stu-  
dent. It is true that gay costume does  
not excite remark in Fairlyland; nor  
does the appearance of citizens in  
evening dress leaving the district at  
the breakfast hour provoke anything  
but a passing smile from the wayfarer.  
But the student of flats and the ways  
and the manners and the hours of the  
dwellers therein should be dressed  
plainly and for professional purposes.  
There are lawyers who would not in-  
spire confidence if they did not wear  
a long coat and a plug hat.

A man left his umbrella in the stand  
in a Paris (Mo.) hotel recently, with  
a card bearing the following inscrip-  
tion attached to it: "This umbrella  
belongs to a man who can deal a blow  
of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back  
in ten minutes." On returning to seek  
his property, he found in its place a  
card thus inscribed: "This card was  
left here by a man who can run 12  
miles an hour. I shall not be back."  
—Kansas City Journal.

Today is the festival of Paul, the first  
of the Christian hermits. For 89 years  
he lived alone in the Theban desert,  
where he was fed and clothed by a  
good palm tree. Anthony, who had a  
less distinguished hermitage in this  
same desert, visited him shortly before  
his death and closed his eyes. He had  
no tools with which to dig a grave, but  
two lions appeared, caressed the body  
with their tails, and then used their  
claws as shovels. Anthony repaid him-  
self for his trouble by taking away  
Paul's palm-leaf coat, in which he  
clothed himself on great feast-days of  
the church. (There is nothing recorded  
about the use of palm-leaf fans in those  
days.) There are hermits today in  
caves of Vermont. And men that look  
like hermits are seen occasionally at  
free piano recitals and the Lowell lec-  
tures.

And it was on this day (1258) that the  
Mongolians under Hulaku Khan  
stormed Bagdad, or Baghdad. What  
must have been the population of that  
city when according to the most mod-  
erate estimate 800,000 of her sons fell in  
her defence? There are towns that by  
the very name throw a strange spell  
over the youthful imagination: Bagdad,  
Constantinople, Damascus, Los Angeles,  
Timbuctoo, Copenhagen, Rio Janeiro.  
What visions are conjured up by the  
mere sound of the word Bagdad! How  
unlike White River Junction (once  
famous for custard pie and delayed  
trains), Palmer, Bristol, or even "Skeu-  
hegan," Malne, described by Artemus  
Ward as "the garden spot of America."  
Oh the life in Bagdad in the days of  
the great Caliph, when "with the roar  
of a gigantic capital mingled the hum  
of prayer, the trilling of birds, the shrill-  
ing of harp and lute, the shrill-

ing of pipes, the witching strains of  
the professional Almah, and the min-  
strel's lay."

## "LA TRAVIATA."

Verdi's Opera as Performed at the  
Boston Theatre by the Sembrich  
Company—A Superb Impersona-  
tion of Violetta by Marcella  
Sembrich.

"La Traviata" was performed last  
night at the Boston Theatre by the  
Sembrich Opera Company, under the  
direction of Mr. C. L. Graaf. Mr. Bevi-  
gnani was the conductor. There was  
a good-sized and enthusiastic audience.  
The cast was as follows:

Alfredo .....Salignac  
Germont .....Bensaude  
Gaston .....Vanni  
The Baron .....Rossi  
The Marquis .....Galazzi  
The Doctor .....Dado  
Violetta .....Sembrich  
Flora .....Varezzi  
Annina .....Mattfield

I believe that Sembrich sang the part  
of Violetta last night for the first time  
in this city. Her impersonation was  
worth waiting for and it will live long  
in the memory of those who were for-  
tunate enough to be present. Of late  
years she has not appeared here in any  
part that demanded the portrayal of  
strong emotion. As Violetta, she show-  
ed that she has dramatic as well as  
vocal compass.

The opera itself, as is the case with  
"Rigoletto" and "Trovatore," is a gradu-  
al and sure crescendo of emotion. It  
is true that the feverish dance music  
in the first act, music to which no  
happy men and women could dance  
comfortably, hints at tragedy to come.  
For Verdi was terribly in earnest until  
he wrote "Falstaff." In all of his ro-  
mantic, melodramatic, tragic operas,  
you will find with difficulty any dance  
music that is really gay or light heart-  
ed. This music at Violetta's is inher-  
ently sombre, full of bodement. And  
little by little the tragedy assumes  
formidable shape and proportion. The  
third act contains one of the most  
heart-breaking wails in all opera, the  
rising and falling phrase in which Vi-  
oletta mourns the result of her promise  
to Alfredo's father. The last act is  
intensely tragic. Here there is no  
need of double stage of a woman in a  
sack, or of lovers dying in the crypt  
of an Egyptian temple. There is mere-  
ly a conventionally furnished chamber;  
there is only a woman who struggles  
vainly against death. "To die—when  
one is so young—to die when hap-  
piness is close at hand—when the arms  
of the lover are about me"—what pol-  
ignant, irresistible, heart-breaking  
phrases did Verdi find to put in the  
mouth of Violetta.

Perhaps Sembrich disappointed some  
at the beginning who wished to see  
the lorette "real devilish." But Violet-  
ta was never wanton in shamelessness.  
Even in the play, she is of innate re-  
finement, as was the woman on whose  
life Dumas founded the immortal story.  
It is enough to say that Sembrich's  
impersonation was sufficiently graceful  
and vivacious, and she sang with  
brilliance the famous air known so  
well in concert halls and on the street.  
But from the beginning of the second  
act to the fall of the curtain, her per-  
formance was full of finesse; it was  
also marked by simplicity of method,  
a direct, personal appeal that was free  
from all extravagance; and there were

single phrases, yea, tones, that turned  
the heart of the hearer to water. To  
speak in detail of her performance  
would be merely to call attention to  
phrase after phrase.

There has been much nonsense talked  
about the absurdity of a consumptive  
singing on her death bed. All opera,  
when you subject it to the test-tube  
or litmus-paper, is absurd. Violetta  
singing in the last act is no more ridi-  
culous than Tristan sorely wounded,  
howling a full half hour or more for  
his beloved Isolde. And while I do not  
propose to spend any time in discussing  
the "morality," "immorality" or im-  
morality of the opera, I may say that  
Violetta is a much more decent person  
than this. I am aware that my New York  
form a Lexow Committee every time  
"Manon Lescaut" or "La Traviata"  
or "La Bohème" is produced on the  
stage; but Bostonians who stand firmly  
on the rock of morality are not easily  
upset by the operatic appearance of an  
honest light o' love—not to use Thomas  
Decker's famous phrase. Ouida once  
wrote a bitter line, an exaggerated line,  
that, nevertheless, has a touch of  
wholesome truth: "To the pure all  
things are nasty."

Now in this beautiful and much-  
abused act Sembrich's performance was  
of heart-breaking pathos. Her action  
was discreet, sincere, intensely moving,  
while her tones were of rare beauty,  
and her consummate vocal art was con-  
trolled by dramatic intelligence and  
aglow with womanly feeling. No  
wonder that the audience, which had  
applauded again and again the bril-  
liant singer, was thrilled and at the  
same time hushed by the honesty and  
power of her dramatic impersonation.

It is to be regretted that the other  
chief singers were for the most part  
unsatisfactory. Mr. Bensaude was la-  
mentably flat throughout the evening,  
and he ruined nearly all of the music  
allotted to Germont. Mr. Salignac has  
a voice of natural charm when he sings  
mezza voce; but last night he continu-  
ally forced tone, and as a result he  
was often above the key and occasionally  
only fair to say that he occasionally  
fell below it. Mr. Rossi as the Baron  
was admirable, and Mme. Varezzi was



in acceptable Flora. The chorus was adequate to the slight task put upon it, and Mr. Bevnigani conducted with spirit and attention.

The opera this evening will be Donizetti's vivacious and tuneful "Don Pasquale," which has not been performed here for many years. This delightful work was the novelty of Mr. Graus's last season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. There, as in German cities—as in Berlin last fall—Sembrich triumphed gloriously. The story of this opera, which is unfamiliar to the younger generation of Boston opera-goers, was told in the Journal of last Sunday. The cast this evening will be: Sembrich as Norina; Rossi as Don Pasquale; Bensaude as Dr. Malatesta; de Lara, the leading tenor of the company, as Ernesto; and Galazzi as the Notary. Mr. de Lara will make his first appearance in Boston.

Philip Hale.

## LONGY CLUB.

### Second Concert of the New Society of Wind-Instrument Players—The Devoll-Isham Recital.

The second concert of the Longy Club was given last evening in Association Hall. The program was as follows: Quintet, op. 55, for piano, flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon, Rubinstein; "Three Romances," op. 94, for oboe and piano by Schumann, and Vincent d'Indy's "Chanson et Danses," op. 50, for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn and two bassoons. Messrs. Metzger and P. Litke were the assisting players.

It was a rare program, and rare in many senses of the word, for although the Schumann romances have been played here by Mr. de Ribas, D'Indy's "Chanson et Danses" was first performed at a concert of the Society of Chamber Music for Wind Instruments at Paris, March 7, 1899. It was heard for the first time in Boston last evening. As might be suspected it is ultra-modern in melodic and harmonic structure, nor is the composer afraid of writing a full fledged tune that is sufficient in its strength to make its way through a labyrinth of harmonic ornamentation, for the theme of the dance fascinates one on its repetition, and haunts the memory. This characteristic melody is greatly enlivened by a most unique accompaniment in the bassoons, but after all it is the melody that remains with one. Chanson is not so clearly defined, contains all the modern inventions of abrupt modulation, an almost end-variety of tone color, and shows master hand of one whose natural gift is the orchestra. It was played the most part with rare taste, and beauty of tone that was charming.

Mr. Longy is an artist, in the best sense of the word. The Schumann romances were played with a beauty of phrasing, a clear sense of proportion, a beautiful and clearness of tone that has long since stamped this gentleman as a musician of generous natural gifts, of marked experience and intelligence. Mr. Longy is an excellent conductor, as well as a solo performer of his rank. Rubinstein's chamber music has been played of undue prominence of the piano, and the quintet played last evening will not escape this criticism, still is admirable in many ways, and gives an excellent opportunity of hearing the individual instruments in solo. Mr. Lackebath is deserving of warm praise for his splendid playing in the mandolin.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Longy will feel sufficiently encouraged with the musical success of his undertaking to warrant the giving of another series of these most excellent concerts. Musical Boston is not so musical after all, or how much do we really hear and estimate thoroughly acquainted with, outside of the Symphony Orchestra music, a few soloists and a snattering of opera once a year? There was a good sized and applause audience.

### THE DEVOLL-ISHAM RECITAL.

Mr. George Devoll, tenor, and Mr. Edwin Isham, baritone, gave a delightful song recital at Steinert Hall last evening. Delightful, like good hearted, often the faint praise that damns; but let it stand here in its naked meaning—the songs were full of delight for the spontaneously enthusiastic audience. Mr. Devoll and Mr. Isham were at their best in the duets, which they sang with marked good taste, harmony, and, when occasion demanded, volume. The voice of neither being strongly individual, the voices of both perhaps blended the better. Two duets from the old French, "Colinette" and "Etat-ce un rive?" were the graceful favorites with the audience.

Mr. Devoll's best solo work was done in a mite of a song by Walseley-Cox, and Mr. Isham's in Bunberg's "Rosette." The blot on the program was a song by Hadley, who attempted to set to music Mrs. Browning's Sonnet.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand on forward in thy shadow. Mr. Max Liebling was a sympathetic accompanist. The program said he was at the piano, which was somewhat obvious.

Jan 11, 1901

## "DON PASQUALE."

### Revival of Donizetti's Once-Famous Opera by the Sembrich Company at the Boston Theatre—A Performance of Unusual Brilliance.

(By Philip Hale.)

Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" was sung last night by the Sembrich Opera Company, Mr. C. L. Graff, director, at the Boston Theatre. There was a fair-sized and most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Bevnigani conducted. The cast was as follows:

Don Pasquale ..... Rossi  
Dr. Malatesta ..... Bensaude  
Ernesto ..... de Lara  
Norina ..... Sembrich  
The Notary ..... Galazzi

Auguste Barbier lamented in a once famous poem that the French had lost the great and honest laughter of their ancestors. When we hear "The Barber of Seville" and "Don Pasquale," and compare them with the comedy-music of the ultra-moderns, we are convinced that truly gay and sparkling and spontaneous music is no longer the birthright of the Italian composer. Take this little opera by Donizetti, how fresh and tuneful the melody; it bubbles from the fountain of mirth. How cleverly and how musically are contrasting emotions expressed in ensemble! And although it is the fashion for those who are ignorant of the history and development of opera to sneer at the orchestration of Donizetti, the voices in "Don Pasquale" are delightfully supported; they are allowed to be heard; they are discreetly italicized; and in parlando passages the instrumental melody is always graceful, happily conceived, and of dramatic purport. This little opera is a masterpiece. That it has not lost its charm was shown conclusively by the unfeigned, hearty enjoyment of a most sympathetic audience which found delight in the song and the action. The performance was one of unusual merit; so far as Norina and Don Pasquale were concerned, it was one of extraordinary brilliance. Sembrich was a constant pleasure for the eye and ear. She sang the sparkling tunes with a perfection of art that is known only to her when she is full mistress of her resources. Her voice was in admirable condition, and in the simplest recitative as well as in the most dazzling coloratura passages she sang with inimitable grace and finish. Her impersonation of the coquettish woman who makes a plaything of the amorous Don was charming in its assumed innocence, shrewish temper, extravagant teasing, wit, humor, vivacity. Never has she looked more charming; never has she shone more resplendently here in song.

Mr. Rossi is a huff of surprising art and authority. The good old Italian school is not extinct so long as he is spared to grace the boards. Pace, gesture, voice—all were controlled by high intelligence. His comedy alone would serve if his voice were dry and apologetic; but he has a sonorous and flexible organ that yields itself quickly to every demand made upon it. Point after point was made without any deliberate appeal to the laughter of the audience, and all the points were therefore the more irresistible. No singing comedian of such natural gifts and art has visited this city for many years.

Mr. Bensaude was in better vocal condition and more faithful to the pitch than he was Wednesday night, and by his animation and slyness he contributed materially to the success. M. de Lara, who sang for the first time here, has a light and pleasing voice, although the tones are inclined toward whiteness. He sang with attention to the phrase, tunefully, and in an attractive manner. The chorus was unusually good, and Mr. Bevnigani conducted in a masterly manner. There was recall after recall. Scoldom is such enthusiasm shown here by an opera-audience. All in all, a memorable evening.

"Faust" will be the next—and, alas, the last performance of the company. It will be given Saturday afternoon. Sembrich will be Marguerite; Cremonini, Faust; Dado, Mephistopheles; Bensaude, Valentine; Miss Bridewell Seibel, and Mrs. Mattfeld, Martha. There will be a sacred concert Sunday night, in which Gadski and members of the Sembrich company will take part.

My house was lonely, but old roots of pain  
Had grown to trees that sheltered from new grief,  
And many a hand had tried its latch in vain.  
Its windows had resisted many a thief.

In the pride of life the latch you idly tried;  
My heart said, "What but dreams are sorrow and sin?"

"This is the master of your soul," it cried;  
And I believed it, and I let you in.

Your house was warm and happy; by your fire,  
Where stingless winged thoughts helped Time along,

You sat alone; and in my grief's desire  
I came to lay my burden on the strong.

The strong? He fenced himself with lock and chain,  
Retreated safely behind bolt and bar,  
And left his suppliant to weep in vain  
Out in the dark, where all the lost things are.

The French talk of laying a tax on cats. But would not this raise the price of hare in the Paris restaurants?

A theatre-goer thus describes the physical effects of fear caused by an alarm of fire when he was one of a great audience: "Three times over, at intervals of a second or two, I felt a sharp and sudden pain at the small of the back, as if I had been grasped and squeezed tightly in a gigantic hand, and as I write now, 15 hours later, the place where the pain was is stiff and uncomfortable."

Schools at Dumfermline set apart a time for "adequate physical exercise according to an approved system." The Rev. Jacob Primmer—it sounds like a farce-comedy name—looked into this exercise. He was shocked to find two classes at work in ungodly quadrilles, Scotch reels, and "haymakers," and he nearly fainted to find three classes snatching a fearful joy in the polka and the "Circassian circle." (We know what a "haymaker" is; it is a country-dance, what, pray, is a "Circassian circle?") Has it anything to do with a "Circassian Beauty?" Mr. Primmer reported with indignation that "the religious feelings of the Protestant community" were outraged thereby, especially since "boys of seven, eight and nine took the girls through the dances with their arms round their waists." A London commentator adds: "Mr. Primmer, however, fails to explain why Providence constructed waists."

We suspect the Frock-coat and Cravat Editor of the Providence Journal of doing the leading criminal reports in New York—at an enormous salary, of course. The other day he described Mr. Howard's costume as only a man of his world-wide experience and power of description could. And see what he says about the appearance in court of Mr. Cornelius L. Alvord, Jr., the accomplished and eminent defaulter: "His clothing showed that it had not been cared for by a valet. The trousers were not creased, and the coat was badly wrinkled." How can Mr. Alvord expect a light sentence?

This reminds us that a correspondent anxiously searching for the truth asks us: "In which city of the United States are the latest styles in gentlemen's clothing seen first; that is, are the latest styles originated in New York, Chicago, Boston, or some other city?" The latest styles should be seen first in Providence; or is the prophet without honor? Let us hear from the sartorial sage when he returns from New York. The latest styles are seen last in Boston where an opera-hat is still worn with a tuxedo by leading citizens at the opera. Bath-house John of Chicago is a creator, but he is a law unto himself. His perverted oriental imagination as displayed especially in waistcoats is looked upon with disfavor by the colder swells of the Atlantic seaboard towns. His costume is strictly personal.

The Catherine de Medici corset is now attracting attention here. This noble dame, Brantome tells us, always dressed herself extremely well and superbly, and "had always some pretty and new invention." The rigidity of the corset attributed to her did not prevent her from riding on horse back until she was 60 years old. She was the first in France to use a side-saddle, they say; the first to prefer a foot equestrially displayed on the arse or saddle-bow than in a woman's stirrup. (But on some of the plantations of Virginia the girls still ride straddle-legs.) Nor did the steel-ribbed corset forbid her joy in gay and leaping dances which she introduced into the court; for before her time the dances were slow and noble. A fine woman, this Catherine, not fully appreciated by certain sour historians.

Canon Rawnsley's "Memories of the Tennysons" contains damaging revelations concerning the great poet. Alfred was at one time wont "to dilute a decanter of reputable port with a tumblerful of water." Here is a pleasing instance of his close observation, which has excited the admiration of all critics. He complimented Mrs. Rawnsley because she did not wear a bustle.

The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post shows in an entertaining article how the Christmas pantomimes have changed in character. They now smell of the Music-hall and are practically a long variety show, "with much gorgeous display of 'frocks' and properties and a very flimsy and ridiculous parody of the old nursery story thrown in." The book, for pantomimes now have a book, is in rhymed couplets; each player has his or her gags and jokes, and the pun is painfully in evidence. Here is a specimen joke that convulsed the audience:

Baron—My child, I have accepted a situation at £700.  
Cinderella—£700 per year, papa?  
Baron—No, dear.  
Cinderella—£700 per month?  
Baron—No.  
Cinderella—£700 per week, then?

Baron—Again you are wrong.  
Cinderella—£700 per what, then, papa?  
Baron—£700 per-haps, my child.

"In these days when paper is so cheap I am glad to notice that it is superseding slates, even with the younger children. Slates are for obvious reasons far from wholesome. When some one has leisure to make some bacteriological investigations into the surface of a well-used slate, I think the results will prove unpleasant. A little book, entitled 'The Flora of a Slate,' will be published one day, which will show the details of the bacteria, whether harmless or malignant, that manifest themselves under suitable conditions on school slates."

Jan 12, 1901

### A PRAYER.

(Against sin and debt that deliver him to Satan and his fellow-men.)

Now wilt me take for Jesu's sake,  
Nor cast me out at all;  
I shall not fear the foe awake,  
Saved by Thy city wall;  
But in the night with no affright  
Shall hear him steal without,  
Who may not scale Thy wall of might,  
Thy bastion, nor redoubt.

Full well I know that to the foe  
Wilt yield me not for aye,  
Unless mine own hand should undo  
The gates that are my stay,  
My folly and pride should open wide  
Thy doors and set me free  
Mid tigers striped and panthers pled,  
Far from Thy liberty.

Unless by debt myself I set  
Outside Thy loving ken,  
And yield myself by weight of debt  
Unto my fellow-men,  
Deal with my guilt Thou as Thou wilt,  
And "hold" I shall not cry;  
So I be thine in storm and shine,  
Thine only till I die.

Examination papers are always a delight. One paper contained these answers to the question, "What are the masculine forms corresponding to ewe, and dam?" The answers were "ewer and damn." A boy wrote this example of ingenious derivation in answer to the question: "What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"—"An optimist looks after your eyes, and a pessimist after your feet."

We wish that people would be more discreet, more thoughtful. We received yesterday a printed circular which was full of prying, intimate questions. "Have you palpitation of the heart?"—"Are you nervous, and do you lack nerve force?"—"Are your eyes weak and watery?"—"Specks before the eyes?"

We like to think of Miss Sadie Martinot, who has now "deserted the stage for literature," and we hope that she is hard at work on her memoirs, to be published in at least 15 volumes.

We have received the following letter: Arlington, Jan. 9, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

A remark that I saw the other day in your column reminded me of a statement that I have heard from a man of wide experience, to the effect that old sailors who have spent their lives upon salt water almost invariably choose for a snug harbor in which to spend their declining days a spot far removed from old ocean and usually near a lake or a river far inland.

This generalization was suggested to my friend by a story which may be of interest. Some years ago there lived upon a little island in a famous mountain lake of Eastern California a hermit, an ancient mariner, who had chosen this rocky and desolate spot as a haven to shelter him in his last days. In the solid rock that formed nearly the whole of his little domain he had with infinite pains and labor dug a grave in which he trusted his bones should be laid. But the elements that he had fought and mastered through many a year had their way with him at the last. The little boat in which the hermit was accustomed to pass from his home to the shore was overturned by a sudden squall and its owner drowned. His body sank like lead into the deep, dark water of that lake in which no corpse was ever known to rise. Attempts to grapple for it were futile, and the empty sepulchre will tell for many a day of this grim pleasantry of fate.

JOHN H. TAVERNER.

It is undoubtedly a fact that retired sea captains wish a sheltered home for their last years, and seldom do the front windows look out on the ocean. But we were talking about elderly pirates, who had made their pile or were pensioned. We insist that respectable elderly pirates sit in a summer house on a cliff overlooking the sea and are never without a spy-glass and a case bottle of pineapple rum. They also affect a sou'wester, even on a summer day. As the man said in the story: "The sea, sir, is a big thing; it don't suit white-livers, it don't take much account of humbours and faddists. People who think of the sea, and look at the sea, and breathe the sea, get big-hearted, big-minded, big everything."



"Go and saw wood" is common advice. It was also the advice of learned physicians centuries ago. In the reign of Henry III. of England Lady Joan Berkeley "in her older years used to saw billets and sticks in her chamber for a part of physick, for which purpose she bought certain fine handsaws."

In an almanac of 1678 you will find among "many good things both for pleasure and profit" the following item: "Marriage comes in on the 13th day of January."

Is not this the Englishman drawn to the life? "I'm an Englishman! Every morning, sir, when I've done with my cold bath and tumbled my dumb-bells under the dressing-table, I say this prayer: 'Thank God, I'm an Englishman.' And every night, after I've mixed with humanity, and the muscles relax so that the heart may play its part, I say this prayer: 'Have pity upon all foreigners.'"

Occasionally a Mayor stands up and talks right out in meeting. Witness the instance of Mayor Thayer of Norwich (Conn.). We quote from his annual message:

"And so it has come to pass that we are contributing largely of our wealth and substance to people who care nothing for us as a municipality, but have attached themselves to the body politic as a leech fastens himself to the person. And, like the horseleech, their cry is always 'More.' Having given over the paying institutions of the city to non-residents and Trusts, the residents find little to excite their ingenuity save the exhilarating occupation of selecting prizes for winners at whist, new and peculiar names for clubs and afternoon teas, and new methods of tax-dodging. So inactive have we become that all retailers shut up shop at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, save and except those Napoleons of enterprise and trade, the dispensers of moist goods, who still find it necessary to work 17 hours per diem to supply the never-decreasing demand for poison, and our streets after dark have become as quiet, as deserted, and about as well lighted as a country cow-path."

Jan 7, 1901

## "FAUST."

An Inferior Performance by the Sembrich Company at the Boston Theatre—First Appearance of Mr. Hugo Becker, 'Cellist, at a Symphony Concert.

(By Philip Hale.)

"Faust" was the opera performed yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre by the Sembrich Opera Company. Mr. Bevilacqua conducted. The cast was as follows:

Faust	.....	Cremonini
Marguerite	.....	Bensaude
Wagner	.....	Galazzi
Mephistopheles	.....	Dado
Marguerite	.....	Sembrich
Martha	.....	MacGreger
Scholar	.....	Mattfeld

Although the very large audience was most enthusiastic, the performance was in many respects unsatisfactory, and it was by far the least interesting of the four.

Sembrich was evidently tired, and no wonder, after the exertions of the week. Her voice was at times lifeless, and occasionally it sagged below the true pitch. Her impersonation of Marguerite was without distinction. In the better moments it was conventional, and in the worse moments it was dull.

The tenor was loudly applauded for his singing of the cavatina, in which he took his high note bravely. He looked like a lover, one who wished to make love slowly that he might give great importance to his upper tones. Thus he was largely instrumental in dragging the garden scene beyond endurance.

Mr. Dado, the bass of noble voice, acted and sang without finesse. He was almost as logy as Edward de Reszke, and this is saying much. The chorus was effective and Mr. Bevilacqua directed with spirit and discretion. The rest is silence.

The program of the 11th Symphony concert, which was given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Couverture, Scherzo, and Finale.....Schumann  
Concerto for 'cello in D.....Haydn  
"From Italy".....Richard Strauss

This concert does not call for extended comment.

Mr. Hugo Becker, who played for the first time in Boston, is a 'cellist of large reputation, and he showed that this reputation is deserved. He chose a matter-of-fact concerto by Haydn, to which Gavaert, I understand, added cadenzas. Since the 'cellist did not introduce a cadenza by Reinecke, we



HUGO BECKER.

The celebrated 'cellist who will play with the Symphony orchestra this week, and thus make his first appearance in Boston, was born at Strassburg, Feb. 13, 1864. He is a son of Jean Becker, a violinist, who founded the Florentine Quartet. After his father's death (1884) he was first 'cellist of various orchestras. He now lives at Frankfurt, as a teacher in the Hoch Conservatory and a member of the Heermann Quartet.



CREMONINI.

(Photograph, copyrighted, 1895, by A. Dupont, New York.)

Giuseppe Cremonini, the tenor who today will play Faust to Sembrich's Marguerite, first appeared in this city with the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company at Mechanics' Building, Feb. 20, 1896, as Turiddu to Calvé's Santuzza, when he pleased by his youth, good looks and sympathetic voice. He was the Faust when Calvé sang Marguerite for the first time in this city in April, 1897.

should be duly grateful. Mr. Becker played with smooth and beautiful tone and with a technique that was almost always sure and at times brilliant. It was a very pleasant exhibition of the 'cellist's art.

Richard Strauss's Impressions of Italy as put into music were revealed to a Boston public over 12 years ago. We also learned what Mr. Arthur Weld thought of Italy in music. Is it not high time that Mr. Gericke should make us acquainted with Gustave Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie," a suite of marked originality? It has been played at least twice in Chicago, once or twice in New York, and it has been performed with great success in certain German cities, as Dresden and Cologne. This suite by Strauss was the result of a journey to Rome and Naples, and it was the first piece in the line of program-music with which his name is now inseparably associated. Alexander Ritter was the man that urged him to turn his back on absolute music, and so we have the row of more and more fantastic pieces, of which "Don Quixote" and "Eln Heldenleben" are still unknown to us. It would be more to the point to produce one of these

two works than to revive the much earlier suite. Yet there are interesting pages, especially in the third movement, where there are curious and successful orchestral effects. The first two movements are not strongly contrasted, and together they beget monotony.

There will be no concert next week. The program of the concert Jan. 26 will include Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 6; Dvorak's Rhapsody No. 3; Wagner's "Huldigungsmarsch." Melba will sing an aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" and Handel's "Sweet Bird."

SOME were amazed because the Boston Theatre was not crowded last week at each performance by the Sembrich company. They themselves enjoyed the performances hugely, and they could not understand why the whole city did not besiege the box-office.

As a matter of fact, the audiences were of fair size and of excellent quality.

Furthermore, they were exceedingly enthusiastic. It is surprising to those who have not studied the healthy and the diseased conditions of opera that the theatre was not filled from top to bottom.

Opera-goers are notoriously constant, and also fickle, whimsical, capricious. There is a small class that go chiefly for the sake of the opera. They like the particular work; they know it thoroughly, and they are willing to forgive sins of omission and commission, such is their delight in hearing the old familiar tunes. There is a much larger class that may be subdivided: Some go to hear a particular singer, others go that they may be seen of men and women. Jean de Reszke and Melba, and certain other singers, are regarded by managers as sure drawing cards. The tenor may be growing old, the soprano may show the effects of hard work and irregularity of diet—let us always be courteous—it makes no difference to the faithful; the name is a magnet. Then, as you know, there are human beings who are eager to be present on every occasion when there is opportunity to display fine raiment, and the fact that they have money enough to be there. Without the assistance of this useful class, theatres and opera houses would soon shut their doors.

For the last two seasons Sembrich has not been in this city as peculiarly popular in opera as in concert. And why? Everybody admits her pre-eminence as a singer and admires and likes her as a woman; but the operas in which she appeared were for the most part works that did not attract immense audiences—and, again why? Because they did not require the appearance of a great tenor. Neither in "The Barber of Seville," nor in "The Marriage of Figaro," is there today a tenor of great prominence. A heroic tenor cannot sing the music of the Count in the former opera, and in the latter the tenor has a subordinate part. The American public has not yet been educated to enjoyment of an admirable ensemble in which there is no bright, particular star. When Sembrich sang in "The Huguenots," there was a crowd; but the cast was what is described as an "ideal cast." So when she sang Zerlina, there were other famous singers in the cast of "Don Giovanni."

The Boston public forgot that when Sembrich appeared here in the eighties she sang certain parts that demand the display of emotion, and it had not taken the trouble to inquire into her record abroad. There was the impression that she was only a coloratura singer. The public at large had no idea that she could sing in lyric opera of a tragic nature, as "La Traviata" or "Faust."

The first opera announced was "The Barber," which is indeed familiar. Sembrich had been heard in it lately, and so had Melba. An opera of this class has not the same drawing-power as romantic or tragic opera. There is no love-story that appeals to the women. There is no prancing tenor with a sword. Many who do not have the slightest idea of what the comedians are doing find "The Barber" dull, or merely a trifling work which gives the prima donna an excuse for singing concert pieces and songs. Furthermore, those who know opera only as a ponderous Wagner music-drama, turn up disdainful noses in their lamentable ignorance.

Nor was the name of Salignac one to conjure with. He has been heard here often, and he is known as a respectable routine tenor, adapted by nature to opéra-comique, who through association with heroic tenors or in consequence of unwise ambition is inclined to force his voice until he leaves the true pitch and loses beauty of tone. Rossi, who turned out to be a buffo of extraordinary power, and Dado, a sonorous and well trained bass, were only names except to the few who make it their business to know what is going on in foreign musical centres.

"La Traviata" has of late years excited little attention. There are several reasons for this. Some are shocked by the plot; and yet they will crowd the theatre to see a play full of evil suggestion or downright indecency. Some remember that the opera is cast as a rule with reference to the sole glory of the prima donna. Others are not acquainted with the musical idiom of the Verdi of the fifties, and as they know only the Wagner dramas, "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Huguenots," they do not understand how the poignant intensity of the Verdian phrase can move anyone. They demand a lot of people on the stage who are "doing something," elaborate scenery, steam-clouds, a horse, a fight, supernatural beings, a thunderous orchestra, and much screaming. Then they



feel that they are getting the worth of their money.

"Don Pasquale," a most delightful opera, is unknown to the younger generation of opera-goers, who never heard of Lablache and his famous impersonation of the duped old man. It is idle to say to a music lover who did not see the excellent performance last Thursday night: "You missed it." He will look at you incredulously and answer: "I don't care for your guitar operas." To him the only musical comedy is the light and airy "Meistersinger." But there is more true comic musical feeling in one scene of "Don Pasquale" than in the whole of "Die Meistersinger." The latter work contains many pages of great beauty and wondrous skill, but they are not pages of true comedy.

"Faust" is always popular. The people like to laugh at the sight of Mephistopheles and Martha, they delight, and with good reason, in the music of the garden-scene, and they love—yes they love with an undying passion the Soldiers' chorus. And they wait patiently for the prison-trio, which in these days is simply an exhibition of lung-power; the louder it is screamed, the more enthusiastic the audience. But the people yawn through the two finest scenes in the opera: the church scene and the death of Valentine.

It is vain and foolish to scold a public because it likes this or dislikes that. The opera, born in the purple, has always been the plaything of the rich. It is an amusement that is intended to gratify the eye and the ear. Occasionally an operatic performance does more than this: it achieves a triumph in art, as when Marcelle Sembrich moves the heart as Violetta, and as Norina shows that the traditions of supreme vocal art are not purely legendary.

I have received several letters in regard to the age of Sembrich. One correspondent asks if she is not 60? Sembrich was born Feb. 15, 1853. She is therefore almost 43 years old.

Philip Hale.

**GRAND SACRED CONCERT.**

The program of the grand sacred concert to be given by some of the principal artists of the Sembrich Opera Company, with Mme. Galski, the renowned prima donna, as the chief star, is one of the most attractive ever offered to Boston's music-loving public at popular prices. The demand for seats has been brisk. The complete orchestra of the organization will assist, and Signor Bevnigani will conduct.

PART I.

Overture, Oberon.....Weber  
Aria, "Madamina".....Mozart  
Signor Rossi.  
Romanza, "Alma Soave".....Donizetti  
Signor de Lara.  
Aria, "Hear, Ye, Israel" (Elijah).....Mendelssohn  
Madame Galski.  
Prologue, "Pegliacci".....Leoncavallo  
Signor de Lara and Signor Dado.  
Piano, "Solo Prélude".....Flotow  
Signor de Lara and Signor Dado.

PART II.

Overture.....Thomas  
Father's Prayer (Der Freischuetz).....Weber  
Madame Galski.  
Aria, "Pro Peccatis" (Stabat Mater).....Rossini  
Signor Dado.  
Der.....  
Madame Galski.  
Aria, "Prophet".....Meyerbeer

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.**

Sunday, Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.—Grand sacred concert by Galski and members of the Sembrich Opera Company. Program is given elsewhere.

Tuesday afternoon, Steiner Hall, 3 o'clock—Mr. Harold Bauer will give his fifth and last piano recital. Program: Chopin, sonata in B minor; Bach, prelude and fugue No. 3, in D; Brahms, Capriccio in B minor; Tschalkowsky, Romance in F minor; Liszt, "Feux follets"; Cesar Franck, Prelude, Chorale and fugue; Schumann, Faschingsschwank.

Tuesday, Association Hall, 8 P. M.—Teresa Carreno will give her first piano recital. The program will include Mozart's Fantasia in G minor, portions of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Schumann's Fantasy; four songs of Schubert, arranged by Liszt, and four pieces by Chopin.

Wednesday afternoon, Association Hall—Teresa Carreno, second piano recital.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto, will soon give a recital at Steiner Hall, assisted by Mr. Daniel Kuntz of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Subscription lists are out for four song recitals by the Canadian baritone, Mr. James MacTavish, who recently gave a recital at Steiner Hall. The programs for these recitals will contain songs embracing nearly every important epoch, and include many overtures. The recitals will be given on the following dates: Monday, Jan. 28, and Feb. 4, and on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, and Thursday evening, Feb. 7.

On Monday evening, Jan. 21, the violin solo of Herman Hartmann will give a recital in Steiner Hall.

Mrs. Etta Edwards will give a recital Friday evening, Jan. 25, in Steiner Hall.

It is absurd, as Democrats say, by the making of Ravens, the Crowing of a hawk, or the Wallowing of a Sow in the mire, carefully to observe the signs of wind or rainy weather, and not to predict and guard ourselves against the

motions and fluctuations of our bodies, or the indication of a Distemper, nor to understand the Signs of a Storm, which we are already in, or soon shall be. So that we are not only to observe our Bodies as to Meat and Exercise, whether they use them more sluggishly or unwillingly than they were wont; or whether you be more Thirsty or Hungry than you use to be; but also to take care as to your Sleep, whether it be continued and easy, or whether it be Irregular and Convulsive. For absurd Dreams and irregular and unusual Phantasies show either abundance or thickness of Humour, or else a disturbance of the Spirits.

We saw a painful sight Saturday morning. A naturally pretty and desirable woman was walking with a man on Boylston Street, and her laughter preceded her. She laughed so frequently that her mouth was open for at least a block and a half, and she did not shut it even when she was silent for a moment. Thus was she taking into her system all manner of unseen foes to war with the domestic microbes that proudly claim her for a habitation. We thought of Baudelaire's remarks about laughter—that it is the mark of an inferior and conceited mind, etc., etc. Did any woman with an incessant, hair-trigger laugh ever excite a great and heroic passion, one that mocked time and space, as well as Mrs. Grundy? We doubt it. A languorous woman seldom laughs. The tall, pale, thin, maddening brunette with eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; the wondrous woman whom Tennyson saw in his vision of Bagdad; the women that took away with them the wounded Arthur—can you imagine them giggling, snickering, laughing? Mona Lisa smiles—but what a strange, inscrutable smile! A smile that is full of suggestion, and pain, and irony, and destruction. She does not show her teeth, like a soubrette.

We have received the following letter: Hyde Park, Jan. 12, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I went to the play the other evening. Many said that it was excellent, that none should pass it by, that all should see it. But although I entered into the play-house, although the play-actors (as I have been told) did well their parts, I saw them not; for as I entered the portals a sign appeared to me, and although I heard, as from a distance, the music of the orchestra and the tones of the players, I heeded them not. As the lights were turned low, I crept closer to the sign, and as they once more flared up I drew away.

Persons moved around me, but I heeded them not. And thus I stayed until an officer approached me and said: "The others are gone, sir; why don't you go?" I could but point to the sign.

As I went on my way home the sign went before me, and as I threw myself into a chair in my house I found clutched in my hand a check for a seat in the foremost row of the theatre, and I realized that I had not seen that which I went to see.

Do you ask, "What was the sign?" The sign is this: "Opera Glasses to Hire. Apply of Usher."

Do you wonder that I saw not the play?

A. READER.

The State Railway Administration of Sweden has ordered that every suburban train at night must be provided with a separate car for intoxicated persons only. Why should not the street car authorities in Boston provide a special car of this nature every half hour from 10 P. M. to 2 or 2.30 A. M. for Cambridge, by way of the Harvard Bridge?

"Edouard de Reszke was to have been a farmer." And some cool observers insist that he is a farmer—in certain operatic parts.

Someone persists in sending to us the "Proceedings of the Society for the Study of Incubriety." Why? From a mistaken sense of humor? Or, to do us good?

A valued correspondent writes: "The New English Dictionary, that priceless treasure, has completed nine letters of the alphabet, for which one is duly grateful, even if one might pick flaws. Again, American words and meanings do not fare too well, for which Dr. Murray is not to blame. In his latest issue he would have told the story of Irish potatoes had some American given him the hint. Or did he read the Century? They are called Irish from the Irish, who came in 1719, settled Londonderry, N. H., and were required to pay quit rent to the amount of a peck of potatoes. As they introduced the white potato, it was naturally called Irish, and that name went all over the country. S. H. Long found the term in Arkansas in 1820. In early New England potato meant the sweet variety, called Spanish when the white potato was introduced. The white potato, called Irish for a very good rea-

son, did not become general until after 1800." One might tell a good story about these potatoes, which Jefferson divided into long and round; but all one needs to know is that we say Irish potato because it was introduced by the Irish, and that it is one of the few New Hampshire words that have gone into general use.

"The Century Dictionary, as usual, is wrong."

Wars were expensive amusements in England, even in the 18th century, says the Daily Chronicle (London): "The fighting record began in 1702, with the war of the Spanish Succession, which cost 62½ millions. The Spanish war of 1739 absorbed 54 millions before it was settled at Aix-la-Chapelle, nine years later. The Seven Years' War cost 112 millions, and the American War 136 millions. Most expensive of all was the French Revolutionary War, begun in 1793, which cost the country 464 millions. If we extend the retrospect back to 1688 and up to 1815, we find there were in that period 62 years of peace, and that the 65 years of war cost us 2023 millions. The largest item in this vast total was, of course, the campaign against Bonaparte, which in 12 years cost us 1159 millions."

**THE OPERA CONCERT.**

The concert last night by members of the Sembrich troupe was shockingly left out by Bostonians. There was a small audience, which, however, made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in size. There was a fine, long program, but not a single number was permitted to go without an encore. Even the Thomas overture had to be repeated.

Mme. Galski had the principal part in the program, singing three times. She sang the prayer from "Der Freischuetz," and the "Hear, O Israel," from "Elijah," magnificently. Signor Dado fairly divided the honors for the men with Signor De Lara.

The habitual drunkard was excommunicated by the priest (a much more serious matter than it is now), indignities of all kinds were heaped upon him, he was safely lodged in the stocks, heavily fined and imprisoned, refused decent burial, and a still more prohibitive measure of indignity to his corpse was sanctioned by the reformed clergy of 1610, for we read that a certain Edward Reeve, full of strong liquor, fell from his horse and was killed, his body was placed on a fire and burned the next day—since cremation in that age was considered an indignity.

Professor Dexter's monograph on "Drunkness and the Weather," which is published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, is exciting attention. He studied the cases of drunkenness brought before the New York city police for the years 1893-1895. "The number increased notably in cold weather and diminished in warm." Days of excessive humidity as well as days of high winds promote drunkenness. The conclusion is that summer thirst is less harmful than winter thirst.

This discussion reminds one of the old song: "Which is the properest day to drink?" But it is not as fantastical as certain ancient problems in drinking. Thus Macrobius wrote a dialogue as to why women are seldom intoxicated and old men frequently, and Plutarch also wrote on this subject: "Why women are hardly, Old Men easily, foxt"—to use the language of the old translators. "As for Women," says Plutarch, "I think the principal cause is the moistness of their temper, this produceth a softness in the flesh, a shining smoothness. \* \* \* Now when Wine is mixt with a great deal of weak liquor, 'tis over-powered by that, looseth its strength and becomes flat and watery. \* \* \* Besides it is probably that their bodies are very pearly." But old men want the natural moisture; "Therefore 'tis probable, that when they drink, their body being grown spongy by the dryness of its nature soaks up the Wine, and that lying in the vessels affects the Senses, and prevent the Natural motions." And Plutarch claims that age itself has all the symptoms of drunkenness: "Shaking of the joints, faulting of the Tongue, Babbling, Passion, Forgetfulness, Distraction of the Mind. \* \* \* Nothing is so like an Old Man as a young Man Drunk." Plutarch also grappled with the problems: "Why do those that are stark drunk seem not so much Debauch'd as those that are but half foxt?" "Why the middle of Wine, the Top of Oyl, and the Bottom of Honey is best?" "Whether drink passeth through the Lungs?"

Pray observe the use of the verb "to fox." The term is of respectable old age, but it appears to have gone out of literary use in the 18th century. What was the origin of the application? In certain parts of this country a drunken man is said to have "a dog with him," and the degrees of drunkenness range from black-and-tan to

English mastiff.

It is to be regretted that Prof. Dexter did not make his observations in Boston, for there is more weather here than in New York. His conclusions as to the influence of the East wind on alcoholic stimulation might have been invaluable. A chart of climatic variations in one day here or in the neighborhood should be printed with concomitant police court statistics. But the Earnest Student of Sociology, we learn, is already engaged in this work, and has gathered much material for the 26th chapter of the 14th volume of his magnum opus: "Man in the Four Seasons; also as studied with the Aid of a Dark Lantern." He tells us that the subscription list to this vast mine of information is growing rapidly.

Little drops of claret,  
Now and then, at first,  
Form an awful habit,  
And a dreadful thirst.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of corn,  
Make Glenlivet whisky,  
And the morning horn.

And the whisky toddies,  
Humble though they be,  
Make red eyes, and fill the  
Pen-i-ten-tia-ry.

No, there is nothing new in the "salt cure" that is talked about so much at present. When Emma Eames was here a few years ago she was undergoing the treatment. It was recommended to her by a French doctor who had written a learned book about it. She took salt water into her system by means of hypodermic injections.

So Kate Davis is dead. Many remember her with pleasure as the Spanish mother in the adaptation of "Miss Helyett," produced at the Hollis Street Theatre in the spring of 1892. Her performance then was not free from coarseness, but it was full of vitality and irresistibly funny. Her dance was a marvel of burlesque. Leslie Carter was the Quaker heroine.

Sembrich told our friend the music critic that she did not intend to give "Faust" here or elsewhere. Her company was formed with the sole purpose of performing "The Barber of Seville" and "Don Pasquale," and in certain cities they proposed to give an entertainment made up of excerpts from two or three operas. She declares that she will not again sing four times in one week. She was so tired last Friday that she thought seriously of giving up the Saturday performance and refunding the money. But the manager knew the value of "Faust" as a drawing card.

The Prince of Wales went only once to a music hall in 1900. His Royal Nibs is surely leading the better life. There was a time when he went to every performance in which Hortense Schneider sang her naughty songs, and Emily Soldene in her "Theatrical and Musical Recollections" tells how H. R. H. would, "leaning on the front of the box," enjoy comic-opera, and lead the applause, while "the princess presided in severe, rigid, decorous, and unmoved dignity."

Mr. W. W. Astor is at last getting symptoms of horse-sense. He has ordered the carriages at his ball last week, for 1 A. M. When the hour came the guests paid no attention to the host's wish, but went on dancing and supping. Mr. Astor left them and went to bed. If this well-deserved reproof be without effect, we recommend to Mr. Astor the example of an eminent Bostonian, who a few winters ago liked to see his friends in a quiet manner on Sunday night. Men and women dropped in; there was smoking and drinking and eating and talk about human beings and things. There were a few who would not budge even when the clock struck one. At last the host determined to hint his wish to go to bed. He took off his collar and cravat. No one stirred, even after he had removed his coat. But when he began to unlace his boots, the guests said, "We had no idea that it was so late," and sought hats and overcoats.

After all the New York music critics are a simple folk. One of them states that the present tour of the Henschels "will be the last of this musical couple in this country."

The moon rose slowly over the land.  
The white foam drew to the shore.  
We twain went wandering hand in hand,  
Where none can have walked before.

No moon so fair was seen o'er the land  
By other eyes, or before.  
No sea so softly drew to the strand,  
Or sang so lone a shore.

The moon fell slowly under the sea,  
Gray, O gray, was the morn.  
Ah! sad eyes, how ye looked on me,  
Desolate, most forlorn!

Caran d'Ache in one of his strongest



...the New Century  
...that is neglecting its  
...of swords  
...

Mr. Charles Rook insists that a fore-  
man of a jury or a Chairman of a com-  
mittee should be a red-faced man with  
a white beard for "men with red faces  
are more, and men with white beards  
are ridiculous." This combination is  
necessary.

Apropos of "L'Aiglon." A working  
tailor died lately in Chemnitz. His  
name was Ludwig. He claimed, and he  
left important documentary evidence to  
show, that he was the son of the Duc  
de Reichstadt and a certain Baroness  
von Reitzenberg, and therefore the  
grandson of Napoleon. He took legal  
steps to get this Baroness to acknowl-  
edge him, but the moment he began  
she sang "Now is the time for disap-  
pearing." Some say, "Why this mys-  
terious Baroness? Why not Fanny  
Ellsler?" But there are well-informed  
persons who insist that Fanny's rela-  
tions with the Duc were platonic. At  
any rate, Mr. Ludwig of Chemnitz re-  
ceived for some years a pension from  
an unknown source. When the pension  
stopped he became a tailor. Aeropus,  
King of Macedonia, spent his time in  
making lanterns; Biantes of Lydia ex-  
celled at filling needles; Hecateus of  
Parthia was the busiest and one of the  
best mole catchers in his own king-  
dom. Why should not a grandson of  
Napoleon prefer the goose to the eagle,  
or the eagle? He was a convert to the  
Catholic church, which acknowledged  
his title; for the Vicariat at Stuttgart  
wrote him "Prince Eugène Napoléon  
Bonaparte" in 1872. But neither Austria  
nor the Bonapartists would have to do  
with him. It's a queer story.

Even those of us who were not in-  
vited—through some unaccountable  
mistake—to the Vanderbilt wedding  
knew what was done and how the  
clergymen looked, and in fact are  
thoroughly acquainted with the mi-  
nutest details of the performance.  
And now we are told by a local con-  
temporary that Mr. and Mrs. Vander-  
bilt spent the afternoon and the even-  
ing of their wedding day "looking un-  
concernedly out upon the Fens and the  
fleighting parties." But why should  
they not look "unconcernedly?" The  
same newspaper adds: "Now what  
their plans are for tomorrow, it is fair  
to say that they only know." Why  
did not Paul Pry write Mr. Vanderbilt  
for a detailed account of the plans for  
this particular day? If he had only  
furnished a stamped envelope, Mr.  
Vanderbilt would have been delighted  
to send back a schedule from the time  
of his bath to that of donning his  
pyjamas. There are disadvantages in  
riches. A wealthy man cannot even  
take to himself a wife in peace and  
quiet.

The Duke of Manchester won \$870  
"in a few minutes" at draw poker on a  
Mississippi steamboat. This shows  
(1) that the Mississippi sports have  
lost their cunning; (2) that Minister  
Schenk, who popularized the game in  
England, had apt pupils who in turn  
were admirable teachers.

The inhabitants of Danielson, Conn.,  
should not be frightened by the May-  
gars who encamp in their neighbor-  
hood. These foreigners are described  
as "threatening." This comes from  
the language, which in spite of certain  
musical combinations of letters may  
well alarm the peaceful manufactur-  
ers of wooden nutmegs and basswood  
lams. We once heard Mr. Doeme,  
who is otherwise known as Mr. Nord-  
den, sing a Maygar song, which  
rounded so fierce that several elderly  
women near us started for the door,  
and an old Bostonian of distinguished  
family called an usher and said to him,  
"This sort of thing ought not to be  
allowed." But although in the frenzy  
of passion Mr. Doeme is said to have  
used a shot gun in his wooing, he is  
naturally of a sweet nature, and he  
was simply singing a love song. The  
"local authorities" at Danielson should  
not be so easily alarmed. We read that  
they have ordered the Maygars to  
leave at once. They deny them even  
the right to sleep on snow-covered  
ground and among these poor stran-  
gers are a mother and a baby born  
under the winter sky last Sunday.

We can never forgetting the saints.  
Yesterday was the feast day of Habak-  
kuk, who, busy on his farm and about  
to carry the reapers their dinner, heard  
a voice commanding him to take the  
food to Daniel in the lions' den at  
Babylon. He hemmed and hawed and  
said he did not know Daniel by sight  
nor knew he the city of Babylon. But  
the angel of the Lord transported him  
by the hair of his head, together with  
the provisions, plumped him into the

lions' den—King Darius was not near  
by at the time—and then took him  
back to the farm. Humboldt once said  
that no man could pass abruptly from  
Siberia to Senegal without losing con-  
sciousness, but the surprising and  
aerial journey did Habakkuk no men-  
tal harm; for is he not the poet of  
the sublimest ode in all literature?  
When you hear the chatter about Mr.  
Watson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Phillips, and  
other verse-making and applauded gen-  
tlemen, take down your Bible and read  
along the third chapter of Habakkuk,  
the prophet upon Shigionoth.

And today is the feast day of Mar-  
cellus, of whom little is known except  
that he began his career of martyrdom  
by serving as a stable-boy.

## HAROLD BAUER.

His Fifth Recital Crowded Steinert  
Hall With an Enthusiastic Audi-  
ence—An Unfamiliar Work by  
César Franck.

(By Philip Hale.)

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his fifth  
piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday  
afternoon. The program was as fol-  
lows:

Sonata in B minor.....Chopin  
Prelude and fugue, No. 5, in D.....Bach  
Capriccio in B minor.....Brahms  
Romance in F minor.....Tschaiakowsky  
"Feux follets".....Liszt  
Prelude, choral and fugue.....César Franck  
Faschingsschwank.....Schumann

César Franck wrote little for the  
piano alone after 1845. His two chief  
works in this field are the Prelude,  
Choral and Fugue (1884), and the Pre-  
lude, Aria and Finale (1888). And yet  
he won the first prize of the Paris Con-  
servatory for piano playing, and was  
a pianist of extraordinary ability, so  
that his thrifty father wished him to  
lead the life of a virtuoso. The lad re-  
belled and preferred the drudgery of  
teaching. I am under the impression  
that the Prelude, choral and fugue  
was played here yesterday for the first  
time. In it are hints of the organ  
and organ technic; and there is ever  
present the thought of bells and spires,  
of dim cathedral and the solemn ser-  
vice of the church. On the simplest of  
themes Franck built a work of grand  
proportions and pure, though some-  
what austere, beauty. The choral is  
intimate music of the most sacred  
kind; music that should be heard  
reverently, not applauded with genteel  
sigh of palpitating woman and boot-  
heel and umbrella of her admiring  
mate. Mr. Bauer played the piece  
superbly, with fullest sympathy and  
in a sacred spirit, as though he were  
the celebrant before the altar. Such  
music is the highest form of religious  
art.

The concert throughout gave great  
pleasure to a distinguished audience  
that filled the hall. Each recital has  
only strengthened the impression made  
by the first, and now there is the  
firm and unshakable conviction that  
Mr. Bauer is among the few great  
pianists of the world. His programs  
have tested him in every way. As a  
master of technic, as a musician, as  
a poet of grace, elegance, as well as  
lively imagination, he has answered  
each and every test. Yesterday his  
playing of the prelude and fugue from  
the Well Tempered Clairchord was as  
delightful as his exquisite reading of  
Brahms's Capriccio or the romantic  
interpretation of Tschaiakowsky's ro-  
mance or the bravura of the "Feux-  
Follets." And what is to be said of  
his playing of Chopin and Schumann  
at this late day? Nothing but words  
of eulogy that seem extravagant to  
him that did not hear him. Yester-  
day he accomplished a rare feat: he  
made the slow movement of the sonata  
seem to be one of the most poetic  
conceptions of Chopin.

A Meerie Francke is nothing else, but  
a friendly deceit in matters that offend  
not at all or verie little. And even as in  
Jestynge to speake contrary to expectacyon  
moveth laughter, so doeth in Meerie Franckes  
to doe contrarie to expectacion. And these  
doe so muche the more delite and are to be  
praised, as they be wittle and modest. For  
he that will vooke a Meerie Francke with-  
out respect, doth manie times offende and  
then arise debates and sore hatred.

The clerk at the Somerset thought  
that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt were  
persons who "might have come in  
from Newton or anywhere out that  
way." This is a high and deserved  
compliment to the carriage and de-  
meanor of Newtonians and Any-  
where-out-that-wayians. There is no more  
subtle observer and classifier than the  
hotel-clerk. His opinion in this in-  
stance confirms the report that New-  
ton, as well as Any-where-out-that-  
way, is a fashionable centre.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt arrived at  
Pittsfield "unheralded," that is to say,  
on sneakers. But what did our con-  
temporary expect? That the happy  
husband should telegraph for the  
local brass band to meet them at the  
station?

We were much more interested in  
the Gordon-Manby wedding at Cincin-  
nati. The ancestors of the bride were

members of royal families. "The  
mother of her grandfather was a  
Swale, whose ancestors were the Swales  
of Swaledale," and they went back  
to 880—before or after Christ?—to the  
Counts of Flanders, where there was  
so much terrible swearing. These last  
ancestors were connected by marriage  
with Charlemagne, Alfred the Great,  
the King of Italy, the Emperor of  
Germany, William the Conqueror—and  
probably the Great Mogul. "Thus it  
will be seen that Miss Manby is a  
descendant of ancient Kings, Queens,  
and Emperors." Mr. Gordon is also  
of royal descent, for he is "a direct  
descendant of Gen. Robert E. Lee." And  
yet with the simplicity of true  
Americans, "Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will  
reside with the latter's mother during  
the winter, and will go to housekeep-  
ing in the spring."

Old Chimes was talking about the  
ideal dwelling-house. "If I were rich,  
I should insist on two things. First, I  
should have a large hall furnished  
for the convenience of callers and  
visitors. There should be entertaining  
books in cheap editions so that anyone  
going to take a street-car might have  
something to read and lose the book  
without too keen regret. There should  
be platters with 50 cent pieces, dimes,  
nickles; for often a caller has not the  
change for cab or car. And there  
should be a long row of umbrellas in  
case of unexpected rain." Mr. Auger  
said: "Chimes, you would be cleaned  
out the first week." Old Chimes paid  
no attention to the pessimistic inter-  
ruption. "And I should have liquors  
of all kinds piped to each bedroom.  
There should be a row of faucets near  
the bed, labeled distinctly, gin, rum,  
rye, Scotch, etc. A visiting college pro-  
fessor or Aunt Lydia would thus escape  
the criticism of the servants. Yes,  
there are many ways of making a  
house attractive to guests."

The Emperor William invented a  
pasty during a recent expedition against  
the wild-boar. (He is not the first  
royal inventor. George IV. of England  
achieved a shoe-buckle, and Victoria's  
husband a hat.) This pie contains  
umbles, veal, ham sausage, salt her-  
ring, potatoes, mince-meat of mixed  
game. It is eaten hot, and an Eng-  
lish mathematician has calculated that  
it is taken to represent the appetite  
that can deal with a square inch of it,  
then "x plus x raised to the nth power  
would exactly represent the amount  
of gastric juice that would be wanted  
to complete the deal."

One sound precaution against the  
grip is not to read about it.

G. W. P. writes to us: "Why don't  
we bombard Mars to impress with a  
sense of our equality? One of the  
newly-invented electric guns made long  
would approach a speed of 200,000 miles  
a second, and we could stuff the shells  
with photographs of Boston—City Hall,  
the State House, and other centres of  
intelligent self-government. We might  
kill somebody! Yes; but do not all  
inventions, conveniences, and trans-  
portation methods do that d-ily?"

A writer for the Referee insists that  
the 19th century has been overpraised?  
"Voltaire has a story of the conversion  
of the great Satrap Irex from the  
sickness of excessive self-esteem.  
Twice or thrice a day a trained choir  
sang to him, 'How extreme are his  
merits! What grace! What grandeur!  
How perfectly should His Highness  
he contented with himself!' Irex en-  
joyed this for a day or two, but in  
the end found it tedious. His Highness  
the Nineteenth Century has never been  
sufficiently with praise, though it has  
been mounded on his table daily by  
the shovelful. It has been a wonder-  
ful, wonderful, wonderful century.  
There is no doubt at all about it. But  
has it, after all, done much to lessen  
the great sum of human suffering, and  
is not, after all, the greatest happi-  
ness of the greatest number the thing  
to seek for?"

The New York Sun of Jan. 13 pub-  
lished a poem "The Fireman" and gave  
credit to the Sing Sing Prison Star of  
Hope. A correspondent in Boston writes  
to us: "The verses appear to be a very  
clumsy extract from a poem delivered  
many years ago in Philadelphia by  
Judge Robert T. Conrad. They are  
contained in a book of selections printed  
in Australia. Therefore it seems that  
the author and his work are better  
known in a distant land than they are  
in our own New York."

The verses in question begin:  
"The dusky slumbers; o'er its silent walls  
Night's dusty mantle soft and silent falls."  
Judge Conrad (1808-1858) was not only  
a lawyer and a Judge; he wrote plays  
as "Conrad of Naples," and "Aylmere,  
or the Bondman of Kent." The latter  
play, with a number of minor poems,  
was published at Philadelphia in 1832.  
His poem "On a Blind Boy Soliciting  
Charity by Playing on his Flute" was  
once much admired.

Tammany practices were known  
long, long ago in Paris. There was an  
officer known as the "Roy des Ri-  
bauds." We quote from Cotgrave's  
Dictionary of 1673: Who "looked to the  
vagabonds and idle persons that haun-  
ted the Court; and searched any that  
came in to see they had no Arms or  
hidden weapons about them; and tow-  
ards night visited all the chambers in  
the house, to prevent secret massa-  
cres; and thrust out at doors at meal,  
and bed-time, such as had not their  
dlet and lodging allowed them." He  
also had authority over loose and dis-  
orderly women and the houses fre-  
quented by them. Now, according to  
certain authors, he levied tribute on  
these women and the proprietors of  
the houses.

## TERESA CARRENO.

First Recital by the Celebrated  
Pianist in Association Hall—A  
Singular Mixture of the Acade-  
mic and Tempermental in Her  
Performance.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of Teresa Carreno's first  
piano recital in Association Hall last  
night was as follows:

Fantaisie in C minor.....Mozart  
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Nocturn, Op. 62, No. 1; Barcarolle; Etude,  
A flat; Scherzo, Op. 31.....Chopin  
Fantaisie in C major.....Schumann  
Sel mir gegreusst; Du bist die Ruhe;  
Staerchen von Shakespeare; Erlkoenig,  
Schubert-Liszt

Perhaps the discouraging weather af-  
fected Teresa Carreno; perhaps the  
comparative smallness of the audience  
depressed her; at any rate, she was  
not wholly in the vein.

Her performance on previous occa-  
sions has been distinguished by flaming,  
consuming temperament. She was an  
Amazon of the piano, a very Penthe-  
silea. And at times she rode trium-  
phant over the body of the mortality  
wounded composer.

It was therefore the more surprising  
to find her last night painstaking and  
academic in the pieces by Mozart and  
Beethoven. Seldom has this striking  
woman been dull in her career; but  
the performance of the Fantaisie and  
Sonata was dull and uninspired. It  
was as though she feared the reproach  
of extravagant color, of warmth, of  
individual feeling. The result was a  
conservatory reading with pedagogic  
precision. In other pieces that gave  
her, perhaps, greater opportunity for  
the display of her indisputably musical  
nature, and dash and strength; she often  
disappointed by vagueness in rhythm  
and an abuse of the damper pedal.  
The Barcarolle was needlessly con-  
fused, and in the Scherzo, which she  
played with plausible brilliancy, she  
at times forced tone until it degener-  
ated into noise mere noise.

Yet we all know what this remark-  
able woman can do when she is at  
her best, therefore her recital Satur-  
day afternoon may be looked forward  
to with genuine interest. She will  
play Chopin's sonata in B minor,  
Schumann's Etudes symphoniques,  
Beethoven's sonata, op. 109, three pieces  
by Regina Watson and the Marche  
Militaire by Schubert-Tausig.

### JANUARY.

Where now my snows stand hard and high  
Violets will purple all the way;  
But now men see  
Only my presage red or gray  
Of a stormy day.

My fairest flowers are in the sky.  
Wild red at morn. No damask rose  
More redly blows  
Against my clear blue match who can  
June's gentian.

I heap the drifts against the door,  
I bid you let in sunlight o'er  
The dreams of yester-year.  
I bid your youth renew, rejoice  
Through all the year with a strenuous voice;  
Rejoice and have no fear.

When you were in the district, inter-  
mediate, and even in the grammar  
school, there was a boy who had a  
trick of jitting you in pretended good  
nature often when you least expected  
it. Sometimes he would make the mo-  
tions of the pugilist, and you would  
nervously await the blow, which hurt  
in spite of his smiling face. He was  
bigger than you, and you could do noth-  
ing effectual in return, so you suf-  
fered, and said it did not hurt. It  
was your pride more than your body  
that suffered, for the petty tyrant took  
special delight in punching and prod-  
ding and biffing you in the pres-  
ence of your sweetheart. She was  
taller and older than you, and  
other girls called her "mullen  
stalk," but she had black eyes  
and black hair and she kissed you  
first at an afternoon garden-party,  
where they all played Copenhagen and  
you drank too much lemonade for your  
stomach's good. You loved her more  
than you did any woman that followed



In the list, yes, with a more violent, nonsensical passion than that inspired by your highly respectable wife, the daughter of the leading coal-dealer. And this boy would give you a sly crack when you were smiling on—what was her name?—Carrie? Lilla? No—oh yes, Kitty. The tears almost came into your eyes, but you played Indian. She would scold him, and pet you—but when you went home from college you found her married to him. He is dead; she is stone-deaf, and with snow-white hair; and you are perhaps the happiest of the three, although you were grieved when you met her the other day—and she did not know you.

Now this species of boy is constantly reproduced. Arrived at man's estate, he thumps an acquaintance in the street, whacks him between the shoulders, says, "Ah, there, old man! How goes it?" laughs violently, and shows discolored teeth. He is prominent in barrooms, where he poses as a humorist. Sometimes he studies law, and he then endeavors to impress a jury by bullying a timid old woman on the stand. He is never dangerous; he is simply disagreeable. A more offensive variety is he that comes up to you in a club or crowded office and says: "That was a nasty one on you in the shrieking Eagle. If I were you I'd write the editor, I'd have that sort of thing stopped." You answer, and with uth: "What do you mean? I don't like the paper." To which the knocker replies: "You mean to say you haven't seen it? Why, here it is." He takes the clipping out of his pocket-book, and hands it to you. It is a nasty paragraph, which accuses you either of speak-thieving, arson, or sacrilege, just because you were persuaded by your friends to run for office. Again you play Indian; but there is no Kitty in the club, except the one in the poker-room.

Which is the wiser man: the village postmaster or the city apothecary's clerk?

The Rev. Mr. Tuckwell in his "Reminiscences of Oxford," gives this delightful ending to an account of S. C. Malan, a polyglot divine and book-collector: "He died at 82, to have been admitted, let us hope, in the unknown land to comradeship of no ordinary brotherhood by spirits of every nation, kindred, and tongue; to have found there, ranged upon celestial shelves, the Platonic archetypes of the priceless books which it tore his mortal heart to leave."

The right to make a fool of oneself on most available opportunities, and to put one's foot in it when and wheresoever an aperture is afforded for the insertion of that extremity, is one of the most precious of the inalienable heirlooms of the human species.

The N. Y. Sun editorially observes: "Three commanding fiddlers have been heard in America by this generation, Viextemps, who came in his old age, Wenlawski, and Wilhelm." By Wenlawski we suppose the Sun refers to Wienlawski. Viextemps was in this country three times: in the season of 1833-44, when he was about 24 years old; in 1857, when he was about 37 years old; and in 1870, when he was 50 years old. And how about Sarasate and Ysaye; are they not "commanding fiddlers," or are they to be classed with the Kaltenborns and Arnolds and Mannes of New York?

Two stones fell from the outer circle of Stonehenge the last evening of the old century. They are the only stones that have fallen since Charles II. excavated at the base of one of them to find out the character of the foundation. This accident moved the Pall Mall Gazette to a fine burst: "There is something strangely impressive about the thought of the sudden crash of these mysterious, immemorial blocks, whose secret is as unfathomable as that of the Egyptian Sphinx. In the starlit silence and solitude of the night on Salisbury Plain, while the old century was dying."

Superstitious persons might find an omen of evil nature in this fall, but they say the superstitious are now found chiefly in Hungary, where the bands come from. Thus at the pleasant village of Szuszag, calamity followed calamity until the peasants were persuaded by an old man that the ghost of one Joseph Zurka, who had been buried a few weeks before, was responsible. The villagers armed themselves with pitchforks and hatchets, went to the churchyard, and opened the grave. One of them ran his pitchfork through the heart of the corpse—they used to drive a stake through the heart of a vampire—while the others said in chorus: "Now you will not trouble us any more." Then they closed the grave and went home.

Jan 19, 1901  
If headresses of the hat and bonnet persuasion were arranged in a row for classification, the rather ignorant person would separate those with strings from those without, and would call the first bonnets and the second hats. The tolerably learned discriminator would do otherwise. Heads for the headgear he would demand, and when all were mounted would differentiate between bonnets and hats just from the manner of their setting on the hair: when the face of the wearer was left exposed, be there string or no string, he would declare a bonnet it was; when the face was shaded, a hat. But the very wise would decline to decide. He would say that whereas strings may be supposed to be a distinguishing mark of the bonnet, they are as often as not an adjunct of the hat and totally lacking in the bonnet; and that whereas an angle in the contour of the brim that exhibits the brow and front hair of the wearer ought to be a sign of the bonnet, the hat is as freakish as possible over its setting, and cannot be made to keep its proper position as a shader of the face and a guardian of the brow.

We have said little about the question of women's hats or bonnets at the theatre, because we seldom go to dramatic entertainments. Years ago we read a Sunday School book which frightened us thoroughly. The story was about a blue-eyed lad who was persuaded by a dissolute young man to see a melodrama. The night the blue-eyed boy—he wore a cap—entered the theatre was the date of his downfall. He sank lower and lower, to ballet and music hall, and he finally stole, murdered his employer and was hanged. The frontispiece showed the dissolute young man, smoking a long cigar and pointing to a sign: "The way to the pit."

And so, whenever we go to the theatre, we sit in a shudder of apprehension. The chandelier may fall, or an earthquake may swallow up mummies, audience, ushers, and the box-office receipts. What is the annoyance of a tall and obstructive hat to such pangs of conscience?

Furthermore, we have been annoyed by tall, thick-necked, fat headed men, with hair that shoots up as though under the influence of an electric current. It would not be polite or reasonable to insist that such heads should be checked at the cloak-room.

Now the Earnest Student of Sociology is deeply interested in this problem, as in all social problems, and since we are fond of him, we share in a measure his enthusiasm. He told us yesterday that this matter of women's hats had vexed the managers of the last century and he referred us to a letter which Lenoir, the Lieutenant of Police in Paris in 1784, addressed to the comedians of the Théâtre-Italien. We quote and translate freely from this curious document:

"In spite of the notice published in the Journal de Paris at the time of the opening of your theatre, and even in spite of prohibitions made since, one may see daily in the orchestra women whose coiffures and hats laden with feathers, ribbons and flowers, and of large size, prevent the spectators in the parterre from seeing and occasion complaints. It is important that there should be an immediate stop put to such complaints. You will therefore henceforth refuse admission to the orchestra to all those women who violate the ordinances, of which they cannot plead ignorance, for announcements have been made within the last fortnight. To avoid any disturbance you will take care to give notice once more; but as the garde française has been notified, and I, on my side, have given orders to the police officer, you must also take a hand, and order the doorkeepers to admit to the orchestra only women whose head-dress does not incommode the view of the spectators; other women must be sent back to arrange their heads so that they will not interfere with a view of the stage. You ought to know that at the Opéra neither hats nor big bonnets are allowed in the amphitheatre, and that at the Comédie-Française, no woman is admitted to the orchestra. It will be necessary for you to go this length unless you can otherwise stop an abuse of which the public justly complains."

In the same letter Lenoir insists that tickets should not be given to the actors and actresses, for they passed them as money to servants and waiters, who in turn sold them—"a shameful manoeuvre."

A courteous young man who on Jan. 16 walked down Fifth Avenue and bowed to the women in carriages was branded by a New York newspaper as a "fellow," "a new variety of mash-er." But there is no evidence that he tossed his card into a carriage, or grabbed the bride to say in low, passionate tones, "I adore you." Nor does it appear that he put his hand on his heart and smiled an amorous smile. He was simply paying a tribute of respect to radiant beauty.

We are pained to learn that the Harvard students at Memorial Hall are inclined to quarrel with their mutton.

Suppose that this meat is served every day, as they allege—what then? Think of the infinite and appetizing forms in which it may be prepared. Grilled breast of mutton, carbonnade of mutton, mutton chops (with or without crumbs, and Bretonne), mutton ham, mutton haricot, braised leg of mutton, curry of mutton, roasted (plain or in the Polish way) loin of mutton (rolled and stuffed) loin of mutton kebobbed, minced mutton—ah! minced mutton on toast! English mutton pie, stewed shoulder of mutton, Irish stew, mutton tea—we stop only for lack of breath. The voluptuous Orientals know the value of mutton—are they not always eating it in the Arabian Nights? Did not the woman of blandishing beauty, who engaged the services of the Porter of Baghdad, stop at a butcher's booth that memorable day and say, "Cut me off 10 pounds of mutton?" She paid him his price, and he wrapped it in a banana leaf. No wonder the Porter cried: "O day of good luck! O day of Allah's grace!" Surely students should not eat beef, which, Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek declares, does harm to the wits! What would they have? Gross and sensual pork, mysterious sausage, game, veal? Or health-foods that kill the appetite? Or tabloid preparations? Matilda in "The Rovers" knew the folly of fussiness in diet: "Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another."

#### Jan 20 1901 CARRENO'S CONCERT.

Teresa Carreno gave her second piano recital in Association Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a fair-sized and appreciative audience. She played Chopin's sonata in B minor; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; Beethoven's sonata op. 109; Schubert's Impromptu in B flat; Soirée de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; and Marche Militaire, Schubert-Tausig.

The concert was, on the whole, a disappointment to those who have admired the pianist on former occasions. She played the sonata by Beethoven in a perfunctory manner and without distinction, and while in her performance of other pieces there were pages that gave pleasure, she too often forced tone. She seldom displayed a true singing touch in melodic phrases, and her sense of rhythm was frequently and disturbingly imperfect.

RECEIVED last week a letter in which the writer asked whether "facial expression was allowable in oratorio." It seems that Mr. Miles had sung in a city down East the part of Elijah, and that certain local critics had found fault with him because he had shown strong emotion in his face while he was singing "It Is Enough."

I do not remember that this point has been raised. A soprano was once criticised adversely for wearing a low neck dress with flaming red corsage in a performance of Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew. Solo singers have been charged with the heinous offence of bowing to friends in the audience while they themselves were idle in the course of an oratorio. Solo singers have been accused of exaggeration in sentiment, of dawdling and sniveling and on the other hand they have been likened for stolid indifference unto a tobaccoist's Indian. But here is a new question.

In the first place the critic should be sure that Mr. Miles was truly emotional. He may have had a cold or neuralgia, or something in his eye, or a troublesome tooth. We all know the story of the man who was accused of glaring offensively at a young woman, whose sweetheart threatened to lay violent hands on the starrer and was dissuaded only by the statement that the impudent eye was of glass. Physical suffering may not seriously affect the voice, and yet a passing twinge or steady ache may twist the features into the mask

of deliberately contrived emotional display.

Let it be granted that Mr. Miles was in rude health and perfect vocal condition. Was he inartistic in the use of facial expression?

Thin were the partitions that at first divided oratorio from opera. The oratorio was originally a dramatic entertainment, with scenery, costumes and action. There were oratorios that were thus given down to the beginning of the 19th century. Even now the Music Teachers' Association of Connecticut proposes to give "Elijah" in operatic form.

Again in the golden days of operatic singers, they were not expected by the audience to be passionate in action. The emotion was in the voice and in

the music itself. Song was to suffer if there was too violent action; to use a homely expression, too much "thrashing around." It is also true today that the greatest singing tragedians take all manner of liberties with the rhythm, and even the notes of the composer, and often flout the true pitch. Brignoli, one of the most admirable singers that ever visited this country, was a veritable stoughton-bottle on the stage. He walked as though he were following the plough. You have seen other operatic singers who moved as though they were on castors, and yet they sang delightfully and were favorites.

Of course if any singer in oratorio is deliberate in the adjustment of face to musical phrase or meaning of text, the creaking of the machinery is heard and there is suspicion of affectation. But does any one seriously insist that the face of a singer entreating for mercy—the mercy of the Lord, not of the audience—or announcing the judgment of the Lord, or exultant in praise of His loving kindness, should be expressionless or simply smirking, as a wax head in the shop window?

If a singer feels deeply, he generally shows his feelings by his face. If he has been properly taught, he will not grin, scowl, or look as though he were standing by the open grave of his only son. To guard against such offensive mannerisms, the old singing teachers made their pupils practise in front of a looking-glass.

Mr. William Ludwig, a man of deeply religious nature, was animated in his performance of "Elijah." He warmed to his work. He was for the time being the Prophet, the man from the hills and the desert, arrogant, bigoted, fanatical. His performance was a strong one dramatically rather than vocally. Mr. Frangcon-Davies, whose performance of Elijah was most impressive until it was encrusted with mannerisms, was quieter in his methods, yet his face was never stolid.

From what I know of Mr. Miles, I do not believe that he overstepped the boundaries of good taste. The trouble with nine out of ten oratorio performances is that everything is taken too seriously. The simplest statement of fact—as "Then he went down to Damascus"—is declaimed as though the singer were describing Priam praying on his knees to Achilles. The singer is lugubrious, a dismal Jemmy, and thinks he is thereby singing in true oratorio spirit. This is still more frequently observed in contraltos in oratorio.

Contraltos naturally drag their music, mouth and dawdle, and groan and wheeze, and they are often, yes, almost always applauded by the audience for their "deep devotional spirit." When they are through with their dismal effort, there is an approving sigh that goes through the hall as a light wind over the cornfield. "She sings with so much expression."

It used to be an old rule that the harder the task, the grinnier should be the grin of the soprano. This was one of the conventions, along with the handkerchief, that the prima donna should display in joy or grief. Albani sported the handkerchief the last time she sang in opera in this city. But there is nothing more disfiguring than this meaningless-simper, like the vacuous smirk of the ballet girl when she goes on her toes diagonally across the stage. Hugo's "Man Who Laughs" was never "The Man Who Sings."

The singer that has been well taught, that feels the music, the meaning of the words, and the precise nature of the situation, will respond with her face. If she is Jezebel she will not endeavor to look like a charming virgin or a saucy coquette. She that sings "Hear, oh Israel," will not look as though she were singing Delilah's sensuous song to poor Samson. Nor will he that impersonates Elijah singing "It is enough" arrange his face as though he were to sing "The Maniac" or "The Friar of orders Gray."

Mr. Ben T. Hammond, the singing teacher who is as well known here as in Worcester, his home, has decided to give up teaching, and he will soon sail for Naples. He proposes to live in Europe for a long time. His record as a teacher and a church singer is a long and honorable one.—A correspondent asks, "What has become of Xavier Scharwenka?" The latest news was from the Berlin correspondent of the Musical Courier, who says that Scharwenka has fully recovered his health and is busy teaching in Berlin; he has just finished a cantata with text from the Bible, which the Royal Academy of Arts ordered from him for the celebration of the next birthday of the Emperor William. Scharwenka will return to this country in April as a solo pianist.—Five new songs by Hermann Hans Wetzel were sung by Mr. Bis-



in New York the 15th.—Josef Mann will give 15 concerts in the eastern cities of the United States this season.—Mr. Vernon Blackburn, in the Fortnightly Review, tells several anecdotes of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. He went to Rome after hearing "The Yeomen of the Guard" for the first time, and one night walking through the Piazza di Spagna, he was whistling the air, "Strange Adventure." A window was suddenly opened and a voice exclaimed, "Who's that whistling my music?" Mr. Blackburn replied that if he were Sir Arthur Sullivan it was his music he was whistling; but added that he thought the copyright did not extend to Italy.—"There is a strong probability that when the bronze bust of Sullivan is fixed in position in St. Paul's Cathedral the Prince of Wales will unveil it and speak a few words. It is expected that Sir Arthur's last work, his "Peace Te Deum," will be performed on the occasion."—"Italy is one of the nations that has no national anthem or song that is sung on patriotic or other occasions of any value. Pressing applications have recently been made to Verdi to compose a national hymn for the Italian people, but the great composer has declined the task, saying, rightly, that such a work would need to be inspired by a great national crisis. "The Marseillaise," he points out, is not a studied musical composition. It is a lyrical outburst of patriotic sentiment."

Franz Servais died suddenly Jan. 13 at Brussels. He was an adopted son of Francois, the famous cellist, but others say he was the son. It is strange that there should be this confusion. He was intimate with Liszt and von Bülow, took the Belgian prix de Rome in 1873 with "The Death of Tasso," wrote an opera, "L'Appollonide," which was performed not long ago at Karlsruhe, if I am not mistaken. He also wrote a dramatic symphony, "Macbeth." He was the brother-in-law of Van Dyck, the opera singer.—Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne," written when he was 12 years old, was performed at the Monnaie, Brussels, early this month.—Franz Schmidt, a member of the Imperial Orchestra of Vienna, has won the prize of 2000 crowns offered by the Philharmonic Society of that city for the best symphony. Seven competed.—Johann Strauss III., the son of Eduard, will have charge of the music during the Vienna carnival.—Two violins by Gian-Battista Guadagnini were sold in London for \$725 and \$775 apiece. A cello by Ferdinando Gagliano brought \$2000.—Charpentier's "Louise" was performed in Algiers, Jan. 14. This was the first performance outside Paris.—A new dramatic oratorio, "Ekehard," by Hugo Röhr, was produced at Innsbruck, Dec. 14, with success.—Frank's "Hentitudes" pleased so much in Copenhagen that the performance was repeated.—"The Belle of New York" was produced in German at the Central Theatre, Berlin, Dec. 22.—The organ builder, Tronci, has rebuilt at his own expense the organ at Buseto, on which the young Verdi used to play.

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday afternoon, Steinert Hall, 2.30.—Song recital by Mr. Walter Hawkins, tenor, and Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone. Mr. Hawkins will sing songs by Schubert, German, Beethoven (Adelaide), Chadwick, Bullard. Mr. Townsend will sing songs by Brahms, Foote, Beethoven, Kreutzer, Lang, Rubinstein, Thomas. There will be duets by Bullard and Trout.

Thursday evening, Association Hall, 8 P. M.—"Bird of the Music Students" Chamber Concerts. Mrs. Caroline Garmon Clark will sing songs by Brahms, Liszt, Schumann, MacDowell, Chadwick, Mrs. Rogers and others. Mr. George W. Proctor will play piano pieces by Bach-Liszt, Scarlatti, Chopin, Gabriel Faure, Liszt.

Wednesday evening—Union Hall, 7.45 o'clock. Concert by some advanced pupils of Mrs. Ella Cleveland Fenderson.

Thursday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., testimonial concert to Miss G. de la Motte. The program will include operatic concert selections by a string orchestra, songs by Mrs. Caroline Shepard, Mr. Julian Walker, Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, a violin solo by Miss Marie Nichols, a cello obligato by Mr. Keller and a clarinet obligato by Mr. Selmer. Miss de la Motte will play a piece of Chopin, her teacher.

Friday afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8, Symphony Hall, 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program will include Haydn's Symphony in G No. 5, Dvorak's Rhapsody No. 3, Wagner's Huldigungsmarsch, Mella will sing an aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" and Handel's "Sweet Bird."

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Miss Annah May Howe, cellist, assisted by Dr. Cerk, bass, Mr. Dakin, pianist, Mr. Traupe, violinist, and Miss Henry, accompanist, will give a concert in Watertown, Friday evening.

Marcella Semblich, assisted by Mr. Luckstone, pianist, will give her second and last song recital in Symphony Hall, Monday, Jan. 28, at 2.30 P. M. The program will include Mozart's "Deh, vieni"; Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me"; Schubert's "Delphine"; Beethoven's "Ich hab' ein kleines Lied"; R. Strauss's "Nachtweien"; Loewe's "Glocken der Töchterlein"; and "Niemand hat's gesehen"; Norwegian, Irish, French Canadian, German folk songs; and the grand aria from Meyerbeer's "The Star of the North."

with two flutes. The public sale of tickets will open Tuesday. Mail orders, accompanied by check, addressed to Mr. L. H. Mudgett, Symphony Hall, will receive attention before or after the opening of the sale.

Mrs. O. A. Gellino, contralto, will give a song recital in Association Hall, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

The Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Hans Winderstein, will arrive in this country next March, for a sixty days' concert tour. This tour will be under the sole direction of Mrs. Norma Knupfel, a Detroit woman who has been quite prominent in musical affairs both in this country and in Europe. Mrs. Knupfel has been a resident of San Francisco for several years, but for the past two years she has managed the European tours of the Winderstein Orchestra, which she is now bringing to the United States. The orchestra comprises 75 musicians, and it is unquestionably one of the finest organizations of its kind in existence. The concert master is Sorma Pick-Steinert. The first American appearance of the Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra and its famous conductor will be at Carnegie Hall, New York. They will give two concerts in Boston, at Tremont Temple, on March 11 and 12. The assisting pianist will be Josef Slivinski.

Mr. Carl Faeltel will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on the evening of Monday, Jan. 28. He will play pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and Mendelssohn.

Mr. Edwin Klahre will give his third piano recital on Monday evening, Feb. 4, in Steinert Hall.

Jan 21, 1901

When we were girl and boy together  
We tossed about the flowers  
And wreathed the blushing hours  
Into a posy green and sweet.  
I sought the youngest, best,  
And never was at rest  
Till I had laid them at thy fairy feet.  
But the days of childhood they were fleet,  
And the blooming sweet-briar breathed  
weather,

When we were boy and girl together.

Then we were lad and lass together,  
And sought the kiss of night  
Before we felt aught,  
Sitting and singing soft and sweet.  
The dearest thought of heart  
With thee 'twas joy to part,  
And the greater half was thine, as meet.  
Still my eyelids dewy, my veins they beat  
At the starry summer evening weather,  
When we were lad and lass together.

And we are man and wife together,  
Although thy breast, once bold  
With song, be closed and cold  
Beneath flowers' roots and birds' light feet.  
Yet sit I by thy tomb,  
And dissipate the gloom  
With songs of loving faith and sorrow sweet.  
And fate and darkling grave kind dreams  
do cheat.

That, while fair life, young hope, despair  
and death are,  
We're boy and girl, and lass and lad, and  
man and wife together.

We have received the following extraordinary letter:

Boston, Jan. 19, 1900.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Bless your big heart which you wear on your sleeve—and so you sometimes come down close to the green earth—off the flying rings—and tell us of the things which are!

Why, indeed, should you know about Kitty, unless you should have known her in the very incarnation of kitteness such as she was—she who is now gone before? Do you remember how she was a tall girl—"mullen stalk" you called her, and how at the garden party that afternoon she was composed solely of two slim, black stockinged legs, a marvelous gown of white—very stiffly starched, and two wondering eyes that peered at you under the shoulder of the fat teacher who would try, oh, so hard, to tell us how when she was a little girl her little boy friend played "needle's eye"—do you remember that?

And do you remember when the beautiful big teacher, grown lovely now because she had played the game with you—and oh, hiss!—Kitty—she had dropped her arm so that Kitty was bound to kiss you, whether she would or not?

Do you remember how after that wonderful afternoon you had gone home and had refused to eat sump and milk for supper, and had gone to bed to dream of being a minister in a large church—preferably overlooking a vast garden—where she should always go about picking roses and where you might find her—and how she would come to you and kiss you, and how she should ever be clothed in that same gown of white, and should say to you that you were a saucy thing—after you had kissed her, and how she would wipe her lips with the sleeve of that divine white gown and run away to Dorothy and look at you—still more wonderingly—saying, meanwhile, inaudible, scathing things about you to the red-headed Dorothy?

And do you remember how, afterwards, when the winter came, you had asked her to come out at recess to see a "new place"—a place indefinite, indeterminate, where the crust on the snow made sliding wonderful, and which you had discovered all by your own self? Do you remember that blessed 15 minutes after you had toiled up the long hill back of Kreuter's blacksmith shop, when you two sat there rubbing your mittened fingers, and wondering if it would be quite proper for you to rush, sliding belly-

bunt, down that beautiful glare of snow?

And do you remember, too, how, when

It was all decided that you slammed ahead, carrying your sled high in the air, and waving your tippet madly in the December sun, you sped gloriously down toward where the hummock over the fence made coasting dangerous, and how, when it was safely over, you slewed your bob around and threw an indefinite, maddening kiss to the scarlet cloaked little woman at the top of the hill?

Do you remember that?

And do you remember, too, how when summer came again and there was vacation time, how there was a great swing of wild grape in the woods, and how you used to run away there to find, sometimes, the same wonderful little woman waiting for you, and how, one day, when you had forgotten your luncheon time, you had stolen over into the whitely sunlit pasture and milked one of the Jersey cows into an improvised cup made from the twisted leaf of the same wild grape, and how that had served as more of food than all the luncheons you have ever had since at the Porphyry?

And then, do you remember that awful day when a letter came to your office when you sat there looking over the papers in the case of the Corporation vs. Doe, there came to you that one letter from her husband wherein it said: "The boy is all right, but Kitty, poor little girl, has gone away from us"?

Do you remember that?

H. P. T.

We quote from the New York Sun:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: J. N. B. asks in Wednesday's Sun if anyone can tell him where the expression 'cheese it,' which is used as a warning cry, originated. I would say that some years ago there were many mysterious breaks made into a grocery store near Beach Street, Boston, and groceries carried away; a closer watch was put on and one night the culprit was caught in the act, and it proved to be a policeman whose beat was near the store, and at the time he was caught he was carrying off a cheese. The South Cove hoodlums took it up and used to tease the police by shouting 'cheese' at them, and finally it drifted into 'cheese it.'

Lynn, Mass., Jan. 11. T. J. E.

Fudge, O man of Lynn! Why do you serve swipes instead of the real stuff to him that thirsts after knowledge? "Cheese it" is in an English slang dictionary of 1811, and the definition shows that the phrase was then used in the same sweet sense as that of today. And the phrase came banging and bumping down the last century. The ingenious Mr. George Augustus Sala in his "Gaslight and Daylight" (1859) wrote in the chapter "Strollers at Dumbledown-deary" about young Harry, who held earnest parley with members of the upper gallery who were pelting him and his friends with nut-shells and broken pipes. "Two or three 'hallos!' and 'how, then!' accompanied by a strong recommendation to 'cheese it' (i. e., act of cessation), cause these trifling annoyances to cease." You see that Mr. Sala thought it necessary to explain the phrase to his genteel audience. The dictionaries all say that "cheese it" is thought to be a corruption of "cease it." Maybe they think so. We are inclined to believe in a more remote derivation. "Cease it!" is too easy. It is like Eugene Field's derivation of "corker" from the Greek "Korka," which means the adorable one.

Jan 22, 1901

Who may this be? Who but Polpetti, not the great English, nor even only the great Italian, but the great European tenor; the finest Edgardo in the world; the unrivaled Elviro; the unapproached Otello; the pride of the Scala and the Fenice; the Pergola, and the Italiens; the cynosure of Berlin and Vienna and St. Petersburg; the decorated of foreign orders; the millionaire; the Gaddi of today. So much glory (more than a conqueror's), so much gold (more than a Hebrew banker's), has this listless person earned by his delightful art.

Out of personal and humanitarian interest in Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, we asked a few days ago, in a spirit of joke, whether he was not working too hard. Three performances a week, and performances of heroic parts must be tiring to nerves and voice. Our kindness and consideration are poorly repaid by certain New York critics who charge us with falsehood and flat burglary. They write as though they had straw in the hair and foam on the mouth, and we see them staring wildly with hot eye-balls. Softly, softly, young gentlemen. We, too, as all the dwellers in Boston, Saugus, and Hyde Park, admire Mr. Jean de Reszke—especially in elderly and meditative parts. Nor is Mr. de Reszke himself responsible for the slobbering adoration of fetishists.

The Tampico Owl wishes the "lady who made goo-goo eyes at the blonde gentleman on the plaza during the band concert" to leave her address at his office.

Some one sent to the London Chronicle the reply which he received from the Secretary of a temperance society to which he had applied for particulars:

Sir,—The only rules of the Temperance Society are the following:—

1. Signing the pledge.
2. Using a bad language.
3. Dividing the money (together with as much interest as we can get).

4. If any member happens to break any of the first two rules, she gets nothink.

Mr. Aurélien Scholl said on Jan. 22, 1885, that he once knew an American who as soon as he arrived in any foreign and unfamiliar city went to the circus, invited the whole company to dine with him, and thus provided himself with an elephant, who introduced him everywhere and showed him everything that was of interest during his sojourn.

Mr. Rostand, the author of "L'Aiglon"—the play that Mr. Sumichrast, the celebrated critic, Frenchman and patriot from the Blue-Nose provinces, does not like—has been recovering health at Cambo in the Basses Pyrénées. "He has got back his nerves, and is now hale-looking, sunburnt, and with more flesh." Let us hope that Mr. Sumichrast's adverse opinion will be kept from him; a relapse might be dangerous.

Here is a queer tale of Tammany rule in Peking. Mr. Hop Sing lived in the Street of the Roasted Corn, as dirty and badly paved a street as Massachusetts Avenue or Boylston at the intersection of that avenue. He begged the local mandarin, a warm, personal friend, to repave the street. Certainly! The men would go immediately to work. A wee! went by; no work; another visit; polite promises. At last Mr. Hop Sing in despair had the street repaved at his own cost. One morning he awoke to find coolies upheaving the new pavement. Furthermore the mandarin, to whom he ran in rage, told him the coolies were obeying his own order. "You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

Mr. Boleslaus Bohnzinsky, an artist's model in New York, was arrested while trying to pawn two pictures which had been cut from their frames. He is charged with stealing \$10,000 worth of goods. Mr. Bohnzinsky made the following excuse in court: "I meant no harm, Your Honor. I am a great pianist, greater than Paderewski. I am the greatest artist in the world, but I had no money, and I stole in order to get money to rent a hall, so that I could give a concert. If I could give a concert, I would at once be famous, and every one would throw money at my feet. I know this would be the case, Your Honor, and I intended to reimburse the gentleman from the proceeds of the first concert." Mr. Bohnzinsky has the true artistic temperament. Furthermore, he is honest in fixing his exact rank. Other pianists think respectively that they are the greatest in the world, but they have not the courage and frankness of this eminent virtuoso. We hope that the Judge will allow him to visit Boston this winter.

It was not to be expected that Prof. Barrett Wendell could appreciate Walt Whitman, or even Edgar Allan Poe, for Poe was the son of poor and strolling playactors, and Whitman's father was a common man who sold his hands by manual labor. Prof. W. P. Trent of Columbia University contributed the article on "American Literature Throughout the Century" to the supplement of the New York Evening Post of Jan. 12, probably the most remarkable and valuable supplement ever published by an American newspaper. Prof. Trent makes the following references to Poe and Whitman:

"Cooper shares with Poe and Whitman the honor of being an author not for America or the English-speaking peoples alone, but for the world."

"Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe—this the noble triad of writers that for dominates the American literature of the golden age—that is, of the mid-century. . . . These are the dii majores."



And among the *diu minores* Professor Trent reckons Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau.

"Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' (1855) dates also from this period, but his growing influence is a matter of later years, and he cannot now with fairness be ranked with any save our most powerful and original writers."

Nor does he forget Herman Melville, who "in 'Typee' laid the foundation of a fame which, after some obscurity, seems likely to be permanent, in a genuine though limited sense."

Jan 23. 1901

## HAWKINS-TOWNSEND.

Joint Song Recital Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall—A Varied and Interesting Program.

(By Philip Hale.)

Messrs. Walter Hawkins, tenor, and Stephen Townsend, baritone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a good-sized and appreciative audience. Mr. Almon J. Fairbanks was the accompanist, although Mr. Bullard accompanied his own vocal pieces, and Mr. Leon Van Vliet was the cellist. The program was as follows:

Duet, "You Remind Me, Sweeting".....Bullard  
Songs, "Love's Message".....Schubert  
"The Organ Grinder".....Schubert  
"In Summer-time".....German  
Mr. Hawkins.

Songs, "Remembrance".....Brahms  
"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes".....Foote  
"Creation Hymn".....Beethoven  
Mr. Townsend.

Aria from "Hérodiade".....Massenet  
Mr. Hawkins.  
Duet from "Damon and Pythias".....Prout  
Scene and aria from "A Night in Granada".....Kreutzer  
Mr. Townsend.

Songs, "Before the Dawn".....Chadwick  
"Tom Bowling".....Dibdin  
"There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop" (MSS.).....Bullard  
From Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon" With cello.  
Mr. Hawkins.

Songs, "My Ain Dear Somebody".....Lang  
"Good Night".....Rubinstein  
"Hamlet's Drinking Song".....Thomas  
Mr. Townsend.  
Duet, Hunting Song from "King Arthur".....Bullard

This program was interesting, although Prout's duet is always a dose, and it is a pleasure to add that the songs by Schubert were sung in English. English, after all, is the common language in Boston, and nothing is more depressing than the appearance in the concert stage of a young American, male or female, who insists on singing certain songs in what he or she only imagines is French, German or Italian. Furthermore, an audience honestly prefers to hear words and sentences that convey a definite meaning.

Mr. Bullard was well represented. He steadily making his way as a singer, so far as public success is concerned. In his later songs he displays greater freedom in thought and more marked individuality. He has also a sense of harmonic color.

Mr. Hawkins won popularity easily as a tenor in Cadet shows, where his freeable personality counted for much. His singing, then, was of a rank, honest, artless nature that was well within the frame of the entertainment. To sing what are known as art songs in the concert hall is another matter. He is not yet prepared for such work. The voice itself is nasal; it is produced for the most part heedlessly; and the singer was inclined yesterday to seek refuge continually in imitating and at times incongruous auctorial. His performance of the aria from "Hérodiade," which he sang in French, was a clear case of vaulting ambition. On the other hand his pronunciation in the English songs was delightfully distinct, and, strange to say, in Schubert's "Organ Grinder," which often disappoints when it is sung by singers of indisputable proficiency, he made a marked impression by a certain blunt sincerity of feeling and expression.

Townsend did many things extremely well. His voice is of moderate compass, but he manages it with much skill. The tonal quality is almost always beautiful and in tender as well as a robust passages there is the authority of the artist. His singing of Beethoven's "Creation Hymn" was a masterpiece of thoughtful and musical interpretation.

The accompaniments by Mr. Fairbanks were distinguished for beauty of tone and sympathetic support. The second recital will be given next Tuesday evening, when the program will include duets by Bizet, Elizard, Debussy, and songs by Dvorák, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, Lang and Foote.

Too often the American that himself makes his fortune builds him a great metropolitan house, in the most metropolitan street of the most metropolitan town. Whereas a European of the same sort would thereupon dig a hole into the country. That herein the European hath the better of it, no poet, philosopher, and no aristocrat will deny, for the country is not only the most poetical and philosophical, but it is the most aristocratic part of the earth, for it is the most desirable, and numerous birds have ennobled by many fine titles. Whereas the town is the

more plebeian portion which, besides many other things, is plainly evinced by the dirty, unwashed face perpetually worn by the town; but the country, like any Queen, is ever attended by scrupulous lady's maids in the guise of the seasons, and the town hath but one dress of brick turned up with stone; but the country hath a brave dress for every week in the year; sometimes she changes her dress twenty-four times in the twenty-four hours; and the country weareth her sun by day as a diamond on a Queen's brow, and the stars by night, as necklaces of gold beads; whereas the town's sun is smoky paste, and no diamond, and the town's stars are pinchbeck and not gold.

Let us first shed the tear of sensibility in recalling the sufferings of Mr. William Morse and those dear to him in Newberry, in New England, in the year 1679, when his house was strangely disquieted by a demon. We have already wept together over some of the trials with which the Fiend assailed him. "On January 23 (in particular) the man had an iron pin twice thrown at him, and his inkhorn was taken away from him while he was writing; and when by all his seeking it he could not find it, at last he saw it drop out of the air, down by the fire. A piece of leather was twice thrown at him; and a shoe was laid upon his shoulder, which he, catching at, was suddenly rapt from him. A handful of ashes was thrown at his face and upon his clothes; and the shoe was then clapt upon his head, and upon it he clapt his hand, holding it so fast that somewhat unseen pulled him with it backward on the floor." Thus far. Tomorrow we shall tell of a still more grievous affliction that tormented the God-fearing man.

Nor can we sit unmoved at the sight of men, women and children, with stopped nostrils and barking throats, or with weeping nostrils and tightened throats. These, indeed, are gripping days, and it is the part of every good citizen to assist his neighbor. We therefore feel it our duty to acquaint the general public with an experiment made in the 17th century by Judge Rumsey, who was so excellent a lawyer that he was called "The Picklock of the Law;" he had a philosophical head and "was most curious for grafting, inoculating and planting, and ponds." This much to show that he was no crank or fuddy-duddy. And now let the biographer tell the tale: "He was much troubled with flegme, and being so one winter at the court at Ludlowe (where he was one of the Counsellours), sitting by the fire, spitting and spewling, he took a fine, tender sprig, and tied a ragge at the end, and conceived he might putt it downe his throate, and fetch up the flegme, and he did so. Afterwards he made this instrument of whalebone. I have oftentimes seen him use it. I could never make it goe downe

my throate, but for those that can 'tis a most incomparable engine. If troubled with the wind it cures you immediately." We are obliged to omit two or three sentences that are of interest chiefly to learned leeches. "I had a young fellow, that was my servant, that used it incomparably, more easily than the Judge; he made them. In Wilts, among my things, are some of his making still. The Judge said he never saw any one use it so dextrously in his life. It is no paine, when downe your throate; he would touch the bottom of his stomach with it."

We have received a letter addressed to "H. P. T.," and as we have no other way of communicating with him, we publish it in the hope that he may see it:

Boston, Jan. 21.

Mr. H. P. T.,  
(Care of the Editor of Talk of the Day.)

Dear Sir:  
Kitty's boy is growing up. You have met him twice lately on his way to school as you were going across the Garden to your office. He is a slender boy, tall for his age, with long legs and the dark wondering eyes his mother had when she was of his age.

He was walking with a large, square man, who wore a red dish face. The boy had school books under his arm.

You know the red-faced man, Kitty's brother. He and his wife took the boy when Kitty's husband followed her so soon. They have done their best, but you think you understand why the boy's eyes are like those of his mother but intensified.

Saturday you saw him again. This time she was with him. She was shorter than he and she wore a wonderful scarlet hat with a big bow. Her eyes were blue and her pigtail was tied with red ribbon. Two pairs of skates were hanging from his arm.

Some day you will take him home to luncheon, and your wife—you never told her all about Kitty—will give him things you liked to eat when you were a boy. Then while you smoke your pipe, and your wife is dressing to go out on one of those mysterious expeditions that are followed in the evening by the delivery of parcel after parcel,

you will talk to him about his mother, and when he has said his awkward "good-by" you will sit and think a while before you go back to your work.

C. R.

We must refuse to publish any more communications about Kitty or her husband, uncle, boy, or cousin Clarissa. We knew Kitty, and we are still too fond of her to use her merely for copy.

The extraordinary Murray Hall was not the only woman who for years masqueraded successfully as a man and even took to herself a wife. Some years ago in Wisconsin Frank Blunt turned out to be Annie Morris. She married a young girl, Lulu Seitz, in Fond du Lac, lived with her six years, and then, on account of Blunt's attentions to other women, her (or his) wife secured a divorce. Blunt ran away with a saloon keeper's wife and married still another woman, who left him—her.

Then there is the case of Mary East, who about 1740 took the name of James How, donned male attire, married a woman and kept a public house at Epping. "During the 34 years they lived together neither the husband nor the wife was ever observed to dress a joint of meat, nor had they ever any meetings or the like at their house. They never kept any maid or boy, but the husband, Mary East, used always to draw beer, serve, fetch, and carry out the pots, so extremely solicitous were they that their secret might not be discovered." After the death of the wife, Mary East retired from business and "enjoyed in peace the fortune she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished reputation." They appear to have had no children.

Jan 24. 1901

Life stands and cries outside my door,  
A homeless beggar-maid  
That casts no shadow on the floor;  
To bid her cross my threshold o'er  
Almost I am afraid.

Almost I think I know her eyes;  
I stand, a grudging host,  
And wait and wonder and surmise,  
While Life outside my window cries,  
A cold and homeless ghost.

Wearing for jewels in her hair  
Rain and the desert sands,  
My dead youth that was once so fair  
Stands in my doorway, knocking there  
With cold, beseeching hands.

Victor Hugo said, "Success is hideous." This cryptic phrase admits of many explanations. Success is hideous when it engenders weak-kneed imitation. You are reading with pleasure "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters;" but there is "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters;" and still another collection, "An Englishman's Love-Letters." And no doubt there are more to come.

We heard a young woman say the other evening—and there was acidity in her speech—that she regarded the "Englishwoman's Letters" as flat and silly. Yet she herself was not outside the pale of desire. She had tenebrous hair, a poetic pallor that some associate with passion, and her immediate atmosphere was fragrant. The men looked at her compassionately when she made this speech.

These letters gain by appearance in small doses, as they are presented in the Journal. The only danger in the publication to society is that male readers may well be envious. A man head over heels in love does not exact literary distinction in the letters from his adored Arabella. Even should she fail in fine discrimination between "to" and "too," he would not writhle provided the temperature of the letter as a whole reached the boiling point. The most effective love-letters are the shortest. There should be irregularities in speech if not absolute solecisms; there should be delightful examples of anacoluthia; the punctuation should be inclined toward hysteria; the exclamation point is to be preferred to the period. Even a sedate man with a blue-black beard and spectacles likes to be assured that he is a "darling" and "so noble-looking." Even a college-professor who gnaws linguistic roots for a living will accept flattery spread thickly on a trowel.

Beware of the love-letter with serenely balanced sentences and acute criticisms of art-shows and theatrical entertainments. Orlando is not eager to know what Rosalind thinks of the art of Mr. Lockwood, or Mr. Paxton, or whether she approves of Miss Adams in the play that Mr. Sumichrast—or Sumichrast, as he prefers to sign himself—does not like. Orlando wishes to know what Rosalind thinks of him—the great and only Orlando.

We know a man of fifty years who is fat, bald-headed, tired, and a bachelor. The world calls him disagreeable, scur. And yet each night he reads a love-letter before he puts out the light. And he sleeps with a little packet of love-letters under his pillow. They were written by his mother to him in college when he was young and ambi-

tious and full of illusions. And she, poor, loving soul, has slept quietly in a Vermont cemetery these twenty years.

Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant said early this month before the Brixton Literary and Discussion Society that she had never spent "a more terrible time in a theatre" than when she saw "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mrs. Kendal must have played the leading part.

We continue the narration of the Demon's foul pranks in the house of Mr. William Morse in Newberry, in New England: "On the next day at night (Jan. 24, 1679), as they were going to bed, a lost ladder was thrown against the door, and their light put out; and when the man was a bed, he was beaten with an heavy pair of leather breeches, and pull'd by the hair of his head and beard, pinched and scratched, and his bed-board was taken away from him." But what was this to that which followed?

The sweet singer of Cambridge told us that lives of eminent citizens remind us that we can make our own lives sublime—or words to that effect. In this material, grossly commercial age we are persuaded to think that the children have not constantly before them noble exemplars. Lincoln and other great men were fed on Plutarch's Lives—truly a strong and nourishing diet, the best of mental-helly-timber. But we do not propose to go into countries so remote in speech and fashion. We propose for a week or two the consideration each day of some praiseworthy deed by an Englishman or Englishwoman. Thus to-day let our young readers ponder an episode in the life of William Butler of Clare-hall in Cambridge, England, the greatest physician of his time.

A French man came one time from London to Cambridge, purposely to see him, whom he made stay two hours for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blew gowne. The French gentleman makes him 2 or 3 very lowe bowes downe to the ground; Dr. Butler whippes his legge over his head, and away goes in to his chamber, and did not speake with him."

This is the feast day of Timothy, who was one of the first to take wine solely as a medicinal remedy.

Old Chimes was talking about saints and martyrs in public and private life. "I wonder," queried this lover of quips and paradoxes, "whether Sebastian, when the arrows came in to him thick and fast, or Stephen, when the stones hit him, felt a glow of pride at being the centre of popular attention."

Jan 25. 1901

## MISS MOTTE'S CONCERT.

A Testimonial Offered by Friends and Admirers to One That Has Long Worked Faithfully for Music in This City.

A testimonial concert was given last night in Symphony Hall to Miss Gabrielle de la Motte, who has been long known in Boston as a faithful teacher of the piano. She was born in France, and when her father lost his fortune, she bravely came forward and declared her intention to adopt the career of a piano virtuoso. She made her first appearance in the spring of 1853 in London, where she also played at times with Vieuxtemps and Platti. In the fall of that year she came to the United States with the purpose of giving concerts for a year. She played in New York and Brooklyn; then she decided on account of her health to lead a quieter life; she made Boston her home and since then she has been known here as a teacher. The object of this concert was twofold: to assist her in paying money which she was obliged to borrow during years of enforced idleness; and to permit her to re-establish her music school and thus enable her to support herself as she did in the past.

The program was a varied one. There were orchestral numbers led by Mr. Zach-cverture to "Anacreon"; Massenet's "Sous les Tilleuls," with cello obbligato by Mr. Selmer and clarinet obbligato by Mr. Keller and Sevillana, the well known waltz and overture by Tschalkowsky and the overture to "Mignon." Mrs. Caroline Shephard sang "The Diana" by Herman and Jeanne d'Arc's farewell by Tschalkowsky; Miss Marie Nichols played Saint-Saens's "Introduction and Rondo capriccioso" for violin; Mr. Julian Walker sang an aria from "Don Carlos" and the Romance from "Tannhauser." Miss de la Motte played the nocturne in B flat minor by Chopin.

All the numbers gave pleasure to the audience. Although it is not the custom to criticize concerts of this nature, it must be said that especial pleasure was afforded by the performance of Miss Marie Nichols, a violinist of indisputable talent. Her tone was full, warm and pure; her bowing



showed most careful and intelligent instruction, and she played with the sureness, the rhythm, and the dash of an accomplished artist. Miss de la Motte was encored, and she responded with another no-turne by Chopin.

Did we confine reasons to present human nature, we should find our ideals terminated by low reason's wants, in a mythological maze—good and evil demons would inhabit our fountains, and whisper in our groves; we should build a Babel of megalomaniac oracles, each violent against the other, and stand contently agnostic at our own shadows seen in the ink-pools of our palms. God is the intelligible being in these higher sciences and common senses: man is in such snaky knots, his heart is so deceitful and desperately wicked, that there is neither scientific nor other dependence to be placed on it. To reason from it, would introduce all ungodliness and unreason by rote and rule into the sciences. And a fuddle of fetishism would then arise, compared to which the present materialism, happily dead as it is, would be but a slight evil.

Mrs. Robert C. Minor, who died last Sunday in New York, was an excited and a happy woman the night of Jan. 31, 1900, when her husband's picture "The Close of the Day" was sold at auction for \$3050. Her dream was then realized; her self-denial and devotion were at last rewarded. For in the early days of Mr. Minor's career, they knew the sting of poverty. It is true that poverty is a word of comparison. There are many in these swollen, preposterous years to whom an income of \$3000 would seem grinding, squalid poverty. But Mrs. Minor was "obliged to sew and stitch in order to provide for the boy and girl who had been born to them." Nor did the wife allow her husband to know this while he was studying abroad.

There are these brave souls, these saints in common life. They are no longer put to death in a spectacular manner; they are not crucified, they are not given to the lions, they are not sawn in sunder; but their names are nevertheless in the hagiology of the world. Their lives are quietly spent in humble service. They toil without complaint for husband, mother, children. They are often knagged by them to whom they give up all their hopes and aspirations. The feet of their idols are often of clay. A man will swagger in bar-room or on the street; he will bluster about dramatic art, literature, politics, while his wife at home or in the shop is earning the money that he squanders with a princely air. Do you remember Captain Shindy in "The Book of Snobs," who rows about his food at the club, and has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding? "Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl in patters."

But there are men who are stimulated to great deeds by the sight of such devotion. They know that the world will at last do them justice; or if they grow faint-hearted or morose at the thought of unrighteous neglect and the sight of the success of the Charlatan or him that cringes and fawns in the presence of a pompous and ignorant patron, the wife who works and cheers and makes no complaint or reproach, shames them into renewed and brave effort. Thrice happy he that hath such a companion, counselor, friend, lover! He, having her, may well count all else as tinsel and as loss.

Yet more about the doings of the Demon in the house of William Morse in Newberry in New England, for the said Morse did, by the advice of friends, write down the particulars of those unusual accidents. On the night of Jan. 24, 1679, "when the man was likewise a bed, his bed-board did rise out of its place, notwithstanding his putting forth all his strength to keep it in; one of his awls was brought out of the next room into his bed, and did prick him; the clothes wherewith he hoped to save his head from blows were violently plucked from thence."

Today we hold up for the consideration and example of the young an incident in the life of Richard Corbet, B. D., who was a handsome man, and had a rare, full voice. "He was very facetious, and a good fellow. One time he and some of his acquaintance being merry at Fryar Bacon's study (where was good beere sold) they were drinking on the leads of the house, and one of the scholars was asleep, and had a paire of good silke stockings on. Dr. Corbet (then M. A. if not B. D.) gott a paire of cizers and cutt them full of litle holes, but when the other awaked, and perceived how and by whom he was abused, he did chastise him, and made him pay for them."

This delightful humorist was made Bishop of Oxford in 1678, and he then had an "admirable, grave, and venerable aspect. One time as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, sayd he, 'Beare off there, or I'll confirme you by staffe'. Another time being

to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turnes to his chaoplain and sayd, 'Some dust, Lushington', (to keep his hand from slipping)."

In Walt Whitman's "Drum Taps," published in 1865, is a poem entitled "Year of Meteors (1859-60)" and in this poem are these lines:

And you would I sing, fair stripling! Welcome to you from me, sweet boy of England!

Remember you surging Manhattan's crowds, as you passed with your cortege of nobles?

There in the crowds stood I, and singled you out with attachment;

I know not why, but I loved you—(and so forth, little song.

Far over sea sped like an arrow, carrying my love all folded,

And find in his palace the youth I love, and drop these lines at his feet.)

In the latest edition of Whitman's poems these lines appear as follows:

And you would I sing, fair stripling! Welcome to you from me, young Prince of England!

(Remember, you surging Manhattan's crowds, as you pass'd with your cortege of nobles?

There in the crowds stood I, and singled you out with attachment.)

Jim 26 1901

Enough! enough! enough! Somehow I have been stunn'd. Stand back! Give me a little time beyond my cuff'd head, Slumbers, dreams, gaping, I discover myself on the verge of the usual mistake.

#### MOSAIC.

On such a night the little match girl died after she had burned her matches, one by one, between her blue stiff hands; on such a night Francis Villon began a ballade of roast fish and sought a lodging.

Now I have no matches to sell, and I have left behind me no murdered man like Thevenin Pensete, with his red hair. Yet since I woke at the foot of the stone steps where I must have fallen hours ago, I fear to go home, my head half aches—and I have sold no matches, and if I walk in the snow the watchmen can follow me so easily. I wanted to know the time when I woke, but some one had taken my watch and everything. I'll bet it was old Dom Nicolas the monk. They told him to stamp out the fire, but he was better employed.

I wonder if I can't find some frozen woman in the snow, with ragged ribbons in her hair, and a farthing in her stocking. I'll go into a doorway and see. How my head aches. I must have struck a stair or two when I fell.

Is this the doorway the little match-girl came to? I'll light one of her matches and see. "How cold it was!" That's how her story began. How the haze warms my hands—I won't dare light any more, for if I use them, won't I be beaten when I get home!

They'll beat me anyway for not selling more, so I think I'll stay here.

They make me wear my grandmother's slippers, and they are so big that my feet and legs are all cold and wet.—Oh no, that isn't from the big slippers! That's from what they threw over me at the second place I sought my lodging. I 'spose I shouldn't have lampooned 'em.—They took me in once before.

I think I may dare to burn just one more of my lights. It is so cold! What a glow it makes. The tobacco I've smoked,—why this is a tobacco shop I'm standing next to—and I've bought cigars here many a time,—yes, the cigars and pipes I've smoked were lit with just such matches—and tobacco comes mostly from away off in the warm country—the glow through my fingers is like a Cuban sunset behind palmetto trees. It was so warm there and the winds came by spice laden as if from a promised land—the land the Israelites found—away off before King Solomon and his ships full of ivory and apes and peacocks and fine gold—whirr-r-r! That's one of the late cars spluttering on a wire. I wonder if the ear men ever heard the story of the Creeper of Lightning! Now my fingers are burned!

Why should I be pulled up and into the light just as my doorway was a bit comfortable. But the man is big and has a club, so I can't help but go. I wonder if he's taking me home to be beaten because I've sold no matches, —or has he seen where Montigny laid his wet right hand upon my shoulder. It was an accident. Montigny did it anyway. I wonder if this fellow ever saw a dead man with red hair like Thevenin's—I wonder if he was ever beaten for not selling enough matches!

SERGEANT BERTRAND.

Our hero for the day and the example of the young is James Harrington, Esq., who was committed to the Tower in A. D. 1660. "His durance in these prisons (he being a gentleman of a high spirit and hot head) was the proeatactique cause of his deliration or

madnesse, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and be very facetious company; but he grew to have a phancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees, ad caetera sobrius; and he had a versatile timber house built in Mr. Hart's garden to try the experiment. He would turne it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his fox-tayles there to chase away, and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there. Now this experiment was only to be tried in warme weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloath (with which it was hung) that they would not presently shew themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly, or two, or more, might be drawn out of the lurking holes by the warmth, and then he would crye out, 'Doe not you see it apparently that these come from me?'

We are told that opera singers in New York are fond of gambling in Wall Street, and that the husbands of Sembrich and Nordica are phenomenally lucky. This reminds us that Tosti, the celebrated song-writer, was lately in the London bankrupt-court for the second or third time; that the justice lectured him severely on his incorrigible imprudence, and would not grant him a discharge.

In China, when the guests are about to disperse, the host apologizes for the wretched dinner he has dared to set before them. The old crusted Bostonian host has not this courteous instinct.

The Supreme Court of New York has handed down an opinion that a woman alighting from a street car should be allowed time enough to step off and also to clear her skirts from any obstruction on the platform. "If the conductor starts the car the instant she alights, before she has had time to release her skirts from such obstruction, and she is dragged along by the car and injured, the railroad company is liable for the injuries thus sustained; and the fact that the passenger wore a dress so long that it would be likely to catch upon such appliances as necessarily extend above the platform is not of itself negligence as a matter of law." Nor does the fact that the conductor shouted, "Step lively there, lady!" lessen the degree of negligence on the part of the company; at least we infer this from the opinion. "Obstruction on the platform" is a vague phrase. Here in Boston there are many obstructions: dress-suit cases, theodolites, potted plants, and especially fat men who smell of strong waters and stale tobacco and stand—contrary to the regulations of the company—on the right hand of the back platform so that passengers alighting or descending must wedge themselves painfully between fleshly and arrogant bay-windows.

Jan 27 1901

JOSEF JOACHIM, the famous violinist, played a short time ago in Leipzig. The Musikalisches Wochenblatt of that city did not hesitate to say that his performance was weak and unworthy of his reputation; that one who then heard him for the first time might well wonder at his fame and deem the eulogies in the past merely the rhapsodies of prejudiced friends; that they who truly reverence the name of Joachim should advise him to lay down at once the fiddle and the bow. The article is not bitter—except as truth may be unpalatable.

Joachim is now nearly 70 years old, and it would not be surprising if he were no longer the great player of former years. Liszt once said that youth is the time for "virtuosity," and this saying is true of fiddlers and pianists as well as of men singers and women singers. I heard Joachim for the last time in 1884 or 1885, and even then his intonation and his memory were not always sure. Vieuxtemps died at 61; Wieniawski in his 45th year; the marvelous, incredible Paganini in his 58th year. Sarasate is now almost 57.

Singers, especially in Germany, persist in snapping fingers at grinning Time, and such is the good nature, the kindly feeling of German audiences that they applaud gray hairs because the wearers were capable in earlier years.

And so the singers grow more and more presumptuous: they cannot hear their poor, thin, cracked, quavering voices which have no idea of pitch; and chronic rheumatism is to them as a passing twinge or a stiff neck of a few days. "The audiences applaud as heartily as ever," they say; "I am good for 10 years more."

Think of the poor vocal wrecks that have exhibited themselves. Gertrude Mara tried to sing in London when she was 70 years old; Pasta would not realize that her days of glory had passed into tradition; neither Grisi nor Mario could be persuaded to retire. Edward

Lloyd, the tenor, said good-by to the English concert halls last month, and he is only about 55; while Santley, who is nearly 67, sings continually, and bids fair to be a second Sims Reeves so far as sticking to the stage is concerned. Nor do English critics have the courage to bid him stop.

There are some who know when they have reached the zenith and are just beginning the descent, although the hearers detect no difference in the quality or the flexibility of the voice. Albani was thus wiser than Albani, and Annie Louise Cary is a shining example of sound sense and sensitive artistic spirit.

Alas! poverty compels many to continue a career that should be a thing

of the past. Musicians are famous for their extravagance. Perhaps today the average of those that are prudent and save for the evil days is greater than in former decades; but the artistic temperament leads easily to gambling, high living, extravagance in dress, the desire to astonish by reckless expenditure; or few musicians have business shrewdness, or they are an easy mark for the promoter and the swindler. Debts are incurred thoughtlessly, for there is always the hope of a coming brilliant season. As Hazlitt said that no young man ever thinks he shall die, so no virtuoso really believes that he shall grow old and stiff, or lose his voice.

The true virtuoso dreads the thought of spending his days in the drudgery of teaching, and often the brilliant virtuoso is a poor teacher. What is there for him in the cold future? But he puts aside all gloomy forebodings. The fable of the ant and the grasshopper does not move him. He lives in the present; he eats and drinks; he sniffs up the incense of applause. When the applause grows feeble—he says to himself, "These people do not understand true art."

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Mr. Richard Pryce, a Londoner, is the author of an amusing article entitled "A Sunday Concert." Here is an extract:

A CRAPE BONNET (of the sort that has seen a "deal of trouble") as some dark figures file up out of the bowels of the earth, and take their places upon the distant platform: Glee singers. Ah, that's more in my line, I expect. (The glee singers, specks in the abyss, break into unaccompanied song.) There, that's what I call singin'. Nor pianna nor nothing. Just to stand up there and sing of themselves.

A SAILOR HAT (the CRAPE BONNET'S Married Daughter): Better than the Mo'awks, I consider. (She consults her mother's programme.) "Sit by the silent 'arth'" (she reads aloud). That's the verse I like. "Ded not how 'ope believes." It seems to touch you to the very quick.

THE CRAPE BONNET (proudly to the bystanders): Got such a tender 'art she 'as. 'As 'ad from a child. Gets that from her mother. 'Er poor father 'ee wasn't like that. Didn't 'old with sentiment 'ee didn't. (To a responsive "Seal-skin.") Yes 'm, you're quite right. It's wonderful 'ow some seem to feel to what others do. With one it's a song or a line of a 'ymn 'praps sets you off—brings the tears like to y' very eyes.

THE RESPONSIVE SEAL-SKIN: Y-es. But a 'armonium now. That's what I like—for sacred. My Willy—that's my youngest, 'ee works in a that's 'ee's a higher 'ee be trade—and to 'ear 'im on the 'armonium. Play? Well! "Mother," 'ee says, "it ain't all me, y'know, it's the instrument." Ar, I'd rather listen to a 'armonium than all the piannas in the Edgware road.

Now, on'y large Sund'y week 'ee come round after 'ee'd 'ad 'is tea, an' me an' 'is father.

THE SAILOR HAT (who feels, perhaps, that the Responsive Seal-skin is getting her head, and that the heart of the CRAPE BONNET'S daughter is losing its hold on the public attention): Oh, a 'armonium's very well in its w'y, but give me a Merican organ. "The Song that Reached" now, or "Brike the News to Mother," or "Ole Times Sike" on a Merican Norgan! Mind 'ee, I don't s'y, but what a 'armonium—prop'ly played, mind—isn't touchin'. That I won't s'y, but when you come to comparin' the one with the other.

THE CRAPE BONNET: I ashore you'm I've known 'er to take on over a picture book. If y'all believe me.

THE SAILOR HAT (deprecatingly): Oh, nother, do be quiet.

THE CRAPE BONNET: No, my dear. Tender-hearted you are, and 'ave always been where music's been concerned, and it's to y' credit, as I tell this lady. So when I say—What say? Interrupt the band? Interrupt yourself, sir. Very well, then. Come 'ere to 'ear the music? Not to 'ear about my daughter's 'cart? Did anybody ever 'ear the like? I'd 'ave you know that my daughter's 'cart.

THE SAILOR HAT: Oh, mother, do 'ush. I wouldn't bandy words.

THE CRAPE BONNET: But if a gentleman can't keep a civil tongue.

(Murmurs of "Order!" and "Sssh!")

THE CRAPE BONNET, under her breath: But if 'ee couldn't 'ear the music why couldn't 'ee say so? There's nobody reader than what I am. Why couldn't 'ee say so? That's what I want to know. (She continues to wait to know till the end of the piece.)



Mr. Enrico Toselli, the pianist of the pretty head of hair, gave his first concert in America Jan. 15 in New York. The Tribune spoke of him as follows: "A sentimental young pianist from Italy, Enrico Toselli by name, joined yesterday afternoon the serried ranks of the youthful artists who are competing this season for the approval of New York. It might as well be said at once that he failed in his attempts to compel the serious minded portion of the public to take him seriously. This is not to imply that he is devoid of talent, which he possesses in a certain degree and of a certain kind; but he showed himself yesterday as immature in technical accomplishment, and especially in muscular strength, and the ability to make effective use of what he has, as he is in intellectual grasp and emotional insight. He has no message that it is important for this public to hear. Mr. Toselli is happy only when he is sent mental, and his program was selected with much judgment to bring that quality into prominence. His lack of strength and breadth made his performance of Tausig's arrangement of a toccata and fugue by Bach deficient in most of the qualities that are native to it; but the Rubinstein etude in C he played with energy and rhythmic sense. His Chopin selections included the tearful nocturne Op. 9, No. 2, the berceuse and the A flat polonaise; in the last named he came far from realizing anything of the chivalrous, clangorous, martial spirit that pervades it; on the other two he wreaked his sentimentality to the full. There was a considerable audience present, of which a certain youthful feminine portion seemed to find Mr. Toselli's work acceptable."

By the royalties of "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring," first sung in "Babil and Bijou" at Covent Garden in 1872, the late M. Jules Riviere received the sum of £2600. In speaking of the composition of this piece, M. Riviere, who started in life as a herd boy, once said: "Between the two Covent Garden seasons I conducted at Cremorne Gardens. Cremorne! that's a mere name to you younger men. Many a time I've held the baton there till day dawned. In the autumn of 1872 I collaborated with Hervé, Frederick Clay, and De Billefont in the musical part of Dion Boucicault and J. R. Planche's unique spectacular drama "Babil and Bijou," produced at Covent Garden. In the third act was a ballet, "The Four Seasons." The music for spring and summer was mine, and in it occurred the popular "Spring, gentle spring," sung by a chorus of boys dressed as gardeners. The song was soon sung everywhere; when the barrel organs got it my friends blessed me. I look back to it with pleasure and sadness, for not one of my collaborators is now alive. Of the principals, too, only Lionel Brough remains." Of course M. Riviere was accused of having "lifted" his melody from the poor wife of a dead musician, at Riviere was soon able to disprove the charge.—The Era (London).

Let us see for a moment what they think of certain Boston idols in New York. Mr. Humecker of the Sun wrote of Mrs. Henschel: "Mrs. was a Miss Lilie Bailey of Boston and a charming singer. Naturally years of continuous work have robbed her voice of its freshness. She had moments yesterday, notably in the Davidoff number, 'Leis Bewegt.' But much of her music was interesting because of the art with which she suppressed her shortcomings. It was the tact of omission perfectly illustrated. Mr. Henschel never had an agreeable bass and to say nothing but the rim is left. He, however, handles his organ with care and music in which his natural elocutionary powers and gifts of pantomime were effective aids."

Fresse, son of Léon Gresse, the celebrated bass, who died lately, made his debut at the Opéra Jan. 7 as Saint-Is. A woman named Goulancourt appeared there early this month for the first time as Ortrude.—Rose, Alvarez and Renaud are to sing "The Damnation of Faust" in operatic form at Monte Carlo. Berlioz's work was sung there in this form in 1864 when Jean de Reszke was the or. Tamagno will also sing at Monte Carlo this season.—A new opera by Wilhelm Kienzl has been accepted by the Royal Berlin Opera. The title is "Imar," and the libretto is by the composer. Schumann-Heink will sing of the chief parts.—Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's daughter, studied piano in Vienna under Leschetitzki, then she went to Hamburg and studied singing under Marianne Brandt, and then to London, where Blanche Cheadle taught her. Mr. Emil played Spohr's concerto in A major and Beethoven's concerto last Monday at the New England Conservatory of Music. A special feature of the evening was the trial of a violin only three years old (1838) by a man named Szegessy Bela, who had studied in the same conservatory. This instrument is to go to the Museum by the fine.

bell-like quality of its powerful and flexible tone. Mr. Mahr was assisted by Mr. Alfred De Voto. The recital was one of a series intended to set before the students at the Conservatory the higher ideals in the various departments of music. Miss Clara L. Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, who made her debut in this country Jan. 22 at Washington, D. C., is described as a "slender and graceful brunette, with sufficient self-possession." The Marquis de Souza sang in the same concert.

Philip Hale.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, the Westminster, 11 A. M.—Chamber concert given by Miss Clara Bertaux. Monday, Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Second and last song festival of Marcella Sembrich. Mr. Luckstone will be the accompanist. The program will include Mozart's "Daphne," Schubert's "My Mother Bids Me," Schubert's "Daphne"; Bunge's "Ich hab' ein kleines Lied"; R. Strauss's "Ständchen"; Loewe's "Glockenthurm"; Töchterlein"; and "Niemand hat's gesehen"; Norwegian, Irish, French Canadian, German folk songs; and the grand aria from Meyerbeer's "The Star of the North," with two flutes.

Monday, Association Hall, 8 P. M.—Kneisel Quartet. Tchaikovsky's quartet in F; Rubin Goldmark's sonata for piano and violin (MS. first time); Beethoven's quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. Mr. Gebhard will be the pianist.

Tuesday, Tremont Temple, 8 P. M.—City orchestra concert, conducted by Emil Mollenhauer. The program will be made up exclusively of works by American composers. Paine's overture, "As You Like It"; Scherzo by Hadley; two movements from Mac Dowell's first suite; O'Shea's concert overture in D; movement from Pote's Sargade for Strings; Chadwick's "Idomeneo" overture. Mrs. Bradbury will sing "O Bona Patria" from Parker's "Hera Novissima."

Tuesday, Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M.—Second recital of Messrs. Hawkins, tenor, and Townsend, baritone. Duets by Bizet, Bullard, Leach. Mr. Hawkins will sing Beethoven's "To the Distant Beloved," Schubert's "Almighty," and songs by Lang, Dildon, Foote. Mr. Townsend will sing the Dora's cycle of kipsy songs, a cantata by Mozart and three Cavalier songs by Bullard.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 8 P. M., Symphony Hall.—12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Overture, "Macbeth," Brull (first time); Prelude and Fugue, Bach-Abert; Symphonic Dialogue to "William Ratcliff," Van der Sueren (conducted by the composer); Beethoven's "Ereica Symphony."

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the great Austrian violinist, will give his last violin recital in Boston on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 12, in Steinert Hall.

Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto, assisted by Mr. J. Keller, cello, will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 6. The program will include, among other new selections, a cycle of five songs, entitled, "Sea Pictures," by Edward Elgar. This cycle was dedicated to Clara Butt.

Mr. H. C. Tucker will give the fourth concert of his series at People's Temple, on Monday, Feb. 4. This concert will consist of chamber music. Mr. Tucker has secured the assistance of Mr. Ernst Perabo, the well-known pianist; Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, the violinist, now of New York, but formerly of this city; Mr. Hermann Heberlein, the cellist of this city, and Miss Elsa Heindl, soprano.

Mr. Edwin Klahre will give the third of his series of piano recitals in Steinert Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 4. He will play pieces by Beethoven, Schubert, Raff, Henselt, Rubinstein and Liszt.

Mr. Hugo Becker, the Alsatian cellist, who not long since appeared as soloist at a Symphony Concert, will give his only recital here Saturday afternoon, Feb. 16, in Steinert Hall.

Mrs. Fanny Blomfield Zeisler will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3 P. M. She will play pieces by Schumann, Godard, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt.

The Adamowski Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Szumowski, will give a concert in the new Chickering Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8 P. M. The program will include Saint-Saens's Quartet (new); Brahms's Sonata for piano and violin in A, and a new quartet by Chadwick.

The Dartmouth College Glee and Mandolin Clubs will give a concert Thursday evening, Feb. 14, in Steinert Hall.

Mr. James Fitch Thomson will give song recitals in Steinert Hall on the afternoons of Monday and Wednesday, Feb. 11 and 13, and Monday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 19 and 20. The first program will include songs by Bach, Rubinstein, Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Purcell, Chaudou, Laex, and old English songs, together with a brace of six songs by Franz. Miss Edna Ally's Little of New York will play piano pieces by Macdowell, Schumann and Liszt.

### SYMPHONY NIGHT.

The 12th Concert of the Series—  
No Novelty on the Program—  
Melba the Soloist With Her  
"Sweet Bird" and an Aria From  
"Idomeneo."

The program of the 12th Symphony concert, last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gerlcke, conductor, was as follows: Symphony in G major, "Surprise"—Haydn; Aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri"—Mozart; Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3, in A flat major—Dvorak; "Sweet Bird That Shun's the Noise of Folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato"—Handel; (Flute obligato by Mr. André Maquarre.) March of Homage—Wagner.

And here is another Symphony concert that does not call for extended

comment. The course of lectures in Haydn was continued. As Haydn wrote about 125 symphonies, it will take some years before the audience will be graduated with honors. The "surprise" is no longer a surprise, and the old saw that the chief element of wit is surprise does not hold good in this instance. The first movement is simply impossible in the 20th century, and the menuetto with its heavy accentuation reminds one of the entrance of Dutch comedians in a whirligig show. The childlike spirit of the andante is still refreshing—for two or three pages; and the finale is of irritating and meaningless gaiety, like unto the high spirits of a noisy and giggling-eyed boy, who depresses a stray visitor and goes unrebuked by a doting mother.

Nor is the Slavonic Rhapsody of Dvorak one of the most striking of the Bohemian's work, although there are charming bits of color.

Melba was gorgeously robed, and like a good Australian she wore on her left arm a mourning-band in memory of her late Queen. But seldom has this accomplished singer of the golden voice sung here in such a slipshod manner. Perhaps the aria she chose from "Idomeneo" is not as beautiful, musically and dramatically, as the second aria sung by Ilja, "Se il padre perdel." The woman who first sang this part was Dorothea Wendling, who, according to Heine, was "the Melpomene of the Golden Age at Mannheim." He praised her for her technique and soul, beauty and comedian's art. And Wieland eulogized her in burning words and he praised "the speech of soul and heart, for each tone is the living expression of the purest, deepest feeling—her whole song is a continuous line of beauty." Now Melba sung this love-song in a manner that was indifferent if not absolutely heartless.

nor was her art so flawless that this coldness could be overlooked. She was still more disappointing in the "Sweet Bird" of Handel. The beauty of her voice was clouded, the brilliance of her ornaments was tarnished. Her trill was formerly marvelous. Last night it was at times coarse and ragged. In the cadenza tone degenerated into a whoop. And nowhere in this scene were there the indescribable tonal charm, the dazzling display of brilliance and the calm authority that have characterized her singing on former occasions in this city. She was applauded frenetically by audience and orchestra. Mr. Maquarre shared in this applause and he deserved his share.

Philip Hale.

Jan 28, 1901

#### VERDI.

Verdi was the last of the great makers of opera. Born in 1813—not 1814 as many of the obituary notices said—he was a few months younger than Wagner. He was born in the year of Rossini's first successful opera, "Tancredi." Beethoven's "Fidelio" was only seven years old. Weber had not written his "Der Freischütz." Verdi saw the mighty development of orchestral music; he saw the whole course of the Wagnerian movement; he saw fashions in music chase each other as clouds in a summer sky. And after the death of Wagner appeared two of Verdi's greatest operas, perhaps the two greatest: "Otello" when he was seventy-four years old, "Falstaff" when he was eighty. In his youth he knew poverty and affliction; but with "Nabucco" in 1842 he started on a career of honor and glory that is unequaled in the history of music. His name was for years the watchword of those working and fighting for United Italy. Republicans, monarchs, priests, all united to do him reverence. A man of singularly pure and blameless life, free from trickery and cringing, dignified as any ancient Roman Senator, his swan-song was a group of remarkable religious pieces, and his last labor was the superintendence of the building of the asylum for poor musicians, a charity which in generosity and intent is more than princely. Truly a life unparalleled in the crescendo and climax of artistic success and renown! Name thrice honorable!

Verdi's life was also a steady crescendo of musical expression, beauty and strength. Chiefly self-taught, he learned by experience and observation. It is the custom to divide his life into three periods: the first of opera in conventional Italian form; the second, the period of the immortal "Il Trovatore," with "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata"; the third, beginning with "Un Ballo in

Maschera" and ending with "Falstaff." He grew with the growth of operatic music; he did not follow as an imitator. He learned from Wagner, but he applied this knowledge, and spoke to the last in Verdian speech. His middle period is a treasure-house of haunting, poignant melodies. His "Aida" and "Otello" are dramatic masterpieces, they are among the few great operas; indeed, the latter work is unique in heroic passion. His "Falstaff" may be placed by the side of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," and there is no higher praise. Nor should the "Requiem" be forgotten—for it alone would stamp the composer of it as a master.

Verdi was the last great commanding figure in music. Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, preceded him. And who is there left? Grieg is a Norwegian voice that recites exquisite little poems. Richard Strauss is a puzzle. There may be hope in Gustave Charpentier. But there is no one of the young Italian school that is even the faint echo of the grand old man now mourned throughout the world of music.

#### THE SONG OF THE GRAND JURY.

(The recent Grand Jury at the Old Bailey recommended a more frequent use of the cat.)

When the Hooligan's a-daring and a-doing, Piling up a little bank account at Courts', If he hears the very faintest sound of mew-ing

He omits to stamp upon you with his boots.

If a Father should be bent upon recalling To his children that they ought to go to school,

Should he hear the smallest noise of cater-wauling

He will never beat their faces with a stool.

When a Husband thinks his wife has not been stirring,

Or his mother hasn't answered to his call,

If he fancies that he hears a sound of purring

He omits to bang their heads against the wall.

If a Lover thinks his lady is dispatching Little letters to another in his place,

Should he ever hear a distant noise of scratching

He will never tread a measure on her face.

When the judges and the juries are a-sitting, And the prisoners are waiting to be tried,

The remotest sound of sweating or of spitting Is a thing their gentle natures can't abide.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Jan. 25.

Editor of Talk of the Day: What is the proper treatment of flags, round here, in respect of Queen Victoria? She died on Jan. 22, and the funeral is to be held on Feb. 2. In view of Queen Victoria's great popularity, and the intimate relations between this country and England, some attention seems right; but to half-mast public flags, or flags on public buildings, from Jan. 22 to Feb. 2, seems excessive. It would be right to lower the flag on the day of Queen Victoria's death, and also on the day of the funeral. The White House, usually accurate in such things, acts accordingly. Our City Hall, Custom House, State House and private buildings might follow suit.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

And here is a letter that should be answered:

Milford, Mass., Jan. 22, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I was deeply interested in a letter in your column of Jan. 21, signed "H. P. T." I have been reading Emerson's essay on "Friendship," and the two became inextricably interwoven.

Will you tell me if the following is correct—or more euphonious: "It is rare? But 'tis the sweetness of Elysian bliss when 'tis found, and enjoyed in its entirety." "Entity" means essence, does it not? While entirety means completeness? The last is better, is it not?

Your column is carefully studied for all sorts of information. Poor human nature is so glad to rejoice when some one else is "it." Respectfully,

H. I. J.

Ah, here is someone at last that appreciates our labor and devotion to humanitarian objects. "Respectfully"—we were never thus addressed. Only the other day a disagreeable—yes, a low person—said out loud that we had a vast store of utterly useless information, and then he laughed a harsh, grating laugh. But when we received this letter from "H. I. J." we again plucked up courage and glided up our loins—that is to say, tightened our suspenders—to the life-long task of usefulness and beneficence. We now quote from the Oxford English Dictionary:



ing point between life and death.



fine, so like death I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."

#### HAWKINS-TOWNSEND RECITAL

The second song recital by Mr. Walter Hawkins and Mr. Stephen Townsend was given last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Hawkins sang songs by Beethoven, Lang, Bullard and Foote; Mr. Townsend sang Dvorak's "Gypsy Songs," a cycle by Bullard, and they sang together duets by Bizet and Beach. Mr. Almon J. Fairbanks was the accompanist, although Mr. Bullard played the accompaniments of his own compositions.

It would be foolish and unprofitable to write unkind things concerning Mr. Hawkins's singing, for he takes the thing so seriously. He sings in a manly fashion, and often with such display of genuine taste that you suspect it may continue, but right here is the disappointment. It is easy to see that this singer is not only pleased but largely satisfied with his performance, and it would be foolish to point out unpardonable sins of omission and commission for it is too late for him to profit thereby. We, as well as others, prefer to remember him as a most respectable tenor of the Cadet shows.

Mr. Townsend sang with rare taste the genuinely fine songs by Bullard. His sotto voce singing is a delight, and he is a singer of splendid style, and although his voice is unfortunately of limited compass he uses it always to its best advantage.

The accompaniments were delightfully played and there was a good-sized and very appreciative audience.

#### WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Why do I struggle to fashion a tie  
Into the shape which is recognized by  
Part of Society said to be high,  
When the endeavor is fated to die  
Because that my laundress, whose humor is  
dry,  
Has washed it as stiff as the crust of a pie?  
Why?

Because I am going to Thingumy's dance,  
At which I'm expected to amble and prance  
In a way that a savage would gaze at  
askance,  
(Which shows how our manners and habits  
advance),  
And all of this folly because there's a chance  
Of gaining from one whom I worship a  
glance—  
One glance!

The professors of the University of Chicago who attended a musicale and were sized up by the Pinkerton eye—that never sleeps—as burglars, should not be sensitive about it. Not many years ago in Chicago it was the custom to ask a new comer after a month or so, "By the way, what is your real name, anyway, and why did you leave the East?"

It appears that the Pinkerton detective saw "Profs. James, Sparks, Goodspeed, and Millsbaugh standing apart and talking quietly." He was naturally suspicious of anyone who "talked quietly" at a musicale, and saw that these men were not conversant with the rules of high society, otherwise they would have been shouting. The detective approached them—probably with his sneakers on—and said that he was "on to their game" and that they had better "hit the pike." Hence these professorial tears.

There is talk of a duel between women armed with swords near Minneapolis. We are of a peaceful disposition, but we should like to see the fight—that is, if the women are as well favored as those in the famous picture.

And whom do we present this morning to the young for careful consideration?

Mr. B. Bushell, who died late in the 17th century. "He was the greatest arts master to ruin in debt, perhaps, in the world. He died one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in debt. He had so delicate a way of making his projects alluring, feasible, and profitable, that he drew to his bailes, not only rich men of no designe, but also the craftiest knaves in the country, such who had cosened and undone others: as, g. Mr. Goodyeere, who undid Mr. Nich. Mces's father etc." And what was the fate of Mr. Bushell? He was buried in the little cloisters at Westminster Abbey. Is it not a pity that Mr. Bushell did not live to know Mr. Sam Lewis? But perhaps even now they are swapping reminiscences.

Last Sunday night at the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y., Mr. Walter Damrosch, the conductor, made a short speech on the death of Verdi, and as a tribute to the composer the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung," which was not on the program, was played.

Will the Boston Symphony Orchestra pay no mark of respect to the glorious musician that has joined Mozart and Wagner? Will it ignore him because he wrote no correct, academic, dull symphony?

As a matter of fact he did write some symphonies in his early years.

Two were played at Milan (1831-1833). No doubt they were youthful indiscretions, as was the symphony of Wagner, written in 1832.

There are already evidences of reform in New York. Mr. John Bind went into a saloon, had a drink, then took out his false teeth, put them on the bar, and advanced intrepidly toward the free lunch counter. "Several gentlemen with red noses who were holding up the bar looked around, saw the gleaming molars and incisors, and passed their hands over their eyes in a troubled way." The proprietor said: "Hey, you, put them bones back in your face." Mr. Bind, with his mouth full of pickled pig's knuckle, answered "Wha' yo' say?" "I say chuck them grinders back in yer jowls. We don't want any loan exhibits of dental work here." There was an exchange of light and airy repartee, and then Mr. Bind was arrested and dragged before the Cadl, who decided that the prisoner had been guilty of "a breach of good form;" nor did the fact that Mr. Bind had said to the proprietor, "Ah can't eat wif mah teef; ah'd swallow 'em" soften the Cadl's heart.

So the Rev. Mr. Hawsels is dead. He was a bustling man whose book "Music and Morals" sold well and did much harm. He lectured in this country in '85-'86, and Col. Mapleson and he had a solemnly conducted dispute at the Nineteenth Century Club, N. Y., over Wagner.

W. F. W. does not relish the idea of being numbered 501 or six hundred and something in a modern hotel. "Still, it is not all plain sailing when you find yourself in a big country house where they letter you. 'We have kept T for you,' said my hostess, when I had just 10 minutes to dress for dinner. Yates once had a more startling experience. 'Mamma's love, and will you please go to L?'"

Abcess: A morbid tumor, frequently growing above the shoulders, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head, with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum; yet fools, fops, and fanatics are very subject to it, and it sometimes attacks old women of both sexes.

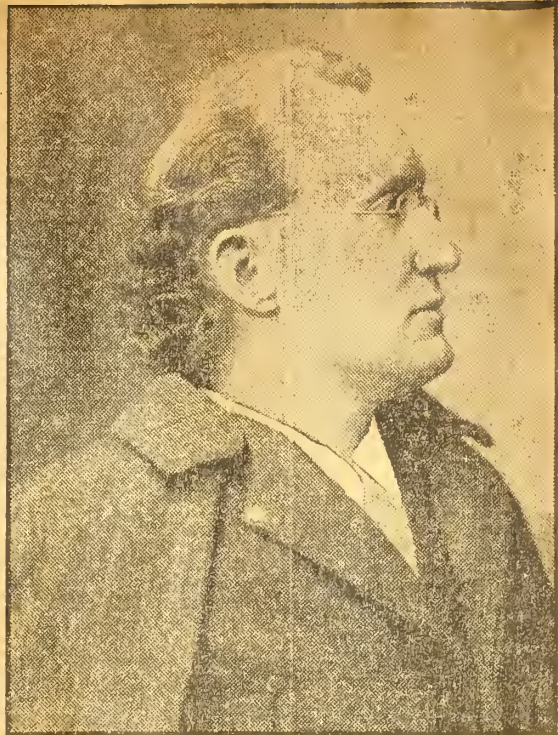
There are clergymen who leave out the good and stout old word "obey" when they read the marriage service. This pleases all the women who are present and probably does the groom no substantial harm, although his pride is flattered when Arabella promises to "obey him, and serve him." The omission is regarded as a step forward in the grand movement to remove woman from the iron heel of the oppressor, man.

Mrs. Corinne S. Brown goes still further. Mrs. Brown is an earnest shouter for "individual and economic freedom." We are not thoroughly informed as to the precise meaning of this last phrase. Does economic freedom mean immunity from creditors, the right to make debts without the thought of future payment? But this is a side issue. Mrs. Brown spoke this week in Chicago—where the divorces come from; she spoke right out in a meeting of the woman's branch of the Society for Ethical Culture; and she advocated a separation clause in the marriage contract: "This new man today admires and loves the woman who says, 'Yes, I love you now, and will marry you, but if in 10 years we do not care for each other—if I do not care for you—we will separate. Do you understand?' and the new man will say, 'I do; I think you are right.'"

But why wait 10 years? Could not husband and wife become intimately acquainted with each other's physical and mental defects within three months?

Mrs. Corinne S. Brown, unfortunately for the credit of American womanhood, was not the first to contrive the scheme of limited matrimony. Marshal Saxe proposed in his "Réveries" that a marriage should be for only five years; this marriage may be twice renewed for a like term; but husband and wife who have thus lived together for 15 years and had a child or children must continue the rest of life together. At the end of the first or second term of five years husband or wife may say good-bye without loss of standing in the community. The Marshal's singular and ingenious argument in support of his theory is quoted at length in *Reitf de la Bretonne's "Les Gynographes"* (Part II, pp. 480, 481).

*Reitf* adds: "There is no need of a serious refutation of a plan so contrary to the principles of our religion." And so in Chicago—even in Chicago a woman in a pink waist asked Mrs. Corinne S. Moore: "Would not the morals of the country then be imperilled?" But Mrs. Brown was obdurate and kept waving the flag for "Economic freedom." Another topic was discussed: "Anarchy of Government as Ends to a Higher Life." And then they all



#### HE WILL CONDUCT TODAY.

Mr. Frank van der Stucken, who will conduct his symphonic prologue, "William Ratcliff," at the Symphony rehearsal today was born in Texas in 1858; but he is of a Belgian family and was educated at Antwerp and Leipsic. He was operatic conductor at Breslau in '81-'82, musical director of the Arion (N. Y.); and since 1895 he has been the director of the Cincinnati College of Music and the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

went home well pleased with the adventures of the day.

This is the feast day of Saint Bridget, who founded her cell about 585. She is an eternal type and today she is worshiped and feared in many kitchens. Bishop Patrick tells us that ducks obeyed her call and came to her hand. Today she stuffs and roasts them. We have the breviary of Sarum (the breviary was sent by her mother, a milkmaid, she gave away all milk to the poor, and when the rest of the milks brought in their milk she prayed and the butter multiplied. Now she gives milk, meat and whisky to her cousin or the policeman, and the butter melts and disappears as dew before the morning sun. Some say that her head is now in a church at Lisbon. Others insist that even now she loses it constantly in the kitchen.

This reminds us of a pleasant tale told by Mr. W. G. Thorp. Some one related the story about a young Scotch sugar planter who went to Mauritius, and greatly daring, started to investigate his own kitchen. "He returned saddened and silent, proceeding first to the cellarette for a glass of Glenlivet straight. His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon him; he withdrew himself from the society of his fellow-men, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons, and eventually died young." This was told as a warning to a woman in India; but she boasted of a Chinese cook and insisted that all her guests should go in to the kitchen. "The pots and pans glistened like silver, the table was cleanly washed, everything was in order, and in the midst sat the Chinaman himself, with a glare of satisfaction on his features, and washing his feet in the soup tureen."

Melba sang here last Saturday night at a Symphony concert, and the audi-

ence applauded violently, although some of the critics said Sunday that her singing was immoral. She sang Monday night in "Les Huguenots" at the Metropolitan and the New York Times said the next day: "Mme. Melba, who was in good voice, was reprehensibly careless in her garden scene aria, and her singing was not what should be expected from a vocalist of her rank. It ought to be recorded right here that she was applauded and cheered as if she had given a dazzling display of vocal virtuosity. Perhaps in such circumstances she was not altogether to blame for further carelessness."

And today we present as an awful warning to the young Mr. Thomas Harlot, who once went with Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia. Mr. Harlot "did not like, or valued it not, the old story of the Creation of the World. He could not believe the old position, he would say, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.' But said Mr. Haggart, a gentleman and

good mathematician, who knew him very well, a 'nihilum' killed him at last; for in the top of his nose came a little red speck (exceeding small) which grew bigger and bigger, and at last killed him."

#### THE WINTER OF LOVE.

Dead! all are dead! dead is each dear delight!

Dim is Love's splendor as the sun's dim ray.

And all Love's blossoms fallen into decay,  
Its profuse blossoms, rich and brave and bright,

That should have bloomed in wintertide's despite;

Despair, like dead leaves strewn upon our way,

Buries the fond hope of a dearer day,  
And steepers our souls in outer depths of night.

Yet, let this little hope be mine to keep—  
That, like the plant that spent with blossoming,

Sleeps in earth's bosom through drear months of gloom,  
Our loves, but feigning death, lie locked in sleep.

And, rousing at the awakening touch of Spring,

Once more shall bud, shall burgeon and shall bloom.

Sir James Fergusson cries loudly against a historical novel now publishing in Blackwood's because the author reflects therein on the character of Lord Kilkerran, an ancestor of Sir James. The novelist speaks of "the roving bloodshot eyes of a fast liver" and calls Kilkerran "an emeritus roué with a cruelly cynical knowledge of the world." Sir James claims that his ancestor had all the virtues.

In the eighties the Royal Opera House at Berlin proposed to produce Offenbach's fantastic and charming "Contes d'Hoffmann." The librettists represent Hoffmann as the hero in some of his own wild tales, and the curtain rises on a crowd of students waiting for Hoffmann in Luther's wine cellar. The descendants of the story-teller and musician objected to the production on the ground that their ancestor was represented as extravagant and dissipated. The opera was therefore produced at a smaller theatre which was not subsidized by the Government. The objection in this instance seemed curious because the unfortunate habits of Hoffmann were known to all, and the cellar in Berlin which was his favorite haunt was still visited by admirers of this irregular genius.

Sir James Fergusson insists that there should be some common action for the protection of ancestors against the historical novelist. (We should enlarge this scheme so that the reading public might also be protected against the shameless foe.) But the Spectator reminds Sir James that the only logical remedy would be "to pass a retrospective statute of limitations fixing a date anterior to which anybody's ancestors should be available for obloquy." The



etator also says that he should con- le himself with the thought that he himself escapes. "For no one who, from choice or necessity, makes a study of contemporary fiction can fail to notice the increased reliance of modern novel- ists on direct portraiture, or to discern in the spread of this practice a sym- ptom of exhaustion and degeneracy."

All this should be of lively interest to Bostonians, for in this city the cult of ancestor worship surpasses in fer- vor even that which has long distin- guished the Chinese. This worship, we fear, is used often for personal and selfish ends, as when a citizen or citi- zeness works a great-grandfather as a lever to gain admission to some society of sons or daughters or grandsons or grand nieces or cousins thrice removed of the American Revolution. And yet if the old cock were to come to life and visit the house of his affectionate descendant, he would in all probability be kept in the basement, especially when dinner parties were given and on the afternoons "at home." Great grandpas are best seen dimly through a legendary mist—as when Durbyfield, in Thomas Hardy's story, proudly drunk in a chaise, waved his hand above his head and sang in a slow recitative: "I've got a great family— vault-at-Kingsbere— and-knighted-fore- fathers-in-lead-coffins-there!" As you remember, those walking in the road tittered.

It was on Feb. 2, 1680, that the Demon made a grotesque assault on dwellers in the house of Mr. William Morse in Newberry in New England. While Mr. Morse and his boy "were eating of cheese, the pieces which he cut were wrested from them, but they were after- wards found upon the table, under an apron and a pair of breeches; and also from the fire arose little sticks and ashes, which flying upon the man and his boy brought them into an un- comfortable pickle." And now we leave this interesting and sorely af- flicted family who tried in vain to beat down Satan under their feet.

If on February 2d the goose find it wet, then the sheep will have grass on March 25th."

We are pleased with the sisterly de- votion of Miss Annie Jeffries, who pro- poses to go from Los Angeles to Cin- cinnati to see the fight between her brother and Mr. Gus Ruhlin. She is determined to see it, even "if a dis- guise is required." Her name will be joined gloriously with that of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons, who has been to her gal- lant spouse as a spouting geyser of encouragement when he was drinking delight of battle with his peers. But Miss Jeffries should not be compelled to disguise herself by donning trousers, coat, and plug hat. Ladies should be allowed to go in shoals to such enter- tainments. They should be admitted free and given the best seats. Their presence would lend brilliance to the scene, encourage the combatants to mighty deeds, and exert a refining in- fluence over otherwise unruly males. Milton felt all this when he wrote:

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Hain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.

## Fig 3 901 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

**Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken Con- ducts His Symphonic Prologue to Heine's Tragedy, "William Ratcliff"—An Overture to "Mac- beth" by Bruell.**

The program of the 13th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Macbeth," Op. 46.....Bruell  
(First time in Boston.)  
Prelude and fugue in G minor.....Bach  
(Arranged for orchestra by Albert.)  
Symphonic prologue to Heinrich Heine's  
tragedy, "William Ratcliff," Op. 6.....  
.....Van der Stucken  
(Conducted by the composer. First time in  
Boston.)  
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica,".....Beethoven

Ignaz Brüll is the name of a little composer who now lives in Vienna. He owes his popularity in Germany to a light opera, "Das Goldene Kreuz," which has been performed, I believe, in New York. His overture to "Mac- beth" was performed in Vienna in 1886 at a Kretschmann concert, and even the patriotically parochial Hanslick could not tolerate it. The music incited him to a merry crack, to the effect that Brüll had in one respect surpassed Shakespeare: In Shakespeare's trag-

edy the guests at Macbeth's table do not see the apparition of Banquo; in Brüll's overture Macbeth himself is not seen. Brüll and Macbeth! We might as well expect a symphonic poem, "King Lear," from Mr. Ludwig Eng- linder or Mr. Gustave Kerker. And why should a pointless thing, a thing without beauty of melody, harmonic interest, strength, passion, color, or the faintest suggestion of a mood, be produced at a Symphony concert?

And is it not high time to bury Albert's orchestral disarrangement of two pieces by Bach, the prelude for the piano and the great fugue in G minor for the organ, with the impudent choral that is foisted into the fugue? There are many excellent orchestral pieces that have not yet been played in Bos- ton. Why should one go outside the true orchestral repertory?

The "Eroica" symphony is one of those great works with which an au- dience should not be too familiar. There was a fine opportunity lost last night by the managers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The famous Funeral March might well have been played "In Memory of Giuseppe Verdi."

Mr. Gericke did a graceful and court- ous action by inviting Mr. Frank van der Stucken, Director of the Cincinnati College of Music and conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, to di- rect his Symphonic Prologue to "Wil- liam Ratcliff." The piece itself was written about 1873; it was performed in Weimar in 1883; the orchestration was changed in certain respects and in its new form the Prologue was played in New York at a Philharmonic concert, and, under the direction of the com- poser, Dec. 10, 1899.

The music is in illustration of Heine's wildly romantic and gruesome tragedy, "William Ratcliff," which he wrote in Berlin in the early twenties. Heine himself says that while he worked on it he heard a bird's wings flapping in his head, and that when he told this fact to the young poets in Berlin they looked solemnly at each other and at last said they never had known any such experience. The tragedy is so horrible and at times so bombastic that it reminds one of Aytoun's "Pirmlion," which was written in mockery of Alex- ander Smith's "Life Drama." Note, for instance, the speech of Ratcliff when he tells how he could not find rest for his soul even by reckless indulgence in London port wine, champagne and girls.

Nevertheless this tragedy has exerted a singular influence over composers of operas. César Cui's opera was pro- duced at St. Petersburg Feb. 26, 1899; Pizzini's at Bologna, Oct. 21, 1889; Mas- cagni wrote an opera founded on this story while he was still a student and before the appearance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," but his version was not produced until Feb. 16, 1895; Vavrinecz's opera first saw the footlights at Prague, Feb. 28, 1895, and Xavier Le- roux's will be produced in Paris within a few months.

Mr. Van der Stucken was one of the

first, if not the very first, to use the term "symphonic prologue." Arnold Krug gave the title to his "Othello" and, unless I am mistaken, Mr. Foote thus characterized his "Francesca da Rimini."

In Heine's tragedy the poet begins with the betrothal of Lord Douglas and Maria, and the sad story of Ed- ward Ratcliff, father of William, and Fair Betty, mother of Maria, is told afterward in fragments by MacGregor, the father of Maria, and her crazy nurse. Mr. Van der Stucken begins with a prelude which pictures the Rhapsode's or narrator's feelings. He then tells the love-idyl and the catas- trophe, of Edward Ratcliff, who, in love with Fair Betty, is killed by the jealous husband, MacGregor. Then comes the musical expression of Wil- liam's sorrows, of the misty ghosts of the dead lovers that haunt William, of his killing Maria, MacGregor and himself. And then as a postlude the Rhapsode recalls the chief incidents and there is a return of the "Rhap- sodic Sounds."

Mr. Van der Stucken's work is re- markable in many ways; in happy choice of expressive themes, in the skill with which these are varied to suit different incidents, in the constant establishment and maintenance of va- rious and impressive moods, and in gor- geous and effective orchestral coloring. He adds to the common orchestra of later-classic days a bass clarinet, a double bassoon, two cornets, a bass- tuba, a triangle, a snare-drum, a big drum, cymbals, a gong, bells, a harp and a piano. But he uses all these re- sources with discretion, and for delib- erate and overwhelming effects, and not as one intoxicated with his oppor- tunity. The harmonic thought is more akin to that of the Wagner of "Tris- tan" than to that of the composer's teacher, Peter Benoit, or that of Ber- lioz, whom he has studied to advan- tage; but let no one think from this that there are instances of disturbing reminiscence. The piece is highly origi- nal in structure and in expression. The opening of the prelude is of grand sim- plicity; the chief themes are alternately beautiful or poignant, and the sugges- tion of the song that the Nurse insists on singing—"I have struck my love dead, my love was so fair, oh!" is of haunting beauty. The second "catastro- phe"—that is, the bloody deeds of Wil- liam—is of appalling intensity. I can understand how under the leadership of a conductor who was not in full pos- session of the composer's thoughts and intentions this piece might seem epis- odic, fragmentary, disjointed; but un- der the direction of the composer, the music was as the steady unfolding of the grim and ghastly tragedy. It is no work to be appreciated thorough- ly after one hearing; but a study of the score will reveal page after page of imaginative beauty and strength, and marked skill in workmanship. The structure of the work is most admir- able.

Mr. Van der Stucken conducted with great authority and at the same time with sentiment and passion. The pro-

duction of this Pi one of the few events of the season of 1900—01 in this city.

Philip Hale.

### NOTE.

The Verdi orchestra, Mr. John M. Flockton, conductor, assisted by Mr. Rogers, harp, and Mr. Gilley, hum- orist, will give the first concert of the season at People's Temple, Tuesday evening. The program will include pieces by Keler Bela, Waldteufel, R. H. Cosby (a member of the orchestra), Verdi, Gillet, Strube, Eichelberg. The concert is given to establish a per- manent fund for a library of musical compositions, and a small admission fee will be charged.

**T**HE Orchestral Club, conducted by Mr. Georges Longy, gave the first concert of the second season in Copley Hall, last Tuesday even- ing. It was an interesting concert, both in program and in perform- ance. The program included Mas- senet's familiar overture to "Phadre"; the prelude to the third scene of Charles Lefebvre's lyric poem "Eloa" (text by Alfred de Vigny), which was first performed at the Salle Erard, Paris, March 14, 1889; the suite made from music written by Delibes for the revival of Victor Hugo's "Le roi s'amuse" at the Comédie Française, Nov. 22, 1882; Loeffler's new "Divertisse- ment Espagnol" for orchestra and sax- ophone (first performance); the largo from Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins; and "Ballet Egyptien," by Alexandre Luigini, which was played at a Padeloup concert at Paris in 1881. Luigini, formerly of Lyons, is now a conductor at the Opéra-Comique.

Lefebvre's prelude is a short piece conspicuous for delicacy and exquisite color. The harp and flute are promi- nent, but harmonically and melodical- ly the piece is delightful, and the or- chestration is poetic.

Delibes's Suite is, indeed, worthy of a hearing at a Symphony concert. It consists of six "airs de danse" in the old style: Gaillarde, Pavane, Scène du Bouquet, Lesquerarde, Madrigal, Passepied, and a reprise of the Gail- larde. At the performance last Tues- day the charming pavane, "Belle qui tiens ma vie," an air of the 16th cen- tury found in Arbeau's "Orchésog- raphie," and the Lesquerarde were omitted. Delibes was most fortunate in preserving the spirit of ancient days, and his natural piquancy of ex- pression was here employed without undue seasoning of modernity. The ballet music by Luigini is admirable of its kind, theatrical, spectacular, be- comingly pompous or seductive.

The Orchestral Club is made up of amateurs who are assisted by a few Symphony players. There are 17 women among the first violins; nine among the second violins; three among the violas. There are women also who play 'cello, double-bass, harp, saxo- phone, trombone, horn, and percussion instruments. A club thus constituted, which is formed for the amusement and the education of the members, which does not sell tickets of admis- sion to the concerts, is necessarily a private organization, and the character of the performances is not a matter of interest to the general public. Yet it may not be indiscreet to say that the club under the patient, skillful and emotional leadership of Mr. Longy has made marked improvement during the last year in attack, quality of tone, proportion, phrasing, and control and variety of musical expression.

Mr. Loeffler's piece pleased mightily and it was played a second time. It is written in a most genial vein; and it is melodious, brilliant, piquant in rhythm, rich in color. Mr. Loeffler was in holiday mood when he wrote it, for the music is gay, in the sunlight, and you hear the shouts and the laughter of the crowd on a festival day. Perhaps it

is not as characteristic as his more serious works—as the symphonic poem and the pieces for violin and 'cello with orchestra, but it is a composition that immediately makes its way with- out any deliberate appeal to popular approbation; for Mr. Loeffler is always righteously fastidious in melody, har- mony, and rhythm. He has made an ingenious and effective use of the sax- ophone, which was played admirably by Mrs. R. J. Hall. Truly a fascinat- ing and highly original composition, which may stand securely by the side of Chabrier's "Espana" and richly de- serves a performance by the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke.

The Orchestral Club and Mr. Longy may well be congratulated. Mr. Longy is, indeed, a conductor of the first rank. His reading of the various com- positions was sane and sympathetic; he entered fully into every mood; and he conducted with an authority that was alive with temperament.

Not the least pleasing feature of the concert was the violin duet as played by Miss Trowbridge and Miss Fletcher.

Mascagni's press-agent just before the

production of "Le Maschere" in six cities Jan. 17 was exceedingly busy. Here are instances of his activity.

"I hear that the talented composer declared before the production of his new opera that the only thing that caused him any thought was not the execution, nor the verdict of the pub- lic, nor the amiable condemnations of his best friends, but the critics. 'Usual- ly criticisms from so many towns are 'linked sweetness long drawn out,'

but this time the concentrated essence will surely be too much for me," he exclaimed. His appearance was such as to cause fright to his best friends. He has spent the last 20 nights in the train rushing between his seven cities. 'Why don't you shave?' asks one can- did friend. 'Have not time,' was the reply; 'am I not the Flying Dutchman?' 'But why not do it in the train; it is much, ahem! cleaner?' 'Yes, and cut my throat. Besides, a man must sleep even if heards do grow.' Twenty nights in the train! Imagination staggers at the idea, and pictures a pale, gaunt man of haggard aspect and wild eyes. In reality one sees a stout person, with contented air—and budding beard, as I said before—who looks well-fed and well 'slept,' in tune with the world, and contented with himself and every one else.

The other day arriving at Venice he was suddenly confronted by a person of whom he had no recollection, who gasped out, 'Signor Mascagni, how is your illustrious brother?' Puzzled, but willing to be amiable, although very hungry, he replied, 'Oh! very well, very well, thank you.' 'Thank God! We were told that the glorious composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" had just had an apoplectic fit; because, you know he is fat!' Whereupon the real Mascagni, although understanding that he had been taken for his brother, but unable to contain his rage at being called 'fat,' incoherently spluttered, 'Sir, I am myself, and as for the stoutness that is a matter of opinion,' and stalked to his gondola, leaving his interlocutor smitten to earth."

What is the truth concerning the present condition of the Metropolitan Opera House? Is there a falling off this season in the box-office receipts? Mr. Juilliard, one of the directors, is quoted as saying: "It seems to be a well estab-

lished fact that the opera has been poorly attended this winter. And for the size of the audiences, so far this season, I should say that the stars were being paid too much money. The public, you know, wants everything for nothing, and does not stop to consider the means. So far as the appreciation of the public goes, in box-office evi- dence, I should say grand opera was not paying."

The Evening Post (N. Y.) of Jan. 30 quoted "habitual opera-goer" as ex- pressing the opinion that the salaries paid to the stars were not necessarily high, but that there were too many stars. "The Metropolitan Opera Com- pany," he said, "has artists on its pay-roll whom the public never sees, apparently for no other reason than that there is no place to use them. They are, in my opinion, an unneces- sary expense. Then, again, those who are in use all the time have no open dates for rehearsals. Besides their en- gagements here they have to fill others in Philadelphia twice a week, and also another in Brooklyn. This necessitates putting on operas at the Metropolitan that are improperly rehearsed. Those who happen to hear one of these pieces go away dissatisfied, and probably do not come again as often as they would if they had seen a finished production the first time. In my mind, the fault is one which can be corrected to the profit of the Metropolitan Opera Com- pany and the public as well."

On the other hand the Sun said Thurs-

day that there will be a season of opera next year at the Metropolitan. "The stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company have told Mr. Grau that they pay enough for what they get and that salaries of the singers need not be so high, nor should the unprofitable Philadelphia season, which does not concern the Metropolitan, be undertaken every year. They say that this exhausts the sing- ers. They also claim that Mr. Grau engages too many singers. It took much persuasion on the part of Mr. Grau last summer to induce the stock- holders to raise Jean de Reszke's sal- ary for every performance to \$250. They were much opposed to this. Mr. Grau has replied that many artists are necessary and recalled the experi- ence of last year when every tenor but one was ill. He has been compelled this year owing to circumstances to pay some of the women singers more than they are worth to the manage- ment. He is willing to give another season if the stockholders will in- crease their subsidy to keep the com- pany up to its present standard. Other- wise he will be compelled to make the company somewhat different in char- acter."

Meanwhile there is curiosity in Lon- don as to what André Messager, the new musical manager of Covent Gar- den, will do next season. (He married Hope Temple, by the way, and speaks



English fluently.) Our old friend M. de Nevers says that Messenger's first care will be to secure perfect ensembles; "now these are unimaginable without serious rehearsals, and these, again, are impossible at Covent Garden, for no better and no worse reason than lack of time." The de Reszkes will not be engaged, but there is talk of Tanagnino if "Messaline" will be revived. Massenet's "Le Cid" will be one of the novelties.

Miss Estelle Elsworth of Boston made her first appearance in opera Jan. 21 at St. Louis as Lucia in English. The correspondent of the Concert Goer says: "Miss Elsworth is a petite woman, who nakes up vocally and histrionically what she lacks in stature. Her voice is remarkably strong and clear, her nunciation is perfect and she does not veract, as was noticed during the mad cenc." Joseph Sheehan is in the ame company.—Yvette Guilbert is ow singing at the Bodinière Theatre. Her only songs are by Baudelaire and faurice Rollinat set to music by the uther. She is now stout, and she wears o longer the famous curl and long lack gloves. "Her diction is as clear nd distinct as of yore." The accom- niment consists of a string quartet nd piano.—Gregorowitsch, the excel- nt Russian violinist, will revisit this untry next season.—Fritz Kreisler is anist as well as violinist. Thus last onday at the Waldorf-Astoria, he layed the piano to Mr. Max Bendix's olin in Emile Bernard's suite.—The oncert Goer asks: "Where are the atives of the late Galassi, the bar- ine? Do they know that one Shank- chenck, a young man who is doing all baritone parts with the Sembrich peratic Company, is appearing on the ls as Signor Galassi?" But the ung man spells it "Galazzi."—Vin- nt d'Indy's symphony on a folk-song d orchestra and piano was loudly ap- eaded at Berlin early in January, hen it was played under Nikisch, with isler as pianist. It is a pity that we ve not heard in Boston this ffective and interesting composition.— les Cohen, opera composer, professor f the Paris Conservatory for 35 years, d chorus master at the Opéra for 20 ars, died Jan. 13. He was born at arseilles in 1835 and took three first izes at the Paris Conservatory. Chris- ne Nilsson created the leading part his "Les Bluets" at the Théâ- yrique in 1867, and Patil sang the same art at Covent Garden.—De Soria, a ntomimist at the Paris Opéra and a ebrated dancingmaster, died Jan. 12 his 62d year.—The Referee calls for e abolition of tuning in the concert om; "an act of Parliament to pro- bit ladies from singing tenor love- ings"; and "no fewer than two instru- ntal pieces or songs by a British mposer at every concert, except in e-man programs."—Dr. Frank J. wyer of London says that the real ssion of the musician is to "stir up e heart's deepest, inmost and best notions, and send men forth to the ttle of life refreshed and invigorated d with a clearer ideal before them— truth and beauty."—Judic is back ain at the Varieties, and she will en make a long tour through Eu- pe. She is said to be thinner.—Sir rthur Sullivan left by will to King dward his tortoise-shell and silver rd-box and the clip to match.—Mr. arvey Worthington Loomis wrote in- dential music, which practically rmed a continuous action to the tion and spoken dialogue, for the first performance on any stage of René eter's "The Tragedy of Death," a symbolic drama, translated by E. S. elknap, and played by pupils of the merican Academy of the Dramatic ts at the Empire Theatre, Jan. 21. This music was generally appropriate o the current scene, without being rticularly eloquent or original. The ore important themes were embodied n an orchestral prelude which was erhaps the most satisfactory part of e performance.—A new opera, Welhachten," by a Venetian, Alberto entilli, who is not yet 26 years old, as produced lately at the Royal The- tre, Munich, with great success. Seven erman theatres offered, after the first ight, to put this opera on the stage. —Puccini is in the south of Italy at ork on a new opera, "Cyrano de rgerac."—"Mr. Grau's tenors who o not sing will this year secure more an \$95,000 in salary because a lump um has been guaranteed to them hether they appear or not."—Lloyd Aubigné has joined the French Oper a company in New Orleans.—Mascagni's rils" failed dismally at Barcelona. —They celebrated Rimsky-Korsakoff's th jubilee of musical activity at Mos- ow, New Year's Day, with enthusi- sm. His opera, "Sadko," was per- rmed—"Eros and Psyche," new era by Max Zenger, was produced at nish Jan. 11. "The music is often aracteristic and full of invention."

—Lilli Lehmann has been singing Norma, Fidelio and Donna Anna at Hamburg.—Smaraglia's new opera, "Occana," will be produced next spring at Venice.—A new piano trio by Hirschberg has been performed in Berlin.—Raoul Pugno, pianist, played with great success in Berlin the E flat concerto of Mozart and the Wandering-Fantaisie, Schubert-Liszt.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday afternoon, Symphony Hall, 2.30.—Song recital by Marcella Sembrich. Mr. Goodrich will be the pianist. The program will include Mozart's "Deh, vieni"; Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me"; Schubert's "Delphine"; Bungen's "Ich hab' ein kleines Lied"; R. Strauss's "Ständchen"; Loewe's "Glocken-thuermers Tochterlein"; and "Niemand hat's gesehen"; Norwegian, Irish, French Canadian, German folk songs; and the grand aria from Meyerbeer's "The Star of the North," with two flutes.

Monday afternoon, Steinert Hall, 3 o'clock.—Song recital by Mr. James Fitch Thomson. The program will include songs by Bach, Rubinstein, Mozart, Tschaiakowsky, Liszt, Debussy, Chandon, Lang, and old English songs, together with a brace of six songs by Franz. Miss Edna Allys Little of New York will play piano pieces by Macdowell, Schumann and Liszt.

Monday evening, People's Temple, 8 o'clock.—The offer of Mr. H. G. Tucker's concerts. Chamber music by Messrs. Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, Ernest Perabo, pianist, and Hermann Heberlein, cellist. Miss Elsa Heindl, soprano, will also take part. The program includes Grieg's Sonata in C minor for piano and violin; Raff's in C minor; Wienawski's Romance and Mazurka; Arias by: Graun and Mozart.

Monday evening, Steinert Hall, 8 o'clock.—Third piano recital by Mr. Edwin Klahre, who will play Beethoven's Fantasia, op. 77; Schubert's Impromptu in G; Chopin's Ballade in G minor, and pieces by Raff, Kullak, Henselt, Weber-Tausig, Liszt.

Wednesday evening, Steinert Hall, 8.15 o'clock.—Song recital by Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto. Mr. Heberlein, cellist, will assist. First performance here of a cycle of five songs, "Sea Pictures," by Edward Elgar; aria from Bruch's "Arminius"; three songs by Tschaiakowsky and five songs (first time) by Eduard Schuetz. Mr. Heberlein will play pieces by Goltermann, Godard and Dunkler.

Thursday evening, Steinert Hall, 8.15.—Song recital by Mr. J. F. Thomson.

Friday evening, opening of the new Chickering Hall, 8.30.—Program: Kreutzer sonata, Beethoven (Mrs. Szumowska and Mr. Kneisel); Beethoven's quartet in C, op. 59, No. 3 (Kneisel Quartet); Mr. Pol Blanton will sing Chaminade's "Invitation," Massenet's "Si tu veux, mignonne," Schubert's "Lienfer," Saint-Saëns's "Chanson à boire antique," Schumann's "En route," Ferrar's "Le Lazzarone," Berlioz's "Sérénade de Mephisto" and Godard's "Embarquez-vous!" The proceeds will be given by Messrs. Chickering & Sons to the Brook House. The program will bear the \$500 prize design chosen in competition for the cover of all official programs at this hall.

Friday afternoon, 2.30, and Saturday, 8 P. M., Symphony Hall.—Thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Brahms's Academic overture; Beethoven's concerto for violin (Kreisler); Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony.

Saturday afternoon, Steinert Hall, 3 o'clock.—Piano recital by Fanny Bloomfield-Zeissler; Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; Godard's Ballade No. 1, from Fantaisie, op. 143; Grieg's Ballade, op. 24; Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, op. 62, No. 6, op. 67, No. 4; Chopin's Impromptu, op. 36; Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 4, 7, Valse, op. 70, No. 1; Liszt's Liebestraum and Tarantelle (No. 3, from Venezia e Napoli).

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his farewell piano recital on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 23, in Steinert Hall. Mr. Bauer will leave for Europe soon after his recital.

Mr. Max Heinrich, assisted by his daughter Julia, will make his only Boston appearance at Association Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 12. The program will include songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Tschaiakowsky, Strauss, Henschel, Goring Thomas, and a group by Lalo and Debussy, which they have never sung here before.

Miss Julia A. Terry announces four chamber concerts in the new Chickering Hall: Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, Mrs. Szumowska, Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski; March 6, Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, Mr. Schuecker, harp, and the Horn Quartet of the Symphony Orchestra; March 13, Miss Mead, violinist, Mr. Proctor, pianist; March 20, Mr. Pol Blanton, April 19, Mr. Eliot Hubbard, Mr. Codman, baritone; April 26, pianist, Mr. Schroeder, cellist. Applications for tickets should be addressed to Chamber Concerts, Box Office, Symphony Hall. Tickets will be on sale on and after Monday, Feb. 18.

Josef Hoffmann will give two piano recitals in Symphony Hall. The first will be on Wednesday, March 6, 2.30 P. M.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler's last recital in Boston will be given in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 12. He will play pieces by Bach, Corelli, Nardini, Rameau, Tartini, Rubinstein, Schubert, Wienawski, and his own arrangement of pieces by Chopin, Chaminade and Paganini.

Mr. Hugo Becker, the Alsatian cellist, will give his only recital of the season on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 16, in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, soprano, will assist.

The second concert of the Cecilia Society will be at Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13. The program is the cantata, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," for tenor, chorus and orchestra; Part One of Cederberg-Taylor's Trilogy; Palestrina's "Missa Brevis" for chorus a capella; Brahms's Rhapsodie, op. 53, for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra; Goring Thomas's "The Swan and the Skylark," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra; and Verdi's "Te Deum" for double chorus, orchestra and organ. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Juliette Gordon, soprano, Miss Gertrude May Stein, contralto, and Mr. Evan Williams, tenor. The seats not taken by the subscribers will be offered for sale at the Symphony Hall box office on and after Monday morning next.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet Concert at Association Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 11, will include Haydn's quartet in E major, op. 77, No. 1; Smetana's quartet in E minor; Schumann's piano quintet (Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist).

Mr. Harold Bauer's farewell piano recital will be at Steinert Hall on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 23.

#### THE SUNSET RED.

The birch trees rose tall and interlacing against the sunset. There was water in the picture somewhere. All day the artist had striven for the color of the sunset sky; a hundred times, it seemed, he had painted it in behind the trees; as many times there had been the smell of turpentine strengthened freshly in the air, and nothing but the trees, with the dirty canvas background, was left.

Mixtures and tints and shades of scarlet and rose, of crimson and vermillion had he placed upon the canvas, yet as evening and the forced ceasing of his work drew on, he had attained nothing; he had once more come back to a mere soiled surface.

He ran his long nervous fingers through his long wiry hair. Up and down the studio, obliquely across it, he paced muttering and growling to himself. Kicking aside all that got in his way he tramped about. His foot caught in a Baghdad couch cover and he ripped it from its place. He bundled it in a ball and threw it into a corner. A Venetian lamp, which his head bumped against, followed it with rattling chains.

"I have seen the red," he kept muttering. "I have seen it in the sky behind the birch trees, and I have seen it somewhere—in something else—but where or in what thing I cannot think! But I am to be the first to put it on canvas—I shall be called greater than Turner—they must call my sunset greater than any other painted sunset in the world."

The door clicked and he paused in his walk. His wife came into the room. "It will soon be too dark to paint," she said, "can't you come and get acquainted with me a little? I haven't seen you all day."

She shook a finger at him, jestingly. "There was a strip of cloth wound around it, and when she saw him looking at it, said, 'I cut my finger with the bread knife.'"

He stepped forward to her side and caught up the little wounded hand. A sudden thought had come to him, almost stricken him. With a sudden movement he tore the cloth from the finger and the woman screamed a little at the twinge of pain. The rough handling had set the blood flowing again.

The artist saw the color. Putting one hand behind him, he steadied himself with a chair as he strove for self-control. He glanced up, and seeing the queer, half-frightened look on his wife's face, laughed. "I don't know what it is, but I'm frightfully nervous. Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry. Let me see the poor finger again, won't you?"

He bent over it and looked on the little stream of blood. There was such an intenseness in his manner that she gazed at him queerly. Together they went across the room to the unfinished picture.

He was a little behind her, and as they stood, she leaned forward and peered into some detail of the trees. He reached around her neck. His fingers closed upon a palette knife which lay on a stand of teak-wood. Silently he lifted it. He barely had it safely when the woman started to straighten up and speak, but the words never left her lips.

He held her against the teak-wood stand until something began to drip upon the floor. Then dropped the knife and grabbed a Dresden bowl, and held it till it was brimming full. He laid what had been his wife upon the floor and sought a clean brush. There was little daylight left and he must work quickly. Behind the interlacing birch trees he painted in the sunset sky.

He wheeled the easel to a window where all that remained of light could fall upon the picture. "It is my red," he screamed, "the red of the sunset I have seen, and dreamed so long to show—my red—the red of my sunset!"

Then, as he gazed into the sky behind his painted trees, there came a change. He turned and looked from the window—but no, it was no darker outside. Then back to the picture came his eyes, and—yes, it was true.

Slowly as the blood-red of sunset fades to rose, to the purple flower of early dusk, to the funeral black of night, was the sky behind his birch trees darkening. In a line along the bottom of what had been crimson it was already black.

He had not thought of this; for a moment he stood appalled, aghast! He turned and leaped across the body in the way, ran down the stairs and out into the road.

"I shall see the birch trees as they rise tall and interlacing against the sunset," he cried, as if to the world, although there was no one to hear; and, hatless, with coat and hands stained with paint and with another stain, he hurried, half running, along the way.

It was dusk-time and there was no one to see him; he came to where he

could look upon the trees against the sky, the trees he had painted against the sky he had tried to paint.

"I had my red, I had my red," he cried over and over again. Then he ran forward looking straight into the sky where it was brightest, his arms stretched toward it.

The water that was in the picture somewhere was before him, but he did not see it. Through the sedgy grass he ran, into the water. He tripped, fell forward, and his head struck a wet rock in the shallow pool. He rolled over, his face beneath the surface.

Next day the Sheriff was a bustling, important man, and reporters chaffed each other in the smoking car on their way from the city.

SERGEANT BERTRAND.

We have received the following letter: Boston, Feb. 2, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

What a pity the American articles in the New English Dictionary should be underdone. Irish potatoes were mentioned the other day. A similar instance is "institute," in the sense of teachers' meeting. Of course, everybody has heard of teachers' Institutes, meaning a general State or national convention where teachers listen to "papers" and cranks and Chairmen of committees, and then go home in the vain belief that they ought to have larger salaries. Why is such a thing called an institute? The New English Dictionary gives up in despair; but the case is not hopeless. Like the word "normal," in normal school, the term institute came from France in the earlier part of this century, when French was taught here, and German was not, and men knew that in matters educational there was not so very much to learn in England. Institute as adopted from the French first meant an educational establishment, less formal than a college or plain school. In 1831 Massachusetts incorporated the American Institute of Instruction, which held meetings for promoting the cause of education and larger appropriations. From that establishment, which still lives, conventions of teachers and educational wire pullers are called institutes. And is it not strange that so very many of our terms in religion, politics and education should be French rather than English? Our art, of course, is saturated with French. And we shall know these things better when the biography of every American word is written. A. E.

Feb. 5, 1901

#### TWO CONCERTS.

A Great and Enthusiastic Audience Hears Marcella Sembrich in Symphony Hall—The Fourth of Mr. H. G. Tucker's Concerts in People's Temple.

Marcella Sembrich gave her second song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. In spite of the storm there was a very large and most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the pianist. The flute-players, Messrs. Spindler and North, assisted in the aria from Meyerbeer's once famous opera. The program was as follows:

"Deh, Vieni Non Tardar".....Mozart Canzonet, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair".....Haydn "Delphine".....Schubert "Ich Hab' ein kleines Lied Erbracht".....Bungert Ständchen.....R. Strauss "Glockenthurm's Töchterlein".....C. Loewe "Niemand hat's gesehen".....C. Loewe "Kau fra Hallingdalen".....Norwegian "The Coolin'".....Irish "Gaelic Song".....French Canadian "Das Muehlrad".....German "Spinnerrädchen".....German Grand Aria from "Stella del Nord," with obbligato for two flutes.....Meyerbeer The program was a delightful one. It opened with the beautiful song of Susanna in the garden, which was followed by Haydn's familiar canzonet, Schubert's "Delphine"—"Ach, was soll ich beginnen"—is little known, and in a London edition of Schubert's songs the words are attributed to Schlegel. As a matter of fact the words of "Delphine" and "Florio" are taken from two scenes of W. von Schuetz's play, "Lacrimas" (1825). In the music of "Delphine" there is little of the true Schubertian spirit, and the passion seems forced and theatrical. The song is difficult with a climax on high. C—a rare thing in Schubert's melodies—and even the art of Sembrich did not wholly disguise labor in performance. August Bungert is chiefly known as the composer of a Homeric tetralogy, of which "Circe" and "The Return of Ulysses" have been produced at Dresden, but he has written songs as well as orchestral and chamber music, and the one chosen yesterday is charming in sentiment and simplicity. The songs by Strauss and Loewe are favorites, and the well contrasted folk songs served to show that Sembrich can touch the heart by direct appeal as well as dazzle the understanding by brilliance of colorature. The amazing aria, with two flutes, from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," is seldom heard today in the concert-



half, and yet Chorley claimed that it is better as a concert-piece than when heard in the opera; "because there, the songstress must remain at such a distance from both instruments (the flute and the cello), being merely a mimic, that all the intimacy of response and dialogue is lost, and the effect is that of a soprano scrambling against a double echo." Meyerbeer wrote "Das Feldlager in Schlesien" (1843) as a compliment to the Prussian Court, and he introduced Frederick the Great and his flute, and Jenny Lind as Vielka made the aria famous, although the part was first sung by Tucce. Then when Meyerbeer transferred much of this music to "L'Etoile du Nord" of course the aria was included and sung in Paris, the first night (1854) by Caroline Duprez. What a popular opera this once was. It was sung 88 times at the Opéra-Comique in 1854, and 76 times the next year. Revived there in 1878, it was given 55 times and again in 1884 it was performed 32 times. And for some years it crowded the opera houses of Europe whenever it was announced. Clara Louise Kellogg was fortunate with it in the sixties.

Melba sang "Sweet Bird" with one flute in Symphony Hall a week ago Saturday. Semberich yesterday went her one flute better, and at the same time gave the most remarkable exhibition of brilliant coloratura that has been heard here for years. Nor is the aria itself merely a stalling-horse behind which to shoot technical darts and arrows; it is skillfully made, musical even in most pyrotechnical flights. It is enough to say that Semberich was in excellent vocal condition and in festive mood. I do not propose at this late day to repeat the eulogies that have so often been published in the Journal. What prima-donna is there that can equal her in vocal art, in delicate appreciation of a composer's intention, in the simplicity that is the supreme triumph of art, in perfect management of the phrase? She stands alone, without a rival—and who is there to succeed her? Fortunately for the musical world she has not yet passed the zenith of her career.

There was spontaneous and hearty applause after each song, and the singer was obliged to add songs by Massenet and Brahms, and the Polish song to which she plays her own accompaniment, to the program. Mr. Goodrich accompanied sympathetically and with musical intelligence, and the two flute-players were an assistance, not a detriment.

The fourth concert of Mr. H. G. Tucker's series in People's Temple was devoted to chamber music. Miss Elsa Helndi, soprano, Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, Mr. Herman Heberlein, cello, and Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, took part. Mr. Tucker accompanied the soloists. The program was as follows:

Sonata in C minor for piano and violin, Grieg  
Aria, "Lo, the Heaven Descended" Phosphor  
Romance and Mazurka, Wieniawski  
Aria, "Non temer," Mozart  
Violin obligato.  
Trio, No. 3, in A minor, Op. 155, Raff

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Lichtenberg with his rich and beautiful tone, his artistic phrasing, and his glowing temperament, and it is a pity that his visits to this city are so few and far between. The sonata by Grieg was played with full appreciation of its romantic character by both pianist and violinist. The Romance by Wieniawski, displayed the broad and flowing cantabile of Mr. Lichtenberg, and the Mazurka was played brilliantly. Raff's trio is too familiar to require a dissertation concerning its merits and faults. Some day the story of Raff's life will be adequately told. To me it is one of the saddest chapters in musical history. In this trio there was occasionally too much piano. Why did such an excellent ensemble player as Mr. Perabo play with the lid raised to its full height?

I understand that Miss Helndi made last night her first appearance in a concert of importance. If this be so, she made a promising, yes, successful, début. She chose two difficult arias for a young singer. She has evidently studied them diligently, and the brilliant passages were sung with an ease that argues well for her future. The voice is clear and flexible, and in the first part of the aria by Mozart she showed that she may be something more than a correct and automatic singer. In the Graun aria there was the suggestion of singing with the teacher by her side; the phrases were at times cut and dried, perfunctory, and they were not always ended with the elegant release that comes from perfect self-poise, experience, and well-grounded assurance. This was not as noticeable in the aria by Mozart, and it may justly be attributed to natural nervousness. Miss Helndi comes of a musical family, one that has for years been honored and respected in this city, and her career will be watched with more than ordinary interest.

There was a good sized and very appreciative audience.

The fifth and last concert will be given March 11, when the program will include works by Mendelssohn and Brahms for female voices, harp, and two horns, and "The Sons of Art" by Mendelssohn, with the original orchestration. There will be a male chorus of 125 voices.

Philip Hale.

It should never be forgotten that misfortune, be it great or small, is the element in which we live. Our aim should be to look well about us, to ward off misfortune by going to meet it, to attain such perfection and refinement in averting the disagreeable things of life—whether they come from fellow-men or from the physical world—that, like a clever fox, we may slip out of the net of every mishap, great or small, remembering that a mishap is generally only our

own awkwardness in disguise.

We are indebted to the compiler of "Proverbs of the Heart and Home" for the pleasure of reading in manuscript his judiciously arranged volume. He will find easily a publisher. We quote PROVERB CXCI.

Porcelain teeth never ulcerate.

"A Mother," writes to us as follows: "I am sure you will appreciate a true story about my dear little Jenny. A few afternoons ago I had a pleasant company of friends at my home, and Jenny was allowed to come in for a minute. I noticed that she kept looking at Mrs. Ackermann, who was sitting with folded hands and discussing the opinion of our Rector about divorce. Imagine my surprise and shame when Jenny went up to her and slapped her face. I took the child out of the room and said, 'What do you mean by acting that way, insulting my guest?' She answered, 'Well, mother, I don't care. She looked just as if it were her party.'"

The absurd and pitiable vanity of man never sleeps; it shoulders its way into dreams. De Goncourt—Edouard not Jules—gave a curious instance of this Feb. 5, 1889, when he dreamed that he was sentenced to death for a crime committed in one of his plays, a crime, however, that he did not remember exactly. The manager of the Odéon was the director of the prison, and he announced to him that he was to be guillotined the next day, and he kindly gave him the choice between 5 A. M. and 7 A. M. for the operation. Now listen to de Goncourt: "I was chiefly troubled by the fear that I should show weakness in mounting the scaffold, and thus injure my literary reputation."

Here is a strange story. They buried in Hertfordshire, England, Feb. 5, 1751, a farmer who had died 30 years before. He had bequeathed his estate to his two brothers, and if they should die to his nephew, "to be enjoyed by them for 30 years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to return to him." He ordered that the coffin be locked, a key put inside, so that he might let himself out, and the coffin was kept in a barn. The years went by and when the time was accomplished, the farmer in the coffin, for some reason or other, did not use the key. The heirs acted decently; they gave him four days of grace; then when they saw he had no wish to come back to this earth they buried him securely underground.

We are much interested in the case of Mr. J. Martin Dannecker of Newark. They say that he killed a big maltese cat, hung it for a few hours with its throat cut, skinned it, put the flesh in pickle, stewed some of the meat the next day and insisted that his dear children, 14-year-old Johnny and a 12-year-old daughter, should eat of it. Mr. Dannecker replies that he killed a cat and cooked it, because he himself is a consumptive and that cat flesh is good for consumption.

This might open an entertaining and profitable discussion. Mr. Edward Topsel, a shrewd observer who had digested the wisdom of Conradus Gesner and other learned men, asserted in 1658 that the flesh of cats can seldom be free from poison, "by reason of their daily food, eating Rats and Mice, Wrens and other birds which feed on poison, and above all the brain of a Cat is most venomous, for it being above measure dry, stoppeth the animal spirits, that they cannot pass into the ventricle, by reason whereof memory falleth, and the infected person falleth into a Phrenzie." Now in Spain and in Narbonne, the inhabitants were once fond of cat's meat, but they cut off the head and tail and hung the prepared flesh a night or two in the open cold air. "To exhale the savor and poison of it, finding the flesh thereof to be almost as sweet as a cony." We cannot approve of Mr. Dannecker's belief in cat's flesh as a remedy for consumption, for from the earliest days it has been established that "the breath and savor of cats consume the radical humor and destroy the lungs, and therefore they which keep their Cats with them in their beds have the air corrupted, and fall into several Hecticks and Consumptions." At the same time the cat is used for medicinal purposes. Thus it is reported that the flesh salted and sweetened hath power in it to draw wens from the body; a cat's liver dried and beaten to powder is good for the stone; and if you suffer from pain and blindness in the eye, try this remedy: "Take the head of a black Cat, which hath not a spot of another color in it, and burn it to powder in an earthen pot leaded or glazed within, then take this powder and through a quill blow it thrice a day into thy eye, and if in

the night time any heat do thereby annoy thee, take two leaves of an Oke wet in cold water and bind them to the eye, and so shall all pain flee away, and blindness depart—although it hath oppressed thee a whole year." But we are inclined to side with a deep thinker who years ago contemplating the cat said: "It appeareth that this is a dangerous beast; so with a wary and discreet eye we must avoid their harms, making more account of their use than of their persons."

In restaurants of Germany they serve cat and call it hare. Query: Does the Belgian cat resemble the Belgian hare?

Feb. 6, 1901

God rolled the marsh out like a map.  
He set the red farms here and there,  
He caught the sunlight in a trap,  
And loosed it, to fly anywhere.  
Across the marshes like a bird  
It flew, pursued by cloud-hawks gray;  
It reached your breast, my breast was stirred—  
I prayed the clouds to spare their prey.

The hawks hung poised a little while,  
The hunted sunlight found your face;  
In sanctuary of your smile  
The quarry lay, a breathing space.  
Then the gray wings swept on in pride,  
The sunlight shivered in your hair,  
The hawks swooped on it, and it died,  
Glad to the last, since it died there!

Jonas Chickering—a good and inventive Yankee. Charles Chickering, Thomas Chickering, George Chickering—all sound, patriotic Americans. And when the new Chickering Hall will be opened next Friday night the musicians will be a Polish pianist, a French singer and a string quartet made up of a Roumanian, a Bohemian, a Croatian and a German. However, the manager is an American, as are possibly the ushers.

The German Times (Berlin) states that two young men and two young women of St. Petersburg have been sentenced to serve 15 days in jail "for kissing each other in the course of a dinner at a restaurant." The case went to a higher court, which decided that the defendants were guilty of "indecent conduct." H-m-m! That depends? Was the kissing before the fish or after the coffee?

We spoke the other day about "Mr." Murray Hall of Tammany and mentioned two women, who, disguised as men, had taken to themselves wives. Perhaps as extraordinary a case was that of James Barry, M. D., C. B., Inspector-General of Hospitals, who during his later years was well known in London. A slight-built, dark, beardless man, abrupt, impatient, he had fought more than one duel. "His fearlessness was unquestionable, his professional ability beyond gainsaying. He had a voice that would sometimes bewray him, and after he left the table the opinion was freely expressed that Dr. James Barry should be differently described. He had left explicit directions that he should be buried 'all standing,' as he was when he died. In the interests of science, these directions were disregarded. It was then ascertained that the medical schools had duly qualified, and that the British Government had decorated and pensioned, a distinguished medical officer who was a woman."

The Pall Mall Gazette paid a touching tribute to the late Johann Faber. "The popularizer of an implement which has been a deal more lethal, during the period of its existence than has the sword. The Baron was the great pencil-maker. No betting-book is complete without it, and the libels it has writ are legion."

But Bismarck once said that nothing good was ever written in pencil. We agree with him, chiefly because we cannot sharpen a pencil. The typewriting machine is a more formidable foe to accuracy and force in writing. He that uses it is inclined to be diffuse, garrulous, slovenly. There is nothing like an old fashioned spluttering and squeaking quill pen. The poet abused it shamefully:

To find a decent pen,  
Was like a dip into a lucky box:  
You drew—and got one very curly,  
And split like endive in some hurly-burly;  
The next unsuit, and square at end, a spade;  
The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made;  
The fourth a broom; the fifth of no avail,  
Turned upwards, like a rabbit's tail;  
And last, not least, by way of a relief,  
A stump that Master Richard, James, or John,  
Had tried his candle-cookery upon,  
Making "roast beef!"

Who invented the quill pen? They say it was known in the fifth century, although it was not generally adopted in Europe until five centuries later.

To F. B.:—We never said that there was no such word as "half-staff." You are wrong in your statement that in England "half-mast" is applied only to ships, and "half-staff" only to flags on land. You are preposterously wrong. We quote examples from the Oxford-English Dictionary: "1891, Daily News (London): At Dover the flags on the public buildings and in the harbor are half-mast." "1708, London Gazette: The Shin's flags which were

only half-staff high." To fight "at the half-staff"—half the length of a staff—is to fight at close quarters with staves.

We all eat too many potatoes.

Mr. George Moore is always delightful even in most sullen mood. Witness this extract from a letter to the Montreal Star: "Once I remember King Edward ventured to express in public his approval of a picture. The picture was quite worthless, and for several years the public was misled. Yesterday I heard that King Edward had sent for Prof. Herkomer to make a drawing of the dead Queen. To many this may seem a matter of slight importance. To a few it will seem like a portent, and I think from it we may safely predict that the commonplace and vulgar will not wholly drop out of sight."

Feb 7

## MISS LUCIE TUCKER.

A Concert in Which All the Songs Were Sung in English and a Program That Included Unfamiliar Songs by Schuett and Elgar.

Miss Lucie Tucker, contralto, assisted by Mr. Heberlein, cellist, and Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. There was a fair-sized audience. The program was as follows:

Aria, "The Battle," from "Arminius," Bruch  
Miss Tucker.  
Andante and allegro ..... Goltermann  
Mr. Heberlein.  
A Heavy Tear ..... Tschalkowsky  
None but a Lonely Heart ..... Tschalkowsky  
The Sleep of Sorrow ..... Tschalkowsky  
Twilight Hour ..... Schmitt  
Along ..... Schmitt  
Pole Song ..... Schmitt  
Roses ..... Schmitt  
What I love is mine forever ..... Schmitt  
Miss Tucker.  
Because ..... Godard  
La Fleuse ..... Dunkler  
Mr. Heberlein.  
Sea Pictures ..... Elgar

The songs by Schuett—"Songs of Love"—were sung, I believe, for the first time in Boston. The composer is known here chiefly by his piano pieces, which are for the most part melodious and of salon-elegance. These love-songs are not of any distinction; indeed, they are tame and pointless.

The "Sea Pictures" by Edward Elgar were written with orchestral accompaniment for Clara Butt, and they were first sung by her at the Norwich

Festival of 1899. They then made a profound impression, and one of the music critics was so moved that after he had exhausted the vocabulary of praise in his tribute to the composer, he wrote a poem in five or six verses in which he knelt to Miss Butt and her art. N. B.—This was before her betrothal was announced. The songs, entitled "Sea Slumber," "In Heaven," "Sabbath Morning at Sea," "Where Corals Lie," "The Swimmer," are attempts to portray musically various moods of the ocean. It is a pity that we know these songs only with piano accompaniment, for Elgar is a man, they say, of rare orchestral imagination. As they were heard last night, "In Heaven" and "Where Corals Lie" seem to be the most sharply defined and spontaneous. The former is direct in appeal and at the same time full of suggestion, while the latter, with its quasi Oriental melody, is highly original and fascinating. The cycle as a whole is a strong work, one, however, that interests the musician rather than the average hearer, who, while he may recognize a sea-spell in the "Slumber-songs," will find "Sabbath Morning" and "The Swimmer" episodic; and the changing moods, faithful to the ever-varying ocean, are likely to perplex if not disconcert him. The program stated that the songs were sung here last night for the first time; but a correspondent calls my attention to the fact that they were sung in the same hall by Miss Louise Ainsworth Oct. 25th of last year.

Miss Tucker began with an aria from Bruch's violent oratorio. She sang it with breadth and spirit, and her rich and sombre voice was displayed to marked advantage. The songs that followed were without sufficient contrast. They were melancholy in text and music; they dripped sadness and tears; and the singer's voice—which is inclined naturally toward mournfulness—accented the dismal expression of poets and composers until the hall seemed to be hung with black and the lights to burn dimly. And when a full-voiced contralto takes a despondent view of life and love, indigo is as scarlet. These remarks seem gratuitous, for Tschalkowsky's "Tear" and "Sleep of Sorrow" are songs of genuine beauty and they were sung with feeling. But three melancholy songs were followed immediately by four which were also in a sad vein. Miss Tucker's growth as a singer is steady. She has overcome two or three faults that a few years ago were serious and prevented full enjoyment of the voice itself. She is much less spasmodic in delivery, her intonation is surer, the voice is of better quality throughout the liberal compass, her enunciation is pleasantly distinct, and she sings with greater authority and self-poise. Occasionally last night she indulged in accented unimportant notes in a musical



entence, and there was the thought of monotony, which was inevitable on account of the arrangement of the program. Mr. Heberlein, as well as the singer, was warmly applauded.

Philip Hale.

My daughter entered with a young man who was evidently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression on his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw clasp a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Swelbier, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazes admiringly upon her first-born;" and my daughter bowed me a really pretty picture, done in oil. "Is it not beautiful, papa?" He throws much soul into his work."

"Does he?" does he?" said I; "well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our place. It needs it. What will you charge, papa?" I continued, "to throw some soul into your fence?"

Some think that physicians, lawyers and artists should not advertise. If surgeons should publish an announcement in the daily newspapers: "Dr. Ezra Jollyer. Appendicitis a specialty. He does it while you wait. Office hours from 9 A. M. till 11 P. M.," we fear that his brethren in the profession would look at him skew-eyed as though he had violated the Hippocratic oath. The type that advertises is generally a man that devotes his life to making some happy by severing without publicity the matrimonial chain. But why should not all physicians and lawyers advertise, send out circulars, and set forth their special trade? A stranger object to fits would not then waste me in calling on a throat or corn doctor; a burglar in the active pursuit of his profession, prudent and conscious of the dangers that wait on his attendance and industry, would not try to retain a real estate or corporation lawyer.

And why should not an artist advertise his skill in drawing and painting? We ask this question because we received yesterday a circular from an artist's manager, who states clearly just what his man can do. "The following are his specialties: Nude, Figure, Religious, Cherub, Horse, Belgian, Landscapes, Still Life, and Portrait." This, you see, is an all-round artist, copper-bottomed, nickel-plated, tamped on the blade. He does not stamp his imagination by slavish devotion to some narrow ideal. He will paint at a moment's notice your horse, minister, supper table, maiden aunt—just any old thing. And if you—and your wife—think well of your shape, he will paint you with your clothes off as "Ajax defying the Lightning" or Adonis going to the Chase."

Nor is this all. He gives instruction in drawing, painting, composition, perspective and anatomy, also penmanship and physical culture." We read furthermore: "Heraldry—Coat of arms painted in their original form of colors, society cards and diplomas written." Now how would busy men learn of the existence of this multifarious myriad-minded artist if his manager did not advertise him? To quote once more from the circular: "Your horse or other pet may be a great favorite with you, but his life is short, and when only the memory remains. A painting of the favorite will last forever." Yes, yes; especially if care is taken in the selection of the paint. And the coin outlives the Emperor and the bust the mighty ruler—only Gautier did this better.

The truly great are always generous. Witness Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, the eminent playactor, who, in the heat and passion of the drama, did not live away to the drunkenness of pride, but gladly acknowledged—aye, and in the presence of the throng—Mr. John Lane as his Thespian brother. Our friend the Historical Painter has already made sketches of this memorable representation of the moral horsehoe made by the honest blacksmith.

While we are talking about art, let us not forget Yvette Guilbert. The Paris correspondent of the Referee (London) heard her last month and thus addressed her in print: "Take my advice and live quietly on the fortune that you admit you have. No, Yvette; you don't look well in a long flowing black robe, that suggests a good and professing Christian in the arms of Lady Macbeth. Don't, Yvette, don't." But is this the way to speak to a lady?

In the same number of the Referee there is a savage attack on "the latest millionaire wedding in America." Here are a few sentences:

"The barbaric ostentation of the whole business, the vulgarity of it, the cheapness of the only emotions which belong to it, are beyond the reach of scorn or laughter or pity. The fantasies of Miss Killmanseg with her golden goulden beautiful legs, side into thin air in comparison with

the ostentations of this latest display of the mere brute force of wealth. \* \* \* And stenching high above the sink of money, the dress-rehearsals of the wedding service, as if, in place of being the sacred thing it ought to be, it were a show of jewelled marionettes, which without the jewels would not be worth the side-glance of the least intelligent of men and women.

"It is easy to be generous with other people's money, but the rich man does owe something to the poor beyond the mere flaunting of his excess of riches. And I am but a poor prophet, if the historian of the social revolt which now looms everywhere about us does not record the savage splendors of the wealthy as one of its chief provocatives."

Fa-S. 1901

When Garrick was acting Lear the spectators in the front row of the pit, not being able to see him well in the kneeling scene, where he utters the curse, rose up, when those behind them, not willing to interrupt the scene by remonstrating, immediately rose up too, and in this manner, the whole pit rose up, without uttering a syllable, and so that you might hear a pin drop. At another time, the crown of straw which he wore in the same character fell off, or was decomposed, which would have produced a burst of laughter at any common actor to whom such an accident had happened; but such was the deep interest in the character, and such the power of riveting the attention possessed by this actor, that not the slightest notice was taken of the circumstance, but the whole audience remained bathed in silent tears.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Feb. 6, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

May I venture to approach you, who may well be termed our Puritan Petronius, the true "arbitrator elegantiarum" of the Hub, in the hope of obtaining the solution of a problem which has long vexed me. I am a theatre-goer. I believe that the stage is of immense value to our social development when its tendencies are, as today, along the lines of skillful and worthy dramatic art. I am also a Bostonian, with considerable of the traditional veneration for our own institutions and ways. But I am absolutely at a loss to understand one psychological fact concerning Boston audiences which I have never noticed either in audiences in New York, some of the Philadelphia, or much-maligned Chicago. I refer to the chronic habit of Boston audiences to laugh raucously and idiotically at the most inopportune places in the representation of plays.

When poor "Sidney Carton" in "The Only Way," sunken far beneath his friends—his hopes—his possibilities, realizes this and drinks again and again, half in despair—half in bravado, until his unsteady hand falls to pour the wine into the glass, it trickles in a thin red stream down upon the carpet. The audiences at the Museum might invariably be relied upon to snort with glee at Carton's condition.

When Mrs. Fiske played the intensely strong dramatization of Hardy's "Tess" at the Tremont, you recollect the scene where the officers come to evict Tess's father. It is the parting of the ways

for Tess. To remain means shame for her family. To go with Alec Durberville will save them, but at the ruin of her soul. She is torn with the conflict. But one of the Sheriff's men piles a chair or two on the table preparatory to going. There is something irresistibly humorous in that to Boston people. I saw the play three times here, and there was each time a disconcerting ripple of laughter which on one occasion visibly annoyed Mrs. Fiske.

In that marvelously wrought and intense third act of "The Gay Lord Quex" Sophy is temporarily checkmated by Quex, who reasons that if he can obtain an incriminating letter from Sophy while she is in his power, her lips will be sealed on the Strood episode and his marriage with Muriel Eden assured. Tossing her a pen he forces her to write at his dictation. Sophy, felled and bewildered, shaken with emotion, takes the pen automatically but makes no move to write. Quex sees her indecision and brusquely pushes the ink-well toward her with the single word "ink." Curiously enough, that word seems to be regarded here in Boston as an "open sesame" to unheard-of hoards of humor. It has an effect almost as wonderful as the word "Mesopotamia" from the lips of the learned Whitfield. It appears to be the quintessence of all that is ludicrous and mirth-provoking. There are gurgles, chortles, explosions of laughter all over the house, aroused by this most remarkable monosyllable.

Now what is the reason of all this? Are we so obtuse that we cannot put minor happenings in dramatic action in their correct relation to the play as a whole? Do Bostonians lack the faculty of consecutive attention? Do they esteem one word or one gesture as of greater importance than the play as

a whole? Or is it a municipal idiosyncrasy that lies too deep for psychological explanation? Other towns get along very well without the habit and presumably enjoy their amusement fully as well. Can you throw any light on it?

C. S. H.

We are sorry that C. S. H. calls us Petronius, who, we have heard, wrote an improper book and, worse than that, is introduced in "Quo Vadis." Nor are we consoled by the remark of Saint Evremond to the effect that the death of Petronius was the most glorious of antiquity, "and had something more great and noble in it than either that of Cato or Socrates."

And we regret to say that we can give no substantial answer to the question propounded by C. S. H. We seldom go to the theatre. Not that we are averse in any Malvillian fashion to dramatic entertainments, although, as we said some weeks ago, Sunday School books read at an impressionable age warned us against "The Way to the Pit." But we have seen with more or less pleasure Fechter, Lydia Thompson, Salvini, Rossi, Charlotte Cushman, the Peerless Morlacchi; George L. Fox as Hamlet; E. L. Davenport as Damon, Brutus, Hamlet, the comedians of Dresden, Munich, Berlin and Paris; Henry Irving in London before he was too famous; Barry Sullivan as Richard III.—we shiver now at the thought of his tent scene;—Harrigan and Hart dancing "Little Fraud" in Chicago in 1872; the Majiltons; Dolly Bidwell at Exeter, N. H., (about 1870), as Pretty Panther and some one of Ouida's heroines; Eben Plympton as Belphegor, the Mountebank; Emma Bessone dancing most ravishingly at Rome (Italy, not New York), La R. Shewell and Annie Clarke in Harry Dumbard, the Convict, or something like that; Maffit and Bartholomew at the old Theatre Comique; Ralph Delmore as a villain; Dan Bryant's minstrels in Fourteenth Street, New York, and John A. Stevens in "The Unknown." We were in the early seventies a fair judge of a statue-elog, and we remember distinctly the can-can in Robinson Hall, New York. We indulge in this autobiographical burst to show C. S. H. that we are not necessarily "agin" the theatre.

In those younger and carnal years we found audiences a good deal like the coons in the song. We remember that when Lawrence Barrett in New Haven in the seventies said as Richelieu, "And yet I am not happy," the audience snickered, for that simple speech was then a celebrated gag. Will not some constant or inconstant theatre-goer answer C. S. H.?

Feb 9 1901

## CHICKERING HALL.

Opening Concert in the New Building on Huntington Avenue—A Brilliant Audience, Familiar Chamber Music and Superb Singing by Pol Plancon.

The first concert in the new Chickering Hall was given last night. They that took part were Pol Plancon of the Grau Opera Company, Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski and the Kniesel Quartet. Mr. H. M. Goodrich was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

The Kreutzer Sonata.....Beethoven  
Songs—a. Invocation.....Chaminade  
b. Si tu veux, Mignonne.....Massenet  
c. L'Enfer.....Schubert  
d. Chanson à boire antique.....Saint-Saëns  
e. En Route.....Schumann  
Quartet, C major, Op. 54, No. 3.....Beethoven  
Songs—A. Le Lazzaroni.....Ferrari  
b. Sérénade de Mephisto.....Berlioz  
c. Embarquez-vous.....Godard

Chickering Hall was dedicated last night in a brilliant and dignified manner. The large audience might be justly described as a representative one. There was no speech, no poem, although the associations connected with the name of former buildings might have formed the subject of an address. The present hall was allowed to speak for itself as a cheerful, comfortable and apparently safe place for chamber concerts and recitals. They that contributed the music are acknowledged masters in their profession. The program—title that took the prize in competition was displayed for the first time. The proceeds of the concert were set aside by Messrs. Chickering and Sons for the benefit of Brooke House.

The character and the performance of the chamber music do not call for detailed criticism. The two selections are familiar to all concert-goers, and they are, indeed, eminently respectable compositions. The time will come when audiences will not care to hear the whole of the Kreutzer sonata, however well it may be played; there are charming passages in the second movement; but there is much that is dull, hopelessly old-fashioned, and suggestive of padding in the other movements. And I hope that the time will come soon, within the life of the younger generation at least, when works by men who are alive will be recognized

or such an occasion as that of last night.

Mr. Plancon sang superbly. He is one of the few opera-singers who is interesting and authoritative in concert as well as in opera. Last evening he sang with marked distinction and with full appreciation of the various moods of the composers. He was welcomed and applauded most enthusiastically. And the audience was generous in applause throughout the evening.

Of course the question will be asked, "And how about the acoustical properties?" This question cannot be answered as a photograph is taken with a snap-shot. The answerer must sit in various seats, must test the hall and frame an opinion after much experimenting. Last night the judgment of many was favorable. But time will soon settle this question. It is enough to say that the audience enjoyed the pleasure of the hall as well as the performance.

Philip Hale.

The late Benjamin Edward Woolf was a man of versatile and singular ability. His mind was naturally nimble and acute; he had studied faithfully and intelligently various branches of art; a retentive memory made his wide reading of instant and practical worth; he had seen many men and many cities, and he had observed them closely.

Others have spoken with full appreciation of his brilliance in dramatic criticism; of his plays, one of which, "The Mighty Dollar," was a genuine contribution to the American stage, one in which types were clearly and sharply characterized; of his librettos, verse, magazine articles; of his discriminating reviews of books and pictures; of his witty paragraphs on social shams and follies, short, crisp essays and biting satires that made the Saturday Evening Gazette known throughout the land.

But our friend and colleague was known to us in his profession chiefly as a music critic. Music was to him an inheritance and a birthright. He was for many years a professional musician; he knew the orchestra, the use of instruments, the art of the conductor, the violinist, the singer, the pianist, not merely from treatises and lectures, but from personal and long continued exercise and experience. He had composed songs, some of which are of pure, flowing, appropriate, distinguished melody; string-quartets, symphonies, incidental music to plays; operettas and musical farces. And therefore when he wrote about music and musicians he wrote with authority concerning technical matters and manners of expression.

His style as a reviewer was clear and luminous. He did not parade his learning; he did not prefer a foreign word to an English one when the latter would serve his purpose; he indulged himself seldom, if ever, in purple phrases, for he held "fine-writing" in abhorrence; but when he was at his best—and this was for many years—he was the master of pure and vigorous English, the English of Defoe, Hobbes, Swift, Cobbett. He was not given to digression; his sentences were cumulative and led continuously to the awaited opinion; his meaning was unmistakable. Was he severe in blame? He was also most generous in praise.

He was at times accused of undue severity.

He was severe at times—severe against incompetence, shams, pretensions, humbugs, frauds, snobbery in art. He was then as righteously indignant and severe as any prophet of the Old Testament. When he first came to Boston music criticism was largely the honey-daubing of local favorites and the condemnation of all that could see beauty or strength in works written since the death of Mendelssohn. Incompetent pianists and singers were applauded in high places because they had crooked pregnant hinges of the knee. Composers of little worth found easily a public. The social position of a musician had much to do with his precise standing. Against hypocrisy and snobbery in art Mr. Woolf waged a relentless war. He fought, as such wars should be fought, with the weapons of wit, satire, sarcasm, for gentle and rose-water arguments in such contests are of no avail. He had the advantage; truth, knowledge and common sense were almost always on his side. Certain abuses were corrected. Idols that had long been venerated were found to be simply idols incapable of good or harm and ugly to look upon when the scales fell from the eyes of the worshippers.

Yes, he was severe—but not against the beginners, the poor, the humble among musicians. To all such he was for years a wise counselor, a generous friend. He would take infinite pains in hearing and advising a young singer or pianist, in examining the work of a young composer. He would patiently explain the reason for his unfavorable criticism, and then he would suggest improvement; for his criticism was by no means purely destructive.



He would spend hours in such assistance, and, as a rule, without hope or expectation of reward. He was always ready and willing to share with others the rich fruits of his experience.

And there are many today who mourn sincerely a devoted friend. Some of those he helped won high renown, and recognize gratefully his help; some still thank him for sound advice that deterred them from continuing in a career to which they were not called. Nor was his generosity confined to poor and unfortunate musicians. Was he ready with advice? He was equally ready with his purse. He did not know what it was to be selfish, mean, niggardly. He was a man accustomed to self-sacrifice. And yet he did not escape the charge of cynicism.

For there are some who have no sense of humor, to whom two and two always make four, to whom a paradox is a crime and an epigram a sin. They prefer the smooth flatterer to the man that is indignant when confronted with that which is false or snobbish in art and life.

There are some who knew him intimately, who were closely associated with him. They delighted in his company, and profited by it. They were saddened by the thought of his days of disease, which he bore bravely and with characteristic humor. He will live long in their memory; nor will the work that he accomplished perish with him; for his name is associated inseparably with that which has made for musical righteousness in this city.

O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

F. J. D. 1901

**MISS LUCIE TUCKER**, contralto, who gave a concert here last week, was brave in this respect: She sang songs by Tschai-kowsky and Schuetz in English, when she might have sung them in German. I say she was brave, for to sing in English today in Boston is a courageous and unfashionable act. Do not some of our American composers set music to French and German words, although they are not always successful in their treatment of English verse?

Miss Fanny Jumperdown of Switchell's Corners comes to Boston to study singing. She has a strong voice with nasal enthusiasm.

A sturdy, wholesome girl, she works away and is finally ready to give a recital. Singers, fiddlers, pianists no longer give concerts; they give recitals; just as no one accompanies now; he or she is "at the piano"—yes, and the accompanist is often "at it" hard.

And how about Miss Fanny's program? It is the old, familiar thing: songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Chaminade, Hahn—if she is a contralto you will hear Lalo's "L'Esclave"—and then a group of songs by Boston composers at the end of the program. The French and German songs are sung respectively in what Miss Fanny, her teacher and her intimate friends consider to be French and German. At the end of an hour English is sung. The audience during the foreign songs has the appearance of well-bred and assumed intelligence.

But Walt Whitman sang:  
"Of the terrible doubt of appearances,  
Of the uncertainty after all, that we may be deluded."

(Thus when Yvette Guilbert sang in Music Hall the grimly tragic "La Soularde," the audience laughed uproariously, for it had heard that she was naughtily funny. Poor Yvette! She is fat now and serious.)

Or if Miss Fanny can afford it, she has the words of the song printed with translations. The audience reads faithfully while she sings, and at a given moment the turning of a page sounds as a breeze going through a corn-field.

After the concert she is congratulated heartily on her "Parisian French" and some one asks, "Was your mother a German? You have a wonderful accent!" As a matter of fact, the girl possibly knows the meaning of "zwei" and "Abend"; she surely knows how to translate "Amour"; but she has learned with tribulation and tears and by force of memory the wild, fierce languages of her own which she calls French and German. I forget—she also sings in Italian.

By the way, would it not be an excellent idea to print the words of the songs, after the manner of the inter-linear translations that were a help in time of trouble in these dear dead years beyond recall? Here is an example from Goethe-Schubert:

Sau ein Knab' ein Roeslein steh'n,  
Saw a boy a little rose standing  
Then the audience could dilate emotionally with more precision.

Miss Fanny is not naturally a girl of affectations. She knows only one language, and that one not too well. Why does she not content herself with songs in English? The polyglot New England singer is a strange and fearsome wild fowl.

Opera is another thing. The librettos of the majority of them are simple, often crude in expression; the plot is known by many in the audience; the action on the stage assists in greater or less degree the understanding of the hearer. Furthermore, many of the singers in English opera sing in a language that is practically foreign. The performance here of Mr. Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" was a beautiful illustration of this last statement. But a song is an intimate appeal; it is generally fired at short range; and it is disconcerting to hear Miss Fanny struggling with German modified vowels, with the German "r" and "ch" and with the French mute "e." Does the music of Rubinstein, Grieg, Henschel, Marston and others suffer if the singer begins "There was an aged monarch" instead of "Es war ein alter Koenig"?

In German cities the concert singers sing in German; in French cities in French; in Italian cities in Italian. Even in England the English concert singers do not wholly disdain their native language. Last month "Tristan and Isolde" was sung in English—not in London or Liverpool—not even in Birmingham—but in Hull, and the performance the 11th ult. was the fourth of Wagnerian opera. "There was not a seat that was not filled at a very early hour; even the gallery was crammed."

Some of the New York critics do not like the libretto of Puccini's "La Tosca" (performed for the first time in the United States Feb. 4), because it does not appeal to "the sweeter sentiments of their natures." You remember, perhaps, that Mr. Henderson's feelings were outraged by the story of "La Bohème" and Mr. Krebbl protested against the performance of "Manon" as a shock to the stockholders of the Metropolitan as well as to the other dwellers in godly New York.

Mr. George W. Marston, who died at Sandwich, his birthplace, Feb. 2, was well known in Boston, where he had lived quietly for a few years. The greater part of his life was spent in Portland, Me., where he played the organ, led the choir, taught and composed songs and piano pieces and church anthems, and many of these are still popular throughout the country. He had by nature a pretty gift of melody, and if he had been caught young, and put through a vigorous

course of technical training, and if he had breathed in a truly musical atmosphere, he might have gone still farther in his career, though he might not in that case have been as successful, peculiarly. His taste was fastidious, and he was an excellent judge of music and public performers. As a man he was singularly modest and retiring, generous and sympathetic, a devoted friend, and of pure and blameless life.

Edward MacDowell of Columbia University has been invited by the London Philharmonic Society to lead one of his orchestral works and his second piano concerto (Carreno, pianist) in London next June. He has also been asked to write a work for the next Norwich (England) Festival, but this honor he has declined.

Foreign newspapers tell the story of the reception of Mascagni's new opera, "Le Maschere," in certain cities of Italy. At Venice, "during the first entrance the audience sat like mourners at a state funeral. The curtain fell after the second act with the dull noise of the first shovelful of earth on a coffin. At the end of the opera there was icy stillness—graveyard-quiet. The audience went in serious meditation from the grave." The music is described as reminiscent of Ponchielli, Rossini, Verdi, the Mascagni of former operas, and other composers. When Rosaura sang a pretty romance, there were shouts from the stalls, "Iris, Iris!" The love duet was so like that in "La Bohème" that a spectator cried out "Puccini," and he was answered by approving voices: "Eroica Puccini!" One critic writes: "By means of simple harmonies and catchy duets and the like, Mascagni thought to evoke the spirit of Cimarosa or Mozart. He erred in this, for his temperament is for other tasks. It is lyric-dramatic, not gay; it is vivid, not joyous. He is always in pursuit of originality, and so he falls too often upon tortured rhythms and involved flourishes."

Here is a sad story from London:

"Thirty music pupils at 3d. an hour! They were her only source of income, said a pale, thin woman to the Bow County Court Judge yesterday. She gave lessons on the piano. The instrument was on hire, and she pleaded that she could not pay the installments of 10s. per month that had been ordered. Judge French sharply refused Messrs. Murdoch's application for the return of the piano, and suspended the monthly payments for two months—to give the respondent a chance of earning her living."

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette telegraphed from Rome, Jan. 21, that for some days Verdi had felt unwell, but his doctor, who had visited him shortly before the attack, had said he might go for a drive. He was, in fact, on the point of descending the stairs when he was suddenly taken ill, and had only strength to cry, "Maria! Maria!" the name of his niece, who lived with him. He recovered consciousness during the afternoon, his first words being, "I really thought my end had come, but evidently Providence will spare me a little longer."

A correspondent gave this account of Verdi at Paris when he was overseeing the rehearsals of "Otello": "Verdi, in spite of his great age, has preserved, both as a man and as a composer, the ardor and warmth of his youth. He is reproached with being short-tempered and even violent; thus it is that, in spite of his well-known kindness, it is not always easy to get on with him. He wears his white hair and beard long. His features are a little hard, but remarkably intelligent. His customary attitude is that of meditation. He walks with his head bent down, and with long and measured steps. Few persons have seen him smile, much less laugh. It is said he has never been able to console himself for the loss of his son and daughter, who died in the same year as their mother. Neither fortune nor glory has sufficed to make him forget his terrible bereavements."

Verdi cared little for music in his home, and seldom visited the theatre. He was fond of cards and billiards. He was an abstemious man and preferred eggs and cheese to meat—yet he wrote in his earlier years as though he were fed on raw flesh. He once wrote to a friend: "At St. Agata we neither make music nor talk about it; you will run the risk of finding a piano, not only out of tune, but very likely without strings."

I find in the German Times (Berlin) the following singular story: "Curious and significant comment has been aroused in European musical circles by the announcement that Paderewski has canceled his carefully stage-managed and widely advertised tour through the large cities of Germany. Of course it had been known that the pianist with the yellow aureole would not play in Berlin, for an earlier experience there had taught him that the critics of the German capital bear him and his methods no overwhelming love. The mere cancellation of dates in the other cities would have caused no surprise in a country where Paderewski is not regarded as an up-to-date player, but it now transpires that Moriz Rosenthal, be it by chance, design or in a spirit of Titanic playfulness, knowing the German critics on his side, had arranged a series of recitals, to take place on the evenings before the Pole's appearance, in the same cities, and in the same halls! It is rumored that also through Holland and Russia, Rosenthal intended to extend similar delicate attentions to Paderewski. The latter must have been made aware of the impending Cyclopean duel, for his withdrawal came at the eleventh hour, when all arrangements had been completed by his antagonist. The ostensible reason given for Paderewski's defection is that he must complete his mysterious opera, on the last scene of which he has been working for some years. His opera resembles the far-famed searperpent, in that it has scales, appears periodically, some persons claim to have seen it, and the rest of us do not believe them."

Feb 10 1901

## TWO CONCERTS.

**Mr. Fritz Kreisler Plays the Violin Concerto of Beethoven at the 14th Symphony Concert—Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler's Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.**

The program of the 14th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gerike conductor, was as follows:

Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms  
Concerto for violin.....Beethoven  
Fantastic Symphony.....Berlioz

This concert would have given great pleasure had it not been for the length of the program. Some violinists play only the first movement of Beethoven's concerto, and this movement is indisputably the finest; yet it seems ungracious to insinuate that the work should be thus shortened when the violinist is a man like Mr. Kreisler. It was unfortunate that a composition as long as the great symphony of Berlioz should have followed the concerto. On

the other hand, it is not usual or wise to begin a concert with a concerto.

The Academic overture of Brahms, which is not painfully academic, was played with spirit, and then Mr. Kreisler appeared for the first time at a Symphony concert. He had already played here with orchestra as a young lad in a concert with Rosenthal, and earlier this season he gave a recital in Steinert Hall, when he excited the admiration of those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

He is a masterful man in appearance; nervous yet with the repose that comes from conscious authority; muscular, yet graceful; aware of his skill, yet without any affectation or deliberate attempt to make an impression by pose or gesture. Truly an uncommon apparition! One that excites at once both curiosity and confidence.

His performance of the concerto was one of extraordinary strength and beauty. It was pure, serene, noble in conception, it was virile and tender; it was most Beethovenish in these two qualities that belong peculiarly to this great composer. There were moments when the violinist rose with Beethoven to supreme heights; when they were alone in a purer air than that breathed by mere mortals—alone, and the earth was far below them. And there was warmth of tone, there was breadth of human expression, there was the most exquisite delicacy in detail and ornamentation. The audience was, for once, not made up of miscellaneous and incongruous persons, some listening in distracted fashion to the music, some brooding over petty troubles, some consulting watches, some unwilling to let slip from their faces the assumed look of intense enjoyment. The audience when Mr. Kreisler played was as one hearer in close and reverential communion with a master spirit. No wonder that after the spell was broken, the emotions found vent in long continued and enthusiastic applause, for the performance was one that must be characterized as truly great.

The performance of the Symphony was not flawless. Here and there were slips, false entrances, omissions, but such is the intensity and immensity of the work that such flaws were easily overlooked. Nor would it be fair to dwell upon them, for the performance of the first four movements was on the whole an inspiring one, and there were pages that were read and played with overpowering effect. (I mention the first four movements, because on account of the lateness of the hour I was unable to hear the finale, the Walpurgisnight's Dream.) Ah, what a strange and wondrous work is this Symphony of Berlioz! An incredible work when you consider the year in which it was written. If it were produced as a new composition by a modern composer it would still be regarded as ultra-modern music. And yet this Symphony was written before Wagner's "Rienzi," the child of ill-assorted French and Italian parents. In a material act, it is a good thing to hear such romantic works, although the program now seems impossible to the too fastidious. And yet what is it in absurdity to the attempt of Richard Strauss to put the philosophy of Nietzsche into a symphonic poem?

There is a slight change in the program announced for next Saturday's concert. Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio" will be substituted for Goldmark's overture, "Penthesilea," that the program may not be too long.

Philip Hale.

### MRS. ZEISLER'S RECITAL.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Etudes Symphoniques.....Schumann  
Ballade (No. 1, from Fantasia, Op. 13).....Godard  
Ballade, Op. 24.....Grieg  
Song Without Words, Op. 62, No. 6.....Mendelssohn  
Song Without Words, Op. 67, No. 4.....Mendelssohn  
Impromptu, Op. 36.....Chopin  
Etudes, Op. 10, Nos. 4, 7.....Chopin  
Valse, Op. 79, No. 1.....Chopin  
Liebestraum.....Liszt  
Tarantelle (No. 3 from "Venezia e Napoli").....Liszt

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler stands in the front rank of women pianists, and a recital by her always gives pleasure. But today the pleasure was often marred by an abuse of strength which degenerated into pounding. This was especially noticeable in the Schumann Etudes and the Ballades of Grieg, where her moments of crisp lightness of touch and singing beauty of tone came as a welcome relief.

The sugary trifle by Godard seemed out of place, but the familiar songs by Mendelssohn, played with much daintiness, roused the audience to great enthusiasm, and Mrs. Zeissler was forced to repeat the Spring Song, although she did not begin the concert until 3.20 and the program seemed already of appalling length.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., song recital by Mr. James Fitch Thomson. The program will include songs by Bach, Rubinstein, Mozart, Tschai-kowsky, Liszt, Purcell, Chandon, Lang, Era and old English songs, together with a brace of six songs by Franz. Miss Edna Allys Little of New York will play piano pieces by Macdowell, Schumann and Liszt.

Monday, Association Hall, 8 P. M., sixth concert of the Kreisler Quartet. Verdi's quartet in E minor; Cesar Franck's piano quintet (Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist); Haydn's quartet in G major, op. 77, No. 1.

Tuesday, Steinert Hall, 2.30 P. M., violin recital by Fritz Kreisler, who will play Bach's sonata in E major and pieces by Bach, Corelli, Nardini, Rameau, Tartini, Rubinstein, Schubert, Chopin, Kreisler, Chaminade-Kreisler, Paganini-Kreisler and Wieniawski. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the pianist.

Tuesday, Chickering Hall 8 P. M., Adadowski Quartet, assisted by Mrs. Szadowska.



Quartet: by Saint-Saëns (new), sonata in A major for piano and violin, Brahms; quartet, Chadwick (new).

Tuesday, Association Hall, 8 P. M., Fourth Music Students' Chamber Concert, by Mr. Max Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich. Mr. Heinrich will sing songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Miss Heinrich will sing songs by Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Richard Strauss, Lalo and Debussy. There will be duets by Schumann, Henschel and Goring Thomas.

Wednesday, Steierner Hall, 8 P. M., song recital by Mr. J. F. Thomson, who will sing songs by Franz, Wagner, Beethoven, Ingalls, Foote, Miss Elma Little will play piano pieces by Burmeister, Schuetz, Moszkowski.

Wednesday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., concert by the Cecilia Society, Mr. B. J. Lang, conductor, Verdi's "Te Deum," for double chorus, organ and orchestra; Palestrina's "Missa Brevis," chorus a capella; "Hilavatha's Wedding Feast," Coleridge-Taylor; Brahms' Rhapsodie, for alto, male chorus and orchestra; Goring Thomas's cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," for solo voices, chorus, orchestra. The Cecilia will be assisted by Juliette Corden, Gertrude May Stein, Evan Williams.

Thursday, Steierner Hall, 8 P. M., concert by the Dartmouth Musical Club. Songs as they are sung by the undergraduates of today. Mr. Leavens, '01, reader and impersonator, will assist the Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., Symphony Hall, and Saturday, 8 P. M., 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerick, conductor. Overture, "Penthesilea," Goldmark; Schumann's piano concerto (Adele aus der Ohe); Symphony, "The Death of Tintagiles," Loeffler; Symphony No. 3, Saint-Saëns (new). Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist.

Saturday, Steierner Hall, 2.30 P. M., Mr. Hugo Becker, cellist, will play sonata in E major, opus 5, by Richard Strauss; suite in E major, by Valentin; largo and minuetto, by Becker; cantabile, by César Cui; and Paganini's Caprice, by Fitch. Mrs. Elma Little, soprano, will sing songs by Schubert, Brahms, Henschel, Chemnade, Dvorak and Foote. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the pianist.

Saturday, Chickering Hall, 2.30 P. M., concert by Miss Clara Clemens, mezzo-soprano; the Marquis de Souza, baritone; Martinus Sieveking, pianist.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

The Requiem Mass, which was written by Giuseppe Verdi in 1873-74, in honor of Alessandro Manzoni, who died May 22, 1873, will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 24, in honor of the composer. The coming performance, with a chorus of 350 voices and an orchestra of 67 players from the Symphony Orchestra, will undoubtedly surpass all previous renderings. The soloists will be Mrs. Kilesk-Bradbury, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, H. Evan Williams, Gwylm Miles. The sale of tickets at \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, will open Monday, Feb. 18, at 9 A. M., at Symphony Hall (telephone Back Bay, 492), and also at Wright & Ditson's, 344 Washington Street.

Mr. Harold Bauer will give his last recital on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 23, in Steierner Hall. He will play pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Weber, Liszt, Schumann and Chopin.

Mr. Edwin Klahre will give his third piano recital in Steierner Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 25.

Miss Gladys Fogg, soprano, will give a concert in Association Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 27. She will be assisted by Miss Emma Dawdy, contralto, Mr. William Heinrich, tenor, and Dr. Kelterborn.

At the Adamowski Quartet concert in Chickering Hall next Tuesday night, the quartets by Saint-Saëns and Chadwick will be played for the first time in this city.

The Marquis de Souza, who will sing in Chickering Hall next Saturday afternoon, is probably the largest baritone now on the stage. Miss Clara Clemens, soprano, and Mark Twain's daughter, will sing for the first time in this city.

Feb. 11, 1901

Deep in the wood of dreams I stirred;  
The river of sleep rushed on its way;  
The covert hid a trembling word  
That breathless fled the hounds of Day.

I almost heard its panting breath,  
I almost saw its eyes' alight;  
And trembled, lest some pad-foot death  
Should pounce upon it in the night.

Not for the terror in its eyes  
I prayed the fangs to spare their prey;  
I grudged Night's treacherous beasts the prize  
So bravely followed by the Day.

To M. B.: We are obliged to decline with thanks an essay entitled, "Sweet Thoughts About a Hot-Water Bottle." We advise you to send the manuscript to Mr. Bok, Philadelphia.

Colonel Morgan Crofton, C. B. D. S. O., and, no doubt, B. and S., as well as other initials, says that the "quiff" must go. Now, the "quiff" has been defined as the "forelock which takes up Mr. Thomas Atkins's time unduly, but is nevertheless a thing of joy to him, and to his friends of the other sex." Colonel Crofton insists that the "quiff" is unsoldierly, disfiguring, and he orders its abolition. But just as long-suffering waiters in French restaurants rebelled and grew riotous when there was official objection to their beautiful whiskers, so T. Atkins has shown symptoms of fury against this undue personal interest.

The Jacobites of Beacon Hill, Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Hyde Park and Fairland are behaving in a commendable manner, and they are, indeed, an honor to their sex. Even if they do not recognize the ascension of Edward VII. to the throne, they did not try to hinder it. Meanwhile Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Bavaria is pretty well, thank you.

We have received the following letter: Palmouth, Feb. 7, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:  
Mrs. Nation has certainly made a great discovery, one that beams with

the radiance or the glory of the new-born century. She has shown us how we are to deal with all the things about us that we don't like, and what an easy thing it is to put them down and get rid of them, if we go at them right. One of my neighbors has a pignen that is at times very offensive. I have not known what to do about it, but the way is all clear now. As soon as I can I am going to take my little hatchet and go into his parlor and smash around among his pictures and mirrors. Another man near by is an awful churl and injures everybody in his neighborhood by his rough ways and beastly temper. We have decided to work the hatchet scheme on him and take forcible possession of his house and make kindling wood of his chairs and tables. Up the street there is a church whose minister is doing a great deal of harm by his loose and pernicious doctrines. We have mourned over the fact without avail, but the remedy is now at hand. I have organized a crusade of pious and orthodox women, who will march into the heretical man's study and tear and rip and make all the havoc they can among his books and papers. And so with all the other things that need to be suppressed. You see the beautiful simplicity of this plan, and how soon, if it were put in universal practice, a new social order would arise, from which all the evils under which society groans would have dropped out, or rather been smashed out. Another incidental benefit of the scheme is that it shows the mighty latent energy there is in woman's influence, and how terrible that influence becomes when it is fairly aroused and let loose, that is to say, when she gets mad.

JEHU.

The ax, Jehu—we spell ax without the "e," which is a naughty superfluity—the ax is an old weapon of assault. The first weapon of man with a prognathous jaw was a set of teeth; he also used his nails. Then came stones and clubs. Then came the bow, the boomcrang, the sword of wood, the stone sword, the copper sword, and then the war-ax, which was known by the early Egyptians, then by the Africans, where it still serves as a medium of exchange. The ax made its way all over Europe. It is, indeed, a noble instrument, one that deserved Walt Whitman's sonorous chant, which begins "Weapon shapely, naked, wan." In this chant Whitman sees many things as in a vision; he sees all races and men who have been served by the ax; he sees the European headman, but he never saw Mrs. Nation brandishing an ax in front of a bar-room-soap-decorated looking-glass. The ax has its uses—but not in argument, not in attempts at social reform.

The Pall Mall Gazette commented some days ago on the performances at Wichita, and was moved to say: "Either the drunkenness must be appalling or the women of Wichita must combine the shrewishness of the born vixen with the strength of the Amazon. Whichever theory is true, either the men or the women of Wichita are much to be pitied. Our sympathy goes out to the men. Women who raid drinking saloons are quite capable of employing horsewhips to their spouses and lovers. The mere thought of it makes one shudder and grow pale."

Coquelin has contributed to the Grande Revue an article in which he discusses Shakespeare and Molière. He regrets that the women of the former are not unwrapped in the veil of innocence. "In Shakespeare," says Coquelin, "the chastest young girl has eaten of the tree of knowledge. The ignorance so dear to Arnolphe seems impossible to the English poet. Juliet is only 14, and she is a woman." This leads a Londoner to reply: "This line of argument surely sets a fictitious value on the bloom of ignorance. By eating of that self-same tree our first parents became 'destitute and bare of all their virtue'; but, to their descendants, knowledge brings sympathy and charity, the lack of which is responsible for most of the tragedies of life. Its possession does no harm to a noble girl, but its absence may very easily degrade her to the dust. Mr. Ruskin said the last word on this subject when he cried: 'Let her loose in the library, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would be so.'"

Feb. 12, 1901.

Since, then, leisure is the flower, or rather the fruit of existence, as it puts a man into possession of himself, those are happy indeed who possess something real in themselves. But what do you get from most persons' leisure?—only a good-for-nothing fellow, who is terribly bored and a burden to himself. Let us, therefore, rejoice, dear brethren, for "we are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free."

There is a lively war in newspapers

of New York between correspondents who wish "fresh air" in street cars and those who wish both doors and ventilators shut from fear of catarrh, grip, pneumonia and the tomb. The cold subject incites hot discussion. The phrases "fresh-air fiend" and "lady-like men" are freely used by combatants, and there is much taunting with the license of ink. "Fresh air" is a beautiful thing in theory, but whenever anyone insists on windows wide open when the mercury touches zero and a gale is blowing, we remember some remarks made by W. G. Thorpe: "People speak of pure fresh air and pure fresh water; but do such things exist? Has not all the air, pure and fresh as it may be when breathed on the sunlit heights of Monte Rosa, passed through millions of lungs of man and beast and reptile?—Come straight there perhaps, upon the soft Föhn wind from lazeretto, Levantine plague hospitals, or Neapolitan cavern dwellings, where nothing but a string separates the crowded families who fester together in them, in the recesses of that fairest of cities."

The street cars in Boston are foul and pestilential in cold weather. We have before this referred to the fine old menagerie smell of a car even when it is crowded with "our best families;" and whenever we see a car whizzing by with its load of citizens and citizenesses, jammed together in indecent promiscuity, coughing in each other's face, we recall the words of John on the island of Patmos: "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night."

And the street cars of Boston will always stink so long as the plush cushions saturated with filth are tolerated by an immorally indifferent public.

We have received the following letter:

Nut Factory, Danvers, Feb. 7.  
Editor of the Talk of the Day:  
Armed with my trusty hatchet on Wednesday I entered a saloon with the purpose of wrecking it—also with a friend with no quarter. Simultaneously—I might almost say synchronously—a cab driver whom we had employed to convey us from one point to another entered with us.

The barkeep was a lithe man whose spirit of buoyancy had not suffered from his association with the demon in the gilded hell. Approaching him the cabman regarded him critically for a moment.

"Hello, George," he said, "where'd you get that high collar?"

"In Colorado," replied George, "It's up to you."

Filled with admiration of his ready wit, I saw that I was foiled in my purpose, for I could think of no retort, and I knew that a hatchet would be useless in such a case.

I write you thus that you may know something of the thorns which beset the path of a true reformer.

MICHAEL TABERSKI.

We are delighted to learn that the Italian brigand, Mussolino, is still at liberty, and breathes freely the famous air of his native land. Italy wore several brilliant jewels in her crown. Verdi, alas, is dead. Chianti is no longer what it was. But Italy still boasts of a real brigand, although his success has been exaggerated, for according to Signor Wenzel he has killed only 16 persons. Nevertheless he is still worthy of the attention of travelers—at a safe distance—for he has charming manners, and he has thrice been elected to the office of Deputy Mayor.

The New York Sun in answer to a correspondent who asks "Is 'fresh' a corruption of freshman and when and how did the word come to be used?" answers: "'Fresh' and 'freshie' as nouns are abbreviations of 'freshman'; the use of the last word is very old, but the date of the use of the first two words as nouns we do not know. They do not appear even in recent dictionaries."

The Oxford English dictionary gives the combination "freshman-sophomore, U. S." as shortened "fresh-sophomore" and illustrates by these quotations:

"1847 Yale Lit. Mag. I was a Fresh-Sophomore then, and a waiter in the Commons' Hall."

"1851. B. H. Hall, 'College Words.' Fresh-Soph. an abbreviation of Freshman-Sophomore."

The word "freshman" appears in English literature as early as 1596.

The New York Times spoke as follows last Sunday concerning Melba in "Rigoletto" the night before: "It may now be recorded that the popular light soprano was in excellent voice, and that she made a more earnest effort to be worthy of her reputation than at any previous appearance this season. When we recall how many persons proclaimed her the only legitimate successor of Patti and compare her singing in her first seasons here with what

she does generally in these days of her degeneracy, we must hail such work as she did last night with unequivocal delight." It may be remembered that Melba was applauded wildly at Symphony Hall a few weeks ago.

Here are some important facts for the serious.

A million and a quarter of bananas were imported into England last year.

Verdi had a horror of amateur photographers.

A grayhound runs 88 feet a second. A butterfly has 37,656 facets.

The onion, the queen of the salad bowl, was appreciated in England alone last year at a cost of a million pounds sterling.

## TWO CONCERTS.

### Verdi's Quartet and Cesar Franck's Piano Quintet as Performed by the Kneisels With Mr. Bauer—Mr. James Fitch Thomson's Song Recital.

The program of the sixth Kneisel Quartet concert, given in Association Hall last evening, was as follows:

Quartet in E minor.....Verdi  
Quintet for piano, two violins, viola and cello.....Franck  
Quartet in G, op. 77, No. 1.....Haydn

Mr. Kneisel paid a graceful tribute to the memory of Verdi by producing for the first time at his concerts the string quartet written by the great opera-maker, who knew only two rivals—Mozart and Wagner. The Cecilia will sing Verdi's "Te Deum" tomorrow night, and the Handel and Haydn will soon perform the Manzoni Requiem. Only the managers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ignore the fact that the last of the great musicians has passed away.

When "Aida" appeared, the musical world rubbed its eyes in wonder and exclaimed "Is Verdi, too, among the prophets?" Then followed the "Requiem," "Otello," "Falstaff" and finally, the Four Sacred Pieces. The string quartet was written at Naples, and first played in the house of the composer, April 1, 1873. It was first performed in Boston at a Euterpe concert, Jan. 4, 1882.

For the last 30 years of his life Verdi studied faithfully Bach and Wagner. But he was never a slavish imitator. To the day of his death his voice was his own, his manner of expression, both vocal and orchestral, was his own, his system of harmony and his orchestration were his own. His latest works were the legitimate fruits of his own knowledge, experience, genius, but he had nourished his musical body with the strong meat of Germany as well as with the hot wine of Italy. The man that wrote "Falstaff" and the four harmonizations of the Scala Enigmatica might well look the world of contrapuntists boldly and confidently in the face.

This quartet was no doubt written chiefly for amusement, as a recreation in technic. I doubt if Verdi himself ever took it seriously; but he would not have allowed it to be published if he had been ashamed of it. There are excellent pages. There are pages of true and regular beauty, as in the first and second movement. The third movement is delightful throughout in rhythm, color, melody. The finale shows that Verdi already in 1873 knew his canon and his fugue. It is, indeed, an interesting work, as well as an important document in the history of a great man.

Cesar Franck's piano quintet was first played in Paris Jan. 17, 1880, by Saint-Saëns as pianist, Marsick, Rémy Van Waefelghem and Loys. The composer was then about 58 years old. (Verdi was nearly 60 when he wrote his quartet.) The quintet was first played in Boston April 23, 1898, by Lachaux, pianist, Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix Géraldy.

Gevaert said to Franck after he had heard this quintet, "You have transformed chamber music; you have opened a new way;" and Gevaert is hard headed, not given to hysteria.

It is more than a revolutionary work; it is a work of supreme beauty and colossal strength; it is at times intensely human; and then it soars to the highest heaven. As all of Franck's best music it is profoundly religious in conception and expression, not ecclesiastical, not sectarian, not local, but religious as other great masterpieces in every art. There is the divine height as well as the awful depth known to the mystics. There is the nobility that characterizes the pure and serene soul. It is not music for every day; it is as a communion service. The strength of the structure is as that of the eternal hills. The sonority is prodigious, irresistible, when strings are assed in a homogeneous body against the piano, and yet the picture is always within the frame of chamber-music. There are pages in the first movement that are as the contending of the soul against the elements; there is a page in the second movement that reminds one of Paul's vision: "how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." The finale is a masterpiece of increasing passion that reaches a pitch beyond which the hearer could not endure the strain. Through out the work are themes of haunting beauty, themes simple and subtle, harmonies peculiar to Franck that ravish the ear and yet are without a suspicion of sensuousness, a contrapuntal facility that amazes the pedagogue, does not vex the unlearned. The



chamber music to compare with it is that of the Beethoven of the last years and that of César Franck. It is enough to say that the performance was a marvel of ensemble. Each member of the Quartet was as one inspired. Mr. B.ner's mastery of nuance, exquisite quality of touch, sensitive nature, musical temperament were as conspicuous in this quintet as when, alone, he makes a direct appeal to the hearer in the concert hall.

The next concert will be on March 11.

Mr. James Fitch Thomson, baritone, assisted by Miss Edna Allys Little, pianist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He sang six songs by Franz, songs by Bach, Rubinstein, Brahms, Mozart, Tschalkowsky, Liszt, Powell, Chandon, Lang, and old English and Scotch songs. Miss Little played pieces by MacDowell and Liszt.

Mr. Thomson has naturally a virile, sonorous, sympathetic voice that would lend itself easily to the expression of a wide gamut of emotions if the tones were properly placed and if the singer had control of his breath. He is evidently sensitive to the intention of the composer, sincere in his musical purposes, enthusiastic in his devotion to art. But of what avail is all this when his intonation is frequently false, and when his phrasing suffers on account of poor management of breath?

Miss Little is a better accompanist than solo player. Liszt's "Liebestraum" was disfigured by sentimentalism and a liberty that was license.

Mr. Thomson will sing next Wednesday afternoon six songs by Franz, three by Wagner, three by Beethoven, three by Rugsles and four by Foote. Miss Little will play pieces by Burmeister, Schuett, Moszkowski.

Philip Hale.

## CHAMBER MUSIC.

New String Quartets by Saint-Saens and Chadwick Introduced by the Adamowski Quartet—Mr. Fritz Kreisler's Second Violin Recital—Miss Heinrich's Song Recital.

The Adamowski Quartet gave the first concert of the season last night in Chickering Hall. Mrs. Szumowska-Adamowski, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows:

Quartet in E minor, op. 112....Saint-Saens Sonata in A major, for piano and violin. Brahms Quartet in D minor, No. 5 (MS)....Chadwick The string quartet by Saint-Saens, which was played last night for the first time in Boston, was produced by the Thibaud Quartet at a Colonne concert in Paris Dec. 17, 1899. The first performance in London was by Ysaye's Quartet Jan. 12 of this year. I spoke yesterday of the advanced age of Verdi and César Franck when they wrote respectively a string quartet and a piano quintet; but Saint-Saens, who wrote a piano quintet when he was thirty, did not venture to write a string quartet until he was sixty-four, because, as he said, he considered it to be the most difficult species of composition. The construction of the work is masterly; the work itself is refined to the verge of fastidiousness; and this might well be expected from such an accomplished musician. But it is music without warmth or emotion, and the themes are interesting only on account of the workmanship in cold steel displayed in the development. The scherzo is sufficiently piquant, but it is an unpatriotic Frenchman who cannot write an entertaining scherzo; and in 1899 he might have been accused of sympathy for Dreyfus.

The amiable and melodious sonata of Brahms played by Mrs. Szumowska and Mr. T. Adamowski gave much pleasure.

Mr. Chadwick's new quartet, which was performed last night for the first time in public, was written about two years ago. It may justly be called a popular work—and I do not use the adjective with the obnoxious meaning that is often attached to it. The themes are tuneful, and they are at times of folk-song character with a dash of Scottish dialect. They are treated clearly and in a manner to be enjoyed by the musician as well as by the music lover who listens without thought of technical workmanship or especial care for it. The second movement approaches dangerously near to a conventional church anthem with vox humana interlude; but Mr. Chadwick saves himself by harmonic devices. As a whole, the quartet is agreeable music.

There was a good-sized and applause audience. The quality of the performance ranged from brilliance to unsteadiness and disproportion in ensemble, and this was particularly noticeable in the music of Saint-Saens.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his second violin recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Sonata, E major.....Bach Adagio, C minor.....Bach Andante, B minor.....Corelli Allegro, D major.....Corelli Andante and allegretto, D major.....Nardini Tambourin, E minor.....Rameau

Fuga, A major.....Tartini Romance, E-flat major.....Rubinstein L'Abellie, E minor.....Schubert Mazurka, A major.....Chopin-Kreisler Serenade Espagnole, G major.....Caprice, No. 24.....Paganini-Kreisler

The concert was announced as ending with the polonaise by Wienlawski, but after the performance of Mr. Kreisler's arrangement of Paganini's Caprice, Mr. Goodrich told the audience that the violinist was suffering from a severe headache and would be unable to finish the program.

This announcement explained, no doubt, certain slips in the intonation and irregularities in the pace of the player. His performance was uneven; at times he played most brilliantly, and then again he would phrase in a singular manner, a manner unaccountable to anyone who is acquainted with this remarkable virtuoso and excellent musician.

The program was not well arranged. After the sonata by Bach, the next five or six pieces were too constantly in the aneient vein. Take, for instance, pieces by Corelli, Nardini and Tartini. They are often beautiful in themselves, and one or two would serve admirably; but put a whole group after a sonata and a prelude by Bach and the result is inevitable monotony. Romance by Rubinstein had no business on the program or, in fact, on any program. It is weakly passionate and strongly sentimental—not unlike two or three hundred drawing room songs for young English ladies of fair skins and 12 or 14 stone—or still more. If you use the word stone as applied to fish and meat, just as there was the monotony of classicism at the beginning of the concert so there was monotony of flageolet tones toward the close. A few harmonies go a long way, no matter how wonderfully pure and crystalline they may be.

Mr. Kreisler at his best was exceedingly good. He proved last Saturday night that he must be ranked among the great artists, and yesterday he often supported and strengthened this claim; and then again there were moments, probably on account of his indisposition, when he showed that he, too, was mortal. The violinist and the accompanist were not always together. Another recital will be given Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 26, and it is to be hoped that the concert will begin precisely at the hour announced. It has been the habit of late for pianists and singers to be from 10 to 20 minutes late. The habit should be stopped.

Philip Hale.

### MISS HEINRICH'S RECITAL.

Miss Julia Heinrich was assisted by Mr. Felix Fox last evening at the fourth of the Music Students' Chamber Concerts in Association Hall. Owing to the illness of Mr. Max Heinrich he was unable to appear, as had been expected. The hall was well filled with a friendly audience. The program was arranged so as to give Miss Heinrich an opportunity to show all the excellencies she possesses as a singer. It had a wide range. There were songs by Brahms, Tschalkowsky, Schubert and Richard Strauss, Johns, Foote, Hopkirk, Nevin, Lalo and Delibes. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the concert was the singing of Dvorak's Biblical songs, Nos. 3, 6, 1. Miss Heinrich did splendid justice to these noble compositions, and was heartily applauded. She has a mezzo-soprano voice that is not only pleasing and sweet, but is also large and unusually rich and strong. She is a young woman of attractive appearance on the concert platform, a brunette of fine figure and comely face.

Mr. Fox played selections from Mendelssohn, Gluck-Brahms, Brahms and Chopin-Sgambati. He also won deserved applause.

### A SONG OF WEARINESS.

Toward my lord I lean my weary head,  
But in my heart is longing for my home;  
Would in my grave that I were lying dead,  
Far from the golden weariness of Rome.

I am weary of the weary games,  
Of blood and death my tired heart is full;  
Nor fight of gladiators wins me now,  
Nor combat with the Lithuanian bull.

When with my weary hands I try to shut  
The thunder of the chariots from mine ears,  
The thunder of the surf along the shore  
Where is my home, my little sister hears.

And when my maidens lift the heavy band  
Of gold and set it low upon my brow,  
My little sister pulls a garland sweet  
From hedges where the faint wild-roses blow.

When in my weary arms my Roman lord  
Lies sleeping, from mine eyes the tears start;  
Far, far away my little sister lies  
Beside my love, and sleeps against his heart.

We observe that Mrs. Nation, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Whitney and other earnest reformers are in the habit of using "will" when "shall" is the true, inevitable word. Mr. Lawson is always courageous in his use of English; thus the other day he used the word "gitterisms."

So ex-King Milan is dead. The founders of his royal line were Milosch, a pig-driver, and Kara George, "a practical patriot, of the brigand variety." The latter heard a story that reflected on his m-m-m-mother; he therefore cut off her head with his own hands and set in a beehive. He was displeased with the behavior of his father in battle, and shot him through the heart because the old gentleman was wicked, and therefore could not run.

Milosch was a voluptuary and consumed enormous quantities of barbecued pig and plum-brandy. He had a bad dream one night and ordered George to be decapitated. Milan's adopted father, a decent man, was assassinated—shot and then hacked and hewn by the Kandjars of his murderers. King Milan will be best known in history as the wretched hero used for copy by Daudet in his "Kings in Exile."

Servia must be a delightful country, according to impartial accounts. Capital punishment is rarely inflicted, for the authorities do not wish to depopulate their land, but when they do a criminal to death, they chain him to a post. He stands and receives absolution for his sins. While he is receiving it, the executioner sneaks up behind and shoots him through the back. Mr. Beatty-Kingston adds: "The friends and relatives of the doomed felon generally club together to make up a purse of ducats for the executioner, who is apt to miss a vital part unless his aim be steadied by a judicious pecuniary tonic."

Poor Mrs. Maybrick! The songs of her brother-in-law still sell well.

We were reading the other day the second volume of that entertaining book, "The Law's Lumber Room," by Francis Watt, and in the chapter "Pillory and Cart's-Tail" we found this sentence: "I should add that in America Pillory and Whipping-Post were 'an unconscionable time a-dying,' lingered especially in the State of Delaware; and that their restoration has been urged." Yes, these instruments of punishment linger. At Newcastle (Del.), Feb. 2, two men stood in the pillory and ten men were whipped. So some of the good old customs of Merry England are still observed in our country. The pillory was first used for dishonest bakers, brewers, sellers of corn and the like; its hospitality was extended later to pamphleteers and hustling newspaper men. In old times whoever was caught thickening with pewter the bottoms of ale-measures was exposed to the crowd and rotten eggs. Here is a singular case of whipping told by the poet Cowper: "At Olney a man was publicly whipped for theft; he wheeled with every stroke, but that was only because the beadle drew the scourge against a piece of red ochre hidden in his hand. Noting the fraud, the parish Constable laid his cane smartly about the shoulders of the all too-lenient official, whereat a country wench, in high dudgeon, set to pommeling the Constable. And of the three the thief alone escaped punishment."

P. A. H., the London correspondent of the New York Evening Post, has been studying the English lord. On his own estate the lord is usually a tolerable, well-meaning and even kindly ruler; but in the Chamber at St. Stephen's his appearance is disappointing. "As a rule he is none too handsome and none too scrupulously well dressed. His manners are not overweighted with distinction, and his oratory is neither here nor there." We were under the impression that his oratory was generally "there," that is, in any remote place. Was it not Artemus Ward who said at a public dinner, "Gentlemen, I feel that I have the gift of oratory, but I do not happen to have it with me."

The Salvation Army in Chicago will produce plays. All the characters will be taken by members of the army and none but "good" plays will be performed. Thus the stage will be elevated without the aid of any mechanical appliance.

The leader in this scheme is Major Winchell of Peoria. "I'm no novice, for I have written 'Jonah and the Whale' in six acts." This is undoubtedly a tank-drama.

The gallant Major has also written "The Prize Fight of Life" in ten rounds.

It is a singular fact that the first realistic study of the English Salvation Army was made by two Frenchmen, the brothers Rosny whose novel, "Nell Horn," was published at Paris in 1886. The book was for a long time out of print, but a new edition appeared a short time ago. A play founded on this powerful story was produced at the Theatre-Libre, Paris, May 25, 1891, with Nau as the heroine.

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To him oysters and champagne were the height of existence; the aim of his life is to procure what will contribute to his bodily welfare, and he is indeed in a happy way. This causes him some trouble. If the luxuries of life are heaped upon him he will inevitably be bored, and against boredom he has a great many fancied remedies, balls, theatres, parties, cards, gambling, horses, women, drinking, traveling, and so on; all of which cannot protect a man from being

bored, for where there are no intellectual needs, no intellectual pleasures are possible. The peculiar characteristic of the philistine is a dull, dry kind of gravity, akin to that of animals. Nothing really pleases, or excites, or interests him, for sensual pleasure is quickly exhausted, and the society of philistines soon becomes burdensome, and one may even get tired of playing cards. True, the pleasures of vanity are left.

There has been an entertaining discussion in certain London newspapers concerning the propriety of galoshes as "footwear" for men. (The word is spelled "goloshes" in the various letters, but the preferred form is "galoshes.")

One correspondent insists that Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Raleigh and other heroes cannot be imagined as wearing the hideous things. Another shudders at the thought of entering a drawing room with dirty boots. Another says that the rubber boot is highly objectionable, and that the thick leather boot must be greased, not blacked, in foul weather. Still another advocates going barefoot to the office and carrying boots in a green bag or in brown paper to wear during office hours. A traveler writes, "The best boot from a hygienic point of view is one made of wool throughout (such as is worn in China and the Slavonic countries) or of wool with a leather sole. If the wool is wetted by rain, being a slow conductor of heat, it does not chill the feet, the heat of which promptly evaporates the moisture from the covering, which soon dries." And last of all, "Some American Rubber Manufacturers" pinch the eagle, which screams "The American overshoe has come to stay."

Here ends the epistle to the Galosians.

But what is a galosh? Originally it was "a wooden shoe or sandal fastened to the foot with thongs of leather; a rustic patten or clog; a shoe with a wooden sole and an upper of leather or other soft material." In the 15th century the word may have been a general term for a boot or shoe. Today the galosh is an overshoe (now usually made of India-rubber) worn to protect the ordinary shoe from wet or dirt. There are leather galoshes, large untanned leather boots, worn in powder houses; they go over the ordinary boots. This word is little used in the United States.

The problem of proper dress for the feet in times of snow, mud, slush is a serious one in Boston as well as in London and Providence (R. I.) No man really wishes to wear anything over his boots, and his aversion is not founded solely on laziness or abdominal curvature. "Rubbers" soon send forth an evil smell, and they are of short life. The wearer discovers after a few days that there is a queer crack near the heel, and that half of his boot is soaked. "Arctics," pronounced "arctics" in Missouri and Michigan and "atiks" in our own beloved New England, is a word ignored by English dictionary-makers. "Arctics" are not to be despised in a snowstorm, and yet the man who is proud of his virility assumes them under protest. There is a kind of man who wears "arctics" when the sky is bright and the pavement is dry. They are generally muddy; a clasp is broken; and the feet, as seen in a street car, take up a quantity of room. And passengers look at the wearer, and well they may; for he reminds the beholder of a story told by Artemus Ward: "I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel and was indeed a Loathsum object."

If you become accustomed to the hideous things, you fear to walk abroad without them. Your ankles are cold; you feel the bricks or stone or ground through the sole; you begin to think of pneumonia; you sneeze, and you rush into an apothecary's for quinine or a barroom for a febrifuge. They sell now in the shoe shops boots with soles two or three inches thick; boots with layers of cork between leather boots of various colors, and we know one misguided man who bought 1 London huge boots studded with nail and did not dare to say he wanted them for stormy weather in Boston when the shopkeeper asked him if he were an Alpine climber. But the thickest boots, which contain dollars and dollars worth of leather, do not prevent indescribable and threatening chill, dampness, discomfort.

It would be a brave man who should walk gaily to his office, to dinner, or to the theatre barefoot and with his trouser-ends turned up. Nor would George like to see his Arabella without boots; for her feet have been pinched or spread. Hasan of Rascrah in "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" kissed the feet of the Princess, the daughter of a sovereign of the Jann, but Burton tells us in a note that feet in the East lack the development of sebaceous glands which has afflicted even monarchs and noble



dames of the Occident.  
And yet there was a time when we all played for hours in the thawing snow. We wore leather boots with metal tips, and on the leg-top of each boot was a brave device of the maker. We wore a cap, a thick jacket and a tippet. Soaked feet brought on us parental condemnation and discipline, but not pneumonia. The world went very well then. Probably there were fewer microbes in the early sixties.

Ivory is growing scarce and therefore bonzoline balls roll more and more on the billiard table and leap to the floor when a young enthusiast essays the shot where the cue is perpendicular and the right leg of the player is in the air. We hear little Willie asking "What are bonzoline balls?" We don't know; but bonze is a term applied by Europeans to the Buddhist clergy of Japan, and sometimes of China and adjacent countries. Bonzoline balls, they say, are unaffected by heat or cold and are colored all through. And will there be bonzoline chessmen? Dwellers in flats should be skillful in chess.

## CECILIA CONCERT.

A Varied and, for the Most Part, an Interesting Program—Verdi's "Te Deum" Performed in Memory of the Composer—Mr. J. F. Thomson's Recital.

The Cecilia gave the second concert of the series last night in Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Juliette Corden, Miss Stein, Evan Williams. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players. Mr. Lang conducted. The program was as follows:

Te Deum.....Verdi  
Missa Brevis.....Palestrina  
"Hiawatha's Wedding Feast".....Coleridge-Taylor  
Rhapsodie.....Brahms  
"The Swan and the Skylark".....Goring Thomas

The program was varied and long—too long. The poets ranged from the author of the "Te Deum"—St. Ambrose, if you will—to Longfellow; from Goethe to Mrs. Hemans. Palestrina walked side by side with Coleridge-Taylor of African descent.

Verdi's "Te Deum" was sung as a tribute to his memory. It was a worthy action, and it is a pity that the compiler of the program-notes was not more respectful to Verdi's memory, for the great composer was born on Oct. 10, 1813, not on Oct. 9. And does not Falstaff rank as well as "Otello" among "the best known of his operas"? The compiler states that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is "now professor of violin at the Royal Conservatory of Music". He is; he possibly is now; but he holds an important position in London.

The works were not all given as the composer wrote or intended. The opening of the "Te Deum" should be sung by the basses respectively of the two choruses, not by a solo voice; and could not so admirable a society as the Cecilia be trusted to sing the "Teaeterum Patrem" without accompaniment? "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" was cut, one instance to the serious injury of good. I have not heard "The Swan and the Skylark" since the Worcester festival of 1897, although the Cecilia performed it the next spring, I believe; but as I remember it, it opened with a big baritone solo, which was omitted last night. It would have been more the point if Brahms's dreary and cryptic Rhapsodie had been omitted together, alto solo, male chorus, and orchestra.

The "Te Deum" was sung with general good effect, although there was an absence of finesse in the detail—and how careful Verdi himself was in such matters is known to all. Mr. Lang injured the dignity of the Sanctus by hurrying without cause, and then taking the "Pleni Sunt Coeli" at an operetta pace. "Poco più animato" is the composer's indication, which is not translated by "Go it like mad!" and then the music itself should tell Mr. Lang the proper pace. But remarks of this character are, alas, inevitable whenever Mr. Lang holds the stick.

The mass by Palestrina was interesting to the average hearer simply as a means of enjoying the beautiful tonal quality of the chorus, especially the sopranos and altos; and ten minutes of the exhibition would have been enough. There is no need of dwelling on the fact that the chorus fell from the true pitch; such falls are apparently unavoidable with a chorus of the size of the Cecilia. But much might be said about the choice of movements and the dynamic effects. It is an ambitious undertaking for any man who has not studied the Palestrina style in a city, say, like Rome, where there are, at least, traditions to conduct a mass or a motet of this composer. No doubt these traditions are not always facts, but they have been handed down carefully from skilled musician to his successor, and there is no doubt that the main traditions are faithful to Palestrina's intentions. This, however, is not the main point; the music itself of Palestrina, wonderful as it is, belongs distinctly to the Italian century. It is in a tongue foreign to his generation; the very moods of his contemporaries are not his; as are his rhythms, speech, gesture, in music. This made admirable singing by bleated singers in a cathedral and in the solemn service of the Church would

appeal to souls in mystic communion; but what becomes of such music in a New England concert hall, with systems of pneumatic ventilation, steam-heat, sanitary plumbing, and with trolley cars outside?

Coleridge-Taylor's cantata shows unmistakably his African origin in monotony of rhythm, which is not always due to the monotonous verses of the poet, in the use of pulsatile instruments, and in a certain barbaric love of melodic and harmonic repetition. To my mind it is not so striking a work as the second part of the trilogy, and yet it is original, spontaneous, frank, full of natural spirit and the sentiment of out-door life. Mr. Lang is still obstinate in the affectation of "Hiawatha," although the Indians themselves today still talk and sing of the hero and call him "Hiawatha."

The Brahmsites are never so frantic in their worship of Saint Johannes as when he is in sullen mood, in doleful dumps. Now there is a pessimism that is entertaining as the pessimism of Schopenhauer, or glorious and brilliant as the pessimism of Tschaiakowsky; but the pessimism of Brahms is a snivel, it is nothing but "thread-bare crape and tears"; and, worst of all, he is dull in his depression.

Goring Thomas, on the other hand, is too sweet for anything; and he is never so happy as when he is singing to the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. Pretty things are not to be despised, and Mr. Williams's solo, as he sings it, is effective. The music is not unlike the picture of George H. Boughton, in which two women look over the autumn field, while four lines by Thomas Hood attached to the frame ram home the sentimentalism to the looker-on armed with a catalogue and a sandwich.

The male chorus in Coleridge-Taylor's cantata was too often weak, in spite of its size, but the choral work in the various pieces was, as a rule, excellent. The solo singers were heartily applauded. It is a pleasure to observe the musical growth of Mrs. Corden. She richly deserves success.

Philip Hale.

### MR. THOMSON'S RECITAL.

Mr. James Fitch Thomson gave his second vocal recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Edna Allys Little was the accompanist, and played also three pieces by Burmeister, Schütt and Moszkowski. Mr. Thomson sang six songs by Franz, three by Wagner, three by Beethoven, three unpublished songs by Ruggles and a group by Poote.

The chief characteristic of Mr. Thomson's singing is his sincerity. He is deeply in earnest, not occasionally, but at all times. He is no sham, he is genuine, honest and of good intent, he has a fair voice, sings with good taste, at times, and occasionally with fine effect, but the technic of his art he has not learned. His breath is not under control, therefore his phrasing suffers, he forces his tones even when there is nothing to be gained, for his voice is of liberal compass, and considerable power. Mr. Thomson announced during the recital that he was suffering from a severe cold, and although his indisposition may have been the cause of continual forcing of tone, his sagging below the pitch in many, if not all, of his songs cannot go unnoticed. It was not so objectionable in the Wagner songs, for we are quite accustomed to that sort of thing when anything by this composer is sung, but in Beethoven's "Adelaide" it was unpardonable.

The accompaniments were well played, and there was a small and unapplaudive audience.

### THE DEAD WIFE.

Can you not hear me knocking on midnight  
at your door?  
Can you not see my shadow cast on your  
moonlit floor?  
To fair and mass and pattern with you I  
come and go,  
I scarcely leave you in your dreams, and  
yet you never know.  
The blind old dog I used to stroke has  
keener ears to hear,  
He whines with wistful pleasure to hear  
my foot-fall near.  
Woman or ghost, all's one to him; his  
faith knows naught of change.  
And if you saw and heard me, Dear, would  
you not find me strange?  
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And you shall find a wife more kind, and  
she shall love you long,  
But at your passing, 'twill, when I can do  
no wrong  
To any tired hope of hers, you'll turn  
your eyes to me,  
To guide you to the Quiet Place beyond the  
Furthest Sea.

Unextinguishable laughter shakes the  
gods and the goddesses at the thought of  
Dr. C. M. Depew apologizing at a dinner  
in New York for the character of  
Abraham Lincoln's jokes and stories.

Kansas is still a-bleeding. At Winfield the Rev. Charles Lowther struck Mr. Charles Schmidt with an axe. And what, pray, was Mr. Schmidt doing? Was he trying to kill the minister? Was he breaking into his house at night? Had he disputed some theological proposition made by the meek and lowly pastor? O no; he was attempting to defend his property. Whereupon the Rev. Charles Lowther took to the old family axe instead of the Bible; but "the blow was a glancing one and made only a scalp wound." Mrs. Nation has a surer eye and a more practised arm. She could easily split a man from the crown of his head downward, as the



## MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Clara L. Clemens, soprano, the daughter of "Mark Twain," will sing at Chickering Hall, Saturday afternoon. She at first determined to be a pianist and she studied in Europe with Moszkowsky and Leschetitzky; but about two years ago she forsook the piano to be a singer, and studied with Marianne Brandt and Blanche Marchesi. She made her debut at Washington, D. C., the 22d of last month.



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## THE HEAVIEST BARITONE.

The Marquis Francisco de Souza Continho is probably the heaviest baritone now on the stage. He is said to be a second cousin of the King of Portugal. Against the wishes of his family he has sung in opera and in concert in the chief cities of Europe. The critics all admit that he has a voice of tremendous power. He will be seen and heard at Chickering Hall, Saturday afternoon.



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...ghostly picture  
...for a doll  
...to the

They were talking at the Porphyry about the Emperor Joseph—so named with ironical for though—and the yarn about his wish to wed a play-actress of the Burg Theatre. Some patted the Emperor on the head and said: Good boy? Why not? She must be an accomplished actress, for she has a son and a divorce. Nor would his people love him the less. Is not Albert of Saxony adored by his subjects, and he has been for years ennobled of an opera-singer? And is not every monarch a play-actor? See what attention Edward VII. pays to costume. Already has he passed from farce and comedy to tragedy, and now he wears the noble mask.

Old Chimes, who had been nodding by the fire, smiled and said, "Edward is a fine fellow, and he knows his business. The people like the sight of fuss and feathers; the ordinary citizen as well as the untitled aristocrat of Boston is impressed by Bob Ferguson in a uniform spurring a jaded old plug and prancing about to the dismay of his neighbors in the procession. We all take part in the great show of the universe, and we all act to the best of our ability—especially at the Porphyry. This reminds me that my nephew wrote a paper the other day for a dining club, and as it bears on the subject perhaps you would be willing to hear it." Two or three of the younger members left the room. Mr. Anger put his hand to his ear. A new member touched the bell ostentatiously, and after a croaking of elbows and an exchange of "How!" "Happy Days!" and "I look toward you!" Old Chimes began.

Relief is offered to persons tired of the stern realities of life as encountered in ordinary boarding houses by a card in a down-town window. It reads "Theatrical Boarding House," and it denotes a mansion of great original pretensions that is now undeservedly working for a living. The parlor, easily visible from the front, as are all theatrical drawing rooms, is quite an ordinary room of the rep and lambrquin period, decorated with a chaste severity of taste. Early passers-by may easily discover the housemaid, in a smart apron and ribbons, perfunctorily dusting its furniture and remarking the while, "What! Seven o'clock, and not up yet?"

The bed-rooms are above, but the privileged fancy goes easily up stairs and examines them. They are large rooms, remarkably high studded, with only three walls; the fourth one, facing the audience, is purely theatrical. This insures a blameless decorum on the part of the occupants, and so guarantees the respectability of the house. The walls are of that well-remembered pink or green in contrast with which the genius of the late William Warren was wont to express itself in farce. There are two doors at the back, a fireplace at one side and a window in the other, and the bed is inconveniently placed in the centre of the room. A red calcium glows cheerily out from the practicable fireplace, and there is every convenience that heart could wish save an extra chair and a wash stand and towels.

In the dining-room below the guests are assembled at the evening meal. They sit on three sides only of the table and all face somewhat inconveniently the open side of the room. A papier maché turkey, in the highest style of the property man's art, kindly refrains from smoking at the head of the table out of respect to the ladies, and other simulaera cause the board to groan in the usual manner. Every guest holds in his hand a small brown Japanese tin cup. There is nothing in the entire menu that can cause indignation; nothing that can affront the most fastidious taste. Presently a guest rises. "And now, dear friends, I give you the health of John Jorkins—dear old John—whom I have known, man and boy, these eighteen months." Then the comic servant enters and removes the chair of the speaker, who falls prostrate upon the floor when he essays to sit again.

The library contains a wall-map, a table with pen and ink, and plush chairs. There are no books. There is a decanter of brandy on the table so that the host may steady his nerves after he forges a note, writes an anonymous letter, or furrows his brow while a seditious, hollow-eyed person recalls a line in which they both were sleeping. There is also a clock that does not go, as well as a bell to call the old family servant.

When the weekly bills are distributed to this boarding-house they are easily paid to the satisfaction of all.

For so general is the sweetness of hoping well for a man's self that he believes every Physician that offers himself, though there be no delusion more dangerous. Hence it is that generally men look for help from death; he being the best Physician esteemed, whom the Apothecary, that shares with him, recommends, or deceives; the person; whose servants are at the Physician's devotion, who like Pandars for reward commend him with praises to the sick. He is also accounted a most excellent Physician, whom a Velvet Coat, or two or three good Rings upon his fingers shall make to be admired; or else his being a Foreigner, or a great Traveller; or else his being of such or such a Religion. Of no less efficacy to give him credit, fame, and authority, is a solid Confidence, and a constant bragging of his Receipts; add to these a spirit of Contradiction, many Greek and Latin sentences, and the names of Authors, which make him seem learned. Thus armed with a Leaden Gravity, but a Military confidence, he undertakes the Trade of a Physician.

And many other reproaches against physicians did the wise and bitter satirist, doctor of both laws, Judge of the Prerogative-Court and Counsellor to Charles the Fifth, throw violently into his disheartening book; but some did not occur to him or are of modern invention.

If you go to the tailor for a coat, you remember the man intending to build a tower, who first sat down and counted the cost, and you ask the price for cloth and the making. The tailor answers you freely; he does not blush, he does not look out of the window as though pained by your indiscretion. You do business in like manner with bootmaker, painter (of portraits or sash and blinds), grocer, shopkeeper. Even a lawyer will give you some idea as to the expense of your suit. When you pay, you do not hesitate, if you are in the neighborhood, to hand these men their money.

But there are physicians who think it beneath the dignity of the profession to mention the word "money" or allow it to be mentioned in their presence. They dislike the blunt question, "What are you going to charge me for each visit?" It wounds their professional pride. And some go so far as to insist that a patient who calls to settle his account or for an examination or general advice, should put his money in an envelope and leave it on the mantelpiece, or on the hall table. They do not wish to take the filthy stuff directly from the patient, as though they were just plain, ordinary business men.

Professional delicacy forbids the thought of a patient disputing a bill. A doctor charges for 20 visits. The patient, a man of vulgar commercial habits, has kept the record of the visits, which were 16, not 20. He informs the doctor of his mistake. The doctor insists, "Is it possible that I should be mistaken? There were 20 visits. Of course, Mr. Esymark, if you cannot afford to pay the bill, I am willing to make a slight deduction, but I advise you in future to consult another doctor." We regret to say that the patient and victim as a rule follows the promptings of silly vanity and pays the full bill with curses both loud and deep. But what shall be said of the physician who makes a wrong diagnosis, deludes a sick man into false security, frightens a timid woman by a snap judgment and the imperative advice to undergo a serious operation? He expects pay even for a blunder that proves fatal. He treats erroneously and with evil result a disease from which the patient does not suffer; he ignores the disease that is sapping the life of the patient. But he must be paid and paid roundly for his services. Why? If a boot-maker makes boots that are two sizes too small for you, do you pay him? If a tailor sends you a coat that is for a smaller man, do you pay him? But the physician should be paid although he has injured the patient. And why should he be paid? Because he stands high in society or in a medical school, because he is a member of two or three clubs, because he is an officer of a medical society. He must be right in all he does; therefore he must be paid.

And so an oculist of repute may make an absolutely wrong diagnosis. There is the oculist's fee; there are the charges of the optician for glasses. Thus may a patient spend easily \$20 or \$25. His eyes are still more bothersome; he has a continual headache. Another oculist of greater skill, more highly developed conscience and less fashionable repute corrects the error. Another fee; other spectacles; and more money to be paid out. Would you blame the patient for refusing to pay the bill of the first-mentioned oculist?

Thus is there robbery even in the pursuit of a learned profession.

In an ideal republic, a physician would not expect to receive pay unless he should cure the patient. If he should bungle his job, if he should send a

woman to a surgeon when she needed only a general building-up of her system that her nerves might be in more normal condition, if he should in examination neglect heart or kidneys when the man was affected in either organ, he should be obliged, yea, he should expect to pay damages for his neglect. Nor should he receive one cent if the patient die from a disease that was not necessarily fatal.

Why, we ask again, should a physician be exempt from the rules of fairness and honesty that govern in other trades? We do not forget the generous, kindly and skillful doctors who wear themselves out in doing good; for there are such men. But listen to the words of Cornelius Agrippa:

If any one unfortunately happens to die in their hands, then they blame Weakness of Nature, the strength and fury of his disease, the unruliness of the Patient; that they are Physicians, not Gods; that they can cure those that are to be cured; that it is not their business to raise the dead; that they have nothing to serve the diseased with, in discharge of their duty, but their Experience; and with such vanities as these they maintain their pride. Others that die they accuse of Intemperance; and when they have killed a man, yet they demand satisfaction for their Bills, from those that might have been alive without them; depriving their Patients both of Money and life at once; and yet preserving a safe Conscience to themselves, knowing their faults (as Socrates says) to be covered in the earth; as also for that there is no returning from hell or the grave, to accuse them of their unskillfulness, exactness, and homicides.

Here is a woman without curiosity. Mrs. Sarah Mathews of Cincinnati will not listen to Mrs. Eva M. Essex, who proposes to swap husbands with her.

Last year 94,476 snakes were destroyed in India, and yet the number of deaths from snake-bites was 24,621. The unfortunates evidently neglected to partake heartily in their youth of broth wherein a viper's litter was boiled. Old Pliny says: "As for Snakes, venomous they are not but at some times of the month, when they feel themselves moved by the instigation of the Moon; but contrariwise they be good for those which chance to be stung by them, if they be taken alive, stamped, or brayed with water, and therewith the affected place fomented. Certes, they are thought to be medicinale in many respects; which is the cause that a Snake is dedicated unto the god of Physick."

By the way, does the killing a Cobra de Capello bring about the coming of others to avenge its death? The Singalese never kill a poisonous snake; they put it in a basket and set it afloat on some river. In Ceylon a foreman who had killed one was beset by others until he had to quit work and remove to another part of the island.

## Feb 17 1901 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Mr. Loeffler's Revised Symphonie Poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," and Saint-Saens's "Organ Symphony" — Mr. Hugo Becker's 'Cello Recital.

The program of the 15th Symphony concert, Mr. Gerleke conductor, at Symphony Hall last night, was as follows:

Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven  
Concerto for piano in A minor.....Schumann  
"The Death of Tintagiles," Symphonie Poem, after the drama of Maurice Maeterlinck.....Loeffler  
Symphony No. 3, in C minor, op. 78.....Saint-Saens  
(First time in Boston.)

Saint-Saens wrote his third symphony for the London Philharmonic Society, and he conducted it at a concert of that organization in London, May 19, 1886. It was played at a Paris Conservatory concert on Jan. 2, 1887, and Theodore Thomas produced it in New York on Feb. 18 of that year. A performance at the old Music Hall was impossible on account of the wretched organ.

Saint-Saens once said that in this symphony he sought to avoid "the endless resumption and repetitions which more and more tend to disappear from instrumentally developed musical culture," and that "symphonic works should now be allowed to benefit by the progress of modern instrumentation." We therefore find in this work an English horn, a bass clarinet, a double-bassoon, a third trumpet, as well as triangle, cymbals, bass-drum, piano and organ. The piano and organ are used as orchestral instruments.

There is a beautiful story to the effect that Saint-Saens was so affected by the death of Liszt that he girded up his loins to write this symphony; but as Liszt died two months after the symphony was performed the story may well be doubted, although the dedication in the published score reads "To the memory of Liszt."

French admirers of Saint-Saens say that this Symphony is his greatest work. I cannot understand this claim. Not that I am distressed by the alleged

theft at the beginning from the opening of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, for the resemblance is merely a passing hint. Not that I am shocked by the cantabile of the strings against the organ in the third section, for to me this is one of the most effective features of the work. But the symphony as a whole is merely an exhibition of extreme cleverness, and music must be something more than clever. Saint-Saens is an expert juggler with barren themes. He knows how to score a commonplace so that it arrests the attention. There is an exquisite finish to everything he does. There are extraordinary effects in this symphony—thus his use of the piano with the organ is masterly; but his effects in this instance do not affect the hearer. For there is no true emotion, there is no passion, there is no blood, there is hardly any sustained mood in this symphony. When you say the workmanship is excellent and the workman is amazingly clever, you have said all.

Mr. Loeffler has revised his symphonic poem and the music has gained thereby. This "little drama for marionettes," as Maeterlinck calls his "Death of Tintagiles" is a heartrending tragedy of Greek intensity; and whether you grasp the symbolic meaning or regard it simply as a drama of flesh and blood, you must recognize its power, and you do not wonder that it incited a man of Mr. Loeffler's peculiar genius to composition. When the symphonic poem was first played here, there were two important parts for violas d'amour, and these instruments, which soon attack the nerves of a hearer, were garulous. The second violas d'amour has been dropped to the advantage of the piece. The revision has made the work more compact, although the finale is still too long drawn out. The poem is full of superb pages, and they that know the drama are constantly reminded of scenes in the story of agony and despair. Ygraine, Agloval, Tintagiles, the Queen and her handmaids are visible as on the stage. The opening is a truly wonderful passage of descriptive writing. The themes are poignant or beautiful; the harmonic progressions are bold, audacious, but to the point; the orchestration is strikingly original and impressionistic. There are passages that are apparently vague and rambling, and as I have said the finale is so long drawn out that it drags.

But as a whole the symphonic poem is of wild imagination, strange and irregular beauty, peculiarly original structure and workmanship.

Mis aus der Ohe played the concerto by Schumann with accuracy, ease, and skill. Yet the romantic spirit of the work at times eluded her, and she was then admirably matter-of-fact.

Philip Hale.

### MR. HUGO BECKER.

Mr. Hugo Becker gave a 'cello recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Mrs. Fish Griffin, soprano; Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, pianist, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich, pianist.

The program was as follows:  
Sonata, F major, Op. 6.....Richard Strauss  
Hugo Becker, assisted by Miss Heyman.  
"Das Lied im Grunen".....Schubert  
"Feldensamkeit".....Brahms  
"Das Madchen Spricht".....Brahms  
"Dort in Den Weiden".....Brahms  
Mrs. Fish Griffin.  
Suite, E major.....Valentini  
Mr. Becker.  
"Morning Hymn".....Henschel  
Berceuse.....Chaminade  
"Songs My Mother Taught Me".....Dvorak  
"The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold".....Foote  
Mrs. Fish Griffin.  
Largo.....Hugo Becker  
Minuetto.....Hugo Becker  
Cantabile.....Cui  
"Perpetuum Mobile".....Fitzenhagen  
Mr. Becker.

A word about the program. The sonata by Strauss was played here in last October by Messrs. Schroeder and

Breitner. It is one of the early works of the composer and is imitative rather than revolutionary. At times there is the recollection of Rubinstein, although as a whole the sonata shows greater care in workmanship. The andante is a long song for the 'cello, and the finale is piquant in rhythm and harmonies. There were several Valentines who composed. Joseph, violinist and composer, was born at Florence about 1690, and was in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. César Cui is well known as one of the leaders of the ultra-modern Russian school, but his "Cantabile" is free from nihilism. Wilhelm Fitzenhagen, a German by birth, was a renowned 'cello virtuoso, a fertile composer, and a teacher at the Moscow Conservatory. He died at St. Petersburg, in 1890, in his 42d year. Mr. Becker's own pieces are in excellent imitation of the old style. The "Largo" has a Hindellian flavor.

Mr. Becker plays with the utmost care and finish. He plays with the understanding rather than from the heart for he is seldom tender, and he is not given to the display of strong emotions. His performance is chaste, intellectual, conscientiously artistic. Miss Heyman is a pianist of genuine attainments and temperament. The songs sung by Mrs. Griffin gave pleasant variety to the concert.

THE concerts last week were of unusual interest. The Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Bauer, pianist, covered themselves with glory by the great performance of César Franck's piano quintet, which is one of the most remarkable works in chamber music of the last century, and is, indeed, music of the future, for it is safe to prophesy that it will be fresh



and vital and inspiring in 1925, and it will be to the hearers of 1950 what the Schumann quintet is to the hearers of today. Nor should we forget the performance of Verdi's quartet. Then the Adamowski brought out new quartets by Saint-Saëns and Chadwick. Mr. Kreisler, though indisposed, showed that he was a violinist of the first water, and the Cecilia concert was varied and entertaining—although ten minutes of Palestine's music, as it was read, would have been enough. And there were two novelties on the Symphony program, Saint-Saëns' third Symphony and Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, for the latter was rewritten, so that it was practically a novelty.

There have been few recitals this season at which the performers have not been late. Sembrich took her own sweet will; Mr. Bauer seldom if ever begins at the announced hour; Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler was at least 20 minutes late; Mr. Kreisler was 15 or 20 minutes late; and there have been others. This is wrong and unnecessary. Whether a concert be at 2.30 or 3 or at 8.15 o'clock, it should begin at the announced hour; otherwise an audience fidgets, prejudice is excited against the singer or player, and men and women of busy lives are unable to hear the last pieces on the program. There was a time when a prima donna, as Patti, made it a point to be late. The audience was thus supposed to be in a more excitable and receptive condition. "I tell you, Maria, she isn't going to sing." "Perhaps she is sick." And there was craning of necks, there were false alarms, there was the fear of money wasted. At last the diva appeared, and then tumult was at its height. But such proceedings should be of the past. The pianist or singer may say, "There will be persons coming in and disturbing me, so I'll wait until all are seated." But there are always stragglers, foolish persons who wish to be seen rather than to hear. Furthermore, the doors are supposed to be closed while there are musical operations on the stage, although, I regret to say, the managers of all the halls are not as strict in this matter as they should be.

Mr. Hugo Becker's cello is certainly a fine instrument. It is said to be a Stradivarius of 1708. "It was long in a Spanish cloister, from which it was taken to Paris and bought by Villamae. Later it was secured by the well-known cellist, Elise Christiana, and after her death remained in her family for a long time. Later it came into the possession of the family of the Duke of Marlborough, from whom some wealthy and influential admirers of Becker acquired it for him."

Mr. Harry B. Smith says that a librettist "must not only be a lyricist, something of a musician, a wit, a stage-strategist, scene-designer and costumer, but he must bear as small a modicum of the honors as possible in case of the success of the opera, and be able to bear all the brunt of adverse criticism in case of failure."

Mr. Smith has been bearing the brunt of the last two or three years, and it seems to agree with him.

Here is a story that is told as characteristic of the present Queen of England. Rochefort, the fire-eater, tells it in *L'Intransigeant*:

The story would seem to refer to the late visit of the German Emperor and Empress to London in 1891. A state performance was to be given in their honor at Covent Garden, and, seeing the names of the French artists on the bills, Rochefort made a protest to Lasalle. The latter was willing to risk an action for breach of contract, but he insisted on first seeing the Princess of Wales. "She has been so good to me," he said, "that I would not displease her or any consideration." To the Princess he darted and, asked what he was to do.

"Do what Rochefort advises you," said the Royal Highness; "in a case like this he can judge better than either you or I."

That settled matters. None of the French artists appeared before the Kaiser. The late Sir Augustus Harris made a scene with Rochefort, but the latter repeated the words of the Princess, and the impresario held his peace. There were no lawsuits.

Queen Victoria was taught the piano in 1826 by John Bernard Sale, an organist. She afterward made him organist of the Chapel Royal. He also gave her lessons in singing, but she also studied with Lablache, who was even fatter, they say, than the Marquis de Souza. Another teacher was Lucy Philpot, who as Mrs. Anderson, in 1822 was the first female pianist to appear at the Philharmonic concerts. Mendelssohn wrote in 1842 about the queen's singing: "I then asked the queen to sing one of my songs. She said that if I would give her plenty of help she would willingly do so. She sang 'Lass dich nur nicht nicht quier' ('The Pilgrim's Song') real-ly quite faultlessly, and with beautiful feeling and expression. I

thought it would not do to appear too complimentary at such a time, and therefore I merely thanked her over and over again; but when she said, 'Oh! if I had not been so frightened I could have done better. I generally have very long breath, I praised her very heartily and with the best conscience in the world; for that phrase near the end, having the long-sustain-

ed C, she sang so well, joining the C to the three following notes, all in one breath, as one rarely hears it done, that it highly amused me that she herself should have spoken about it."

After the death of the Prince Consort, Victoria stopped going to the theatre and the concert hall; but it is well known that she was much interested in the private operatic and concert performances at Windsor. The Referee tells this story as an evidence of her keen observation when she was 80 years old: "When Mr. Robert Newman took his Queen's Hall orchestra there on Nov. 24, 1898, the Queen seems to have been particularly struck with the vivacity and expressiveness of Mr. Henry Wood's gestures, for when he was presented to her she asked him if he were 'really' an Englishman, and, on being assured that he was, said, 'I am very glad to hear it, but I have never seen an Englishman use his hands as you do.'"

All the London newspapers predict that the accession of Edward VII. will prove favorable to the development of British music, and to the "more generous recognition of native musicians."

Let us add to Verdiana. The great opera-maker wore habitually a double-breasted coat, a kind of shooting jacket, a very wide-brimmed soft felt hat, and he carried a big umbrella, to shield him against sun or rain, or to serve as a walking-stick.

He disliked to be lionized and he abhorred amateur photographers. It was his habit to hide behind the spread umbrella, the moment he saw one of the "infernal machines," as he characterized them. "At one point of his career it was thought of offering him the title of Marquis, but the present Royal Commissioner in Erythraea, then a member of the Cabinet in power, vetoed the project, and his will was carried. Soon after they met in the same place, when Verdi at once called on his Excellency, and to those who remonstrated because the weather was so wet he replied, 'I wish to demonstrate my gratitude for his having saved me from being a Marquis.' Verdi refused, by the way, the Collar of the Annunciation, which bears with it the rank of cousin to the King.

In 1861 Verdi was persuaded by Count Cavour to represent a constituency in the Italian Parliament. He himself told of his behavior as a legislator. "I knew nothing about politics, so all I could do was to follow Cavour's moves. Each time he got up to approve a motion I got up as well, and I was sure never to go wrong so long as I took my cue from him. Otherwise I was amusing myself by setting to music the various interruptions or writing choruses to the words, 'Al vot!' ('To the votes!')

The Count Opprandino Arrivabene and Verdi indulged themselves in correspondence, and the family of the former has a bulky packet of letters, in which the writers acted as secretaries to their little dogs, and tried to express in "linguaggio canino" the thoughts and sentiments of their pets.

Rome held Verdi in veneration although he was not fond of that city, to which he went only five times in a kind of official capacity. He was greeted with frenetic enthusiasm in 1893 when he went to see the first performance of "Falstaff." Humbert nominated him a Senator, but Verdi appeared in the Senate only to take the oath of allegiance.

As a patriot, he was accused by some of being irreligious because he was opposed to the Pope as a political potentate, but Verdi was an eminently religious man, and at one time he seriously contemplated turning monk. "His first wife was adored by him, and the shock of her death coming about the same time as the failure of his opera, 'The Reign of a Day,' he fell into a great state of depression, and formed the habit of visiting the Brothers of St. Tustorgio, near Milan. However, fortunately for the world, his passion for his operatic art gradually regained its sway, and overcame his melancholy and leanings towards the cloister. At his villa at Sant Agata, where he was really at home, a mass was said daily in a chapel in the house. Such a chapel is a great rarity and is a privilege now only accorded to very few; but, with all his religious feeling, he never allowed himself to be influenced by his priest. For instance, in the 'House of Repose,' founded by him for aged musicians, a priest was duly installed, but when the Maestro found that he was taking advantage of his position, he was politely shown the door, and another put in his place. Verdi had erected a vault in his park

for himself and his second wife, but on her death the religious scruple that she must not be laid in unconsecrated ground assailed him, and she was buried in Milan. For himself, he evidently felt the same, as he left in his will directions that, although his funeral should be absolutely simple, he wished to be laid to rest beside his wife."

The Berlin Times thus speaks of our old friend Mr. Arthur Nikisch:

"After having been adulated to an extent which would about stifle an average human being, Herr Arthur Nikisch recently 'got a wiggle' from the pen of Dr. Detlef-Schultz for taking liberties with the instrumentation of Joh. Seb. Bach, and Dr. D. S. is generally acknowledged to be a profound student of the great Protestant composer's works—as well as a sound musician in other respects. Nobody can fairly deny the fact that Herr Nikisch ranks among the first conductors of the day, but, being human, he is not infallible—as is shown at times by his choice of vocalists. It is not always an advantage to be under obligations to others. Let us take, for instance, a concert-agent who is 'very obliging.' It is difficult to refuse any particular protégé (of either sex) of his hearing when the request is neatly put, but the audience do not always appreciate the result."

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, Steintert Hall, 8.15 P. M., song recital by Mr. J. F. Thomson. Seven songs by Franz, five songs by Ries, and songs by Lang, Ruggles, Brockway, Handel, Hutton. Miss Edna Allys Little will play piano pieces by Chopin.

Wednesday, Steintert Hall, 8.15 P. M.—Song recital by Mr. J. F. Thomson, who will sing seven songs by Franz, songs by Dvorak, Roeder, Naurin, Chadwick, Norris, Bullard and a setting of "Danny Deever" by the singer, who uses therein the traditional funeral music of the British Army.

Saturday, Steintert Hall, 3 P. M., farewell piano recital of Mr. Harold Bauer, who will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 101; Bach's prelude and fugue in B flat minor; Weber's moto perpetuo; Liszt's etude in F minor; Schumann's Kreisleriana; Chopin's etude in C minor, prelude in F sharp minor, Scherzo in C sharp minor.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Verdi's "Requiem Mass" will be performed by the Handel and Haydn, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, at Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 24, at 7.30. The solo singers will be Mrs. Kleski-Bradbury, Mrs. Schumann Heink, Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. Gwilym Miles. Mr. H. G. Tucker will be the organist, and the orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony players. Tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall and at Wright & Ditson's.

Mr. Edwin Klahre will give his third piano recital in Steintert Hall, Monday afternoon, Feb. 25, at 3 o'clock. Tickets which were issued for Feb. 12 will be good for Feb. 25.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler will give violin recitals in Steintert Hall, Feb. 26 at 3 P. M., March 2 at 3, March 5 at 8.15.

Mrs. Szumowska will play pieces by Bach, Mozart, Daquin, Rameau, Chopin, H. W. Parker, Chaminate and Rubinstein, at her recital in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 26.

Miss Gladys P. Fogg, soprano, assisted by Miss Emma Dawdy, contralto, Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, Dr. Kelterborn, pianist, will give a concert in Association Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.15.

The program of the Sixteenth Symphony Concert, March 2, will include Weber's overture to "Ruler of the Spirits"; Arthur Whiting's Fantasy for piano and orchestra (Mr. Whiting, pianist); Cesar Franck's symphonic poem "Le Chasseur Maudit"; Schumann's Symphony No. 3.

Mr. Carlo Buonamici will give a piano recital in Steintert Hall, March 4, at 3 P. M.

Mr. Josef Hofmann will give two piano recitals in Symphony Hall. The first will be March 6, at 2.30. Seats may be had on and after Feb. 19.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet March 11 at Association Hall, will include Mozart's quartet in C, Schumann's quartet in F No. 2, and Dvorak's piano quintet (Mr. Leopold Godowski, pianist).

The second Androwski Quartet concert will be March 12 in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitch will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall, March 9, at 2.30.

Mr. George E. Dwight, baritone, assisted by Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, and Mr. Devoto, pianist, will give a recital in Association Hall, Feb. 26, at 3.30.

The first of a series of four chamber concerts in Chickering Hall will be given Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, by Mrs. Szumowska, and Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski. The other concerts of the series will be as follows: March 6, by Mr. Schuecker, harp; Mr. William Heinrich, tenor, and the Horn Quartet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; March 13, by Miss Olive Mead, violinist; Mr. George Proctor, pianist, and Mr. J. S. Codman, baritone; April 10, by Mr. Elliot Hubbard, tenor, Mr. Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mr. Ernest Perabo, pianist. Applications for tickets should be addressed to Chamber Concerts, Box Office, Symphony Hall. Tickets will be on sale on and after Feb. 18.

Feb 18, 1901

Beauty was born of the world's desire  
For the wandering water, the wandering fire,  
Under the arch of her hurrying feet  
She has trodden a world full of bitterness.

The blood of the violet is in her veins,  
Her pulse has the passion of April rains,  
Out of the heart of a satin flower  
God made her eyelids in one sweet hour.

Out of the wind He made her feet  
That they might be lovely, and luring, and fleet.

Out of a cloud He gave her hair  
Heavy and black with the rain held there.

What is her name? There's none that knows—  
Mother-o'-mischief, or Mouth-o'-rose.  
What is her pathway? None may tell,  
But it climbs to heaven and it dips to hell.

Mr. Thomas F. Dunne of Brooklyn is defendant in a suit brought by his wife for separation. He alleges that she weighs much more than he does

and is muscular; that she owns a pug and a St. Bernard dog and insists that they all should sleep together.

Now in poetry, fiction, melodrama the oppressed and the homeless have no companion save a faithful dor-r-r-g, and in cold weather the animal protects and keeps the friendless warm at night. Suppose that Mrs. Dunne had insisted on the bed-fellowship of a cat, Angora, coon, maltese, or plain back-yard-and-fence cat; then Mr. Dunne might with more reason enter court r-charges. For if you consult the wisdom of the ancients you will find that harm and peril came unto men by this beast. Thus Gesner says: "It is most certain that the breath and savor of Cats consume the radical humor and destroy the lungs, and therefore they which keep their Cats with them in their beds have the air corrupted, and fall into several Heeticks and Consumptions. There was a certain company of Monks much given to nourish and play with Cats, whereby they were so infected, that within a short space none of them were able either to say, read, pray, or sing, in all the monastery."

But the dog is a noble animal—except when it has ticks or fleas—and he sleeps as doth a man, and he dreams, as is known by his barking in sleep.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis of Brooklyn did not appreciate the devotion of Mr. Lewis, who tied a string to one of her feet and tied the other end to his foot from fear lest she might get up and go out and be run over by a trolley-car or kidnapped. She accused her husband of cruelty and received alimony especially after she stated that he pulled her hair, rudely, and not merely in a transport of love.

Note well that these interesting scenes in domestic life occurred in Brooklyn—not Brookline. Nothing happens in Brookline.

Uncle Amos's boy was in town last week, and we took him to the theatre to see Mr. Pinero's play. It was our first visit to a play-house this season—stay! we did see Mr. Sothern as Hamlet for an act or two—but we did not stay. The boy is a likely youth—the Benjamin of Uncle Amos. Like all lads, he is disconcerting at times to grown-up children. We explain our meaning by a dialogue. Uncle Amos's boy is named Webster.

Webster (examines the play bill)—  
"There are two Hares in this play, ain't there?"

We—"Yes, there is John Hare, the

father, and there is Gilbert Hare, the son. We know them both very well." And we tried to look as though we dined with play-actors and play-actresses every day, especially on Wednesday.

Webster (with an unusually dull expression of countenance)—"I should think it would be hard to tell the real Hare from the wig." And then he laughed boisterously, so that he became conspicuous, and we looked steadily across the aisle for the rest of the entr'acte. The next day we wrote Uncle Amos that his son had fallen into evil ways; furthermore that he was a plagiarist.

A young Frenchwoman went to a restaurant in Paris and ordered bottled cider. The waiter opened the bottle. The cork flew into her eye. The sufferer admitted to the proprietor that it was an accident, but after she was treated by oculists and pronounced blind, although not "necessarily irredeemably" so, she went into court. The court fined the waiter 25 francs "for his carelessness or lack of skill," and condemned the proprietor of the restaurant to pay 5000 francs damages. "This is said to be the first time in which the law regulating the responsibility of an employer for the acts of his employee has been applied in a case arising through injury to a customer owing to an accident. The waiter testified that he was no novice in the art of opening bottles, having extracted thousands of corks without ever having caused injury to man or woman before. This was admitted, and his fine was levied merely as a precautionary measure. But when his act and its result were viewed in the light of the law, they reverted upon his employer in a more serious form. The latter, by having this particular waiter in his employ, was the indirect cause of the young woman's misfortune, and hence liable to heavy damages."

This reminds us that there are certain persons who drink champagne in restaurants, not really because they like it, but because the popping cork announces, as an alarm bell, to the other guests that some one in the room has money enough to buy an expensive wine. If a bottle of Jamaica ginger advertised itself as loudly and cost \$10 a bottle, you would find Bostonians in house-coats and opera-hats and with



congenial female friends ordering it in trumpet tones, and with much tittering and excitement on the part of the females.

We resume the list of worthy examples for the young. The one for consideration and imitation today is Ralph Kettle, D. D., of Oxford. We quote from a grave chronicler:

"He was irreconcilable to long hair; called then hairy scalpes, and as for periwigges (which were then very rarely worn) he believed them to be the scalpes of men cutt off after they were hang'd, and so tanned and dressed for use. When he observed the scholar's hair longer then ordinary (especially if they were scholars of the house), he would bring a pair of cizars in his muffle (weh he commonly wore), and woe be to them that sate on the outside of the table. I remember how he cutt Mr. Radford's hair with the knife that chipps the bread on the buttery-hatch, and then he sang, 'And was not Grim, the collier, finely trimm'd?'"

Feb 9, 1901

This was what made me dislike the conversation of learned or literary men. I got nothing from them but what I already knew, and hardly that: they poured the same ideas and phrases and cant of knowledge out of books into my ears, as apothecaries' apprentices made prescriptions out of the same bottles; but there were no new drugs or samples in their materia medica. Go to a Scotch professor, and he bores you to death by an eternal rhapsody about rent and taxes, gold and paper-currency, population and capital, and the Teutonic Races—all which you have heard a thousand times before; go to a linen-draper in the city, without education but with common sense and shrewdness, and you pick up something new, because nature is inexhaustible, and he sees it from his own point of view, when not cramped and hood-winked by pedantic prejudices.

The program-book of the Symphony Concert of last week stated that Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler was born in 1816. He does not look so old.

Mr. Gaston Deschamps, who will lecture at Harvard University, arrived at New York the 17th, and said as soon as he left the steamer, "My impressions of America so far are very agreeable," which shows that he is a keen observer. He was driven to Mr. Hyde's house, where he met a reporter. He leaned upon the reporter's breast and murmured: "What I have seen of New York reminds me of London"—but he did not add, "because it is so different," which shows that he is deficient in humor. "Thus far, as an archaeologist," said Mr. Deschamps, "I have seen Smyrna and the dead countries of Africa and have beheld the splendor of death." He will soon visit Salem and Chelsea.

Our friend the Historical Painter sketched the visit of the Honorable Charles Mitchell to Mr. John L. Sullivan's saloon in New York; but the skill of the painter cannot fasten upon the canvas the winged words of the American hero and philosopher: "It's a case of two old has-beens, Charley; we had the front of the stage once, but the youngsters have the call now."

The young should consider today Dr. William Harvey, who set his blood in circulation, and yet suffered from insomnia and the gout. His way of cure was thus: "He would then sit with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the boards of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove, and so 'twas gone. He was bott-headed, and his thoughts working would many times keep him from sleeping; he told me, that then his way was, to rise out of his bed, and walke about his chamber in his shirt, till he was pretty coole, i. e. till he began to have a horror, and then returne to his bed, and sleep very comfortably."

The Lancet regrets that of late years it has been difficult to obtain good brandy, as a drink, or in cases of sickness. Whisky, as a medicament, is of less advantage. The fin champagne sent from France till about the year 1850 is now "practically unobtainable."

A barkeeper in Norfolk (Va.) lectured to us once on the mint-julep and said he preferred "French brandy" for the foundation. He shied when our companion said interrogatively "Cognac?" and he replied in a voice that discouraged further interruption, "I said, sir, French brandy." The word cognac was first used in English to describe a wine produced at Cognac, a town in the department of Charente, "Cognac wine." Then the term was applied to a French brandy of superior quality distilled from Cognac wine, and even Sir Humphrey Davy wrote about "Cognac brandy." (Query: Did he not invent the safety lamp for the benefit of drinkers, and not miners?) And then cognac was used alone, as

when Dickens wrote in a letter about a common friend—or as he would have said, "mutual friend"—"His handwriting shakes more and more \* \* \* I think he mixes a great deal of cognac with his ink." As long ago as 1882 there was complaint in London because the imported cognac was made out of potatoes, not grapes.

Mr. Louis Connell of New York fell in a fit. His collar was three inches high and it would have choked him to death had not a physician saved him by the use of instruments. It is seldom that a man has two such fits at the same time.

We have received the following letter: Kearsarge, N. H., Feb. 15, 1901. Editor of Talk of the Day:

We have a cow which we have named "Charlie Nation" because she smashes down the bars. RUBE.

S. D., in a letter to the *Evening Post* (N. Y.), tells about Mr. Dannat and his art, and then adds: "It is certain that nothing properly called American art has been distinguished by Europeans in our exhibition, which was otherwise creditable in mere painting ability. A marked tendency to work each inch of canvas with the painfulness of a New England conscience, producing a result like that which Whately condemned in rhetoric—'Where everything is emphatic, nothing is emphatic'—perhaps remains in the memory as the distinguishing character of American painting. Also, in composition, there was an almost total lack of anything like poetic inspiration or intelligence of the traditions which have moved humanity until now. Thus Mr. Abbott Thayer's 'Madonna Enthroned,' with all its perfection from the technical side, presented only the interest of high-class portrait painting; no European mind could discover the slightest symbolism which its name would have led to expect."

An English writer comments on the early years of Victoria's reign: "The past of rural England, taking 'past' to mean the first twenty-five years of Victoria's reign, was one of squalor, indecency, and semi-starvation, especially in the Midlands and South, the North being to some extent favoured by special conditions. The gang system during the early years of her reign was in full force, men, women and children, under a gang-master who contracted for work, going from place to place, all housed together at night and brutally treated by day. Indeed, it was bad times for women and children wherever you looked for them in mine, factory or workshop. \* \* \* Not long ago I was in an ancient one-roomed cottage in an odd part of the country. It was inhabited, and probably showed the same picture that it did half a century ago. It had no flooring except the native clay, which was a mere puddle, the day being wet. For ceiling a sheet of calico that had once been white was drawn across to hide the rafters and the thatch. Two apartments were formed by an arrangement of the wooden beds. There was a great picturesque open fireplace, and one could fancy anyone painting it; but those who lived there and survived must have had magnificent constitutions."

Mr. James Fitch Thomson, baritone, assisted by Miss Edna Allys Little, pianist, gave the third concert of a series last night in Steinert Hall. The program included groups of songs by Franz and Ries, and songs by Lang, Ruggles, Brockway, Handel, Hatton. Miss Little played pieces by Chopin. The last concert of the series will be given Wednesday night, when Mr. Thomson will sing songs by Franz, Dvorak, Roeder, Nevin, Chadwick, Norris, Bullard, and a setting of "Danny Deever" by the singer, who uses therein the traditional funeral music of the British army.

Feb 20 1901

Heard you not that knocking?  
Lent is at the door.  
She bears a maund with daffodils  
Bringing o'er.

She wears a hood upon her head,  
Because her hair's so bright ('tis said),  
Who came to pray would stay to stare  
Did they but see her shining hair.

She crieth not, "Repent, repent,"  
But, "Ere your human wealth be spent,  
Give gold," she says, "of charity,  
Silver of patient courtesy.  
Your sister's shivering in the storm  
While you sup richly and lie warm.  
Give her your hand and bring her in,  
The mire's more plain on her than sin.

Your brother in the market-place  
Lies, and the rain is on his face.  
Your fires are huz, your house is great,  
On him doth but one angel wait."  
Rise up, forget your Pastern,  
For folly's o'er;  
Heard you not that knocking?  
Lent is at the door.

This is an excellent day to abandon work, to stay at home, to read certain essays by Father Prout.

It would be interesting to know how the oyster trade in Boston is affected

this season by the timidity of men and women. We are told by them that move freely in the "hupper circles" and sit down at table in banquet halls with dazzling electric lights and gas glowing open fires that the raw and typhoid oyster has disappeared, as though it were the dodo or the skillful cord-walker or the honest dressmaker. But what is grape fruit to the oyster? What is anchovy toast to the Little Neck clam?

The average time required for the digestion of anchovies is four hours; for raw oysters two hours and fifteen minutes. Mothers should eat oysters freely, for this diet will tend to alleviate the pains of the child first teething. But we wander.

There is hilarity over a course of oysters. Anchovies provoke thirst and discussion of Carrie Nation and the Russian duty against axes. Oysters cool the throat, soothe the temper. Grape fruit is too much sweetened or it threatens the shirt-front, as black-bean soup distracts the guest with a drooping moustache.

"But persons die," you say, "from eating raw oysters; they die from typhoid fever." How do you know that the oyster was the cause? There are bad oysters, as there are bad women; there are microbic oysters, as there are microbic women, but are there no women that invite kisses?

Think of the thousands of commonplace, poorly educated men and women who have eaten raw oysters this month and are in rude health. The microbe is at you in every form; your only care should be that your own domestic, home-bred microbes should be the stronger.

There are oysters to be avoided. They are known, and no honest fishmonger will sell them. But the sole business of the oyster is to obey the great command: "Increase and multiply," and there are armies of them waiting to be eaten, or rather eager to slip down, for no true lady bites an oyster.

Here is a story for the benefit of the young: "There was once an individual who made a bet that he would eat 12 dozen oysters, washed down by 12 glasses of champagne, while the cathedral clock of the city which he inhabited was striking twelve. He won his bet by placing a dozen fresh oysters in 12 wine glasses, and, having swallowed the oysters he washed down each dozen with a glass of champagne. I should not have mentioned this disgusting feat but to add that he felt no evil effects from the oysters, proving incontestably the digestive and sanitary properties of this mollusc." An entertaining and instructive anecdote, although it is told in sloppy English. If we had more space today we should tell the story of the Miser of Medford, Mass., and the Oysters.

We saw a man yesterday who was moody and irritable. Three weeks ago tomorrow he was at a stag dinner and he ate six oysters. A poet of fine fancy sat next him and did not eat his portion. The poet whispered, "I wonder at your courage. No prudent person eats raw oysters now." And then some one remarked that it took three weeks for the typhoid germs to ply their trade with results. The wretched man had still two days of uncertainty.

King James once said: "He was a very valiant man who first ventured on eating of oysters." But is a brave man who eats them in 301.

Thus science does make cowards of us all.

We have received the following letter: Nutley, N. J., Feb. 12, 1901. Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have read with much enthusiasm some "book" notices of Miss Runkle, the young woman who "is just a trifle beyond 20," and who is the author of "The Helmet of Navarre." In these notices, which I am given to understand, the magazine that publishes her novel sends out broadcast to the newspapers, it is said that "she never went to the kindergarten or to college, nor has she traveled much. Positively she has never been in France, which fact she says herself, may be at the bottom of her choice of scenery."

I am a struggling young author, who, in the course of a few years, has spent much time in the close study of some friendly Indians in the Southwest. I never attended a kindergarten establishment, nor did I ever go to college, but like the street commissioners who are elected frequently in municipalities, I "was educated at the public schools," and sometimes attained high marks in grammar and American history.

What I want to ask you is this: Do you think that if I had never dwelt in a kindergarten, and if I had never lived for many moons with the friendly Indians in the Southwest, and if I had never taken prizes in the public school in the matter of "compositions," and if I had had a good press agent—do you think some nice, dignified magazine would publish my book, "Lulu, the Zuni?"

It is a book filled with blood and thunder, with battle, murder and sudden death—fierce Indian whoops and the scream of the palface; steel-clashing against the rawhide shield of the redskin—briefly, it is the real thing. Do you think I have any chance? HOWARD C. BUGFIELD-BUGFIELD.

Feb 21, 1901

The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner constructions of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humors. Those medical gentry choose each his part; one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spiritous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tampering with hard terms of art—viscosity, sclerosis, and those huggars by which simple patients are scared into their graves.

"How curiously and ironically are things out of proportion in this world," mused Old Chimes. "I read that the fec crop is enormous this season, but that lobsters will be scarce and at a fabulous price."

He was sitting at the Porphyry alone with a middle-aged man who, on account of his unfortunate disposition, is known as "The Hermit-Elephant." The talk led them to the consideration of a club-member who is reputed to be "the soul of generosity." Old Chimes shook his head: "I am not so sure about Blivens. There are many men who would give you something to eat if they were hungry; there are a few who would feed you, if you were hungry. I am afraid Blivens belongs to the former class." The Hermit-Elephant protested, although he was secretly pleased at the thought of Blivens stripped of his reputation, and his protest therefore was feeble.

"Did you ever serve on a jury?" asked Old Chimes. The Hermit-Elephant answered: "My name was once on the list, and at first I was much flattered. Here, I thought, was a chance to do my duty as a citizen, even at the risk of personal discomfort. I saw myself in the box, possibly as foreman. The lawyers respected my acumen and abstained from throwing sawdust. The Judge had confidence in me. Contending parties could not suspect the honesty of the verdict. The wronged were righted; the oppressor was humbled. In criminal cases, the dignity of the law was upheld, and yet no one was found guilty merely on suspicion or by means of circumstantial evidence. Even the girl with cold hands was warmed by the interest and respect shown her defence by the unusually intelligent jury. I even went so far as to commit to memory Lord Brougham's fine sentence." "How does it go?" asked Old Chimes. "In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, lords, and commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box." "Yes; that is a noble burst; but how did you like being on the jury?" persisted Old Chimes. "H-m-m" said the Hermit-Elephant, "when I was finally drawn, I heard dismal stories about juries locked in small, foul rooms and kept there for 48 hours without food or drink, and how one jurymen fell sick and was never strong again, and how another lost a chance to make \$50,000, and so I asked the Judge to excuse me. I showed him a doctor's stiff certificate, and I had his leg pulled by influential friends. And yet I am now ashamed of my cowardice, and if I should be on the list again, I think I should serve."

"Did it ever occur to you," said Old Chimes, after a long pause, "that there is a microbe of infidelity that works harm in families and provokes public scorn?" Now why should there not be some anti-toxin with which the sufferer should be inoculated and after undergoing a slight lapse be henceforth an immune and an ornament to society? For surely there are microbes of crime and sin." The Hermit-Elephant said not a word. He was brooding over his lost, self-abandoned opportunity for public usefulness.

Yesterday was the feast day of Saint Eucherius, from whom we derive easily the word, "euchre." Today is the festival of Saint Eleonora. She should not be confounded with Eleonora, who, according to Mr. Temyson, had a "deep ambrosial smile" and was fond of half-reclining on silken cushions "in a shadowy saloon." There are



many commentators who have battered on Tennyson, and not one of them describes the precise nature of one of Eleanor's favorite resorts. "A shadowy saloon," either in Boston or New York, would excite suspicion.

This is the anniversary of the death of Baruch Spinoza (1677) at Scheveningen. We know the town and do not wonder that Spinoza preferred death to a home there even though it were on the Dunes. The height of misery is climbed by him that is obliged to live on health-foods at a health resort, although some assert that he who is forced for a summer to see men and women and children deliberately and methodically attempting to be jolly stands on a still higher peak of woe.

Here is a pleasing extract from Mr. Havelock Ellis's "The Nineteenth Century; an Utopian Retrospect":

The typical illustration and symbol of the nineteenth century is the railway train, which they were very proud of, and always introduced at once into every new country they subdued—a remarkable piece of mechanism compared to most of the appliances of their daily lives, driven by two sooty workmen, and crowded with human beings stuffed helplessly into small and filthy compartments. They always rushed eagerly into this strange and offensive machine; however closely they might be packed one upon another, they never complained. It is clear how admirably this combination of mechanical ingenuity and rapid progression with dirt, discomfort and passivity—and the consciousness that their "progress" would cut to pieces whatever got into their way—fulfilled the ideals of the nineteenth century. In other words, the interest of the civilization centring in what were at that time considered—and indeed in a sense rightly—its more progressive countries, lies in the sudden increase of mechanical ingenuity, as compared to previous ages, combined with a pathetic lack of adjustment between that ingenuity and the claims of human civilization. Hence a condition of confusion and incongruity which, however painful and repulsive we cannot fail to find it, was not without heroism and magnificence.

Mr. James Fiske's Pleasure

with the assistance of Miss Edna Allys Little, pianist, gave the last concert of his series last night in Steinert Hall. The program included a generous group of songs by Franz, and songs by Bach, Roeder, Nevli, Dvarák, Wickede, Chadwick, Bullard, Norris, and the singer arranged to Chopin's Funeral March, British Grenadiers and traditional bugle calls—MS. 1897. Mr. Thomson's programs have been varied and interesting. The admirers of Franz owe this singer a debt of gratitude.

Feb 22, 1901

#### IN WINTER.

Here, in our fog-wrapped town,  
We grope and stifle through the sodden day,  
Mud-battered, mazed in each familiar street;  
Yet though we think them half the world away,  
In glen and coppice, bleak, and bare, and brown,  
Brave winds and the midwinter sunshine beat.

Here in the mire and gloom,  
The dun smoke-banks incessantly enfold  
The toiler on his ceaseless mill-horse round,  
For scanty silver or more scanty gold  
That pays his passage to an obscure tomb,  
A little leasehold plot of common ground.

That is a thankless thought;  
For heartening as the winnowing winter wind  
That gives us back a sight of sky and sun,  
Tender and true, unutterably kind,  
That love of yours, which with my life inwrought,  
Time-tested, will endure when time is done.

"L." passionately cries through the New York Times as a mouthpiece, "Why not tax cats?" They are taxed a certain European cities.

The hatchet of George Washington as given way to the ax of Carrie Nation.

The "Arry of London and suburbs is well-known to us through tale, caricature and poem. It is a curious fact that the same human animal was known in Rome and in letters of Cicero and poems by Catullus bears the name Arrius." The type is eternal; but this incidence is singular.

Judge Lowell holds: "The fact that a plumber does not of itself establish that he needs a watch in his side." A Daniel come to judgment! A Daniel! For the plumber, as persons in Young's poem, takes no note of time. He works only by the day, and the duration of his day is movable feast. He may work three-quarters of an hour, he may work two hours; the charge is by the day. Nor does he need a watch to tell him when to stop work. He has an instinct that never errs—that is, in favor of the unfortunate who is obliged to employ him.

Denver boasts of a bewitching young woman who is so seductively cross-eyed that she can entertain three young men at once, although she has only two hands; and she leads each to believe that he for the time being is the monopolist in sugar. This veridical tale crossed the Atlantic and reminded one of our dearly beloved English cousins of a story about a magistrate whose eyes were inclined to wander synchronously in various directions. Three defendants were put in a row in the dock before him. The magistrate addressed No. 1: "What have you to say to this charge?" "Please, your lordship, I wasn't there," replied No. 3. "I was not addressing you," snapped the magistrate. "Why, I never said a word!" exclaimed the defendant that sat in the middle.

John Wilkes squinted in a frightful manner, hence possibly his furious success with women. If you are superstitious, however, you must spit three times when you meet a cross-eyed being. There are many simple cures for the affliction. The ancients cured congenital strabismus by the application of a mask, so that children were compelled to look straight forward. "When the eye," said a learned leech, "is turned to the nose, purple flocks of wool should be fastened to the outer angle of the eye." Jesu Haly advised the fastening of a piece of black or red cloth on the angle of the eye at the temples, when the eye inclines toward the nose. Or wash the eyes in the evening with water of ordinary flies distilled in way of bath for a month's space. At the same time a man that squints should not be sensitive. Some woman may commend his cock-eye as of wild and irregular, therefore excellent beauty.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes this original joke:

#### IMPERVIOUS.

She: There isn't one man in a million who would be so mean to his wife and children as you are!

He: Now, that's what I admire in you, dear; you have such a head for figures!

A famous French dressmaker is delighted because ladies' tailors in Paris strike and demand a day of eight hours and two dollars for a day's work. His delight is artistic, not purely selfish; for he believes that the Parisian women will be better off "without the tailors and their hard, stiff fashions, which may be English, Austrian, or American, but were never for a moment Parisian, in the best sense of the word. The plain and severe style which at one time was eminently characteristic of every tailor-made garment never seemed quite at home upon French soil." This reminds us that deep mourning is expected in England only until March 6, and then half-mourning will be admissible until April 17, when colors may be worn. We publish this important information for the benefit of local Anglomaniacs who are not yet over the first reserve of their grief and are still wearing black stockings with garters to match.

Fathers and mothers who are denying themselves in order that their sons may "enjoy the advantages of a collegiate education" will be pleased to learn that "the average Harvard student seldom goes to bed until after midnight, and it is often well into the morning before he 'retires.'" Of course they cannot expect the dear boy to attend a recitation at 7.45 A. M. The enormities at West Point are nothing to this barbarism in the curriculum.

You remember Victor Maurel, the remarkable Iago, Amonasro, Don Giovanni. He has been singing in Paris in "Le Juif Polonais," "The Belis," and they are relating anecdotes about him. He once had to sing with a tenor who was suffering from a severe cold. Maurel cheered him by saying: "When God has created a perfect idiot, He says to him, 'You shall be a tenor!'"

This is the birthday of Schopenhauer, who was never so happy as when he was utterly miserable.

Feb 23, 1901

The talk was about X., who is shocking in paper and tame in reality. "I think it is easy enough to be accounted for; he is naturally a cold, speculative character, and indulges in certain metaphysical extravagances as an agreeable exercise for the imagination, which alarm persons of a grosser temperament, but to which he attaches no practical consequences whatever. Persons of a studious, phlegmatic disposition can with impunity give a license to their thoughts, which they are under no temptation to reduce into practice. The sting is taken out of evil by their constitutional indifference, and they look on virtue and vice as little more than words without meaning or the black and white pieces of the chess-board, in combining which the same skill and ingenuity may be shown. More depraved and combustible temperaments are warned of the danger of any latitude of opinion by their very proneness

to mischief, and are forced by a secret consciousness to impose the utmost restraint both upon themselves and others."

A Coroner's Jury in England sat lately on the case of a farm laborer who died of peripheral neuritis. The post-mortem examination led the medical officer to believe that death was due to alcoholic and arsenical poisoning. The Workhouse Master said the dead man had told him that he had been in the habit of drinking daily 12 quarts of beer, "at which Coroner and jury expressed incredulity."

But this amount would not stagger any of the leading citizens of Munich, to whom beer is food as well as drink. The Munich beer is undoubtedly purer, and it is lighter; nevertheless, the foreigner who drinks a-vie with the native will feel a singular disinclination toward work, mental or bodily, the next morning.

Mr. W. G. Thorpe tells stories of the incredible drinking in England early in the 19th century: of the Mansion House swillings, "when men brought their night-caps in their pockets and put them on after dinner, and when pages would creep under the table and loosen the neck-cloths of those for whom the heavy wet had been too much." And he tells of a Homeric contest in 1848 between champions of Dundee and Glasgow, an Admiral and a Glaswegian shipowner.

"The ordeal was as to the greatest number of tumblers of whisky punch which either side could consume in a long autumn afternoon, between a one o'clock dinner and supper. Each man went as he pleased, with a friend of his opponent tallying the mutchkins, but in the end the record remained unchanged. The 'Glasgow body' found room inside for 22, which should be 5½ pints of whisky, but he was beaten by the Dundee man, who, as usual, scored 24, or six pints of alcohol—three quarts! three-quarters of a gallon! 4½ bottles! Here it was not 'one' party who died of the bout, as in Shakespeare's case, but both. The child of the Clyde was dying when they removed him from the carpet on which he had fallen; the son of the Dee died at the hotel to which he was removed, within a week."

But what is this to the tale of 10 husbandmen who met on the banks of the Sazawa in Bohemia for the purpose of drinking 12 casks of wine. One of them attempted to withdraw from the contest. The other nine, insulted, bound him, and roasted him alive on a spit. The murderers were carried to the palace for judgment. The funeral of the Duke was going on at the time, and the Princes, who were the judges, were so drunk that they looked upon the matter as a joke and inflicted a small fine.

And did not a Bishop of Trèves, in a sermon on temperance, declare: "It is but seldom that our kind Creator extends to any one the grace to be able to drink safely 16 bottles, of which privilege He hath held me, the meepest of his servants, worthy. And since no one can say of me that I ever broke out in causeless rage, or failed to recognize my household friends or relations, or neglected the performance of my spiritual duties, I may, with thankfulness and a good conscience, use the gift which has been intrusted to me."

And consider the ancients. The Emperor Maximinus often drank in one day nine gallons of wine. Promachus died from the vainglorious drinking of 20 quarts at one sitting. Novellius Torquatus of Milan put down, in the presence of Tiberius, three gallons of wine at one draught, without taking breath and to his own great pleasure, as well as to the delight of the Emperor. Camaterus Logotheta, on a wager with an Emperor of Constantinople, agreed that he would drink off a porphyry vessel that stood by full of water: He immediately stooping down with his head and neck, after the manner of a beast, never left sucking till he had drawn it dry, though it held 10 quarts of water." The son of Cicero could easily drink at a supper two gallons and a quart of wine.

A railroad man out West died from eating corned beef. This reminds us that it is not easy to obtain good corned beef in Boston.

We read last month that the bulk of Steve Brodie's estate will go to his eldest daughter, Irene, and yet we have seen no report in columns of society news about her betrothal. The money itself should not be despised by the world; but this pales in comparison with the joy of being the son-in-law of a bridge-jumper, who was in other respects one of the most picturesque figures in American history. A dull father-in-law is as a millstone about the neck, even after he has been obliged to stop boring you and is bored in turn in the grave. You blush when you hear his name mentioned by a stranger: "You never knew old Gunnybags? He was an amazing ass! I never understood how he made enough to live on." But Steve Brodie is a name

that both shines and thunders. A son-in-law would blaze in reflected glory. And what memories and legends are associated inseparably with the hero of stage, saloon and bridge.

Mr George Bernard Shaw is always delightful. Thus he explains in the preface to his new book why he writes prefaces:

I am ashamed neither of my work nor the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because I can, and I would give half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays for one of the prefaces he ought to have written. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterward. The cart and trumpet for me.

Feb 24, 1901

## HAROLD BAUER.

### Farewell Concert of the Distinguished Pianist—A Word About Schumann's "Kreisleriana."

Mr. Harold Bauer gave his farewell recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 10, in A major.....Beethoven  
Prelude and Fugue in B-flat minor.....Bach  
Moto perpetuo.....Weber  
Etude in F minor.....Liszt  
Kreisleriana.....Schumann  
Etude in C minor.....Chopin  
Prelude in F-sharp minor.....Chopin  
Scherzo in C-sharp minor.....Chopin

The feature of this recital was the poetic performance of Schumann's "Kreisleriana." This collection of romantic pieces has been a stumbling block to certain commentators who have tried to find in the music the various episodes in the life of Hoffmann's fantastic and half-crazed chapel-master, Johannes Kreisler. As a matter of fact, Schumann did not give the title until some time after he had written the said pieces, which were composed chiefly as love letters to his Clara, from whom he was then separated. And in a letter to her he wrote that she could find more in this music than could be revealed to others. These pieces are of an extremely intimate nature; they ill brook the garish light of a concert hall with a miscellaneous, assorted audience; they should be played at twilight to a few familiar friends. For the music is contemplative, dreamy, moody, capricious, even crabbed occasionally, and the quick transition from a page of ineffable beauty to one that bristles with mental tormenting problems is disconcerting to a large audience. Mr. Bauer's triumph was, therefore, the greater. The audience followed appreciatively the changing moods, as the thoughts of Schumann came to them directly and in his own voice.

Nor is the sonata that was chosen by Mr. Bauer food for babes. Some pianists play it simply because it is difficult and belongs to Beethoven's "later period." Few interpret it. But Mr. Bauer has the gift of interpretation, and the language of Beethoven is as familiar to him as that of César Franck or Schumann. The pianist played the elegiac prelude of Bach with poignant feeling. His performance of Weber's too well-known piece was of extreme delicacy and brilliance, and that of the etude by Liszt was more than a virtuoso performance.

Mr. Bauer's recitals have been an unalloyed pleasure to the music-lovers of this city. His success has not been won by any appeal to curiosity or wonder. He has not been dependent on extraneous physical or social aid. His programs have been of high order and legitimate character. Repeated tests prove him to be one of the very first pianists now living. May he soon revisit us!

Philip Hale.

MR. W. F. APTHORP'S new book, "The Opera, Past and Present," is published by Charles Scribner's Sons as a volume in "The Music Lover's Library."

It was a difficult task to tell the story of opera for three centuries in 218 pages. Chouquet's "History of the Opera in France" takes between 300 and 400 larger pages, and it was published nearly 30 years ago. The story of opera is so entertaining, so fascinating, that it tempts continually to anecdote and digression. The true history of opera is a study in manners and customs and artistic sentiment of peoples and periods as well as an inquiry into dramatic music. Mr. Apthorp's investigations were necessarily limited, for he was confined to the pages of a small book. He therefore has not written the work that he is well qualified to write; his history is, after all, a sketch; but in spite of these limitations, it is an excellent, a valuable book; I know of nothing in English, or for that matter in French or German, that approaches it as a manual for the student and a delight for the average reader.

There is a sense of proportion, and this is shown especially in two chap-



ters (one ruling the beginnings of opera and the spread of this form of entertainment over Europe. Mr. Apthorp spends no time over hints and suggestions at opera. He resolutely passes by the early madrigal-plays, though he admits that they were "significant operative symptoms," nor does he tarry with the gentlemen of Florence, who gathered at Bardi's house. He had the advantage of the labors of Vogel and Romani Rolland, and he might easily have written page after page of genuine interest, but he went wisely on to Gluck, Mozart, and their successors.

Mr. Apthorp also displays a most catholic spirit, the spirit of a true investigator. I can imagine Mr. Fluck or Mr. Kirchbiel or Mr. Elson writing the history of opera backward—beginning with Wagner and condemning the Florentines, Monteverdi, Gluck and others for their impudent anticipation of some of Wagner's pet and most plausible theories. But Mr. Apthorp has written a remarkably fair book. It is absolutely without bias or prejudice. The author has not evolved a theory to which facts must be fitted, even though thereby they be warped and disfigured beyond recognition. Thus he sees why Celler claimed "Circe" (1581) as the first opera, and yet he does not jump at a loud "Amen!" to Celler's claim. He considers this question coolly, as he weighs evidence and measures out justice in judgment. Compare, for instance, his appreciation of Mozart, the opera-maker, with the incessant eulogy of Otto Jahn; or his chapter on Wagner with the printed hysterics of other men.

Now I do not propose to go through this book chapter by chapter, page by page, for the book should be read carefully and consecutively—as a whole, and not in piece-meal. There are many temptations to quotation, for there are many good sentences. How can this description of Rossini be bettered? "A man of the most fertile melodic inventiveness, of incomparable brilliancy, gifted with a facility that can fairly be called damnable, Rossini enthroned graceful frivolity in the centre of the lyric stage, to rule autocratically over singers and orchestra." There are many sayings like this, and the reader should have the pleasure of coming upon them for the first time.

In a work of more generous proportions Mr. Apthorp might have considered why Purcell was the last of the Englishmen in dramatic music; and whether the oratorio and the unreasonable influence of Mendelssohn associated with the sectarian sentimentalism of the English dissenter and Churchman did not make a native opera impossible. He might have considered the influence of the Austrian domination in Italy over Italian opera. But he recognized the requirements of the publishers, and I do not see how, in view of the circumstances he could have made a better book, so far as proportion and historical criticism are concerned.

There are many shrewd reflections happily expressed—witness his remarks about Mozart idealizing the cheap or vicious characters of his librettist da Ponte; about the early and the later Verdi; about Meyerbeer, whom it is the fashion to abuse cruelly in these days; about Weber and the German public of his period.

He may forget facts of minor importance, as when he dates Rossini's turning to the French school with "Guillaume Tell" and forgets "Le Comte Ory" written the year before the more famous work. He may say that Meyerbeer had not written "Etoile du Nord" or "Pardon de Ploermel," ere surely would never have been a set's "Carmen," and not gain the essence of assent. The essentials are all here, and in no book of any size will the reader gain so coherent and logical view of the development of opera with so much pleasure in the reading.

As I have said, there are felicitous expressions, there are epigrams, there are brilliant pages; but the literary style is not always distinguished. At times the baleful influence of Carlyle is seen, as on pages 16, 17. At other times there is almost a deliberate effort to be colloquial; thus on page 62, I find these phrases: "The Anonyme de Vaugirard took an especial delight in getting a rise out of him and prodding him to desperation;" "this organized kicking against the Rising Sun;" nor is "volcanic conspuation" (p. 63) a phrase that I should expect from Mr. Apthorp.

In any book of this nature, mistakes will creep in, no matter how careful author and proofreader may be. Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" was first produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique and not at the "Académie de Musique." Marietta Alboni is not "still living," she died in 1894. On page 118 Mr. Apthorp speaks in a footnote of a proposition to perform "Joseph," (owned by the Opéra-Comique) at the Académie

de Musique. It has been played in the latter opera house (1899). For "BKru-neau," when it last occurs on page 217 read "Charpentier;" and the statement that the orchestra "takes comparatively little heed" of what the characters in "Louise" are doing is not wholly true. But these and other minor slips do not impair the worth of a volume that is unique in English musical literature.

Mr. Huneker wrote as follows in the N. Y. Sun of Feb. 22 about Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, which was played in New York last Thursday.

Thoroughly subjective as must ever be the highest type of the symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles" is rather a series of shifting mood pictures than any attempt to portray the drama objectively. One feels the horrid suspense of the storm—it was a sinister night!—and what went on behind closed doors in that gloomy castle not far from the sound of the sonorous breakers on the beach. There is soul strife, but it is muted. Life here is a tragedy too deep for blood or tears, and the silence—the Loeffler orchestra can suggest hideous and profound silence when playing fortissimo—has the true Maeterlinckian quality. The composer gives us but a faint cue. "Read the drama." And then Ygraine's agony, as she searches for her murdered brother, Tintagiles—"I have come up, come up high, countless steps between high, pitiless walls"—will be poignantly felt. Those four harsh knocks, like the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth," must surely indicate the tragedy embouched in hidden spaces. The music itself quite absolutely music is very beautiful. It easily ranks its composer among the strongest of the modern men. Loeffler is primarily a painter, and then a poet. He seldom sounds the big, heroic note; he is too subtle and a despoiler of the easily compassed. His orchestral prose is rather the prose of Walter Pater than the prose of—say Macaulay or Meyerbeer. Despising the cheap, grandiose, he has formulated a style that is sometimes "precious" in its intensity and avoidance of the phrase banal. A colorist, his tints begin where other men's leave off, and his palette is richer than the rainbow's. In general "tone" he hovers between the modern Russians and Richard Wagner. In theme he is himself. "The Death of Tintagiles" has enclosed within it much lacerating emotion, many new color perspectives, harmonic devices; and withal a human, though somewhat sublimated human quality which endears the music at the first hearing. Despite its morbid psychology, it is always music for music's sake. There is formal structure—Loeffler's form—and a distinct climax. The sparing use of the exotic-toned viola d'amore is most telling. The fanfares, recalling dim triumphs from the dusty dead, are superbly effective, and the cantilena is ever touching. It is all poetic, "atmospheric" music, yet is none the less moving and dramatic. It was beautifully interpreted by Mr. Gerick and the band, and at its conclusion the composer had to bow his thanks to the audience.

Yvonne de Tréville, who came from Brattleboro, unless I am mistaken, and sang for a time in the Castle Square Company, sang with Colonne's orchestra at the Salle Erard in Paris, Jan. 24.—Miss Vierheller, an American, who studied in Pittsburgh, made her first operatic appearance at Elberfeld last month, and was engaged for two years, to begin next fall.—The ghost walks no longer at the Bucharest Opera

House.—A new symphonic poem, "Bot-schaft an das Glück" by Walter Petzet was performed at Stuttgart Jan. 16.—A curious composition by A. Bertellin was performed at Leipzig Jan. 22, at a concert given by a French singer, Marthe Chassang. It is a song-cycle "La Légende de Lorelei," but the music is what is known as "situation-music;" the song supplies only the necessary words to the piano music, which is said to be extremely dramatic.—Teresina Tua—the Countess Valetta—fiddled last month in Rome at a concert of the Bach-Society, but the city did not take fire as in Nero's day.—Lilli Lehmann has given \$250 to a Theatrical Charitable Society in Germany.—Seats sold at high prices for the first performance of Mascagni's "Le Maschere" at Rome. The best boxes were \$60 apiece; orchestra chairs were \$9; seats in the amphitheatre were \$2; among the gods \$1. To the prices of the best seats the admission-charge of one dollar was added.—Sibyl Sanderson and Tamagno sang in Paris at the farewell of Worms, the play-actor.—"Lola," a dramatic scene, by Stéphan Bordese, with incidental music by Saint-Saëns was performed for the first time at the Figaro Jan. 21. The music is of Spanish color. The story is tragic.—Estelle Liebling, "a young American colorature singer," was applauded as Lucia at Stuttgart. Paderewski happened to hear the performance.—Michael Banner, the violinist, who once took the Springer gold medal at the Cincinnati Conservatory, gave a concert in Berlin Jan. 19, was called academic, and without imagination although thoroughly grounded in technic.

A Mr. Norgate writes as follows about an operatic couple still famous in tradition:

"Mario was very particular as to his

costume; cotton velvet affected his nerves. He wore very high heels on the stage, his boots for some time having metal side-springs. The Paris boot-maker, ultimately, however, hit upon India rubber. His jewels he always gave to his wife, from the proceeds of whose jewel case a house in the Rue des Bassins in Paris was built. He was an inveterate smoker, having been seen to take a sponge bath with a lighted cigar in his mouth. Grisli acted as business manager for both, Mario being generally immersed in clay modeling or antiquarian reading. Grisli practised only half an hour a day; Mario contented himself with exercising his voice for ten minutes immediately before his appearance on the stage. Both were nervous till after the first act. Neither knew much of musical theory. They learned their parts by heart, being very careful first to make themselves completely master of the full significance of the words. They were both highly superstitious. The number thirteen must not be mentioned before them. Mario even effaced it from doors, that his wife might not see it. Grisli was 5 feet 2 inches in height, with raven-black hair, blue eyes and pale complexion; she never used paint. England was her pays de prédilection, and she lived successively at Fulham, Putney, Clapham Park, Turnham Green and Streatham. She died in 1839. Mario sang for the last time in "La Favorita," two years later, being then over sixty."

## Verdi Requiem Given With Great Effect.

Verdi's "Requiem" was performed last night at Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The quartet was composed of Mrs. Kilecki-Bradbury, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Gwilym Miles. The orchestra was made up of players from the Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Roth as concert-master. Mr. Tucker was the organist. The hall was crowded.

This work was first performed in Boston under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn May 5, 1878, and with this quartet: Pappenheim, Adelaide Philipps, Charles R. Adams, Alwin Blume. The last performance was Feb. 2, 1896, under Mr. Lang, with Mrs. Patrick-Walker, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, C. A. Knorr and J. F. Thomson. The performance last night was the sixth.

When the "Requiem" was first performed here there was much talk about its character, whether it were truly religious music, etc., etc. Some estimable persons were of the opinion that an opera-writer could not write religious music, and they forgot the Mozart of the "Ave Verum" and the "Requiem," Beethoven, Cherubini, and others. Some argued that because Verdi's music was not in the manner of Handel or in that of Mendelssohn, or in that of the Chevalier Neukomm, it could not be religious music. But it is now generally acknowledged that the expression of religious emotion varies according to country, period, and individual temperament. It would be folly to expect a modern German to use the musical language of a modern Italian; and, fortunately for art, no one believes today that the fugal form is necessarily the only form for sacred music. Even the scoffer von Bülow before his death apologized to Verdi for the harsh things he had said about the "Requiem," and confessed his erroneous and superficial judgment; while Brahms rebuked sternly a flatterer who thought to curry favor with him by speaking slightly of Verdi's "Requiem," and Brahms said to him, "Nobody but a genius could have written that work." There are still perhaps a few pedagogues who shrug shoulders at the consecutive fifths in the accompaniment to "Oro supplex et acclinis," but Verdi needed these fifths to produce the desired effect, and this progression is one of the innumerable beauties of the work. And there are some who cry out against the "dramatic spirit" of the "Requiem" as though the "Dies Irae" itself were not dramatic, as though the Day of Judgment were not a dramatic occasion.

This mass is now recognized by all musicians and audiences of sensitiveness and imagination as a work of striking beauty and grandeur. The music is original in the conception and the expression, and the expression is that of a singularly sincere man; for Verdi was always sincere, even when he was most brutal in his earlier years. Remember the occasion: the "Requiem" was composed in honor of an admired and beloved Italian writer. It was written for performance in church, not in a concert hall. It was written by a man of intensely emotional nature for singers and players and hearers of emotional nature to whom the sublime text was not merely a portion of an "outworn creed." And yet such is the power of genius that Protestant as well as Catholic may well be moved and thrilled by the beauty and terror of Verdi's music. To them that mourn their dead, there is no more comforting and ineffably sacred music than that composed by Verdi to the words "Give them, O Lord, eternal rest; and let perpetual light shine upon them." He that knows in his heart that there is a judgment appointed unto all may well quake and tremble at the musical description of the last great Day, and join in the prayer spoken by the soprano, the last prayer of all flesh, whispered, not sung: "Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death."

The performance on the whole was one of rare excellence, in which all that took part contributed to the profound impression made by this master-

piece. The music is difficult, if there is any thought of an ideal performance. There must be a quartet of well-trained opera-singers of voice and intelligence; the chorus must be one that is skilled in dynamic gradations; the orchestra must be competent and thoroughly rehearsed; the conductor must be a man of imagination as well as authority. When the "Requiem" was first performed at Milan in the church of San Marco in 1874, there was a chorus of 120 and an orchestra of 100; but the chorus singers were picked men and women, the quartet was a famous one, and rehearsals had been frequent under the personal supervision of the composer, who, according to the testimony of all, was one of the greatest conductors that ever held a baton. The performance last night was one of unusual merit, of surprising excellence when you consider the fact that a large chorus was called upon to sing music that abounds in gradations of force and that rehearsals with orchestra are necessarily expensive luxuries. Though the directors of the Handel and Haydn are now convinced that such rehearsals are not a luxury, but a necessity. So far as the chorus was concerned, the feature of the performance was the exquisite singing of the "Requiem and Kyrie," which unfortunately was missed by many late-comers, and the superb interpretation of the "Sanctus," which was as fine an example of ideal chorus singing as one may hope to hear in this world of disappointment. I single out these two portions of the work. But the chorus singing as a whole was the most satisfactory that I have heard from any society in this city for the last dozen years, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Mollenhauer, who labored incessantly and with the utmost patience for the glorious result. As a matter of record, I may state that a part of the "Requiem" was cut—about 12 pages of contrapuntal work was used as a support to the voices, when the unaccompanied chorus would have been still more effective.

Solo singers in Symphony Hall are judged according to the places where the judges sit. In certain parts of the hall solo voices seem muffled and ineffective; but in other places, especially in the galleries, the same voices seem full and sonorous. The quartet of last night seemed to me to be admirable. Mrs. Bradbury's voice was of beautiful quality, and she sang with feeling as well as with skill. Her musical intelligence is always pronounced, and it was fully in evidence last evening. It is true that she might have read the opening prayer of the "Liberation," with more freedom, but the tonal beauty and purity of her delivery of the unaccompanied sentence were beyond criticism. Mrs. Schumann-Heink, with the exception of occasional exuberance in portamento, sang most effectively, and the luscious quality of her voice and the intensity of her feeling suited well the haunting melodies of Verdi. Mr. Williams sang with much taste, and Mr. Miles, while his very lowest tones were lacking in resonance, sang well and with artistic conviction.

Nor should the performance of the orchestra be passed over in silence. Under Mr. Mollenhauer's firm and authoritative bat there was a marked attention to the composer's indications. The famous trumpet fanfare that precedes the "Tuba mirum" was tremendously effective, and this is a page that is often ruined or made merely spectacular.

It was a memorable night in the history of the Handel and Haydn; for a grand work was nobly performed. And new beauties and new effects appeared

in this "Requiem" that we all thought we knew so well.

The audience was moved not only by the sublime passage "Coet omnes ante thronum" and the marvelous "Mors stupebit" that follows; not only by the angelic purity of the "Agnus Dei," one of the most daring strokes in modern music; not only by grandeur of chorus and tenderness of solo, duet and trio; but also by many passages, vocal and orchestral, that before this had passed unnoticed, and were now brought clearly into light by singers and players in response to the wish of the conductor, a true interpreter of the composer, whose memory was thus honored in most fitting manner.

Philip Hale.

Sorrow's a bird with a black wing over  
The half of life, but one wing's of gold:  
And the dusky feathers are good to cover  
Nestlings away from the dark and cold.

Sorrow's a bird, and we may not take it  
In any net that is woven here:  
No gin so cunning it will not break it,  
No lure so sweet it will think it dear.

We have received the following letter:  
Boston, Feb. 22, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I read lately in the Journal that the body of Wilkes Booth was hidden for a long time, and that the disposal of it was a mystery that has never been explained.

I remember visiting the monitor Montauk at the Washington Navy Yard in 1874 or 1875. The officer that showed me over the vessel pointed out a small room in the hold—a tiny room, as I remember, which was more like a closet—and said, "The body of Wilkes Booth was kept there for a long time." I was young at the time, and the story made a profound impression on me. I. B.

And here is another letter:  
Boston, Feb. 21, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:

What is the matter with the young men of the present day? I allude especially to young Bostonians of "good families." My daughter was at a little dinner party the other night. The



guests were young persons, under twenty, and they were all known to each other.

After the soup, a young man said to the butler, "You might as well serve the wine now, and keep it going." The butler looked at him and answered, "There will be no wine served here tonight, sir." The young fellow glared at him. "What? No wine? I don't see why I should stay here," and with this he left the table and the house.

I hear from my daughter, and young girls of my acquaintance corroborate her statement, that at assemblies, dancing parties, or what you will, the young men are often the worse for wine or liquor; that they are slow to attend parties where no wine is served, and that at a party given recently in this city where only young men or women, or rather boys and girls, were present, the hostess of 18 years encouraged conviviality by drinking champagne out of the bottle.

I do not like to believe these stories; but I have heard them from more than one source, and when I asked a girl who was present at the last mentioned party whether the story could be true, she smiled and said, "Yes, it was a hot time; but that was our affair."

S. B. C.

We seldom wander from our own steam radiator, so we are not prepared to discuss these questions with any show of authority. We heard, however, of a woman whose husband became suddenly rich—and no greater calamity can befall simple couples. Of course she became anxious about social distinction, and as an aid to climbing the ladder she ordered at the stationers a hundred engraved cards, which read: "Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ will be happy to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ night."

They say that Mr. Charles Frohman has already made a bid for the new star.

Yesterday we read a book appropriate to the day and came across this sentence: "In 1551 Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, found it needful in his Injunctions to ask—'Whether they (the parish priests) go in sober, modest, and comely apparel, without any cuts, jags, or such like external and unbecomings not to be used in our ministers of the Church.'"

Our friend the Indefatigable Philologist is investigating the word "jag" and the precise meaning of it in 1551.

The Reading Committee of the Boston Public Library is laboring strenuously and indefatigably to make a noble institution ridiculous throughout his country.

Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale University said in a lecture to the students: "In education and ability newspaper men are as a class far superior to those who set out to be their critics and censors." Prof. Lounsbury is a great and good man.

Here are three important facts. According to general statistics about one person in 22 is color-blind. In Munich the fine for not filling a beer glass to the limit is \$125 plus imprisonment for two weeks. Guano was introduced into England 1811.

A pretty Boer maiden said to an English officer who was an admirer in captivity: "Oh, you English! you say you are brave, yet you can't fight without someone to help you. When you were fighting the Americans you had to buy German mercenaries; when you were fighting the Russians in the Crimean war you had the French to help you; and now that you are fighting us you have to rely on the Scotch and Irish!"

While Omel was the guest of Lord Inchwich he was asked to dress a mauler of mutton after the manner of his countrymen. He dug a deep hole in the ground, placed fuel at the bottom of it, and then covered the fuel with clean pebbles. When there was a sufficient degree of heat, he laid the mutton, neatly enveloped in leaves, at the top, closed the hole, and then walked constantly around it, and very deliberately observed the sun.

Mr. George Moore makes an eloquent plea in the Nineteenth Century for the cognition and encouragement of the Irish language in the schools.

The teaching of history, he says, is not the danger of empire is uniformity, and those in charge of the English Empire must guard against it if the English Empire is to escape the artistic sterility of the Chinese, the Babylonian and Persian and Roman empires. We can only escape from a new dark age, in which literature and art will crumble into the monotony of empire, by the preservation of languages and all local characteristics. To those who believe as I do, that nothing in the world is useless—that an ode is equal to a battle, a prayer to a railway station, that the wastes are as neces-

sary as the "open door," and the pure sky as the fume of the chimney—there is something inexpressibly shocking in the destruction of a language. The destruction of an individual soul is a mournful spectacle, but the destruction of a nation's soul is an act of iconoclasm more terrible than the bombardment of the Parthenon or the burning of Persepolis. Leave the soul and the soul will create more literature; destroy the soul and there is a measure of aspiration and divinity less in the world. This article is a plea for the soul of the Irish people. Destroy the language and you destroy it.

Feb 26, 1901

### MR. KLAHRE'S RECITAL.

Mr. Edwin Klahre gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a small audience. The pianist began effectively with Beethoven's Fantasia, op. 7, in which he made some fine tonal effects, but suddenly he stopped, arose from his seat, and said something to the audience near the stage. He then began an Impromptu by Schubert. The program included, besides the pieces mentioned, works by Chopin, Raff, Bendel, Kullak, Liszt. Mr. Klahre often gave pleasure.

Fashion is imitating in certain things that are in our power and that are nearly indifferent in themselves, those who possess certain other advantages that are not in our power, and which the possessors are as little disposed to part with as they are eager to obtrude them upon the notice of others by every external symbol at their immediate control. We think the cut of a coat fine, because it is worn by a man with ten thousand a-year, with a fine house, and a fine carriage; as we cannot get the ten thousand a year, the house, or the carriage, we get what we can—the cut of the fine gentleman's coat, and thus are in the fashion. But as we get it, he gets rid of it, which shows that he cares nothing about it; but he keeps his ten thousand a-year, his fine house, and his fine carriage. A rich man wears gold-buckles to show that he is rich; a coxcomb gets gilt ones to look like the rich man, and as soon as the gold ones prove nothing, the rich man leaves them off. So it is with all the real advantages that fashionable people possess.

We have received the following letter:

Feb. 24, 1901.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

There is a stanza of verse, of unknown authorship, which has always been to me a source of profound satisfaction; not because of its metrical beauties, its wealth of imagery, its power of style, or its emotional exaltation, but for the alluring picture it simply and vigorously presents of the private hours of two great men.

Said Aaron to Moses,  
"Let's cut off our noses."  
Said Moses to Aaron,  
"It's the fashion to wear 'em."

Obviously but a part of an extended private conversation of a light and whimsical character, it is selected with singular skill as vividly presenting the type and essence of the familiar mood of the speakers. It has always been a pleasant thing for me to be able to think of Moses, tired out with the labors of law-giving, and the nervous strain of facing the legislative investigating committee of his period, and Aaron, exhausted by parochial duties and the composition of his sermons, sitting together over evening pipes and chaffing one another into good humor.

Thus it is that I have encountered with real dismay a rival version of this lyric, which transfers the scene of its conversation from the private to the public life of these great men.

Said Aaron to Moses,  
"Let's cut off other peoples noses."  
Said Moses to Aaron  
"It's the fashion to wear 'em."

This, as the utterance of a man of position and power, and as expressing a fell purpose which he has ample authority to carry into effect, and may have seriously deliberated upon, places the speaker in a most repugnant light. Moses still remains in this version the counselor of moderation, the adroit and tactful defender of the people's rights. He opposes to his friend's bloodthirsty and inhuman project a petty consideration of fashion, still largely influential with Aaron, who was ever fastidious regarding the cut of his ephod and the set of his breastplate. That a man so exceptionally accessible to aesthetic considerations should have projected so disfiguring an enactment, is so far unlikely that I am inclined to regard this new version as spurious, and the work of some personal or political enemy.

Can you throw any light upon this matter? I appeal to you as to one who has rummaged more than most men in the attic of literature, and who may have chanced upon a contemporaneous lantern.

Yours truly,  
POOLE, OF BETHESDA.

We are inclined to believe with the Rev. Alfred Barry, B. D., that Aaron was a man of "impulsive and comparatively unstable character," who was in

the habit of leaning on his brother. Another stanza has come down to us that shows his character.

Aaron said unto Moses,  
"Let's sit down and fuddle our noses."  
Then said Moses unto Aaron,  
"Twili do us more harm than you're aware on."  
So lend us your tobacco-box, for I've got ne'er a one."

And yet another stanza from this Oriental poem shows that Aaron was a profound student of human nature.

Says Moses to Aaron,  
"That fellow's a swearing;"  
Says Aaron to Moses,  
"He's drunk I suppose."

It must be remembered that the nose is held in high honor among the Orientals. As we say, "My heart was in my mouth," so they say, "My life-breath was in my nostrils." Saint Cyril was well-nigh stoned by the monks when he maintained against the Anthropomorphites that the Lord was without a nose. And, indeed, the nose is one of the chief glories of man. As a deep thinker remarked: "Man only hath his Nose standing forth aloft, which nowadays they dedicate to slie scoffing and derision, inasmuch as they attribute that terme to dry mockers and flowters. And verily there is not a creature—besides, that hath his nostrils so bearing out." Solomon likened the nose of his beloved unto the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus. The French have a proverb that a big nose never spoiled a pretty face. A long nose is an emblem of virility. Guazzo gave reasons why Petrarch never praised the nose of his Laura. The Roman nose had much to do with the spread of the Roman empire, and Hazlitt said that Fielding's hooked nose and long chin was "that introverted physiognomy that blinds and concentrates." A Persian King named the place where he lost his nose Rhinocolura, but it would be perhaps too fanciful to derive the slang word "rhino" from the Greek or to claim that a man with a prominent nose always has the rhino. An old medical treatise tells us of one who was persuaded that his nose was grown "to that prodigious length and greatness, that he thought he carried along with him the trunk of an elephant, which was always a great hindrance to him; so that sometimes he thought it swam in his dish. A physician was sent for, who, understanding his disease, dexterously and without discovery holds a long, stuffed thing to his nostrils, and snatching up a razor, and taking up some part of the flesh, he whipt off this counterfeit nose; and then with a soporiferous potion and wholesome diet he completed his cure." The pulled or tweaked nose has its price in the court-room. On the whole, then, it does not seem possible that Aaron would meditate a measure that would incite a naturally fickle and inflammable folk to revolt, and the stanza is probably spurious or a libel, as Mr. Poole suggests. At the same time we should remember that Italian bandits in the good old days after they had cut off the noses and ears of travelers made their victims go down on their knees and return thanks to an image of the Virgin Mary for the favor they had done them.

Feb 27, 1901

### FRITZ KRIESLER.

#### Third Recital of the Eminent Austrian Violinist in Steinert Hall

—Mme. Szumowska's Piano Recital in Association Hall.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his third violin recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the pianist. There was a fair-sized and appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Concerto, A minor (first movement), Goldmark  
Cavatine in E flat, ..... Beethoven  
Canzonetta in G minor, ..... Tchaikowsky  
Sarabande and Tambourin in D, ..... Leclair  
Sonata in G minor, "Devil's Trill," ..... Tartini  
Airs Russes, ..... Wieniawski

Leclair was the name on the program that was least familiar to the audience. It is an old and honorable name. Born at Lyons in 1697, he was taken under the protection of a noble dame, and he began his career as a dancer. In his youth he used the violin only to aid him in his profession; but when he was a ballet-master at Turin the Italian violinist Somis complimented him on some of his ballet music, and persuaded him to devote himself to the fiddle and composition. After Somis had taught him for two years, he said there was nothing more for him to learn; but Leclair studied diligently by himself. In 1729 he joined the orchestra of the Paris opera, and received a salary of about \$30 a year. At the end of six years it was increased to \$100. Not only was the first of French violinists of his period thus shabbily paid, but he was put at the last desk as one of the "Grand chœur," which played only in the overtures, choruses and dance music. Leclair studied composition, and after he left the orchestra gained a modest fortune by giving lessons and selling his pieces

which were engraved by his wife, who had been an opera singer. He journeyed to Holland to hear Locatelli play, and shortly after his return in 1764 he was assassinated. His murderer and the cause were never discovered. Leclair is among the most distinguished writers for the violin. He was one of the first to use double-stops, and he makes serious demands on both bow and hand. His music is graceful, vivacious, individual and distinctly French. Joachim used to delight in playing the Sarabande and Tambourin.

Mr. Kreisler was not wholly in the vein. It is true that there were emotional moments which gave keen delight, but the violinist did not appear as complete master of himself and his instrument until he played Tartini's celebrated sonata. This was nobly performed with the exception of unnecessarily coarse treatment of the cadenza. During the concert this violinist and the pianist were often not together.

Mr. Kreisler's next recital will be on Saturday afternoon, when he will play Bach's second concerto in E major, a Larghetto by Mozart, a Melody by Schumann, his own arrangements of Tchaikowsky's "Song without Words" and Paganini's "Non più mesta," and Wieniawski's Polonaise in D.

Philip Hale.

### MUSIC STUDENTS' CONCERT.

The fifth concert of the Music Students' series was given last evening by Mrs. Antoinette Szumowska, pianist. It might have been a so-called "request" program so far as the selection and arrangement of the pieces was concerned, for it must be remembered that these concerts are intended for the enjoyment and enlightenment of students, and not for astounding eye-bulging display on the part of the performer, nor for the tickling of the musical palate of some well-dined matron, hence a program calculated to interest student and reviewer alike, for it was varied, and many schools were represented. The program contained pieces by Bach, Mozart, Daquin, Rameau, four pieces by Chopin, Chaminade, Rubinstein, and Horatio Parker, for it has ceased to be the fashion to sneer at the American composer.

The program for the most part was finely played. It would not be unreasonable to ask for a more steady rhythm, and hence more clearly defined running passages in Daquin's "Le Concon," and the piece by Rameau, but these are but very insignificant details when the superb whole is considered. There was a good-sized audience, the applause was generous, and Mrs. Szumowska was obliged to add another number on the end of the program. It should be added that the concert commenced on time and closed at 9 o'clock. Would there were more such concerts.

Of the genus now of doctors  
Are species not a few,  
There may be arant humbugs,  
But some are learned and true  
One specialist is an oculist,  
A second treats the ear,  
A third devotes himself to lungs  
And curious sounds doth hear,  
A fourth with his laryngoscope  
Will see your glottis quiver,  
While many men the kidneys love  
And many more the liver.  
Some specialists prefer the joints,  
A few the brains and nerves;  
Some spray away at old catarths  
With hope that never swerves.  
Some think a man in buttons  
A coach and pair to drive  
May serve in lieu of wisdom,  
And thus expect to thrive.  
But 'mid these learned colleagues all  
The man who leads the list  
Is that gentle fingered gen-i-us,  
The Gy-nae-col-o-gist,  
God bless these noble specialists  
In all they have to do,  
And God have mercy on the souls  
Of all their patients, too.  
(Great applause.)

And thus did Dr. Helmuth, enwrapped in his singing robes, take proudly his seat among the immortal bards.

"Mr. Henry Robinson, 'the Wild Man from Borneo,' is dead." Long live "The Wild Man from Borneo."

We learn from the testimony of the Copper Baron that the familiar nursery rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb," has no vogue among the children of Montana. The circumstance narrated does not at all impress a community that reckons its sheep in "bunches" of several thousand each.

The New York Sun in an illuminating editorial article about checkers asks: "Was it Charlemagne who smashed his rival at chess over the head with the ivory chess board so that he never played again?"

Charlemagne played the game, and his favorite chessmen were to be seen at St. Denis; a pawn was six inches in height and represented a dwarf; the king was on a throne, eight inches square at its base, and stood a foot high. But we find nothing about Charlemagne bashing his rival, William the Conqueror, when he was a young man, played with the Prince of France, lost a mate, and "knocked the chess-board about his pate, which was a cause afterward of much enmity between them." Carte says that Henry I. before his accession to the throne of England played with Louis le Gros, son of Philip of France, at Philip's



Feb 26 1901

## TWO CONCERTS.

### The First in Miss Terry's Chamber Series, at Chickering Hall, by the Adamowski Trio—Miss Fogg's Song Recital in Association Hall.

The first of a series of chamber concerts managed by Miss Terry was given last night in Chickering Hall by the Adamowski Trio. The first piece was Mr. H. W. Parker's Trio-Suite, an agreeable work; for it is melodious, fresh, spontaneous. The Prelude and Minuet are especially pleasing. It was played with tonal beauty, and the Finale with stirring dash. Mr. Josef Adamowski played with taste Mr. Loefler's charming little "Berceuse," one of the composer's early pieces; but the simplicity is fastidious and sadness enters. The "celist was recalled after Cossmann's effective "Tarantelle." The program also included Chopin's Nocturne in B and Etude in E, and Liszt's "Campanella" (Mme. Szumowska); Beethoven's Romanza (Mr. T. Adamowski), and the Andante and Scherzo from Goldmark's Trio. Mme. Szumowska played brilliantly the piece by Liszt. The performance of the pieces by Chopin was matter-of-fact, a reproach not often to be brought against the pianist. There was a time when she surrounded Chopin with a peculiar atmosphere, a vaporous, dreamy atmosphere, in which the spirit of the composer found delight. This gave an individual charm to her interpretation of her great countryman. It would be a pity if the rude winds of Boston should visit her art too roughly. Chopin cannot endure the clear, strong light, at least the Chopin that is most dear to Mme. Szumowska. Let us hope that the too prosaic interpretation was for one night only. There was a good-sized audience, which was generous with applause.

Philip Hale.

### MISS FOGG'S RECITAL.

Miss Gladys Perkins Fogg gave a vocal recital in Association Hall last evening, assisted by Miss Emma Dawdy, contralto, and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor. Dr. Louis Kelterborn was the accompanist, although Mr. Heinrich played the accompaniments of Miss Fogg's songs. Miss Fogg sang arias from "Don Giovanni," and "Magic Flute," and songs by Dressel, Brahms, Schubert, Strauss, Arne, Henschel, Chaminate and Arditi. Miss Dawdy sang songs by Von Fieitz, Thomas and two songs from Elgar's "Sea Pictures" cycle, and Mr. Heinrich opened the concert with Wagner's "Walther's Traumlied."

Miss Fogg has a soprano voice of exceptional clearness, and of child-like purity. In fact at times the tone was scarcely more forcible than that of a child, still she sings with considerable taste, and with commendable ease and freedom of delivery. No more can justly be said in praise, and words of commendation are out of place at this time, for she is still a student.

Miss Dawdy has a voice of luscious quality, but it is a pity she did not select songs for the display of her lower tones, for her upper and middle registers gave rich promise of purple notes below.

The accompaniments were well played, the audience was large, and applause loud and long followed every number.

You turn your back on the world, and fancy that they turn their backs on you. This is a very dangerous principle. You become reckless of consequences. It leads to an abandonment of character. By setting the opinion of others at defiance, you lose your self-respect. It is of no use that you still say, you will do what is right; your passions usurp the place of reason, and whisper you, that whatever you are bent upon doing is right. You cannot put this deception on the public, however false or prejudiced their standard may be; and the opinion of the world, therefore, acts as a seasonable check upon willfulness and eccentricity.

In the disputes between the White Rats and the vaudeville managers the word "talent" is freely employed. A Rat says that "all the best talent" is in the organization, or a manager claims that he can get "all the talent" he wishes. You often see an announcement that reads something like this: "Miss Maude Swiper, soprano, Miss Lucy Peachblow, lady cornetist, and other talent will take part." When did this vile use of the word "talent" creep into the newspapers? Or did it spring from the brain of an ingenious writer of circus advertisements? Possibly the inventor was the twin brother of the man that thundered in gigantic type: "Look out for the Grand Monohippic Aggregation."

And we regret to see that a silly, snobbish phrase has made its way into the Symphony Program Books. Surely Mr. Apthorp is not responsible for it. On the first page of the 15th book we read: "Saint-Saëns, symphony No. 3," and under this announcement is in parenthesis: "Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich

as the organist." Why should an excellent organist be made ridiculous? For Mr. Goodrich played the organ part in the said symphony; he did not tune the organ, or blow the organ; he was not repairing the organ. This phrase is as objectionable as the term "planiste," which is supposed by press agents and persons who affect elegance of speech and deportment to indicate the fact that the player is a female; whereas the French word which they borrow is both masculine and feminine. Such foolish shabby-genteel phrases remind us of women who prefer musk to soap-and-water, and are particular only about their outer dress.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, Feb. 26, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was much pleased with your remarks a few days ago about physicians who expect full payment even when they have been guilty either of negligence or ignorance. I remember that I once disputed a doctor's bill. He had treated me in a jaunty, hap-hazard manner for some weeks without inquiring into my daily manner of life, diet, or general physical condition, for he was a specialist. He charged me for five visits that I never made. I wrote him that there was an error in his account. He answered disagreeably, and though I paid him absurdly well for his bungling, he now bows with an air of chilling reserve.

But I have found that dressmakers are still worse.

Where is the woman who has not had her new gown sent home late at night with a bill pinned on longer than the tail of the gown. She thinks she has foreseen and reckoned for everything and in her mind fixed the outside sum it can possibly cost. She opens the bill with a lingering hope that it may be less than she has counted and finds, first—"Making, \$20"—then underneath, "Hand work, \$3." Puzzled, she asks herself does not "making" include "hand" as well as machine work? Then follows a list of every last thing the mind of woman can conceive of as necessary to a gown, and at the end comes "findings," a mysterious word made to cover everything which the dressmaker cannot have used.

Even this preposterous bill, "findings" and all, would be paid gladly if the gown fitted, but it does not fit, and then begins a series of sendings back and forth until the tired woman accepts the gown and pays the bill, although the party for which she wanted the dress is over long ago.

Yours respectfully,

JANE HOBBS.

The death of "Murray Hall" continues to recall stories of strange masqueraders. Thus a Dr. Theodore Keattle, who died in Florida in 1896, was a woman whose real name was Catherine Haviland, and we read in the *Referer* (London) that there was consternation in certain circles of London society a short time ago, because the death of a well-known man-about-town revealed the fact that he had masqueraded as a man from his cradle, but he was a woman. "The deception was started by the mother, who acted the fraud in order that her only child should come into certain properties which would otherwise have passed away to a remote branch of the family."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* published this instance of parochial humor:

A notice posted up outside police stations relating to a child found in a doorway in Watling Street, and now in the city of London Union Infirmary, contains the following among other printed particulars—

Apparent age—Two weeks.

Any statement made by the child as to its abode—Nil.

We have received the following letter: Boston, Feb. 25, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your interesting note on the irony of a small lobster crop and the over-supply of ice leads me to wonder whether you have seen a great old book I picked up on Oxford Street some thirty years ago. The name is "A True Historie of Divers Strange Contrastes Alphabetically Set Forth To The True Worship of a Bounteous and Uncomprehended Universe." I will not quote, lest it should be one of your commonplaces of reference, but I cannot refrain from capping your lobster-ice irony with one or two commonplace parallels familiar to us all. Hens, let us remember, refuse to lay when eggs are dear. We begin to lose our hair at that middle period when we are most susceptible to cold. The woman most afflicted with heart-hunger, is taboo—in Emotional Diet Kitchens. The greatest fool is least susceptible of wisdom. Truly it is an "Uncomprehended Universe!" I. S.

Feb March 1, 1901

I danced at your hall a year ago,  
Tonight I pay for your bread and cheese,  
"And a glass of bitters, if you please,  
For you drank my best champagne, you know!"

Madcap ever, you laugh the while,  
As you drink your bitters and munch your bread;  
The face is the same, and the same old smile  
Came up at a word I said.

A year ago I danced at your hall,  
I sit by your side in the bar tonight;  
And the luck has changed, you say; that's all!  
And the luck will change, you say; all right!

For the men go by, and the rent's to pay;  
And you haven't a friend in the world today;  
And the money comes and the money goes;  
And tonight who cares? and tomorrow who knows?

We regret to hear that Yale proposes to abolish the Greek entrance requirement. No one can really sock with Socrates and rip with Euripides unless he is familiar with their noble language. "Modern languages in an advanced form are likely to be substituted." This includes the study of George Meredith and Henry James. Perry Hale will leave the college in June and Dr. Depew is still at large. Truly is Yale in a bad way.

So a few ladies and gentlemen of the Back Bay recommend or advise against books for the great Public Library of Boston.

The new, or, to speak by the card, the revived and rejuvenated star brings into prominence the name of Tycho Brahe, known to his intimate friends as "Old Tike." When he was 20 years old he fought a duel with a Danish nobleman named Pasberg, who cut off part of Tycho's nose; but Tycho supplied the defect with a nose of gold and silver, "which was formed with so much art that everybody believed it natural." Thus Pasberg made him see stars and turned his attention to astronomy. The quarrel arose at a marriage feast, and feasts and association with noblemen were fatal to him, for in 1601 he dined with one Rosenberg, drank more than was common with him, found himself uneasy, was imprudent, went home, suffered terribly, and died some days afterward. We regret that we cannot be more explicit. Others have shared his fate even in these enlightened days. Tycho was superstitious. If he met an old woman, when he went out of doors, he would turn back, for the omen disturbed him; and he acted in like manner if he saw a hare on the road. At Uraniborg he kept in the house a mad man, whose name was Lep. He placed him at his feet, and fed him when he was at table. For he was convinced that everything said by a mad man presaged something or other. He was excessively fond of a dog, which he took for a symbol, and he had his likeness stamped on a medal. This dog bit Christopher Valkendorf, Chamberlain of the Household of Christian IV. Valkendorf resented the liberty taken by the dog; Tycho defended the dog; and Valkendorf was instrumental in the taking away pension, fee and canonry from Tycho. This celebrated astronomer was of a high temper. "He was extremely fond of rallying others; but at the same time extremely provoked whenever the same liberty was taken with himself."

We hail with pleasure the publication of a book which treats of the woodpecker, a bird that has been neglected as a household pet. Now the woodpecker is both useful as well as ornamental, for it presages rain; it has the virtue of opening every shut place by touching it with a certain herb, which increases and decreases with the moon—this herb is kept by every respectable apothecary; if you take honey out of the hive with the beak of a woodpecker you will not be stung by the bees; it announces the approach of winter. It has other names; laughing-yocco, yaffle, rainbird, specke, woodspecke, woodspike; but it will answer to "Hill" or any loud cry. Free, they "job and pecke holes in trees and will climb upright like cats." It is therefore better to give it the run of the flat, so that it can exercise itself on moldings, doors, book-cases, furniture of all kinds. Thus will it be able to find moths in stuffy sofas and divans or the cushions of Morris chairs. The poet Shelley sings:

The busy woodpecker  
Made stiller by her sound  
The inviolable quietness.

But one of these birds in a flat is a cheerful companion for a lonely wife.

Mr. Josef Hofmann is again with us. As he stepped on the wharf at Hoboken, he exclaimed in passionate tones that he loved America, because it made the finest pianos in the world and because of the cordial greeting he

court in 1887 Louis bet several games and various kinds of money, and then threw the chessmen at Henry's face. Henry flung Louis with the board, and was about to kill him when his brother Robert pulled him off. Furthermore Fulco (Fitzwarin) orphans had six sons; one of them was named Fulco and he was fond of chess. He quarreled over the game with John, son to King Henry, "and John brake Fulco head with the chess board; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that had almost killed him."

No wonder that philosophers have protested against the game. Montaigne declared that chess cast both mind and limbs into disorder and indiscretion, dazzled the sight of a man, and dis-tempered his whole body. Did not the wife of Ferrand, Count of Flanders, allow her husband to remain in prison, when she could easily have procured his liberation, "in consequence of their mutual hatred produced by chess-playing"? And in days of chivalry, when a young nobleman applied for permission to court a maiden, her father made trial of his temper by facing with him at dice or chess.

But is not the Sun extravagant in the statement: "Probably most English speaking people of this generation have never heard" of Benvenuto Cellini?

Mrs. Carrie Nation proposes to sue a saloon-keeper of Scranton because he christened a drink of his invention the "Carrie Nation Cocktail," and she thinks she has been damaged thereby to the extent of \$10,000. But how many drinks have been named after more or less distinguished men who have been flattered by the tribute. Here in Boston a cocktail bears the name of a well-known critic.

Little Abraham Bartish in New York swallowed a toy dime savings bank and died. There was an autopsy—to recover the bank.

We have received the following letter: Boston, Feb. 26, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I see that the Boston Common Society has been discussing methods of treating the sacred enclosure for which the voices of many persons not born in Boston are raised in hysterical defence.

I have also noticed that from time to time you have urged Mr. Doogue to do this or that in his management of the Common and Public Garden (although Mr. Doogue "don't seem to care for this and don't seem to care for that.")

Why do you not suggest that certain sections of the Common should be cultivated, to enrich the impoverished soil?

One section might be planted with corn and potatoes. The poor country lad or lass who is homesick would see the familiar plants and take heart again. The discontented clerk, who came from the farm, would look on laborers hoeing or sprinkling parls green, and would then rejoice in his escape from such work; his step would be lighter; and the \$12 per—not perhaps but per septimanam—would seem a goodly sum.

Thus would the Common be rich as to the soil. The dwellers within the city gates would be content. The Boston Common Society would be reasonably happy. And then a pair of bulbuls might be bought and maintained from the sale of crops.

Yours for the Common,

VERDANT.

A. P. B. writes: "Admiral Sampson's enemies have finally got him foul, and it was certainly worked very shrewdly. What he said or wrote had no harm in it, and was what any officer might say in truth and justice." Unfortunately, it is one of those utterances that can be made to look very bad, and the gallant and courteous and kind-hearted hero of Santiago will probably be made to feel sorry that he did not have friends to do for him what is said to have been done for Gen. Harrison in 1890: when, to make sure that he did not write any letters and so injure his chances for election to the Presidency, they not only took away from him all writing material, but cleaned all the soot out of his chimneys and killed all the geese for miles around."

Letters by James Fenimore Cooper have lately come to light. In them are accounts of singular experiences in England. Thus Cooper noted the fact that at a dinner at Holland House, where the guests were of extreme distinction, a boy in butrons entered before dessert with a church incense-burner, with which he "censed" all the guests. "So on his first visit to a lady a fashionable young man is seen to turn round his chair and seat himself astride it, while he gazes at his hostess over the back." Cooper observed that sitting on the floor, even before dinner, and nursing the foot in the hand, were common practices among the most fashionable



always received from an American audience. Some day a pianist, violinist, or singer, when he arrives at New York and is met by manager, press agent and reporters, will say: "No, I am not delighted to be here. I detest many things in your country, but I can make more money here than at home, so I can stand your ways for a season." And the curiosity to see such a plain-spoken man would crowd the concert hall.

Mrs. Nation says that she will make anyone who dares to put her name to a "death-dealing, hellish cigar" pay dearly for it. She is right. But surely she would not object to the association of her name with a cigar of fragrance, one that turned evenly, one that tasted sweet to the very end, one that soothed and invited soulful contemplation of things ideal and celestial. Then would her name be as a benediction in the mouth of every man.

We read yesterday a singular article, written 24 years ago by Barbey d'Aurevilly, in which he characterized the literature of that period as "literature of tobacco." Even the attack of King James is less malignant. The author claimed that the French were "Chinesing" themselves each day and that the furious employment of tobacco would lead to the universal use of opium. "Tobacco calleth unto opium as deep unto deep." D'Aurevilly rages against smokers, "from the lover, insolent and egotistical, who smokes in the presence of his mistress, to the assassin who wishes only this abject viaticum when he goes to the guillotine, proud as Artaban, pipe or cigar in his muzzle, his bleeding muzzle." He claims that George Sand, Gautier, Flaubert, the de Goncourts lost literary force on account of their devotion to the weed. In reply to one who might say, Balzac hated tobacco, but shortened his life on account of excessive coffee, d'Aurevilly replies, "without the 50,000 cups of coffee from which he died, Balzac might not have written the 'Comédie humaine.'" From which we infer that d'Aurevilly drank coffee.

He led a joyless stirring life, striving towards ideals which have made the world a quagmire; yet worked towards them with that simple faith which makes a man ten thousand times more dangerous, in his mud-die-headed course. Abstractions which he called duty, morality and self-sacrifice, ruled all his life; forcing him ever onward to occupy himself with things which really he had no concern with; and making him neglect himself and the more human qualities of courtesy and love.

Several letters demand attention. Boston, Feb. 27, 1901.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day: I have read with pain your addenda to Mr. Poole's observations on noses. You, Mr. Editor, run hot-foot from the particular to the general, and when you are done, we know a great deal about the nose in literature, but nothing conclusive in regard to that particular nasal episode suggested by Mr. Poole. You should have demolished Mr. Poole. You should have sown his ashes upon the winds. For he is in every sense wrong, and the unrighteous quoter shall perish. Neither of his versions is right. The true one is:

Said Aaron to Moses, "Let's cut off the people's noses." Said Moses to Aaron, "No. 'Tis the fashion to wear 'em." Not "other people's" but "the people's", the chosen people of whom Moses and Aaron were the legislative and priestly head. (Indeed, if, as I conclude, Mr. Poole is Poole the poet, whose summers are spent at Bethesda, I am surprised that the defective metre of his second version should not have caused him to bar it out altogether.)

I am in some doubt as to the significance of Aaron's remark, but to my mind it admits of two interpretations. It may refer to the immemorial custom of counting noses. Thus it becomes a question of statistics. Aaron may have been dipping into the public funds, and have sought to avoid impeachment by minimizing the list of citizens who had paid their poll tax. He would naturally have concluded that if all noses were removed, no noses could be counted. Moses, a horse of a different color, reasoned that, since it was "the fashion to wear 'em," a plentiful lack of noses would be the more conspicuous, and that Aaron would consequently be subjected to the "deep damnation" of public inquiry.

Again, it is possible that the allusion touched upon the savage custom of nose-rubbing. This may easily have been a mode of greeting among the tribes, and Aaron, a misanthrope, a misogynist, a Miss Nancy, may have chafed against too universal an exchange of nasal commonplaces. I might go so far as to say that he resented in it the growth of democracy,

or that delirium prevalent in the city of Abdera, where high and low went about chanting the praises of "Cupid, king of gods and men."

I am amazed that Mr. Poole should for a moment have suspected these two scriptural figureheads of verbal flippancy. No. For Moses and Aaron there were no cakes, no ale, no Arcadian mixtures, no vaudeville, no Porphyry Club. Aaron meant what he said.

Moses also. I wish I might think the same of Mr. Poole.

#### CAVE OF ADULLAM.

We are inclined to side with Mr. Poole; not because Mr. Cave has made an unprovoked assault upon us, but because Mr. Poole's version is the one approved of by antiquarians. See Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England." (We will here remark that somebody in Augusta, Me., sent us versions that were unfit for publication. He evidently is not acquainted with us. He mistakes sociologic or philologic or pornographic interest for natural corruption of heart.)

Furthermore, the true version, given by Mr. Poole, confirms our opinion of Aaron. Many writers think that his weakness in the matter of the golden calf came from fear of being done to death by the people; and that he hoped to elude their request by requiring the women to contribute their ear-rings, imagining they would chuse to continue without a visible Deity, rather than give up any of their personal ornaments." There have been several Aarons of unpleasant character—as Isaac Aaron, who in the 12th century was convicted of sorcery, for he had in his possession a book written by Solomon for the invocation of evil spirits, "and a kind of tortoise, the image of a man, having iron on his feet, and his stomach piercd with a nail." For this and other crimes, his eyes were put out; but even then he hinted to the usurper Andronicus Comnenus that his enemies ought to be deprived of tongues as well as eyes. He was punished righteously; for Isaac, the Angel, tumbled Andronicus from the throne and ordered Aaron's tongue to be cut out. Then there is the unpleasant Aaron in "Titus Andronicus." As for Mr. Cave's charge against us, we heed it not. Had we wished to treat of the nose in literature we should surely have begun with "Slawkenbergius's Tale."

And here is another letter: Boston, Feb. 28, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day: I hear that at a dining club which meets in this city March 2, a club which once listened enraptured to verse that burst from John Boyle O'Reilly, a certain Polish poet, Taberski by name, will read original poems in which he will satirize eminent Bostonians.

The lawless and unrestrained conduct of this Taberski suggests that the municipal authorities extend their wise control over his calling and issue Poetic Licenses, empowering the holder to write rhythmically for one year from date, within the city limits. A badge or collar, identifying the holder and bearing the number of his license, might be worn for purposes of identification. If the office that issues dog licenses is not working overtime, this new responsibility might appropriately be intrusted to its care.

Do not think that my objection is founded on racial prejudice. I have read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and I whistle tunes from "The Bohemian Girl." My eldest daughter, a sweet girl, plays nocturnes and things by Chopin—pronounced "Show-pang," she says—and thinks the Adamowski Trio is "perfectly sweet."

LEMUEL MORRISON.

## MEH 3. 1901 SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### Unfamiliar Pieces by Cesar Franck and Weber—Mr. Fritz Kreisler's Fourth Recital in Steinert Hall.

The program of the 16th Symphony concert in Symphony Hall, last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Ruler of Spirits".....Weber (First time at these concerts.)  
Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, in B flat minor.....Arthur Whiting "The Wild Huntsman," Symphonic Poem Franck (First time at these concerts.)  
Symphony No. 3, in E flat.....Schumann Although no piece absolutely new to Boston was on the program, three of the works were far from being familiar. Early in the last century Weber began an opera which he never finished. He took for his subject Ruebezahil, the ruler of mountain spirits. There are many legends concerning this powerful demon, and they have furnished the text for several operas, cantatas, orchestral pieces. Weber worked on his opera at Breslau where he nearly died

in consequence of mistaking a glass of nitric acid for wine. In 1811 he rewrote the overture, for the original overture is lost, and christened it "Der Beherrscher der Geister." It pleased him mightily. He regarded it at the time as the best of his works, and it did enjoy widespread popularity; it even crossed the Alps and was played at Milan. But this overture today is wholly without interest, and it is a doubtful act of respect to disinter poor and moldy bones and expose them to an audience of another century. Weber was a man of singular abilities and equally marked limitations. Let us remember him by his best work, by the romantic spirit that vitalized an ordinary village tale of love and magic, by his fairy music in "Oberon," by portions of "Euryanthe."

Cesar Franck's "Le Chasseur Maudit" was first played in Boston by the Chicago Orchestra under Theodore Thomas, March 26, 1898. The first performance in this country was at Cincinnati, Jan. 29, of that year. The very first performance was at Paris in 1884. Franck took for his subject the old legend which is perhaps best known to English readers by Sir Walter Scott's translation of Buerger's ballad. The old reading-books contained "The Wild Huntsman," and many boys have read or declaimed, "The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn," and thundered out the verse:

"What ghastly Huntsman next arose  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;  
His eye like midnight lightning, glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell."

It is an old and widespread legend. It is the story of Hackelberg, or Faulkenburgh; of Odin's Ride; of the Grand Veneur, who appeared to Henry of Navarre in the forest of Fontainebleau shortly before the assassination of the gallant monarch. The infernal chase is heard in many countries, from Ceylon to Scotland. In England the pack is known as the Gabriel hounds, and Charles Reade makes a striking use of the superstition in "Put Yourself in His Place." Mythologists will tell you that the legend is merely a romantic view of the storm-wind; but it is pleasanter to delight in the old fables, and to any one of imagination the Wild Huntsman still rides at night, as in the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischuetz," and if a belated traveler wishes him good luck, he receives as a reward a mass of carrion thrown from the sky, and he and his horse are henceforth accursed. Now Cesar Franck was a most devout man, and what chiefly interested him in this legend? The thought of the hunter, who committed sacrilege; the hunter who on the Lord's day heeded not the service of the church, ran over simple worshippers, blasphemed and thus drew on himself the vengeance of heaven. And therefore the strongest and most successful portion of the symphonic poem is the beautiful music that suggests Sunday worship. The mood here created by Franck is beyond praise. The music reminds one by its deeply religious feeling of the composer's "Procession," in which the Host is borne through fields of Brittany. The music that describes the first hunt, the curse, and the infernal chase is far inferior in suggestion and dramatic strength. The curse scene was marred, it is true, by the tuba player, who is by no means a master of his instrument. But all the supernatural music is neither intense nor wildly dramatic. Franck was a mystic, not a dramatist; and his masterpieces are absolute music or strictly religious works. Demoniac rides have been pictured with more thrilling effect—witness the ride to the abyss in "The Damnation of Faust;" and the Wild Huntsman is a more terrible apparition in the few measures imagined by Weber. Furthermore there was occasionally undue deliberation in the performance, and there was an apparent absence of continuity of musical thought.

The other pieces need not detain us. Schumann's symphony is well known to all, but the genius of Schumann is in his songs and piano pieces, not in his orchestral works of long breath. The symphony in D minor is perhaps an exception; the fourth movement of the Rhenish symphony is imposingly solemn; and there are pages of the first and second symphonies that give pleasure in spite of the abominable orchestration—but Schumann is not one of the great masters of this form of musical art. Mr. Whiting's Fantasy was played at a Symphony Concert four years ago. It contains agreeable pages, and last night, as before, the composer-pianist was recalled.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his fourth violin recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Concerto No. 2, E major.....Bach  
Larghetto, D major (from the Clarinet Quintet).....Mozart  
Gardenmelody, A major.....Schumann  
Chanson sans paroles, F major.....Tchaikowsky-Kreisler  
"Nasco al bosco".....Handel  
Drei toscane Lieder.....Von Flieitz  
Mme. Pierron-Hartmann  
Non plu Mesta.....Paganini-Kreisler  
Polonaise, D major.....Weinlawski

Mr. Kreisler was at his best—and this means much. In the noble concerto of Bach, in sustained melody of song, and in dazzling brilliance of technique, in all these he showed his mastery as virtuoso and musician. Nor was anyone disturbed seriously by the fact that three numbers of the program were arrangements, such was the beauty of his cantabile and the finish of his art. He was wildly applauded for his performance of his own incredible version of Paganini's piece and the piece by Wienlawski, but the true feature of the concert was his performance of the concerto by Bach. The surprising feats of a virtuoso quickly pall; and an abuse of harmonics reminds one of a man whistling through his teeth or rubbing wet fingers on a window-pane; but Mr. Kreisler's playing of Bach is a deep and unalloyed joy.

Mrs. Hartmann sang the last two of the Tuscan songs with spirit and un-

derstanding. The aria by Handel—written for a bass and well known from its introduction in "Israel in Egypt"—demanded greater breadth, and more abandon in the roulades. The singer was deservedly recalled after the group of songs by von Flieitz. Mr. Kreisler's farewell recital will be on next Tuesday evening. They that have not heard him should not lose the opportunity, for such violinists seldom visit us.

Philip Hale.

"PADEREWSKI will play at Monte Carlo before the end of the month." On the piano?

The appearance in Boston of Hans Winderstein's Philharmonic Orchestra of Leipzig (Tremont Temple, Meh. 11-12) will be an event of uncommon interest. The orchestra will number 75 players, with Messrs. Soma Pick-Stecher and Ludwig Lauboeck as concert-masters. Miss Anna Engel, a distinguished harper has been engaged for the American trip. Mr. Josef Von Slivinski will be the solo pianist.

Mr. Winderstein and his orchestra are celebrated throughout Europe. The conductor was born at Luneburg, Oct. 29, 1856. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory—the violin under Schradieck and Hermann, and composition under Richter and Rust. As concert-master he sat at the same desk with Carl Halir in the orchestra of Prince Derwies at Nice—the orchestra of which Mr. C. M. Loeffler was once an honorable member. He also filled the same position in Vienna and other cities. From 1884 to 1886 he taught the violin at the City Music School of Winterthur, in 1887 he became director of an orchestra at Nuremberg, and from 1890 to 1893 he conducted concerts of an orchestra established for him in that city. Then he went to Munich, where he was first conductor of Kaim's orchestra. In 1896 he assumed the direction in Leipzig of the orchestra that bears his name. The concerts in that city and in other cities have excited marked attention, and Winderstein is counted among the leading conductors of Europe. He has composed an orchestral suite, funeral march, violin pieces, etc. As a conductor he is said to be equally authoritative and sympathetic in leading works by the classicists and the ultra-moderns.

This will be the first time that an orchestra of this character and reputation visits the United States. One might well be tempted to say to the conductor: "The purpose that you undertake is dangerous," but surely there should be interest enough in our large cities to guarantee success. Years ago Jullien with his orchestra visited America, and his concerts, which were sensational, made a sensation. The programs read curiously today and we have outlived the desire to applaud Fireman's Quadrilles and "Excursions on the Hudson." But Jullien was a factor in the development of musical taste in this country, poseur as he was. He was great in his eccentric way, and he deserved a better fate than bankruptcy and an ending in the madhouse. Since his day bands of various kinds have crossed the Atlantic. Conductors, too, have crossed. But Schuch was obliged to lead a scratch orchestra, and Colonne sensibly declined to come under such conditions. Colonne, however, is no stranger here. In the late sixties he led an opera-bouffe company in this city and during an entr'acte played a violin solo.

Josef Slivinski, the pianist, has assumed of late a "von," which he left at home when he gave concerts here in January, 1894, at Music Hall. (His first appearance in Boston was Jan. 9, 1894.) He was then a tall, thin, nervous man with black hair, a moustache that pointed skyward at each end, and a delicacy of bearing that was almost elegant effeminacy. Eleven years ago they said he was born at Warsaw in 1860. They say now that he was born there in 1865. How time flies!

Slivinski studied with Strobe at the Warsaw Conservatory and later with Leschetitzki. I believe he also had lessons from Rubinstein. He has been playing of late in Russia.

Xavier Leroux's new opera, "Astarte," was produced for the first time at the Paris Opéra Feb. 15. The story on which Louis de Gramont founded the libretto is mythological. Hercules has sworn to perform a thirteenth labor. He proposes to break up the cult of Astarte by punishing Queen Omphale, one of her chief votaries. His wife, a sensible woman, begs him to stay at home, but he leaves with his warriors, and they all become infatuated with the beautiful Lydians. Hercules performs his celebrated act of spinning for Omphale. Phur, the high priest of Astarte, summons the people to cut to pieces the blaspheming invaders. The shirt of Nessus, sent by the wife, arrives; Hercules puts it on; he dies in frightful agony, but before he gives up the ghost he throws pieces of the



burning shut against the hangings. The palace is buried to the ground. "This will be the flame which will purify the passion of Omphale for the hero."

Leroux is accused of lifting heavily from the works of an obscure German named Wagner. Certain reminiscences are said to be "flagrant." On the other hand, many pages are said to be hot with passion. The "Orgie" shocked even Parisian critics. Mr. Imbert said it is "more than daring for a theatre like the Opéra, to which young girls go with their parents"—but he admits that the audience was highly entertained. Alvarez was the Hercules, and Héglon the Omphale.

Mr. Blackburn lost his head at a private organ recital given by Mr. Lemare at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

I take this very genuine artist from two points of view, first as a player,

second as an arranger of music. And from each standpoint he ranks as first rate. His technique, his power of applying knowledge to the thing in hand, his mere accomplishment are all of the highest order. In that dim, memorial, wonderfully lighted chapel it was amazingly touching to listen to the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," and note the vitality, the quickness, the movement of the thing, as thus expressed, as it were, in condensation. The bird motif, to take a concrete example, came out wonderfully under Mr. Lemare's treatment. You could note the flight, the pause, and the renewed flight of those distant wings with extraordinary intimacy. Mr. Lemare also played on this occasion some of his own extremely engrossing compositions. These are works which, in my estimation, rank him very high in the army of organ composers, for not only are they distinguished by rare technical ability, but they are also to be admired for their absolute emotional qualities. I suppose that the great John Sebastian Bach has neither equal nor rival. That superb master naturally darkens and outshines all the lesser planets. But remembering the years since that wondrous organist wrote and composed, I am content to listen now to Mr. Lemare's fine technical playing, to the expression of his noble skill, and to his authoritative interpretation of the magnificent musical instrument with which he has chosen to identify his career.

Richard Strauss is at work on a new one-act opera "Feuersnot" which will be produced simultaneously in Berlin and Vienna. Miss Ethel Smyth's opera "Fantasio" was produced at Karlsruhe Feb. 10.—Lloyd Aubigné (Dabry) has joined the Sombich Opera Company and will appear as Edgardo, Canio and Faust on the Pacific coast and at New Orleans.—A new singer, Claire Friché, a native of Brussels, trained by Mrs. Morlan of London, made a palpable hit as a playactress and singer in Charpentier's "Louise" at Brussels, Feb. 9.—London newspapers say that habit occasions the slip "Queen" in all the vocal performances of "God Save the King."—There was a memorial performance in honor of Verdi at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, Feb. 9, when "Falstaff" was preceded by the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Eight consecutive nights will be devoted soon to Verdi's works at this opera house. The operas will be given in chronological order from "Rigoletto" to "Falstaff."—Paderewski's opera "Manru" will be produced at Vienna, May 13. We fear this date is a movable feast, for Paderewski will visit Italy and Portugal.—Gabriel Plemé's new opera "La Fille du Tabarin," book by Sardou and Ferrier, was produced at the Opéra Comique, Feb. 20.—It looks as though Perosi's star had set. The general public in Rome ignored the performances of his new oratorio, although a niece of Leo XIII. sang some of the solos. "Only clerics of high and low degree went and listened."

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Carlo Buonamici. Beethoven's sonata op. 81; Chopin's Ballade op. 47, No. 1; Liszt's 27. two études, Impromptu op. 9, No. 1; Liszt's 53; Liszt's "Peux Poillets"; Schubert's "Tendre Aveu"; Chant Polonais by Chopin-Liszt; Moszkowski's "Les Vagues."

Tuesday, Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M.—Violin recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler. Bruch's concerto in D minor (first movement); Violin concerto No. 2, Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso; Sarabande, Bach-Sulzer; Dvorak's Slavie Dance in E minor; Zarzicki's Mazurka.

Wednesday, Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Josef Hofmann. Fugue in E minor, Bach; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata; Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Spinning Song; Schumann's Étude; Chopin's nocturne, waltz and Pantaal; by Chopin; "Gretchen and Spinnrade" and "Erl-King," by Schubert; Impromptu by Schubert; Fantasia on "Die Meistersinger," by Schumann.

Wednesday, Chickering Hall, 8.15 P. M.—Second of Miss Terry's chamber concerts. Mr. Wm. Heinrich will sing songs by Beethoven, Albonese, Ricci, Luzzi, Millotti—the last four with harp accompaniment; Mr. Schuckert, harp, will play pieces by Saint-Saëns, E. Schuecker, Godefridi, Rosini-Alvarez, and the Boston Symphony Horn Quartet will play pieces by Wagner, Mendelssohn, Lachner, Kreutzer.

Thursday, Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by the nine-year-old pianist, Hattie Scholder. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp; Beethoven's Sonata op. 10, No. 2; Scarlatti's Pastorale and Caprice; Schubert's "Vogel als Prophet"; Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song"; Chopin's Waltz op. 64, No. 2, Nocturne op. 9, No. 2, and Étude op. 10, No. 12. Mrs. Pierron-Hartman will sing songs by Marshall, August Holmes, Van der Stucken, Vidal.

Friday, 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, 8 P. M., Symphony Hall—Seventeenth Symphony concert. Berlioz, overture "Benvenuto Cellini";

Chickering Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Sonata op. 110, Beethoven; Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, Brahms; a group of pieces by Chopin; Serenade by Rachmaninoff; Prelude by Liszt; Schubert's "Marche-Militaire"; a Caprice-Burlesque of the pianist's own composition.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The program of "Ladies' Night" at Sleeper Hall, New England Conservatory of Music March 4, will be devoted to vocal and instrumental works by Mr. F. L. Strong.

The new comic opera, "The Tax Dodger," by Mr. Charles W. Hird, music by Mr. Lytle C. True, will be performed by the Union Opera Company at Union Hall, March 21 and 22. The company is made up of members of the B. Y. M. C. U.

Mendelssohn's "Festgesang," of which the Choral, for men's voices, is to be sung at Mr. Tucker's fifth concert on Monday, March 11, was written for the fourth centennial celebration at Leipzig of the art of painting.

The program of the third concert of the Longy Club, Wednesday evening, March 13, in Association Hall, will include Gouvy's octet for flute, oboe, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons; Brahms's Sonata for clarinet and piano; Mozart's Serenade No. 12 for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons.

Mr. Henschel will conduct a performance of his "Stabat Mater" in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, March 31. The Cecilia Society will be the chorus, and the orchestra will be made up of Symphony players. Mrs. Henschel will be the soprano.

The tournee of the solo management of an American woman, Mrs. Norma Knuepfel, formerly of San Francisco, but now of New York. Mrs. Knuepfel was born in this country. Her father was a famous actor. She was born in Detroit, Dec. 8, 1858. Her first experience as an Impresario was in organizing a series of charity concerts in San Francisco. She eventually undertook the direction of the School orchestra concerts in that city. For the past two years (since the death of her second husband, Richard Knuepfel) Mrs. Knuepfel has been identified with the European tours of the Winterstein Orchestra she is now bringing to America.

March 4, 1901

#### THE INQUEST.

Not labor kills us; no, nor joy;  
The incredulity and frown,  
The interference and annoy,  
The small attritions wear us down.

The little, snail-like buzzings shrill,  
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,  
The common curses of the will—  
These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance  
Of loving souls that cannot gauge  
The numbing touch of circumstance,  
The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:  
The night less mountaineously lies  
Upon our lids than foolish day's  
Importunate utilities!

Today is the anniversary of the death (1765) of Dr. William Stukely, an antiquarian. We mention him here, not because he was rector, free-mason, fellow of the Royal Society, botanist, inventor, coin-collector; not because he succeeded in repairing the sinking pile of Westminster bridge; not because he cut a machine in wood, on the plan of the orrery, which showed the motions of the heavenly bodies and the course of the tides; not even because he arranged a plan of Stonehenge on a trencher; but because of the sweetness of his ending. Five days before his death he was resting on a couch, while his housekeeper read to him. "She left the room, and, on her return, he said to her, with a smiling and serene countenance, 'Sally, an accident has happened since you have been absent.' 'Pray, what is it, sir?' 'No less than a stroke of the palsy.' 'I hope not, sir.' Observing that she was in tears, he said, 'Nay, do not weep; do not trouble yourself, but get some help, to carry me up stairs, for I shall never come down again but on men's shoulders.' He never spoke again."

And this day 43 years ago the Princess said to one of the de Goncourts—Jules or Edmond—"the only novels I like are those of which I should like to be the heroine." And the ungallant chronicler added, "This is the exact critical attitude of women toward fiction."

To H. C. Your question about "hunky dory" has already been discussed at length in this column. No one knows the origin of the term. "Great Scott!" probably comes from the General, not the poet and novelist. In Hampshire County, Mass., in the sixties the boys went "bellygut" on sleds.

A friend wisely says: "When two persons of uncertain health meet at the breakfast table they are sure to ask of one another, morning after morning, 'How did you sleep?' Now this is the worst of pernicious habits. To start the day well, the night must be forgotten. In fact, to put the matter in a nutshell: The sickly person has, or should have, no business with the Actual Life; for him the Imaginative Life exists alone."

We read with pleasure the reports at an annual meeting of the committee of the Church of England Temperance Society in London. One of these re-

ports contained the statement: "During the past year much attention has been paid to barmaids. This has, in many cases, led to their being visited in their homes."

Where is the logic in this argument of a Parisian restaurant keeper? "In consequence of the increase in the duty on alcohol, the price of coffee without cognac sold at this establishment is 10 centimes more than it formerly was."

Mr. Wilson Barrett, the décolleté play-actor, was not content with mourning Queen Victoria in verse. He addresses Edward VII. passionately in a poem that begins: "Take up the sceptre, it is thine." The Jacobites of Boston, which includes Roxbury, would dispute this statement. They should send Mr. Barrett a copy of their entertaining magazine. He is a fair-minded man; indeed his mind is as open as his chest.

Here is a curious story told by the Era (London) about Fannie Ward, the play actress—we omit the laudatory adjectives that always precede the noun "playactress." Born in Georgia, she is the wife of Mr. Joe Lewis, a South African "financier," and on the death of Sam Lewis, who left \$10,000,000 to charities, to the surprise of the Vanderbilts—she received letters from old playmates and school-friends who supposed she was the widow of the usurer. Here is one of the letters. It came all the way from Atlanta. "Dearest Fannie—I thought I would write and ask you if you intended visiting America this summer. I have one of the finest homes on the lakes, opposite one of the swellest club houses; and you could enjoy yourself immensely. My place is, unfortunately, mortgaged for \$10,000, and I wish you would give me the amount, as it would be only a trifle to you, as the papers say you are worth \$15,000,000. I may be able to return it some time. I have a little girl ten years of age, and she is a dream of beauty, and you know that is what counts nowadays. Do help me, and I will be everlastingly grateful. What good is there in life if we cannot help one another? Hoping to hear from you soon, your friend always—"

Yvette Guilbert lately wrote to Huysmans, the novelist, who is now in a monastery, for advice. She said she wished to act the part of a saint on the stage; and would Mr. Huysmans be so kind as to tell her which saint she should choose, and which would best suit her artistic temperament? He advised her to read the lives of all the saints (in 12 volumes), "from the study of which she could not fail to derive in many ways great benefit."

A lawsuit in Paris discloses the fact that the Hungarian band at the Café de Paris was composed of two Spaniards, two Italians, a Swede, a German and a Dane. These men played from midnight till 4 A. M. The pay was \$7 a night and the product of the collection made after the playing of each piece, which amounted in less than 18 months to over \$15,000. For the women who supped at this restaurant were "ostentatiously generous at the expense of their attendant cavaliers."

The bald may profit by pondering this anecdote, which was published in the Annual Register for 1762. "A young woman of Grunberg, in the Lower Silesia, having had a malignant distemper which occasioned the falling off of all her hair, was advised by a person some time after her recovery, as her hair was not likely to grow again of itself (her head being then as bald as a hand), to wash it all over with a decoction of box-wood, which she readily did, without the addition of any other drug. Using no precaution to secure her neck and face, hair of a chestnut color grew in effect on her head as she was told it would, but her whole neck and face were also covered with red hairs, which made her so deformed that she appeared little different from an ape or monkey. A physician advised her to apply to her face and neck a depilatory of the resin of the larch tree, mixed with that of mastich; but we have not yet learned what effect this remedy has produced on her."

Billson and he organized a stroll dramatic company and we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real Drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's give 'em some immoral drama. We had a large troop onto our hands, consist of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, o'd hoss-dy (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have, I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public relikes. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind, I sold out and bid adieu to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont.

We have received the following letter: East Saugus, March 2, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I am managing a first-class comedy aggregation playing "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" in first-class houses throughout New England and Canada. I enclose press notices from our last stand, which please return. This is only the average of what we get. Now what I want to know is I have an idea of introducing Carrie Nation in the third act and have her smash the bar-room with her hatchet, and the whole business. This will be a grand up-to-date sensation and dead sure to win out. Now I hear she is pulling the man that named the cocktail after her into court, and I want to know how I stand. This will be no fake, understand, but the real thing, right in line with the high moral character of the piece and high-toned like everything I offer to the public. Carrie and her push will hustle in at the end of the act and do their turn and clean out the place singing hymns and all that, thus teaching a grand moral lesson. My wife's mother is the dead spit of Carrie and will go in for the part, so will be no cheap guy. Everything will be all right. I am well known throughout my territory and can't afford to stand behind anything that isn't right and up-to-date. Now how do I stand? Will Carrie call me down? I am working for temperance myself, six evenings and six matinees every week, and my idea is we temperance workers ought to stand by one another.

Yours truly,

VAMP JORDAN.

Manager of the Blue Ribbon Comedy Brigade.

We approve heartily of Mr. Jordan's scheme and confident that Mrs. Nation will gladly lend her face as well as her name in any battle against the demon Rum. We suggest to Mr. Jordan that he write at once to Mrs. Ozero Lewis of Markleville, Ind., and endeavor to secure her services. Mrs. Lewis is the lady who took a claspboard, went into a saloon, grabbed her husband by the neck as he was seated at a card table with a glass of beer in front of him, sat down on a chair, "pulled him across her lap, face down," and spanked him vigorously. And this she did as a punishment, not to awaken slumbering affection. She then took him by the ear and exhibited him in other saloons. Mrs. Lewis is described as "a woman of large proportions." She might therefore furnish healthy amusement in the play and at the same time give an object lesson to female temperance workers.

This reminds us of a letter which we received last month.

Leadville, Col., Feb. 20.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

\*\*\* May I also wonder if you write all the idiotic letters to yourself? Often I have wondered if it would be more of a strain upon one's nerves to concoct such nonsense or to receive it. I can't believe that anyone could have picked up the gauntlet you threw down about the Princesse de Chimay.

A. N. P.

The letters are genuine, O wonderer in Leadville. We welcome them; for they are honest, if they are sometimes simple. "Idiotic" is a harsh word, an unnecessary word. There are earnest students who are far away from reference-books and are cut off from the society of the educated; there are deep thinkers on lonely meadows or steep hillsides; there are poor souls vexed by weighty problems of the universe; there are fashionable, idle persons who can find no waste-pipe for their intellect; there are the humble and the oppressed who seek their champion. To all such, this column is always open. It makes no difference whether we are in sympathy with the opinions expressed by our correspondents, or whether a correspondent be Trojan, Tyrian, Etruscan or Patagonian. We ask only that they write on one side of their paper. They shall have fair play, whether the letter be signed by F. W. Vanderbilt, Barrett Wendell or "A Girl with Cold Hands."

The Saturday Review of the New York Times published March 3 an excellent editorial article entitled "Library Censorship," which was suggested by the performances of the Examining and Reading Committee of the Boston Public Library. "The task which the committee has set itself is evidently invidious and it appears also to be superfluous. Every reader will naturally resent being told that a certain work is not good for him, that it is calculated to lower his moral or his intellectual 'tone.' As to any book to which his attention is in any manner directed, he will evidently prefer to judge that question for himself. What the committee seems to have left out of view is the fact that every book upon which it undertakes to pass has already been passed upon by a more competent tribunal than itself." The Times speaks of the pains taken by all respectable



publishers and concludes that a book which bears the imprint of a respectable house may well be exempted from the additional and amateur censorship of a committee. "The list of rejected books which have been accepted on better authority than that of the committee is really amazing. It betokens that the amateur and, as it might be said, the busybody reader, can have no other standard of judgment than his personal likes or dislikes. That there is not enough demand for a particular book is a proposition which a library committee might do great good by enforcing, in the way of recommending books that have been overlooked. But when, on the authority of one reader, a library committee assumes to declare that there is too much demand, it takes an attitude altogether untenable, Pharisaeic, and what the enemies of Boston call Bostonian."

Our example for the young today is Dr. Richard Farmer, a learned English divine and antiquary. (1735-1797.) There were three things which no one could persuade him to perform: To rise in the morning, to go to bed at night, and to settle an account.

### CARLO BUONAMICI.

Mr. Carlo Buonamici gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large and applause audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 81.....Beethoven  
Ballade, Op. 47.....Chopin  
Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 1.....Chopin  
Two Studies.....Chopin  
Impromptu, Op. 51.....Chopin  
Polonaise, Op. 53.....Chopin  
Pez Folets.....Liszt  
Tendre Aveu.....Schuetz  
Chant Polonaise.....Chopin-Liszt  
Les Vagues.....Moszkowski

Mr. Buonamici is the son of an illustrious father, and he bids fair to be an illustrious son. He has youth and enthusiasm, two precious gifts—especially when they are reined firmly and controlled by judgment. Mr. Buonamici is still in the "Sturm-und-Drang" period. He rejoices in strength and speed. He courts difficulties. And all this counts favorably for the future, although the hearer may find too much exuberance for artistic results in the performance of today.

Take the polonaise by Chopin, for example. Mr. Buonamici played it at such a rapid pace that the music lost its essential character, and the performance was dangerously near a scramble. The piece is a heroic one; it should be played heroically. It should not be merely something very fast and very loud. I am aware of the fact that great pianists have played this polonaise fast, so as to excite wonder by thundering rapidity; but they were not great because they made his blunder.

The Nocturne by Chopin is one of his most dramatic compositions, and there is a variety of dramatic emotions, from the sinister mutter to the scream of passion. Here and in the Ballade Mr. Buonamici showed true musical feeling, but too often during the concert there was an absence of the motion that is the birthright of an Italian. Alas, there are Italians who insist on looking beyond the Alps—witness Busoni and Sgambati. I hope that Mr. Buonamici will not become thoroughly Germanized.

He played the finale of the sonata with distinction as well as dash, and then in other pieces there were passages of pure bravura he played them with jaunty ease. He now has technique enough to consider seriously emotional interpretation. It is natural for him to his age to put undue value on speed and strength; but of what avail are these qualities unless they serve the emotions? And Mr. Buonamici should not forget that beauty of tone is more than a dazzling run or a triumphant allop over a road strewn with difficulties. Yesterday his tone was at times hard and inflexible; nor was melody always sung.

Philip Hale.

### THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

In the doorway of the House of Sorrow  
I stand, and Sorrow sits within.  
Through the window of the House of Sorrow  
A measure from without came drifting in.

Like a strong beam of the sun, that through  
The window  
Points to a thing unseen, the song came in;  
And, listening, I stole out and in the doorway  
I stand, and Sorrow sits within.

In the doorway of the House of Sorrow  
I stand, and like one blind, I lift my face  
And listen, and I hear the steps of Sorrow  
Who comes to seek me from the darkened  
Place.

Like a child half-awakened, in the doorway  
I stand and listen, and I hear the rain  
And, from behind, the swift, sure steps of  
Sorrow—  
O thou without, wilt thou not sing again?

We have received the following letter:

March 4, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:  
I am grateful to you and to your correspondent, Mr. Cave, for the brilliant and varied illumination you have applied to my subject. I do not find Julian in the Post Office Guide, and must ask you to convey to Mr. Cave my heartfelt thanks, with some small admixture of disappointment.

The fact is he was misconceived me. I presented myself as one greatly at a loss to decide between two lights, and he has added to my difficulty by providing a third.

One need not go so far as he does to supply a reasonable context to the dialogue I quoted. Let me quote it again.

Said Aaron to Moses,  
"Let's cut off our noses."  
Said Moses to Aaron,  
"It's the fashion to wear 'em."

The sanitary conditions of the period in which Aaron and Moses lived provide the most reasonable starting point. Buildings of that period, while architecturally magnificent, were greatly lacking in comfort, and could be but imperfectly heated. Seated, therefore, in a cold and draughty apartment amply accounting for its unhygienic conditions for his bad coryza, Aaron might well have cried out in humorous impatience:

"Let's cut off our noses."

Pocket-handkerchiefs, remember, had not at that period been invented.

"Entire drainage, too, was practically unknown, and the atmosphere of the priestly sanctum might easily have oppressed the olfactory nerves beyond the point of endurance. Centuries later Aaron might have said: "Moses, old man, expense or no expense, we really must send for the plumber;" but Aaron was born too soon for this, and a simpler mode of relief suggested itself.

It might be that Moses approaching the door of his host had desecrated upon its panels a caricature of the proprietor, done in chalk by some irreverent youth of the neighborhood, in which Aaron's nasal organ was humorously exaggerated. This Moses would naturally point out to Aaron with hypocritical protestations of indignation and sympathy, and Aaron, brooding sullenly upon the slight all the way up stairs, yet appreciating the inexorable justice of the satire, might well have broken the silence as he set out the cups and pushed a quaint chemet or nebel toward his guest by exclaiming, "Let's cut off our noses."

I cannot regard the passage as having any public or general significance. The metrical test, which Mr. Cave suggests, condemns his version and leaves mine triumphant in its illustration of the private and intimate side of Aaron's two gifted sons. That this, by a natural reaction, was even exceptionally frivolous is amply suggested by Holy Writ. Aaron's ephod was of gold, of blue, of purple and of scarlet, by no means such a garment as a recluse would select, but the choice rather of a man who loved society and sought to shine therein. His sister, Miriam, the Prophetess, is known to have been an accomplished player upon the timbrel and a dancer of no mean skill. Aaron's taste for quail is more than once alluded to; and the step from the small-bird to the cold bottle is inevitable, as it is easy.

### POOLE OF BETHESDA.

Is Mr. Poole sure that pocket-handkerchiefs were unknown when Moses and Aaron flourished? Moses was brought up at the Egyptian court. The Egyptians enjoyed a magnificent civilization, and we are loath to believe for a moment that Pharaoh's daughter was without a handkerchief. It is true that Moses left Egypt hurriedly after he had killed an Egyptian; but although he probably did not take his dress-suit case with him to the peninsula of Sinai, he nevertheless could not have forgotten forever the useful article. The word is not in the Old Testament.

We are glad to see that Mr. Poole does not question the translation of the Hebrew word "selav" by "quails." Rudolf and Patrick insist on the translation "locusts;" Rudbeck prefers "flying-fish;" Forster "red geese;" and others are sure that the bird was a species of sand-grouse. But Mr. Poole is a man of profound scholarship, and his simple mention of quail should of itself carry conviction.

This reminds us of the alleged impossibility of a continuous diet of quail. A heavy eater of Leeds (England), locally known as "Long Tom of Farnley," has waged that he can eat 14 roasted pigeons in 14 consecutive days. He finished the eighth on Feb. 28. Fanciers of the Belgian hare should remember the old superstition that whoever eats a hare will be handsome for a week. Martial alludes to this belief in a pretty poem to Gellia: "Whenever you send me a hare, Gellia, you say, 'you will be handsome, Marcus, for seven days.' If you are not joking, and if you tell the truth, my darling, you have never eaten a hare." Pilny mentions the superstition and adds: "For mine own part, I think verily it is but a toy and mere mockery; howbeit there must needs be some cause and reason of this settled opinion which hath thus generally carried the world away to think so."

And whom do we choose today as an example for the consideration of the young? Mr. Samuel Boyce (1708-1749), a poet. Alas, he was poor, but poverty, although it stripped him of coat and shirt, could not subdue his spirit. "He sat up in bed with a blanket wrapped about him; through which a hole had been cut sufficient to receive his arm; and placing the paper on his knee, scribbled his compositions for the press, in the best manner he could. Sometimes he would raise subscriptions for poems which did not exist, and sometimes he would direct his wife to report he was at the point of death, to operate on the feelings of such of his friends as were under the influence of compassion. While he was thus engaged, his wife departed this life, and from his inability to put himself into mourning, he tied a piece of black ribbon about the neck of his dog."

A close observer remarked: "A woman in mourning should return thanks daily if she has chestnut hair."

### MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his fifth and last recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program included the first movement of Bruch's concerto in D minor; Vieuxtemps's concerto in F sharp minor; Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso; Sulzer's arrangement of a sarabande by Bach; Dvorak's Slavic dance in E minor; and a mazurka by Zarzicki. Mrs. Pierson-Hartmann sang songs by Marshall, Holmes, Bizet. It would be idle at this late day to insist on the many admirable qualities of Mr. Kreisler's art. His technique is often amazing, and the clearness of his double-notes, octaves and harmonics ever excites wonder. But he is more than a surprising virtuoso. He is an accomplished musician of deep emotions. He can move and thrill as well as provoke astonishment, and his recitals have given pleasure to hearers of all kinds. His visit this season has been of positive musical advantage to us all. The announcement of his return next season is, indeed, good news.

Feb 7, 1901

### TWO CONCERTS.

Mr. Josef Hofmann, Pianist, Makes His First Appearance Here Since the Spring of 1898—The Second of Miss Terry's Chamber Concerts.

Mr. Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a good-sized and thankful audience. The program was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....Bach-Liszt  
Sonata appassionata.....Beethoven  
Frühlinglied.....Mendelssohn  
Spinnerlied.....Mendelssohn  
Symphonische Etudes.....Schumann  
Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2.....Chopin  
Valse, D flat.....Chopin  
Fantaisie.....Chopin  
Gretchen am Spinnrade.....Schubert  
Erlkönig.....Schubert  
Impromptu.....Schubert  
Caprice Espagnol.....Moszkowski  
Winterstürme.....Wagner  
Meistersinger Fantaisie.....Wagner

The program was not one of unusual interest, and it was far too long. Mr. Hofmann played three or four of the numbers when he was here in 1898. The only novelties were the disarrangements of Wagner's music, which might well have been omitted. The concert was advertised to begin at half-past two. Mr. Hofmann did not strike the first chord until a quarter of three. Such unpunctuality has been far too common this season.

Three years ago there was natural curiosity to hear Mr. Hofmann; for many remembered the boy who had fascinated them 10 years before. The curiosity gave way to disappointment; for although the pianist had developed a technique that rested on a solid foundation, his touch was too often hard and unsympathetic, he seldom sang a melody with tenderness, and he was much given to pounding. The disappointment was so general in the city that although three concerts had been announced, only two were given, for the audience at the second was discouragingly small.

Mr. Hofmann now returns after an absence of three years. It would be folly to speak of him as a pianist of promise. He is now about 24 years old; he has had unusual advantages of study; he has had much experience as a virtuoso. He is to be judged as any other pianist, especially in view of the noisy trumpeting that heralded his approach.

The program afforded a fair opportunity for calm and deliberate judgment; it tested him in many ways.

Mr. Hofmann has improved in the matter of touch. The first note of a melodic phrase is no longer as the stroke of a wood-pecker; and the phrase is not now invariably hammered out with irritating rigidity. His highly developed technique serves him admirably in certain ways; his playing is often delightfully clear; delicate passages are of crystalline purity; and although he is still inclined to force tone in stormy passages, to bang and pound in a climax, he nevertheless is master of a rich, sonorous tone. His ample technique was shown in the "Etudes symphoniques," in the sad perversion of Chopin's waltz, and, in fact, throughout the

concert, although his performance of the Prelude and Fugue was not one of remarkable brilliance.

His mechanism, then, is smooth and polished. He can play swiftly and delicately, and he can play swiftly and loudly. And there are many who can thus compete with him. There is also the piano.

But there are higher things in piano playing. There is interpretation, there is idealization, there is individuality.

There is, above all, emotion. And by emotion I do not mean sentimentalism. Mr. Hofmann is deficient in these higher qualities. He played the passionate sonata, the nocturne and Fantaisie of Chopin, the arrangement of Gretchen's song of agony, as though he did not appreciate the character of any one of these compositions. There were notes, and he played them, in a mechanical way that excited admiration on account of digital dexterity. There was no direct appeal, there was no subtle and irresistible wooing of the hearer, there was no revelation of a strong soul racked by emotion. He actually missed the climax in Gretchen's passionate lament. On the other hand there was no purely sensuous charm of tone and color. There was careful drawing—in black and white. And here it may be said that there was occasionally an injudicious use of the damper pedal, so that the architectural effect was dimly seen through mist. There were few nuances between pianissimo and fortissimo.

His performance of the "Etudes Symphoniques" was at times a contradiction of what I have just said, and it is surprising that a pianist who can play that work as Mr. Hofmann played it should reveal such emotional deficiencies in other pieces that demand imperatively the higher qualities. The performance of the two little pieces by Mendelssohn was characterized chiefly by scrupulous attention to the external form; the spirit of the pieces eluded the pianist; there was no spontaneity of song.

And his performance, as a whole, was devoid of spontaneity. There was the thought of an industrious pianist, who had evidently studied long and faithfully; a pianist who, either from natural lack of temperament, or from indifference to the joys and sorrows of life, is unable to stir the soul of the hearer, and is apparently content to excite admiration by a display of technical proficiency.

Philip Hale.

### MISS TERRY'S CONCERT.

The program of the second of Miss Terry's chamber concerts in Chickering Hall last night included Beethoven's "An die Ferne Geliebte," a group of French songs, Luzzi's "Lucia" and Millotti's "Una Stella" sung by Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich; Saint-Saëns's Fantaisie for harp and these harp pieces, menuet by E. Schuecker, God-froid's Romance and Alvars's transcription of the Prayer from "Moses in

Egypt," played by Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, and these pieces played by the Boston Symphony Horn Quartet (Messrs. Hackebarth, Hein, Lorbeer, Schumann); Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhauser," Mendelssohn's "Der frohe Wandersmann," Lachner's "An den Sonnenschein," Kreutzer's "Das ist der Tag des Herrn."

This concert does not call for extended comment. Both singer and harp are well known here, and the songs and pieces were for the most part familiar. It is a pity that Mr. Heinrich should waste his time on such dreary music as the cycle by Beethoven, who was one of the worst of song-writers. The horn quartet of the Symphony Orchestra is one of the most excellent features of that organization, and it was a pleasure to hear it as a solo quartet, for it gave pleasing variety to an otherwise commonplace concert. There was a good sized audience. Dr. Kelterborn was the accompanist.

Seems it so light a thing, then, austere Powers,

To spurn man's common lure, life's pleasant things?

Seems there no joy in dances crown'd with flowers,

Love, free to range, and regal banquetings? Bend ye on these, indeed, an unmoved eye, Not Gods but ghosts, in frozen apathy?

Mr. Edward Menchefer of Chicago was told by his physician that he had only a week of life. Mr. Menchefer was a teamster; he was about 30 years old; he had saved about \$150. After he heard the dismal news he put aside \$30 for funeral expenses and then proceeded to blow in what was left and to blow out his life. Like a good Chicagoan he brought up at the Stock Yards police station, where he was fined by an unsentimental, unsympathetic Judge.

Centuries ago in Egypt Mycerinus ruled. Herodotus tells us that the conduct of his father was displeasing to Mycerinus; that he was merciful toward his people; that he made just decisions. And yet an oracle reached him from the city of Buto, "that he had no more than six years to live, and should die in the seventh." And Herodotus says: "When Mycerinus heard this, seeing that this sentence was now pronounced against him, he ordered a great number of lamps to be made, and having lighted them, whenever night came on, he drank and enjoyed himself, never ceasing night or day, roving about the marshes and groves, wherever he could hear of places most suited for pleasure; and he had recourse to this artifice for the purpose of convicting the oracle of falsehood, that



the nights into days he  
twelve years instead of

To Mycerinus and Mr. Menchafer alike came the oracle. And a week in Chicago is probably equal to six of the old Egyptian years. The King and the teamster after the first surprise followed one and the same course. Matthew Arnold tells us the noble complaint of Mycerinus, and reveals his life in the groves.

It may be that sometimes his wondering soul

From the loud joyful laughter of his lips  
Might shrink half startled, like a guilty man  
Who wrestles with his dream; as some pale shape,

Gilding half hidden through the dusky stems,  
Would thrust a hand before the lifted bowl,  
Whispering: "A little space, and thou art  
none!"

Mr. Menchafer has not at present his Matthew Arnold, but some day a poet will arise in Cook County to celebrate the teamster in imperishable verse.

You are about fifty years old and should be in the prime of life. You call yourself a temperate man—thus you have described yourself to your wife and doctor. But you have crooked the elbow steadily for thirty years, you have smoked constantly, you have eaten generously, you have worked hard, and you have been comparatively little in the open air. Certain symptoms alarmed you last week and you were examined by a physician. You were confident when you entered his office that he would say after the examination, "Strong constitution! There is a slight irregularity that can be easily remedied. Have this made up and take it three times a day for a month. I should take it before meals if I were you. No; you need not come again." But what did happen? He thumped your bare chest; he listened to your heartbeats; he kneaded your liver; he made more intimate tests. A day or two afterward he sent in his report. There was something about a murmuring at the heart that accounted for asthmatic symptoms. You must not run for a street-car; you must go slowly up stairs; you must not bend over to lift anything. And the doctor called your attention to the fact that your kidneys are something more than a mere internal decoration; he spoke of a certain acid that is injurious; he mentioned "a slight diabetic tendency," for he is a courteous man and does not wish to jar any patient. And he insisted on a strict diet.

No tobacco, potatoes, white bread, salmon, beefs, coffee, cocoa, fried oysters, fishballs, pig in any form, wines, and above all no beer, no ale. If you must drink, you are doomed to a rare and modest quencher of gin, which you abhor. You are obliged to flood your system with water charged with alkali-lithia. You take at regular intervals small yellow tablets.

Your companions notice your abstinence. At first you rejoice in your virtue, you plume yourself on your heroic self-denial. "No, I thank you," you say to Old Chimes; "the doctor has shut down on me for a while"—a vague sentence, and yet one that is understood by the hearers. You sit and watch the company, which you no longer see through your own smoke wreaths. You wonder how they can drink and smoke and be reckless in diet. There's old Mircher; he must be seventy; he is pickled at least twice a week; and he looks as strong as an ox. No one of the merry men is of pasty complexion, flabby skin, dull eye. Probably they are all whited sepulchres, for they, too, have livers and kidneys. It is stupid work for you. At first there are expressions of sympathy. These grow weaker and more infrequent. At last you are convinced of this great sociologic truth: No one is interested in the kidneys of another, and you understand the phrase: A man of another kidney.

You gradually realize that you are out of the game. You have had your fun, and now you are paying for it. By exercising care you may live fifteen or twenty years longer. If the doctor had prohibited champagne and allowed you beer! You never cared for potatoes; you would exchange a bushel of them for an ounce of tobacco. And you begin to argue whether these years of abstinence are really worth while. Suppose that you should pay no attention to the doctor and his remarks about "a slight diabetic tendency." Suppose that you should drink two or three bottles of beer every night, smoke two pipes of tobacco, take occasionally a cocktail or a glass of champagne. What then? But you can never again enjoy these prohibited things. For you there is a queer taste in the beer; and you hear your heart thumping and murmuring when you pass a tobacco-stand. You must know that prudent or

reckless, your earthly happiness is behind you; and if you are wise you will rejoice in the clear vision that shows you the cheapness of such happiness. Fortunate he, thrice fortunate, that hath this vision at fifty years!

with 8.14.01

## HATTIE SCHOLDER.

### First Appearance in Boston of the Nine-Year-Old Pianist—A Few Words Concerning Infant Phenomena.

Miss Hattie Scholder gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a good-sized audience. The program was as follows:

Prelude and fugue, C sharp minor.....Bach	
Sonata, Op. 10, No 2, allegro, allegretto, presto.....Beethoven	
Hattie Scholder.	
O maitre de tout ("L'eyel").....Marshall	
L'etoile du Matin.....Holmes	
Mrs. Hartmann.	
Pastorale, Caprice.....Scriabin	
Vogel als prophet.....Schumann	
Spinning Song.....Mendelssohn	
Hattie Scholder.	
A Joy of Youth.....Van der Stucken	
Printemps Nouveau.....Vidal	
Mrs. Hartmann.	
Valse, Op. 64, No. 2.....Chopin	
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin	
Etude, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin	
Hattie Scholder.	

Miss Scholder was born in New York, May 11, 1891. She has studied the piano for the last five years in that city. Her first public appearance of note was in New York, Dec. 14, 1900.

Little children are exploited as musical prodigies to satisfy the vanity or greed of parents and teachers. A pianist of nine years attracts attention either by a mechanical proficiency which is surprising in one so young—like the performance of the little girl in the circus, who rides so that she meets the stereotyped approval of the ringmaster—or by an imitative faculty which is akin to the natural gift of a parrot. It would be absurd to expect any display of genuine emotion from a nine-year-old pianist; and without a display of emotion what is there in music? A young pianist, then, is simply a wonder, to gratify curiosity, as though she were a two-headed nightingale, or a boy-surgeon, or a lightning calculator. The wonder is that she plays so many notes within a certain time.

Great injury is thus done to children who perhaps have as a birthright healthy musical instinct. Undue attention is given to mechanical proficiency; there is a forced, hot-house growth; the applause of the injudicious nourishes the vanity of the child—and all children are vain; and when the health of the victim does not suffer from hard labor, the mind is necessarily exposed to detrimental influences.

Miss Scholder undoubtedly has talent. She has been carefully taught, and she is able to imitate accurately what has been shown her. There was no suggestion yesterday of any originality, however crude, in conception or expression. She played a piece of marked romantic character, as Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," as a child would play it, with a complete lack of understanding and appreciation. For at present the little girl is necessarily a machine.

Philip Hale.

#### THE CLAIM.

When I am dead  
Bring no white flowers to mock my virgin  
state,  
No lilies pure and pale  
That die before they hear the nightingale,  
No snowdrops chilly and immaculate;  
But bring me from the garden roses red,  
Roses full-blown and by the noon sun kissed,  
Bring me the roses that my life has missed  
When I am dead.

We have no hesitation in beginning our talk today with an entertaining quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette. Read at breakfast, this paragraph will send you to the office or the shop in pleasant mood, and you will smile even on the pretty type-writing girl, who looks up, as you enter, to catch your humor.

"Once more a great invention is heralded from the other side of the Atlantic. It is nothing less momentous than an official alliance of Art and Morals. While a jaded Old World has been trying this many a day to prove that the divorce was complete, the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York has been strengthening the bond. With Art divorced from Morals they will have naught to do; and, mind you, it must be their own code, and none of your new-fangled laxities of dress or behavior. The Venus of Milo, for example—that young lady of the mysterious toilet—may have been good enough for the degraded civilizations of 3000 years 'on this side,' but the 'Regents' are down upon her. She is turned from the door of the University of the State of New York, and she ought to have known better than ever to seek an entrance. With a pardonable glow of responsible citizenship, the 'Regents'



(Photograph, Copyrighted 1898, by Falk, New York.)

Mr. Josef Hofmann is now making his third visit to this country. Many remember the sensation excited by his first appearance in this city as an "infant phenomenon," and the story of how he was taken from the stage and put under Rubinstein's care is familiar to all. He is now a mature pianist of acknowledged reputation, and of late years he has awakened interest as a composer.



### MISS HATTIE SCHOLDER.

Miss Hattie Scholder, the phenomenal child pianist, who will appear at Steinert Hall this afternoon, was born in New York city on May 11, 1891. She has studied the piano for the last five years with teachers of her native city. She excited marked attention when she made her first appearance in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, Dec. 14, 1900, and her second concert early this year confirmed the impression that she was of more than ordinary musical talent.

proceed to explain that they have turned her out 'because of nudity,' and every honest man who has a son or a daughter on the threshold of the university will breathe freely. The 'Regents' very wisely do not condescend to explain the exact relation between public morality and the partial nudity of the Venus, but we may be sure that her presence in the University of the State of New York is a miracle of inappropriateness, and that for her own sake she is better away."

This reminds us that the poet Rogers, on seeing a rather poor picture of Adam and Eve, remarked, "I deny that I am descended from that couple."

The good old town of Sandwich bids fair to be affected by summer visitors, and thus it will share the fate of other towns on the Cape. Thus Oyster Bay became Oysterville, and then was refined to Osterville; nor did refinement stop with this, for that part of the village near the bluff is now called Wianno. Sandwich, we understand, will be divided into districts as follows: the portion of the town colonized

by play-actors and play-actresses will be known as Ham Sandwich. Club Sandwich will contain golf links and a casino. Chicken Sandwich will be the distinguishing name of the district dear to the young of both sexes, especially to maidens who tear easily under the wing. The howling swells, who court seclusion, will "reside" in Cavliare Sandwich.

The cable tells us how real jukes and duchesses talk together. A reporter met the Duke of Manchester at the Euston station. The Duke was with his wife, and the reporter with infinite tact asked his Jags if Miss Portia Knight, an American citizeness, had served a writ on him for an alleged breach of promise. The Duke said, "I

know nothing about the suit. I am feeling quite fit," and thus he combined courtly grace with sparkling humor. The Duchess said, "Come along," and thus showed aristocratic breeding. An ordinary woman would have said, "A-a-h, git a gait on yer!" "The couple jumped into a cab." They did not step in, they jumped; to show their high



spirits and, incidentally, their contempt for Miss Portia. The stately homes of England!

Columbia University proposes to have a comic fortnightly. The title suggested is "Jester Columbian." A periodical that begins life with such an atrocious pun can have no future.

Mr. d'Arsonval made "some astonishing demonstrations" with liquefied air in the Paris Museum of Natural History. He exhibited a beefsteak tipped in liquefied air and then let it all on the floor, where it sounded like stone. "We have seen steaks in Boston that gave forth a similar sound when dropped in the air we breathe."

R. C. writes to us: "I hear that the ladies' tailors of this city are forming a trust, or banding themselves together to keep up the prices, which are abnormally high. I know an excellent tailor, who lives in an unfashionable part of the town and charges moderate prices; he has been begged to join this trust, and every sort of appeal has been made to him. Why is Boston so expensive a city to live in? Food, especially meat, is much dearer than in New York, and the best dressmakers—just here only a comparative, not a superlative term, for their work is often sloppy—are exorbitant. But as long as Boston women submit meekly to imposition I suppose they have no reason or wonder."

How provoking and how treacherous an index, "carefully constructed," may be! Consult, for instance, the index to that strange book, "The Autobiography and Diary of Mr. James Melville" (Pittsford's edition). You find in it: "Monstrous birth, 525." You early drop the book in your eagerness to turn to the page. For you expect something with two heads and four legs, or a rolling eye where the mouth would be, or horns and a tail at least. What does Mr. James Melville read on page 525 as happening in February, 1597. There was "a maist fearful and conspicuous eclipse of the sun," which struck him with such awe and astonishment that he fell on his knees, commended himself to God, and cried for mercy. "This was ought by all the wylls and godlie rle prodigious." There was an earthquake in July, and Mr. Melville added his account: "Likeways, in the morng preceeding, a most monstrous and full birth was brought forth, not far from the Kings Pallace in Falkland, in Fyffe." But what was the precise nature of this birth?

And here is sound advice: "Should the Sickly Person be a woman, her nearest care must be to avoid injuries as to her state of health. She could always enter a room quickly, salute her guest or hostess with me witty remark, or what may pass such. This is bound to disarm the would-be sympathizer, and is an excellent blind to the Sickly Person's condition. She should be given to moderate chatter, and must be well-versed as to the prevailing frivolities. Matters nothing that she can take an actual part in these affairs—she must never allow people to remember a cause of her social limitations."

March 9, 1901  
We have received the following tale. It reminds us that "Tale and Retell," the Story of a Publisher, would be a catching title for a novel. With this story came a daintily written note to the effect that the story is true, and that the incidents happened in this city.

HIS REQUEST.  
Among the few who performed the cardinal act of mercy of visiting poor old Francis as he lay dying in his berth at the hospital of the Gray Nuns is his old roommate, a butterfly of fellow named Joseph. The young die sweetly, serenely, and old poor Jim to Joseph, with a shrewd little, such as one of the good sisters might give to a too inquisitive visitor: "Joe, I want you to keep that suit mine hanging in the closet. I've only worn it twice—once to church; and the second time the night I got—got cold sitting for her. I won't need it any more, I guess, Joe."

"It's too kind of you, Jim," said Joseph. He hardly knew what he was saying. Jim was a dear old friend—the suit was a choice thing.

Joseph was a pall-bearer at the funeral, and behind him in the church was Miss Caryl, Jim's sobbing sweet-art.

Two months after they laid Jim in the cold ground Joseph mastered his nerves and put on the bequeathed suit. It was Sunday, and that night, as usual on Sundays, a company of young men and young women went to the caryl's for a merry time. Miss Caryl wore black. Black was becoming to her.

But still more becoming to her were her rosy cheeks and her pretty man-

ners, as Dr. Bex, whose new brass plate shone next door, and who had only two sisters to love and honor, took the liberty of informing her as the clock struck nine. She blushed and apologized. He persisted. She felt as if she had never known happiness before that moment. "Answer me—answer me, won't you, Jane?" "Oh, Tom—oh—"

Just then the door bell rang. The company flocked into the upholstered garden of Eden to see who the tardy visitor could be. It was Joseph—desperately anxious—in poor Jim's suit!

They carried Miss Caryl to her room, and then said how lucky it was that the doctor happened to be on hand. "Yes, it is very warm here," and Mr. Caryl asked Joseph to open a window. Her eyes opened on the doctor's face. "No!" she said, with all her strength. That night, for the second time in her life, she wept herself to sleep.

THE REPORTER.  
We have received the following letter: Boston, March 6, 1901. Editor of the Talk of the Day:

It seems to me that your researches, as well as those of some of your correspondents, take too wide a range and delve too deeply when tracing out the origin of simple slang expressions. This is a fault held in common with your brother of the New York Sun. Someone asked the latter some time ago where the word "fresh," as generally used, originated, and I think you quoted his reply, which implied that it came from a freshman, a first year man at college. The answer was "way off." The term "fresh" began to come into common use in New York about the time that Horace Greeley ran for President, or some few years before. In those days the colleges were not contributing very largely to the slang vocabulary of the masses. Far from it. In fact, this particular gem sprang from a less pretentious source, viz, the hucksters or peddlers, more correctly, licensed vendors, of fish, fruit and produce, who were wont to procure their supplies along the North River piers, in the vicinity of Washington Market. Freshness in their wares was a quality on which their success in business largely depended. The wholesale dealers usually had the first pick from the cargoes, and then the peddlers had their innings. It frequently happened that owing to delay or stress of weather some of the cargoes would deteriorate in transit. The owners would endeavor to palm them off on the peddlers, and in so doing would frequently use and lay great emphasis on the adjective fresh in urging the superior merit of their goods. Sharp discussions would ensue and the hucksters who could hold their own with a Billingsgate fish-woman, would express decided opinions on the freshness involved, and from deprecating the merchandise apply the term "fresh" with sundry addenda to the person who sought to impose upon them. As thus applied it took on the form of meaning one who sought to give himself importance on a limited stock of knowledge. From the docks the term spread among the market-men, butchers and provision men generally. The licensed vendors spread it about town, and it came into use among all classes. The freshie is a near relative of the "four-flusher" and is frequently spoken of as "too bran-new" and "previous."

GIL.  
We regret to say that it is "Gil" who is "way off." He did not read correctly the paragraph in the New York Sun.

The "fresh" and "freshie" in this instance are abbreviations of "freshman," and the correspondent of the Sun asked when these abbreviations were first used as substantives. Thus at Yale in the seventies a marching cry of the Sophomores was: "O my poor Fresh!" There was no question raised in the Sun as to the origin of "fresh," the adjective, to which "Gil" now refers.

Furthermore, "Gil" is "way off" in his explanation of "fresh," the adjective. "Fresh" with the meaning "inexperienced, but conceited and presumptuous—hence, forward, impudent—is an old English term. (See Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues.") For at least a century in England "fresh" also meant "excited with drink," "partly intoxicated,"—as in the sentences: "No; he wasn't drunk, he war fresh!"—"he war rather fresh and saucy." Is it not possible that this meaning had something to do in shaping the meaning now current?

March 10, 1901  
SYMPHONY NIGHT.

Works by d'Albert and Anton Bruckner Performed Here for the First Time—Mr. Schroeder the Soloist—Mr. Gabrilowitsch's Second Piano Recital.

The program of the 17th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony

Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz  
Concerto for Cello, in C major.....D'Albert  
(First time in Boston.)  
Variations on a Theme by Haydn, in B flat major.....Brahms  
Symphony No. 3, in D minor.....Bruckner  
(First time in Boston.)

Two symphonies by Bruckner had been played at these concerts before last night: the 1st in B major (1887) and the 4th, the "Romantic," in E flat (1889).

Theodore Thomas produced the 3d Symphony at Chicago the 2d of this month and Mr. Harris, who compiles the program-books of the Chicago orchestra, claims that the performance was the first in America. He is mistaken. Bruckner's symphony in D minor, No. 3, was first performed in this country at a concert of the Symphony Society in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Dec. 5, 1887. Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor; but, strange to say, it was called the "sixth symphony" and Mr. Krebhiel in his "Review of the New York Musical Season 1887-'88," dilates on the fact that "this is the sixth symphony composed by a man who enjoys a fine reputation as a musical scholar," and yet the name of the composer had not appeared before on a program in New York. Now Bruckner's 6th symphony is in A major and it is not dedicated to Wagner.

The third symphony, played last night for the first time in Boston, was first performed at Vienna, Dec. 16, 1877. Johann Herbeck, a warm friend of the composer, and in fact the man who brought Bruckner from Linz, where he knew extreme poverty, to Vienna, had proposed to produce it under his direction at a Gesellschaft concert, but he died before the date of the concert, and the composer conducted, not to the advantage of the symphony, as we are told. After this performance the composer made some changes; he struck out a few passages, made alterations in the violin parts, cut out a passage in the finale, and altered fundamentally the last part of the finale. Thus changed, the symphony was performed at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna, Dec. 21, 1880. And even Hanslick admitted that it was enthusiastically received, although as a staunch Brahmsite he made this admission with a sneer.

For the Brahmsites of Vienna insisted that poor Bruckner, one of the gentlest of men, was merely a man "of some talent," set up by the Wagnerites in opposition to Brahms in the symphonic arena. Orchestra players, as well as Hanslick and his friends, were arrayed against Bruckner. When it was proposed in the seventies to perform this third Symphony at a Philharmonic concert all the players save one, after a superficial rehearsal, pronounced the music "unplayable;" the one player who advised further rehearsal and cooler judgment was David Popper, the famous cellist.

Fortunately, partisanship is not so ferocious in Boston. The program of last night included music by Berlioz, Brahms and Bruckner, three B's—if not the B's beloved by von Bülow. Bruckner's symphony may be judged without prejudice.

There are no such moving passages or sublime hints in this music as there are in the "Romantic." The first movement at the beginning reminds one of the opening mood of Beethoven's Ninth, but the reminiscence is merely suggestive and fleeting. The Wagnerian quotations introduced into the work were, no doubt, introduced deliberately. The scherzo is the one movement that has continuity of thought, and in contrast with the other movements it is immediately effective. The symphony contains lofty, noble ideas that are lamely expressed. There is little true development of any one of these ideas. They appear for a moment—they are seldom over four or at the utmost eight measures in duration. Then there is a stretch of desert sand before an oasis is reached, which is left behind all too soon. At times there is a pointed announcement of a platitude, and then a charming effect or a weighty proclamation passes quickly as though the composer were unappreciative of its worth. It is strange music, strange in its strength, strange in its weakness.

D'Albert's cello concerto was performed for the first time at Hombourg in September, 1899, by Hugo Becker, under the direction of the composer. Fortunately for us Mr. Becker did not choose it for his show-piece. He is no doubt a sound player, he is certainly a snug one; and the Haydn concerto

was just the music for his smooth and unemotional performance. D'Albert's concerto is much more than a virtuoso piece. There is symphonic treatment throughout. What would the mere virtuoso say to a concerto that begins with an oboe solo while the solo-cello is playing arpeggios? There are themes of character and beauty and the concerto is developed from them in one continuous line, although the customary division into three movements may be recognized. The development is skillfully handled; and the orchestration is full of charming detail. While the solo-instrument is not treated in the old-fashioned manner, the task of the player is nevertheless a thankful one, for it appeals to his musical intelligence and artistic education as well as to his technical skill. Mr. Schroeder was the man for the concerto. He played it both sympathetically and with understanding, and his widely acknowledged technique was vitalized by high poetic feeling.

The overture was brilliantly performed. In the afternoon Mr. Gabrilowitsch played Brahms's variations on a theme by Handel. Last night Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn were on the program. It was a great day for the Brahmsites.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. There was a large

and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows.

Variations and fugue on a theme by Handel, Op. 24.....Brahms  
Sonata, Op. 10, A flat major.....Beethoven  
Prelude, D flat major; Etude, C major;  
Ballade, G minor.....Chopin  
Serenade, Op. 3.....Rachmaninoff  
Caprice-Barsaque.....Gabrilowitsch  
Barcarolle, G minor.....Rubinstein  
Marche Militaire.....Schubert-Tausig

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with far more strength and dash than at his first recital in Symphony Hall, and he shone with greater brilliance as virtuoso and musician. The singular and irritating deliberation that marred his performance at the earlier concert, the sentiment that was of close kin to effeminacy—these were not so noticeable yesterday; indeed, except in the Barcarolle by Rubinstein, his performance was frank and spontaneous; and so far was he from sentimentalism that he occasionally forced tone until it became merely a crash. For the most part he played exceedingly well—with breadth and comprehension, with fine gradations of dynamic force, with strongly defined rhythm, with beauty of tone in passages of gentle emotion, with sustained and persuasive song, and with a dash and speed in pages of bravura that fired the audience. The concert was one, therefore, of genuine interest. Applause was generous throughout, but it was especially hearty after the Etude by Chopin, which was encored, after the impressive performance of Chopin's Ballade, to which he added Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp, and after his own thunder-and-lightning piece with its contrasting tone of characteristic Russian melancholy, which he was compelled to repeat. And after he pounded out in approved finale fashion the Marche Militaire, there was the scene that gladdens the respective hearts of manager, press agent, and no doubt, pianist. It is only fair to add that this enthusiastic scene was spontaneous and not carefully worked up by heavy-handed ushers or members of the noble army of deadheads.

And yet Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed his indisputable talent most effectively, by seeming to me, in the Variations by Brahms and in the sonata by Beethoven—two works of great and varied beauty. It would be hard to say in which of the variations he excelled—in the variation of flutes, the one for the lower string instruments, the Sicilienne, the elegiac, the one that is as evening bells heard afar off, or in the final variations of steadily increasing power; nor was his performance of the fugue to be taken as a matter of course. The sonata, too, was most effective, especially the first movement and the slow movements in which enters the song of lamentation that Beethoven alone could have heard in some night-vision and remembered. Perhaps in the first allegro the loud answers were too loud in contrast; but this remark seems hypercritical, when there was so much in the performance that calls for unstinted praise.

Philip Hale.  
NOTE.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich will give organ recitals in Symphony Hall Thursday evening, March 21, and Thursday afternoon, March 28.

THE appearance in one and the same week of Miss Hattie Scholder, the nine-year-old pianist, and Mr. Josef Hofmann, who about a dozen years ago was a famous prodigy, invites a discussion that admits of digressions.

Prodigies are by no means things of modern invention, nor are they always addicted to music. Probably the most extraordinary instance of an infant phenomenon was that of Christian Heineken, who was born at Lubeck in 1721, and died at the age of four years. "He spoke his natural tongue fluently at 10 months. He knew all the history of the Bible at 14 months, and at the age of two years and a half, was competent in ancient and modern history and geography. At the time of his death he was well acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and several of the Latin classics; as well as the history of modern Europe. He also spoke the German, Latin, French and Dutch languages. His constitution was so delicate that he was not weaned till a few months before his decease." Another writer says that the change in food was the cause of his death. And still another insists that he spoke within a few hours after his birth. What in comparison with such feats, and they are well authenticated, is the performance of a sonata by a nine-year-old girl? But note the fact—the little wretch died.

Before Josef Hofmann won all hearts here as a hoy, Teresa Carreno had played in Music Hall as an infant phenomenon. Her first appearance in New York was at the age of nine; and she knew then both the sweetness of success and the hardships of the artist's life; for the public was enthusiastic and the manager ran away with the box office receipts. It was in 1863 that Carreno played in Boston when she was about 10 years old. She played pieces by Thalberg, Gottschalk, Doehler, Herz, Goria at her concerts. Good old Mr. Dwight recognized her talent and spoke golden words of counsel to her friends.

Some one may say: "Carreno's career has been one of steady growth. Her friends, then, were not to blame for putting her on the stage at a tender age." Now Carreno is a woman of uncommon vitality and physical



the 15th. She endured the labor and the strife. Five years, however, she was a slip-dash, brilliant virtuoso rather than a well-rounded artist. Her career as an artist as a truly musical player, began after her marriage to Albert, a marriage that was unfortunate in other respects, but advantageous to her as a musician.

Take, on the other hand, the case of Maurice Deugremont, the violinist. When he first appeared as a boy he was the comet of the season. Women—even those who were old enough to know better—raved over him. He was flattered, cosseted, fawned upon. A young violinist of extraordinary natural talent, he soon grew vain and idle. He neglected his practice. His health suffered from dissipation. I heard him in Berlin in the early eighties, when he was a pitiable sight. When he died he was forgotten as though his name had been written in water.

In the spring of 1897 two boy wonders appeared in Steinert Hall: Juanito Mancen, violinist, and Julius Schendel, a 12-year-old pianist. Each had talent; that is to say, each one had acquired a certain technical proficiency which gratified curiosity and excited the admiration of those who are always seeking after something new and wonderful.

Whenever a thoughtful and humane person protests against the public exhibition of a child pianist or violinist, some one knowingly asks: "How about Mozart? Was not he an infant phenomenon? Did not his father exhibit him? And he was not injured by all this, was he?"

Yes, Mozart was an extraordinary child, who composed at the age of five and journeyed as a wandering virtuoso when he was six. But his remarkable talent did not consist merely in playing pieces by Bach, Abel, Wagenseil, Handel. At a still earlier age he could detect and remember a difference in pitch of half of a quarter of a tone; he was so sensitive that he fainted away at the sound of a trumpet; he composed a piano piece that was correctly written, but too difficult to play. He was not merely an imitator, blessed with a marvelous memory. But, outside of his almost incredible musical gifts, Mozart was an ordinary and in some ways a dull fellow. Compare his letters with those of Beethoven and

Mendelssohn, or with the diary kept by Haydn when he was in London. You will find that Mozart knew little or nothing about painting, sculpture, literature, politics, science or social problems. He was fond of billiards and bowling and punch. He was amiable, and the sordidness and tragedy of his life have provoked pity. But even a prima donna whom he courted at Prague—while he was sending thousands of kisses by mail to his beloved wife—was bored by his society. His whole career from his earlier boyhood had been devoted to one thing—music. And it is not too much to say that the unremitting toil undoubtedly shortened his life.

The appearance of any infant phenomenon is full of pathos, whether the performer be a little girl with short skirts and a pigtail or a little boy with sleek hair and knickerbockers. The player may run with smiling face toward the piano, as though it could not endure the thought of separation from the instrument; but anyone that has studied the piano knows the drudgery that the poor child has undergone. The friends will say that the boy is easily first among his playmates in outdoor sports, that the girl is a gymnast and in the habit of walking four or five miles a day, etc., etc. The fact remains that so many hours a day were necessary to the acquirement of the technical proficiency that excites wonder and acts as a box office magnet; and these hours were a drain on the physical and mental vitality of the child. Mr. Josef Hofmann now plays as though he found no true enjoyment in music. He plays faithfully and industriously, but without any display of emotion. And you should not wonder at this, when you consider the weary days he has devoted from his earliest years to acquiring a technic. They say that he has a talent for mechanical invention. No doubt he finds relief in this, and also a vent for the emotions that are not excited by the thought or hearing of music.

Professor H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" was sung at the Albert Hall, in London, Ash Wednesday. Mr. Blackburn wrote of it as follows: "Mr. Parker unites, in the expression of the emotion of his subject, many styles,

not quite modern, yet quite modern enough to make him engrossing to the man of today; that is to say, he does not run ahead of his time, but he keeps abreast of that in his time which has passed all the tests of criticism, and

which is not still subject to doubt. This, of course, is a safe road to take; and for the moment, at all events, it secures to him a popularity which is unmistakable, and which is perfectly well merited. Our point is rather this: that Mr. Parker has not so far attempted to endanger his reputation by any daring originality; he has collected the sweetness of a thousand compositions as a bee might collect the sweetness of a thousand flowers; and retiring with these to his own hive, he has elaborated a very sweet honeycomb of his own. A man living apart in the country will taste a honeycomb and say, 'This is from the buttercups, this is from the lilac, this is from the hawthorn.' Even so as you listen to the sweetness of Mr. Parker's music, you say, 'This is from Gounod, this is from Mendelssohn, this is from the early Wagner, this is from the middle Mozart,' and an excellent honey the mélange makes."

Some time ago a young man named Thuel Burnham was puffed loudly in this country as "the American Paderewski." He played in London Feb. 12, and the critic of the Times thus disposed of him:

"A young American pianist, Mr. Thuel Burnham, gave a recital yesterday in St. James's Hall, in which he trusted to a series of most hackneyed pieces, all of which, with the exception of some short and rather trifling works by MacDowell and William Mason, are only too well known to London audiences. There was nothing in his playing of any of them to call for special commendation; he has considerable technical skill, but even in this respect there is room for improvement, while he manifests so little sense of style as to suggest that his education in music, as distinct from finger-practice, has been neglected, or else that he possesses no very marked natural ability. His rhythms nearly always halt and are broken up, and of phrasing he seems to have no idea. The inevitable arrangement by Tausig of Bach's organ toccata and fugue in D minor began his program, and his performance of Beethoven's sonata in E minor, op. 90, was deficient in every great quality: in Schubert's Impromptu in B flat, and in a group of pieces by Chopin there was nothing save a certain amount of velocity to be praised; and the player's reason for seeking success on this side of the Atlantic is difficult to guess."

THE CHARIOT.  
Because I could not stop for death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And immortality.  
We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure, too,  
For his civility.  
We passed the school where children played,  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.  
We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.  
Since then 'tis centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

Beyond doubt and peradventure Mr. John Mac Wilson Durant is the most picturesque figure of the young century. In comparison with him Roberts is a Jodo, Wilhelm of Germany a noisy boy, Botha a farmer, Edward VII. a plain garden monarch of commerce.

Like all men of superbly fantastic imagination, Mr. Durant affects brave attire. He is never so happy as when wearing "Parisian cut garments and a beard of a French design." And yet he is gentle with simple people, thoughtful in the house, careful to wipe his boots on the door mat before he enters the parlor. Thus a boarding house keeper in Cambridge declares that he was one of the best boarders she ever had. And "an intimate friend of his mother" exclaimed, after she had read of his remarkable doings, "It must be him; what matters it if in her burst of recognition she forgot grammar?"

Mr. Durant did not wish to kill the Count, so he kept repeating portions of the Greek grammar, to insure steadiness of nerve. Perhaps he declined "Basilisks," perhaps he conjugated "tufto," perhaps he gave ingenious rules for the optative; at any rate he hit the Count in the shoulder, just as he intended. "It was one of those high chest wounds," said Mr. Durant to a reporter. The woman he adores is, of course, "the most beautiful woman in Paris." She has lived there for many years. Travelers have seen her. Now she is in her carriage in the Bois, and again, she is in the hospital. And yet Mr. Durant is modest, otherwise he would not exclaim "I thought she was jollying me." Even now he would gladly marry her. "I get no sleep" is his pathetic wail. When he returns to Paris he will have to fight a half dozen men, but what is that to a man who "could always shoot like a bird"—a singular comparison, by the way.

The killing of a wolf takes away from Franklin Park one of its most at-

tractive features. Highwaymen now prefer to ply their trade in the Back Bay, and there is only a remote chance of being hit by a golf ball. This particular wolf was a well-behaved beast, although its brains decreased and increased with the moon, after the manner of its kind. The ancients tell us that the parrot is the only friend of the wolf, and yet we have never seen them together in a cage.

A local contemporary speaks of "the W. C. T. U. women" and "the C. E. ladies." Why this delicate distinction?

August Strindberg, who is reported as betrothed to a play-actress, is described by some as "the woman-hating poet." Strindberg is chemist, dramatist, novelist. According to his own story he had hard luck with wives. Read those dismal books, "Le Plaidoyer d'un Fou" and "Inferno," and you will wonder why he tempts fortune again. Look at his portrait by Henri Hérain, and you will wonder how any woman could listen to him or even stay in the room with him for five minutes.

Did the announcement of the authorship of the two famous "Love Letters" kill interest in the book? And is it established that the author is Mr. Laurence Housman? Mr. Housman contributed a strange drawing to an early Yellow Book, and he is the author of "Spikenard, a Book of Devotional Love-Poems," which is appropriate reading for this season. The poems are strange and mystical, and not without the amorous touch dear to writers of early Latin hymns.

We have received the following letter:

Boston, March 8.  
To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

There was much of the microbial style of poetry in the school books when I sat under the teacher's ruler, and respected names were attached to some of it—Longfellow, Moore, Tennyson, Byron were some of the names which I remember. Probably the poetry made little impression on me. To the innocent all things are innocent. Here is a stanza which I and my classmates would not have blushed to sing:

"Must I then from my village depart,  
And thou, dear love, stay here?  
When I come back again, sweetheart,  
I will stay with thee, never fear.  
In a year, when the vintage is o'er,  
I will come again to thee;  
If I'm then dear to thee as before,  
Our wedding then shall be."

But some one in Somerville appears to have discovered that the sentiment is as full of dangerous germs as the dust which clouds Union Square these blustery days!

Nor would we, in the old days of the rattle and the bitter pills, have felt ashamed to shout:

"In yonder bush the nightingale  
Sings through the moonlight clear;  
And through thy chamber window, love,  
The silver moon has dared to peer.  
She sees thee in thy slumbers, love,  
While I must linger here."

The verses are cool enough, it seems to me, for the Old Maids' Home Journal, but some timid soul in Somerville sees in them another shirt of Nessus, which will burn the tender skins of the youngsters and cause a suicidal stampede to the odorless Mystic!

It is such events as this new Somerville reformation which persuade me that the times change and that some men change with them.

Will the reformers advertise for pap?  
THE OLD MAN.

Professor Victor Horsley says that alcohol taken even in small quantities has a most deleterious effect on the brain and the nervous system generally; that it produces paralysis and other unpleasant things. This moves the Pall Mall Gazette to say that tea and coffee stimulate but do not hurt the nerves. "It is terrible to think that a nation like ours, whose drink bill might make Croesus green with envy, must in the long run lose its nerves altogether and be finally overcome by a nation of teadrinkers. Is there here a hint of the Yellow Peril? The tea plant v. the vine. When Bacchus begins to see yellow devils his time will be up." There is an old saying that the tea-drinking races will eventually drive out the coffee-consumers. But does the Pall Mall Gazette maintain seriously that coffee and tea do no harm to the nerves?

The city graves reflect something in their sentimental epitaphs and semi-artistic, which is non-artistic, memorials of the nerves, the feverishness born of living and striving amid a great multitude. But there is something splendidly stern in a quiet village churchyard, where three-fourths of the dead lie under a mound of turf, with neither headstone nor memorial protesting so feebly against the oblivion and forgetfulness that like a sea sweep over all at last. Most astonishing is the fact how soon even the greatest man in a country parish is for-

gotten. He was the centre of a little universe in his day, and yet when you want to know more than is written on his tablet you will find that scarcely a memory or tradition is handed down from father to son. I greatly love the old conventional epitaphs, that were badly rhymed, badly spelt, often made a weak attempt at humor, and seldom, indeed, expressed any deep truth about death. Such phrases as "God did please to send him" have a something appropriate in their very indifference. One would rather have a single "Good-by, old chap," without a shade of emotion from a parting friend than the most tearful farewell. And those epitaphs in suburban churchyards and cemeteries, especially such as are devoted to children, are a mere horror.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe urges the readers of Good Housekeeping to let their rooms look "as if they were lived in." An old boot left in a Morris chair, a fatigued shirt thrown down near the steam radiator, an empty beer bottle on the mantelpiece, a pair of corsets on the centre table—any one of these produces a cosy effect without trouble or expense.

Now that a lawyer of Queenslark intends to give Edward VII. one of the largest, if not the largest opal in the world, we may expect to see the reappearance of old stories about the evil influence of this particular stone on the wearer. One of the most entertaining of these stories is that of how an opal was in turn the property of a half-dozen or more negro minstrels, who died miserably after sporting it for a time; some perished from immoderate indulgence in strong drink and others were choked by their own gags. When did the superstition about the opal first chill the heart of an owner? Pliny, who knew all manner of old women's fables, is silent concerning the evil property, although he has much to say about the opal. 'Twas for the sake of an opal that our old friend Mark Antony proscribed and outlawed one Nonius, a Roman Senator. "Now, the said Senator, when he was driven to fly upon this proscription, took no more of all the goods which he had, but only a ring wherein this Opal was set, which (as it is well known) had bin valued sometimes at 20,000 sesterces. But as the cruel and inordinate appetite of Antony (who for a jewel onely outlawed and banished a Roman Senator) was wonderfull on the one side, so the peevishnesse and contumacie of Nonius was as strange on the other side, who was so far in loue with that gem which cost him his proscription, and rather than to part with it suffered himselfe to be turned out of house and home; and yet the very wild beasts are better aduised than so, who are content to bite off those parts of their bodies and leave them behinde for the hunters, seeing themselves in danger of death for them." How will King Edward wear the gift, which is two inches long and an inch and a half deep? On his crown? As a ring? Or as a shirt stud to go with his dress-shoot and opera-hat? His predecessors received valuable rings. Thus persons coming from Jerusalem gave Edward the Confessor a ring which had great efficacy against cramp and epilepsy when it was touched by sufferers.

We have received the following letter:  
Boston, March 11, 1901.

Editor Talk of the Day:  
I have been much pleased with Chickering Hall, which seemed to me to be a comfortable concert-room, and a safe one, although there are rooms between it and Huntington Avenue. The sight of several doors marked "Exit" was reassuring. I went to Mr. Gabrilowitsch's concert yesterday and, as I was obliged to leave before the concert was through, I tried one of these carefully marked doors—one on the left hand side as you face the stage. It opened into a short corridor. There was a door at the other end. This door was locked. Now of what use would that "exit" be in case of fire? Are the other exits equally deceptive?

A. B. E.

Mr. Andrew Lang's article on literature during the last century, which was published in the Sun of March 10, is remarkable chiefly on account of the omission of the names of Walt Whitman and Thomas Hardy. Mr. Lang is a man of amusing limitations.

The name of Mr. Taylor, a London Magistrate, is one to be stamped on the heart of every married man. Mr. William Burrell owned a fiddle which he fondly regarded as a Stradivarius. Mrs. Burrell smashed this fiddle because he came home at midnight, and she then obtained a summons that called upon him to show why he should not be separated from her. Mr. Taylor held—and mark his words—that a husband might stay out till midnight without giving an explanation to his wife, for nobody would persuade him (Taylor) that a man was necessarily doing wrong because he stayed out till that hour.



It was William Sewell of Exeter College, Oxford, who derived periwig from the Greek word "periokos," "a house round the head;" "the 'w' is the Greek gamma, represented, as usual, by micron."

Q. Hortensius was the first man to at a peacock.

There are nearly half a million of an dwellers, traveling showmen and ther itinerants in England.

### THREE CONCERTS.

First Appearance Here of the  
Leipsic Philharmonic Orchestra,  
Mr. Hans Winderstein, Conductor  
—The Kneisel Quartet With Mr.  
Leopold Godowsky, Pianist—The  
Last of Mr. Tucker's Series.

The Leipsic Philharmonic Orchestra, Hans Winderstein, conductor, made first appearance in this city last night at Tremont Temple. Mr. Josef von Slivinski, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven  
Piano Concerto in B flat minor.....Tschalkowsky  
Mr. Slivinski.  
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner  
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner  
Prelude to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

Mr. Winderstein is a conductor of experience who has exercised his calling in various cities. Some years ago settled in Leipsic, established the Philharmonic concerts, and fought bravely for the radicals and the young composers without neglecting the best classical works. He has given concerts with this orchestra outside of Leipsic, and now he is realizing his dream of visit to the United States. Last night was an unfortunate one for his first appearance in Boston; the weather was favorable, and there were two subscription concerts, consequently while the galleries were well filled, the audience on the floor was not a credit to musical Boston. Curiosity alone could have drawn a larger audience. It is not necessary to compare the orchestra with the Boston Symphony Orchestra or with the Chicago orchestra. As it is now constituted it is not large as either one of them, and in each place as the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the numerical weakness of the string band is noticeable.

The orchestra, judged from any standpoint, is not one of first-class or brilliant rank. The strings are inclined to coarseness of tone, and it is not only that the instruments themselves are of fine quality. The wood-wind minds one of the complaint made by the orchestra when he gave concerts in Germany. Only the first oboe is free from reproach of mediocrity. Nor is the bass, in spite of its imperious claims, much better. In a word the personnel of the orchestra is not one of distinction.

On the other hand this orchestra has been carefully and intelligently trained. The attack is excellent; the strings bite and the precision of wood-wind and brass is commendable. The phrasing is intelligent and there is an observance of dynamic gradations.

But there is the excellence of routine work. With these strings sensuousness of tone or broad uplifting sweep of melody is impossible. The effects sought to be made in mass, by military precision, and chiefly, I regret to say, by the music itself.

Mr. Winderstein conducted without a score. I do not believe that in this was a poseur. He knows his scores thoroughly and thus the works under his direction are, indeed, personally conducted. Much has been written for and against the practice, but we are now concerned with results and not methods. The impression made last night was that he is a conductor of marked authority and intelligence who is not without imagination, but who is perhaps not always keenly alive to the due of rhythm. The tempo of the first movement of the symphony was slower than that to which we are accustomed, and it was injudicious, for more than once the music dragged. Although the second movement was taken at a slower pace than is usual, the music is better adapted to stand the strain.

The finale was read with great faith and spirit. Too often the interest is allowed to die after the first perib crash, and that which comes afterward seems an anti-climax; but Mr. Winderstein maintained the interest to the very end and the final climax was saved. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was also skillfully ad.

Mr. Slivinski played Tschalkowsky's concerto fluently and brilliantly. The audience, which was warm in applause throughout the concert, recalled him with a responded with an encore. Mr. Winderstein accompanied the concerto admirably.

Philip Hale.

### THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The seventh concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening in Aschcroft Hall. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, pianist, assisted in the following program:

Quartet in C major, No. 6.....W. A. Mozart  
Quartet in F major, Op. 41, No. 2.....Schumann  
Piano, two violins, viola, and cello, in A major, Op. 81.....Dvorak  
Both quartets gave all four players

plenty of the kind of work which is perhaps their especial delight. It seemed to me that they rarely play with greater purity of tone, exquisite finish in phrase, and ensemble than they did on this occasion. At the very opening, the beautiful introduction of the Mozart was given with such grace and sentiment as to make it a key-note to the entire evening's performance. Mr. Kneisel was at his very best throughout. As for Schroeder—well, besides many other things, he certainly is the humorist of the quartet. What, for instance, could be more delicious than his solo bits in the scherzo of the Schumann?

The quintet is decidedly a clever composition. It contains not a little that attracts and holds closely one's attention. The first movement is to me by far the most interesting, working up as it does to a climax that is at once dramatic and strongly effective. There are good parts in the remaining three movements; but all in all, this music seems to come from the hand of a skillful colorist and a cunning manipulator of themes. It does not seem like a work that had to be written. It was brilliantly played. Mr. Godowsky's musical touch and fluent technic were easily in evidence, and the close brought hearty applause and recalls. The last concert of the season is announced for April first.

T. P. Currier.

### MR. TUCKER'S CONCERT.

The fifth and last of Mr. H. G. Tucker's series of concerts was given last evening in People's Temple. The program was made up of choruses from Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," two choruses by Mendelssohn, "Christmas Carol," by Barnby, and the "Madrigal," from Sullivan's "Patience," and two choruses by Brahms and Tschalkowsky. Mrs. Ruth Thayer Burnham sang songs by Berger, Brahms, Lalo, Schubert, Pissuti, Vannah, Lang and Stern, and the solo singers in Sullivan's piece were Miss Gertrude Miller, Miss Abbie Lambert, Mrs. Louise Brooks, Mr. Charles Belmont, Mr. Bruce Hobbs and Mr. W. B. Phillips. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Phillips and Mr. J. L. Thomas sang in the second Mendelssohn piece.

Sullivan was easily the man of the hour, for it was not only the commendable manner in which the madrigal was sung but the piece itself that received the deserved encore. It was a veritable oasis in a desert of much that was tiresome. We say this deliberately, for remember Rubinstein died a disappointed man, unhelpful for the future of musical composition, for he did not appreciate Wagner and did not hesitate to say so. Rubinstein wished to be recognized as a dramatic composer, but he fell far short of his ideal. The choruses sung last evening, although written as late as 1870, sounded hopelessly old-fashioned, not to say dull, and this was not the fault of the singers, for they were well sung.

Mrs. Burnham has a very pleasing contralto voice of liberal compass, and not especially rich tones. She sings with freedom and with good style. After a splendid performance of Pissuti's song she sang Miss Long's song in a most disappointing manner and then arose to commendable heights in Stern's fine piece.

Mr. Tucker conducted successfully, and the brass orchestra, made up for the most part of Symphony players, played well. The audience was not large, but seemed delighted with everything, and Mr. Tucker was presented with several gifts from the chorus.

July 26, 1908

### HANS WINDERSTEIN.

A Word About His Reading of  
Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony—Mr. von Slivinski, the  
Pianist—Mrs. Baldwin Sings in  
the Last of the Music Students'  
Chamber Concerts.

The Leipsic Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Hans Winderstein conductor, gave its third concert in Tremont Temple last evening. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 6.....Tschalkowsky  
Piano concerto in E minor.....Chopin  
Mr. von Slivinski.  
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven  
Prelude and Love's death from "Tristan".....Wagner

"Peer Gynt," Suite No. 1.....Grieg  
What was said in the Journal yesterday about the visiting orchestra might be fairly repeated today. The young men play with refreshing earnestness, and at times they rise to an emotional height. They have been carefully trained, and as a rule the attack and the general precision, as well as the obedience paid the conductor are worthy of warm praise. But the orchestra is not one of the first rank, and this is a matter of the personnel.

Mr. Winderstein chose for the symphony last night the great work of Tschalkowsky that is the full and poignant expression of human feeling in this period of the world's history. The first movement is alive with sorrow over youth that never can return, the illusions of youth that are as Dead Sea fruit. The haunting melody is one of wild regret, and, while it is tinged with the commonplace, the superb

treatment of it is one of the most surprising strokes in the career of the mysterious Russian. The movement is one of bodement. There are hints at the despair that will accentuate the end of every man's desire. Sighs and wails interrupt the melody of buried years, hopes that never can be realized, aspirations that have vanished as smoke. And then there is the ironically gay movement in five-four. There is laughter that is as the cracking of thorns under a pot; there is the ghastly determination to be gay; there is dancing, and there is pouring of wine, and there are smiles of women. But hear that inexorable beating of the drum! Again there is the voice of death, and the music is full of the obsessing thought. There is a brave struggle and the dance is resumed, but soon the lights grow dim, and the dancers look at each other in wonder and dismay, and the laughter dies on the lips. Yet there is earthly triumph. In the marvelous third movement there is the bustle of the crowd ready to acclaim the hero. The chariot advances; it bears the victor to the Capitol. He drinks the cup of earthly glory. And then—and then the lamentation. "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return."

Mr. Winderstein's reading was in certain respects disappointing. The first movement as a whole was taken at too slow a pace, and the general feeling was one of continued sentimentalism rather than of heroic mood with sentimental episodes. He missed entirely the spirit of the second movement. There was no rush of gaiety; the dance was not hectic, and when the grim drum breaks upon the laughter of the dancers with its continuous warning and reminder, the voices of protest and dismay were allowed to cover it. The other movements were read with more appreciation and dramatic feeling. Perhaps the orchestra, which had given an afternoon concert, was tired; perhaps the sonority demanded by the third movement is not in the orchestra; the fact remains that the crash and tumult of the march were not fully expressed.

Mr. von Slivinski played the beautiful concerto by Chopin exceedingly well. He was especially successful in the opening movement and in the Romance. In the latter he played with exquisite taste and sense of proportion. His technic is polished; he plays with elegance and dash; he does not force tone. It is true that he struck a few false notes at the beginning of the Rondo, but such a slight fault may be

readily excused in the case of a pianist who played brilliantly three concertos within twenty-four hours.

There was a fair-sized and applause audience.

Philip Hale.

### MRS. ADELE BALDWIN'S RECITAL.

The sixth concert of the Music Students' series was given last evening in Association Hall by Mrs. Adele Laels Baldwin, contralto, Mr. Richard Percy was the accompanist.

Mrs. Baldwin sang songs by Ariosti, Handel, Saint-Saens, Bungert Mallard Harris, three songs by Brahms, a manuscript song by Ethelbert Nevin, and a song by Hadley.

The songs were well chosen and interestingly arranged. The song by Nevin is a delicious trifle, and would doubtless appear on many programs if it were published.

Mrs. Baldwin has appeared here before with the Handel and Haydn Society, but never in recital. She has a noble voice, which lends itself easily to the expression of various emotions requisite to a long and varied program of the recital order. At times the upper notes seemed clouded, and although this cloud wore away toward the end of the program, it often interfered with the singer's otherwise free delivery and purity of tone. She sang, nevertheless, with intelligence and often with fine effect. The accompaniments were well played.

The manager of this series regrets to announce that the concerts have been so poorly patronized that it has been deemed advisable to discontinue them.

### NOTE.

The Leipsic Philharmonic Orchestra gave its second concert in Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon. The program included Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," the overture to "Rienzi," Handel's "Larghetto" in D major, and a "Valse Caprice" by Winderstein. Mr. Slivinski played Saint-Saens's piano concerto in G minor. Mr. Hans Winderstein was the conductor.

As can readily be seen, the program was calculated to display to some degree the personnel of the orchestra, for the second movement of the symphony, as well as the Handel piece, affords ample opportunities for the hearing of the individual members of the band, and it is in this point, it seems to us, that the orchestra is weak, although it is but justice to say that Handel's "Larghetto" was well played. The brass in the "Rienzi" overture overpowered the strings, but this was to be expected, as the string band of the orchestra is numerically weak, although of good tone.

Mr. Slivinski gave a brilliant performance of the Saint-Saens concerto, and Mr. Winderstein conducted with the utmost care as to detail.

Perhaps you think I'm bragging, but the proof is in my clear.

If you only twig the company that stands around me here,

But something I'll tell you—now, pray don't at me stare—

There's nothing half so handsome—as a nob—by head of hair.

Mr. Josef von Slivinski, the pianist

who played at the Winderstein concerts was an interesting apparition. When he was here in 1894 he was known as Slivinski just plain Slivinski. He was then a slight, well-bred person, with thoughtfully cut clothes, carefully combed hair, and a melancholy cast of countenance. He was a romantic personage who was apparently consumed with love for his unhappy country, Poland, and Chopin, her illustrious composer. And when he played softly he looked delightfully unhappy.

During his absence he acquired a "von" and a remarkable head of hair. This hair that once was smooth and glossy, and of conventional respectability, is now surprising and sinister. It is the hair of one of Hoffmann's wild and spectral characters. It recalls the wig of the tallest of the Majilton trio. It reminds you of certain portraits of Paganini. It is the hair of a necromancer, and with the abnormally high collar, the pale face, the long, thin fingers, you would swear that Mr. von Slivinski were expert in card-tricks, in extracting rabbits from an old gentleman's plug hat, in telling the number of your watch. Another might easily mistake him for an Indian doctor.

Did an absolutely bald pianist ever draw large audiences? Did a bald pianist ever play well?

Consider the pianists who have visited us this season—Bauer, Dohnanyi, Gabrilowitsch, Hofmann, Godowsky: Their heads are all well thatched. No one of them has such lucrative hair as that which adorns Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist; but Mr. Bauer's hair is thick, rich in color, distinguished; Mr. Dohnanyi has a long lock that plays its part in catching applause at the end of the musical assault and battery committed by the owner; Mr. Hofmann's hair is unemotional, but there is plenty of it; Mr. Godowsky has enough for practical purposes; and Mr. Gabrilowitsch's mane cries loudly for a barber. In the matter of hair Mr. von Slivinski easily excels his rivals this season. It is not a head of hair for the dining table; in summer the birds of the air would be tempted to build their nests in it; but as a feature of a pianist's make-up it is worthy of all praise. Mr. von Slivinski makes a mistake, however, when he walks quietly toward the piano. The lights should be lowered. The strings should play agitated measures. And then Mr. von Slivinski should be seen rising slowly through a trap-door. A red light thrown on him from the gallery would heighten the effect.

Cleopatra in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's delightful play discovers the baldness of Caesar.

Cleopatra. I am going to dress you, Caesar. Sit down. These Roman helmets are so becoming! (She takes off his wreath.) Oh! (She bursts out laughing at him.)

Caesar. What are you laughing at?

Cleopatra. You're bald (beginning with a big B, and ending with a splutter).

Caesar (almost annoyed). Cleopatra! (He rises for the convenience of Britannus, who puts the cuirass on him).

Cleopatra. So that is why you wear the wreath—to hide it.

Britannus. Peace, Egyptian: they are the bays of the conqueror.

Cleopatra. Peace, thou: islander! (To Caesar) You should rub your head with strong spirits of sugar, Caesar. That will make it grow.

Caesar (with a wry face). Cleopatra: do you like to be reminded that you are very young?

Mr. Shaw in a note admits that to make Cleopatra recommend rum is an anachronism, but he gives two remedies quoted by Galen from Cleopatra's book on Cosmetic. Here is one of them:

"The following is the best of all, acting for fallen hairs, when applied with oil or pomatum; acts also for falling off of eyelashes or for people getting bald all over. It is wonderful. Of domestic mice burnt, one part of vine-rag burnt, one part; of horse's teeth burnt, one part; of bear's grease one; of deer's marrow one; of reed bark one. To be pounded when dry, and mixed with plenty of honey till it gets the consistency of honey; then the bear's grease and marrow to be mixed (when melted), the medicine to be put in a brass flask, and the bald part rubbed till it sprouts." And Mr. Shaw's friend, Mr. Gilbert Murray, adds in explanation: "Reed bark is an odd expression. It might mean the outside membrane of a reed; I do not know what it ought to be called. In the burnt mice receipt I take it that you first mixed the solid powders with honey, and then added the grease. I expect Cleopatra preferred it because in most of the others you have to lacerate the skin, prick it, or rub it till it bleeds. I do not know what vine rag is. I translate literally."

This brings to mind a pleasant story of a woman of Nuromberg who was



lurked in a black wooden coffin. She was disinterred to make room for another body, and was found to have sent shoots of hair "a considerable quantity" through the crevices of the coffin. "The lid being taken off there appeared a perfect semblance of a human figure—all hair—the eyes, nose, mouth, ears and other parts being very distinct. The grave-digger happened to touch the upper part of the body; but was more surprised than before on seeing the entire body shrink, and nothing at last remain in his hand but a bundle of rough hair, which sensibly assumed a brownish-red color."

Bishop Mallalen tells ministers what they ought not to read. "I read books and I know what I am talking about." So there are amenities in the life of a Bishop.

The New York Evening Post thus speaks of a Boston novelist: "It is refreshing in this time, when a new novel is often a new infliction, to find as charming a book as Miss Alice Brown's 'King's End.' \* \* \* It is late to insist upon the insight and literary distinction which Miss Brown brings to her interpretation of the New England character."

Americans do not eat enough carrots.

## CHAMBER CONCERTS.

### Third and Last of the Longy Club at Association Hall—Third of Miss Terry's Series at Chickering Hall.

The Longy Club—Messrs. Longy, Maquarre, Selmer, H. Litke, Hackebarth and Gebhard—gave the third and last concert of the series last night in Association Hall. Messrs. Sautet, oboe; Metzger, clarinet; P. Litke, bassoon, and Hain, horn, assisted. The program was as follows:

Oboe for flute, oboe, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons. Gouvy Sonata in F minor, for clarinet and piano. Brahms Serenade No. 12, in C minor, for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons. Mozart

Tschalkowsky, in his diary of a tour made by him in 1888, mentions Gouvy, whom he met at Reinecke's house in Leipzig. "M. Gouvy was completely Teutonized, spoke German perfectly, was rather hostile toward his own country (that is, as regards music), and on the whole gave me the unpleasant impression of a man who thinks himself disillusioned and injured, and not being appreciated by his own countrymen, is consequently disposed to exaggerate the virtues and value of foreigners. It is quite probable that M. Gouvy had some good cause for railing against musical France; but it was painful to me to hear him extol everything German at the expense of France. I had never met such a type of Frenchman before."

Now Tschalkowsky was singularly free from malice, and his story is undoubtedly true. But why should Gouvy have spoken in this sour way? His first important works were applauded in Paris, and until his death in 1898 he was honored there as well as in German cities. He was well-to-do and he never knew the sting of poverty. It is true that his opera "The Cid" was not performed, but it was in Dresden, not Paris, that he was thus disappointed. Perhaps he knew that his musical attainments were not equal to his ambition; that he was a disciple of Mendelssohn, and that while his music was often graceful and melodious it was without real substance and individuality.

The octet played last night is at least 20 years old, and I believe it was produced at Dresden about 1880. It was played in Paris April 28, 1881, and in 1898, with Mr. Longy as oboe, and in New York at an Arlon concert in May, 1885. It is well made for the most part, but here and there are instances of the amateur workmanship which creeps into Gouvy's strongest works, for Gouvy abandoned the law for music, and in his youth he had no solid musical foundation. There are two movements of genuine interest: The "Swedish Dance" and the rondo finale. They are piquant and characteristic. The introduction says little, and the Romance is labored.

Brahms's sonata in F minor for clarinet and piano (Mr. Selmer and Mr. Gebhard) was first performed here in 1887. It seemed to me then a dull piece and the performance of last night did not change the opinion. The second and third movements are more tolerable than the others.

Mozart's twelfth serenade is one of the many pieces made to order by the "glorious boy." It is crowded with Mozartian formulas, most of them in this instance superficially pretty and meaningless. The Menuet in canon is more than a clever contrapuntal trick; there is no trace of effort and the music flows naturally in the arbitrary channels.

The performance throughout was of a high order of excellence, and the audience was appreciative. Mr. Longy prepared carefully these concerts, and it is to be hoped that the artistic re-

sults thereby achieved will arouse wider interest in this club another season. There are no such players of wind instruments in any other American city or for that matter in the cities of Germany, and their abilities should be recognized in Boston, their adopted town.

Philip Hale.

### MISS TERRY'S CONCERT.

The third in Miss Terry's series of chamber concerts was given last evening in Chickering Hall by Miss Olive Mead, violinist; Mr. George Proctor, pianist, and Mr. John Sturgis Codman, baritone. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich was the accompanist, and the program included Schuett's Suite No. 1, in D minor, for piano and violin; two violin pieces by Faure and Sauret, and Mr. Codman sang an aria from Verdi's "Don Carlos," and songs by Chaminade and Vannucini.

The program for the most part was interesting. The performance of the Schuett Suite was, on the whole, satisfactory, although at times Mr. Proctor was too much in evidence. Miss Mead has played here with greater breadth and authority than she did last evening, and although the occasional false note may be forgiven, her tones lacked the purity and smoothness that have characterized her previous work here. Mr. Codman sang with commendable taste, but his voice is of poor quality, and Mr. Goodrich played the accompaniments understandingly. There was a fair sized audience and the applause was effusive. The next concert will be given April 10.

O' mickle is the mystery and art

And great the skill to form the goodly shoe,  
Unto the perfect line of beauty true;  
Fair and symmetrical in every part.

We are delighted to learn that the son of a millionaire left college to learn the shoemaker's trade. The old-fashioned cordwainer who takes a personal pride in protecting and ornamenting the feet of his customers is nearly extinct. He must be hunted out; he must be discovered. Machinery and trusts have driven him into humble, rarely frequented streets, the hospital, or the grave. Perhaps you remember him. His arms were very hairy; he wore spectacles; he smoked a clay pipe; he was always ready to talk politics; and he was inclined toward free-thinking. Idealized, he appears as Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger." He was proud of his work and scrupulously honest in performance. The leather was the best; the sewing defied time. When the soles were worn, how tenderly would he treat these children of his hands; whereas your bootmaker of today who advertises "footwear" is not unlike some animals toward their young; once the boots are delivered, he loses all interest in them.

That a young man of wealth, education and good social position proposes to devote his life to cordwainery is indeed heart-warming news. Think of his illustrious predecessors: Crispin, who won the hand of the Princess Ursula, and was canonized; Sir Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London; Lestage of Bordeaux, who in 1663 presented Louis XIV. with boots without a seam; James Lackington, the bookseller; that inveterate traveller, the Wandering Jew; Charles Crocker, the shoemaker poet of Chichester; the artists, Brizio, Capellini and Ludolph de Jongh; Jakob Boehme, the mystic of mystics; Hewson, one of Cromwell's Colonels; George Fox, the gentle Quaker, fierce only in the cause of religious reform; John Partridge, the astrologer ridiculed by Swift and his friends; Thomas Holcroft, dramatist, the author of "The Road to Ruin"; Thomas Hardy, political reformer; William Gifford, editor, critic, satirist; Dr. Carey, the missionary who translated the Bible into Hindustani and Sanscrit; Samuel Drew, metaphysician, Shillitoe, the benevolent enthusiast; Bloomfield, the poet—there is a long list of poets, and did not Whittier and Hans Christian Andersen work at the last? James Dacres Devlin, the unfortunate writer, who, born in Dublin, was once a newspaper man in New York; John Kitto, known to all students of the Bible; Buxton, the botanist; clergymen as Huntington, Bradburn, Burnet; Noah Worcester, Roger Sherman—the whole earth is full of the glory of shoemakers. As Devlin himself sang,

The Crispin trade! What better trade can he?

Ancient and famous, independent, free!  
No other trade a brighter claim can find,  
No other trade displays more wealth of mind!  
No other calling prouder names can boast,  
In arms, in arts—themselves a perfect host!  
All honor, zeal and patriotic pride:  
To dare heroic and in suffering tried!

William Cobbett was a shrewd observer of character, and he declared that "the trade of a shoemaker numbers more men of sense and public spirit than any other in the kingdom."

And at the beginning of the 19th century women indulged their passion for amateur shoemaking. "There was hardly a parlor in the kingdom which was not turned into a sutrina, nor a lady's work-table that was not covered with hypodermatical instruments, vulgo, shoemaker's tools, and uncommon in-

deed was the sight of the fair foot that was not booted or shod by an amateur hand." The women of today occasionally, as we are told by professional humorists, embroider slippers for popular clergymen, and we read only yesterday of an unusual occupation for women in England, the occupation of the "shoe-breaker." The professional for a stated price will take new shoes and wear them until they are comfortable. In busy times she has several pairs going at once. A commentator wisely remarks: "The limitations of the 'shoe-breaker,' unless she has a corps of assistants to ensure a range in size of feet, are obvious."

Yes, Mr. Wendell Endicott is indeed to be congratulated. He has chosen a long established and honorable calling. We like to think of him with awl and hammer and stone. And as soon as he returns to Boston we propose to give him an order for a pair of boots.

A deep thinker remarks that there are men who were born to stand at social gatherings near a door and to verify the attitude of a cravat.

Fixed lights are more fatal than revolving lights to migratory birds.

This is the anniversary of the death (1655) of Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to James I. and Charles I. He died at the age of 82 years from drinking bad wine at a tavern. He once said, "Good wine is slow poison; I have drunk it all my lifetime, and it has not killed me yet; but bad wine is sudden death." This esteemed physician wrote a cook-book from which we take a recipe for a "City of London Pie": "Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of erlgoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor, when it is baked, with white wine, butter and sugar." Households of two will welcome this prescription of the skilled physician.

March 15, 1901

### THE WAYFARER.

Must I fare on? The cold and cloudy skies,  
Invite me not; the tall trees, bare and gray,  
Rise through a clinging mist, and the long way  
Spreads solitary on. But in your eyes,  
Whose smiles are living sunshine, comfort lies  
And strength and gladness. Oh! that I might stay,  
While deep'ning shadows gently close the day,  
Where, at your hearth, these glowing flames arise.  
Make fast your doors: let no chill airs invade  
This household warmth—God's benison thereon!  
But I—the skies grow dark, I must fare on.  
Clasp hands; farewell! Look where the fiery blade  
Of the young Moon hangs low; a flaming sign  
To har me from a Paradise not mine!

"The Rumanian police have been instructed to watch certain conspirators at Jassy."

This is indeed a paragraph that kindles romantic interest. The name of the town suggests mystery and melodrama. "Jassy"—just the place for midnight meetings of masked and disguised men. They gain admittance to a cellar, or an attic, or a cave outside the town, by knocks and passwords. A faint-hearted man turns pale; a dozen blades are buried in his trunk and his machinery stops, or he is bound and gagged and thrown down a chasm, at the bottom of which is running water thoughtfully provided by the property man. "Jassy!" You can't imagine such things going on at Ayer, or Newtonville, or Reeds Ferry. Conspirators in our own civilized country meet in Directors' rooms in broad daylight.

Beef is absurdly, wickedly high in Boston; dressmakers and tailors charge outrageous prices. On the other hand some things are dirt cheap; witness this extract from the circular of a Publishing Company: "On receipt of 10 cents we will send you information how to prepare for the coming of the Lord—close at hand."

"To be truly happy you must be vulgar. I mean to cultivate the grace of vulgarity. Why? Because I think of the countless joys, the simpler pleasures of life, which we lose through being cultured. Do you know that at this moment I am consumed by a wild longing to change headgear with you,

to dance a pas de deux on the r way, to shout 'Pom-pom' at the t of my voice. Yes, I am going to vulgar. So only can I or any on b natural. I hate nearly everything now. Then I shall like them—low voices, loud dresses, glaring co yellow brick villas, oleographs, Ger glimmercrackery, polished walnut ta Frith's 'Road to Ruin,' musical comedies, cheap magazines, comic songs, and sky signs. Moreover, I shall always turn to Miss Marie Corelli if I want to know how our old nobility live, talk and conduct themselves generally."

We have received the following extraordinary letter:

Lynn, March 13, 1901.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I infer from your account of an interview with a doctor that you yourself are now on the ice-wagon. Even if the route is a long one, it will do you no harm. To quote the poet well known to our boyhood,

Water cooleth the brow, and it cooleth the brain.

And it maketh the faint one strong again.

You evidently have not respected your kidneys for some years. And yet ancients believed the kidneys to be seal of desire and longing. (See a Psalms, vii. 9: xxvii. 2; Jeremiah, xl. 2. In South Africa kidneys are eaten on by the aged among the natives; young people will not taste them, for the believe they can have no children if they do so. Cervantes, the great

Cervantes, did not disdain to write sonnet for a book on kidney disease by Dr. Francisco Diaz.

Yours for health,

L. P.

An insane man from Danbury, Conn., went to New York with \$240 sewed on the inside of a trouser leg. But his choice of a purse was not necessarily a proof of insanity. For years men who attended State or county fairs carried their money in their boots, and the stocking is still the favorite hiding place of many charming creatures.

Overheard on Washington Street, between Boylston Street and Aver; about 2 P. M.: "I told you that you wouldn't see many of the swell Bostonians here at this hour."

The publication of Mr. John L. Sullivan's Scrap-book is awaited with genuine interest.

You have heard your tailor speak of his "clients." The Daily News (London) says that only tailors without soul are content to allude to those who employ them as their "customers," but the Tailor and Cutter prefers the word "constituency." A London newspaper man insists on describing himself as a "patient."

The revival of agitation in the Maybrick case reminds Mr. G. R. Sims of other cases in which "the obstacle to romance" was removed by doses of arsenic. There was Madeleine Smith, against whom the verdict "not proven" was returned. Women were hysterically joyful after the verdict was announced, and Madeleine received "scores of offers of marriage within a week." Mme. Lafarge, who was "convicted of poisoning with arsenic a husband with whom she was unhappy, received 6000 letters in prison, all expressing the deepest sympathy with her." Sentenced to hard labor in 1840, she obtained a full pardon in 1852. Mr. Sims is evidently inclined to believe that Mrs. Maybrick is guilty, but he admits that the present situation is not logical. "If Mrs. Maybrick was guilty, she ought to have been hanged. If she was innocent, she ought to have been set at liberty."

The Sultan of Morocco has ordered a \$500 set of bagpipes for his own use. Thus are the hands of the clock of civilization set back. And what is even worse, a Londoner who undoubtedly enjoyed the advantages of a university training holds that "there are affinities between Moorish music and the music of the moors."



































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